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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME V.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1852.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE closes its Fifth Semi-annual Volume with a circulation of more than One Hundred Thousand copies. The Publishers have spared neither labor nor expense to render it the most attractive Magazine of General Literature ever offered to the public; and they confidently present this Volume as evidence that their efforts to add to the value and interest of the work have kept pace with the increase of its circulation.

Special arrangements have been made, and will continue to be made, to render the next Volume still more worthy of public favor than its predecessor has been. The abundant facilities at the command of the Publishers insure an unlimited field for the choice and selection of material, while the ample space within the pages of the Magazine enables the Editors to present matter suited to every variety of taste and mood of the reading community. The Pictorial Illustrations will maintain the attractive and varied character by which they have been heretofore distinguished, while their number will be still farther increased.

In the general conduct and scope of the Magazine no change is contemplated. Each Number will contain as hitherto:

First.—ORIGINAL ARTICLES by popular American authors, illustrated, whenever the subject demands, by wood-cuts executed in the best style of the art.

Second.—SELECTIONS from the current literature of the day, whether in the form of articles from foreign periodicals or extracts from new books of special interest. This department will include such serial tales by the leading authors of the time, as may be deemed of peculiar interest; but these will not be suffered to interfere with a due degree of variety in the contents of the Magazine.

Third.—A MONTHLY RECORD, presenting an impartial condensed and classified history of the current events of the times.

Fourth.—AN EDITOR'S TABLE, devoted to the careful and elaborate discussion of the higher questions of principles and ethics.

Fifth.—AN EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR and DRAWER, containing literary and general gossip, the chat of town and country, anecdotes and reminiscences, wit and humor, sentiment and pathos, and whatever, in general, belongs to an agreeable and entertaining miscellany.

Sixth.—CRITICAL NOTICES of all the leading books of the day. These will present a fair and candid estimate of the character and value of the works continually brought before the public.

Seventh.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, concerning books, authors, art, and whatever is of special interest to cultivated readers.

Eighth.—PICTORIAL COMICALITIES, in which wit and humor will be addressed to the eye; and affectations, follies, and vices, chastised and corrected. The most scrupulous care will be exercised that in this department humor shall not pass into vulgarity, or satire degenerate into abuse.

Ninth.—THE FASHIONS appropriate for the season, with notices of whatever novelties in material or design may make an appearance.

The Publishers here renew the expression of their thanks to the Press and the Public in general, for the favor which has been accorded to the New Monthly Magazine, and solicit such continuance of that favor as the merits of the successive Numbers may deserve.

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AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside,
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me,

THE CONTINUATION.

THE wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;
May be it was despair I fancied was content.
They said my cheek was wan; I cou'dna look to see—
For, oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie gaed it me.

My father he was sad, my mother dull and wae;
But that which griev'd me maist, it was Auld Robin Gray;
Though ne'er a word he said, his cheek said mair than a',
It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

He gaed into his bed—nae physie wad he take;
And oft he moan'd and said, "It's better for her sake."
At length he look'd upon me, and call'd me his "ain dear,"
And beckon'd round the neighbors, as if his hour drew near.

"I've wrong'd her sair," he said, "but ken't the truth o'er late;
It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
A young and faithful heart that was ill matched wi' me.

"I loo'd, and sought to win her for mony a lang day;
I had her parents' favor, but still she said me nay;
I knew na Jamie's luv; and oh! it's sair to tell—
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel!

"O what cared I for Crummie! I thought of naught but thee,
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luv and me.
While she maintain'd ye a' was you not heard to say,
That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.
I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand?
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.

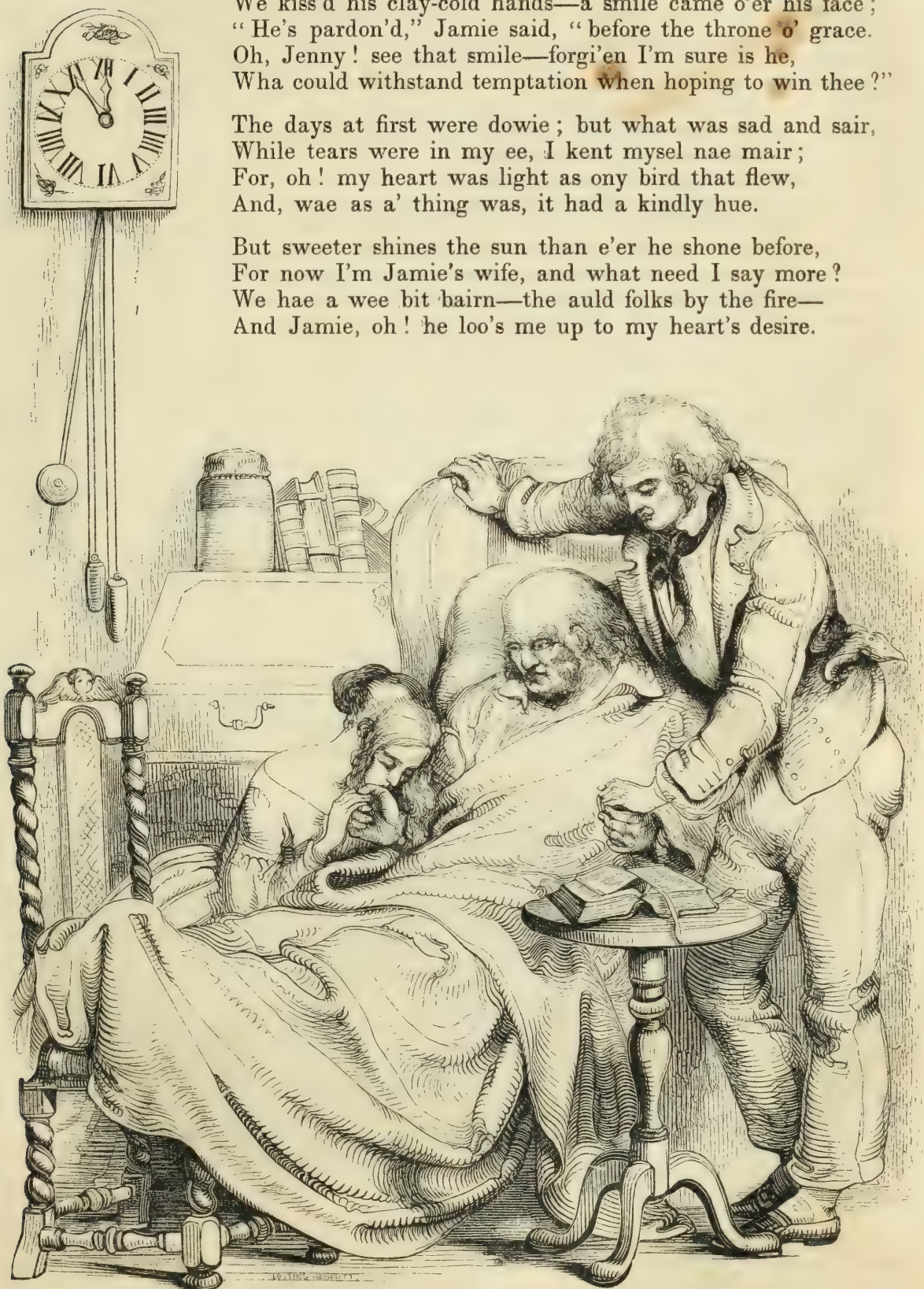
"It was na very lang ere a' did come to light ;
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me ;
Jenny ! I saw it a'—and oh, I'm glad to dee !

"Is Jamie come?" he said, and Jamie by us stood—
"Ye loo each other weel—oh, let me do some good !
I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,
And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should hae been mine."

We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile camè o'er his face ;
"He's pardon'd," Jamie said, "before the throne o' grace.
Oh, Jenny ! see that smile—forgi'en I'm sure is he,
Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee ?"

The days at first were dowie ; but what was sad and sair,
While tears were in my ee, I kent mysel nae mair ;
For, oh ! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more ?
We hae a wee bit bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
And Jamie, oh ! he loo's me up to my heart's desire.



THE SUMMER TOURIST.—SCENERY OF THE FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS, N. H.

BY WILLIAM M'LEOD.

THE approach of summer will turn the thoughts and steps of thousands toward those sections of our wide country whose picturesque beauty makes them ample amends for comparative sterility of soil and poverty of population. New Hampshire, with due allowance for the exaggerations of patriotism, may well be styled the Switzerland of America; and, although they are inferior in magnificent sublimity to the regal Alps, few tourists through the Northern States would leave the White Mountains unvisited.

Though it forms part of this great chain, the inhabitants of the Franconia range, jealously claim for their hills a separate name, character, and interest, having no connection with the more eminent firm of Washington, Adams, and Co. Like the latter, the Franconians boast a chief to their clan—*Mount Lafayette*, a "*Notch*," and other important features of a distinct and complete establishment, which combine to make it no mean rival to the great *Patriot Group*. We propose, with pen and pencil, to make a brief excursion through these picturesque localities.

These remarkable scenes are chiefly comprised within the extraordinary defile, or "*notch*," formed by the Franconia Mountains for a distance of five miles. The northern and southern approaches to this singular pass, have their peculiar advantages. Coming from the south, the tourist, from a very great distance, sees the outlines of its grander features rising far above the beautiful valley he follows; but, perhaps, this long and

constantly visible approach, interesting as it is, begets a familiarity that weakens the impression of their sublimity when he finally confronts their more palpable magnificence. Not so with the approach from the north, where the views being more abrupt, shifting, and at times wholly concealed, their effect is the more startling upon the traveler, brought suddenly before them. Thus, in approaching the Franconia Notch from Bethlehem, we shall find the slow ascent of the dull steep hill eastward of that village, to be an excellent preparative for the superb prospect that bursts upon our vision, on reaching its top. Across the Franconia Valley lying beneath us, we see the lofty summits, forming the "*Notch*," "swell from the vale," and receding in peaks of picturesque irregularity—

"like giants stand

To sentinel enchanted land!"

There is no general view in the White Mountains equal to this distant prospect of the Franconia Notch, in respect to picturesque majesty of outline and massive breadth. Descending into the valley, our road suddenly turns eastward, and as we begin the opposite slow ascent to the *Notch*, the view before us assumes a finely-grouped concentrated character—losing that *diffuseness* so destructive of picturesqueness and point in the American landscape generally. This scene is attempted in the accompanying sketch, showing *Mount Lafayette* filling the centre of the view, the irregular peaks of the *Notch* on the right, while below, the eye is cheered with the snug farm-house by the road-side, and other rural accessories charmingly arranged for the artist's purpose.



FRANCONIA NOTCH.

Keeping the grander points of this fine prospect before us as we continue our ascent, every step reveals more distinctly the volcano-like crest and seamed bosom of Lafayette, than which not Washington himself, though five hundred feet taller, presents a form of more august character.

Lafayette is not only distinguished over his fellows by his height, but also by the rocky bareness of his peaked summit, that descends with converging rows of ravines and hemlock-topped cliffs into an immense verdant basin presented toward us. In fine weather, the dry rocks of these ravines shine like bars of silver, and after heavy rains they glisten with the torrents disappearing into the vast shadowy basin below.

No tourist that has made this ascent to the *Notch* during the dog-days, can forget the grateful change of the hot, treeless road, for the shady coolness of the wooded avenue he enters at the top, and through whose green twilight his now recruited steeds drag him merrily for two miles to the *Lafayette House* at the entrance of the Notch. Just before reaching the hotel, we see through the fine birchen groves, skirting our avenue, *Echo Lake*, a small sheet of water of great depth and transparency, the mountainous sides of which clothed with an unbroken forest of dreary hemlock, deprive it of all beauty of *setting*, or of interest aside from its marvelously distinct echoes.

The Franconia Notch hardly deserves more than the name of a *pass*—even for its narrowest point near the Lafayette House, where it is about a quarter of a mile in width. It has no such *jaws*—projecting *tusks*, and other palpable signs of violent disrapture, as make the expressive title of “*Notch*” so fitly applied to its great rival in the White Mountains. Still its features are distinctive, and grandly *unique*, and though not so sublimely rugged as those of its rival, they are infinitely more picturesque, and this peculiar difference of character extends to all the scenery lying within the two rival regions. But the wonder and pride of the Franconia Notch is the “*Old Man*” of the Profile Mountain, that forms its western wall, and which, ascending on the north side with a gradual wooded slope, to a height of two thousand feet, abruptly terminates in a perpendicular rocky precipice, five hundred feet high, which in a bare “granite front” extends along the eastern face of the mountain for two miles. An exquisite sheet of water, in size and purity similar to Echo Lake, lies between the mountain and our road, from which through a clearing, we have an admirable view of the mountain, rising wave-like from its lake—its rich rolling groves, overtopped by a pinnacle of rock, like the comb

of a breaking billow, and in the fantastic outlines of that granite crest, juts out as perfect an outline of an *old man’s head*, as human hand itself could execute!

Every tourist through the White Mountains knows the propensity of the natives to increase the interest of their region, by pointing out all sorts of fancied zoological likenesses in their rocks and mountains—so that before he sees the “*Old Man*,” he will be apt to rank him, in advance, with the facial pretensions he has already seen. But, no! this time the artist has made a hit, and the likeness is admirable. There is nothing vague, imperfect, or disproportioned about him. You are not forced to *imagine* a brow to the nose, or go in search of a chin to support the mouth. They are all there!—a bent, heavy brow, not stern, but earnest—a straight, sharp nose—lips thin and with the very weakness of extreme senility in their pinched-up lines—and a chin, long and massive, thrown forward with a certain air of obstinacy, that completes the character of the likeness!

The mass of rock forming this extraordinary profile is said to be eighty feet in height; is fifteen hundred feet above the lake, and about half a mile from a spectator in the road—from which point it appears to be at the top of the mountain, though it is really five hundred feet below the



PROFILE MOUNTAIN.



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

summit. The "Old Man" does not change his countenance under the closest scrutiny of the spy-glass, constantly leveled at him by the stargazers "beneath his notice." Under such inspection the likeness loses none of its human character, though the cheeks of the veteran appear woefully cut-up and scarred. But it seems rude to peer thus impertinently into the wrinkles and "crow's-feet" of his grim visage that has faced, perhaps, centuries of sun and tempest. Nor is it advisable to take your first look at him when the sun lights up the chasms of his granite cheek, and the cavernous mystery of his bent brow. Go to him when in the solemn light of evening the mountain heaves up from the darkening lake its vast wave of luxuriant foliage—sit on one of those rocks by the roadside, and look, if you can, without awe, at the Granite Face hung against the luminous sky—human in its lineaments—supernatural in size and position—weird-like in its shadowy mystery, but its sharp outline wearing an expression of mortal sadness that gives it the most fascinating interest! If this singular profile has existed long enough, it must have been an object of veneration to the aborigines. Mr. Oakes, in his *White Mountain Scenery*, says it was first publicly made known to the whites only as far back as forty years ago. It is curious to observe the odd changes of the profile, as we advance or recede along the road. Now it resembles an old woman—now it flattens like a negro's face, and now its nose presents an "eagle-beak," like the Duke of Wellington's! A peculiar feature of beauty in the Profile Mountain is the rare luxuriance of its forest of birch and beech, with an occasional hemlock rising spire-like from its groves. The "Old Man" has a remarkable echo, with which (after a becoming deliberate pause) he will *retort* every appeal, grave, quizzical,

and sentimental that may be shouted up to him by the gay idlers on the lake side.

On the opposite side of the Notch, and immediately overhanging the hotel, a tremendous cliff is separated from the crest of the mountain by a huge chasm, and with its numerous jagged and splintered rocks, seems every moment about to topple down. This is the famous *Eagle Cliff*—so called from a pair of eagles having made their habitation a few seasons since on its topmost crag; and a prouder eyry for that majestic bird can not be imagined. It is this noble cliff, with its adjacent craggy peaks, that furnishes that picturesque irregularity of outline we have already described as peculiar to the Franconia Notch, and which is visible for such a great distance to the traveler coming either from the north or south. The latter approach, however, furnishes the finest view of Eagle Cliff. When within a mile of it, its stupendous crags fill up the centre of the view above the road before us, and the luxuriant birches on either side form a graceful framework, whose light airy boughs contrast finely with the massive riven cliff they inclose. In the evening, when the sun's rays are withdrawn from the valley below, and the rosy light falls alone on its rocky crags, vividly relieved by the broad shadows of its chasm, Eagle Cliff forms indeed a worthy *pendant* to the "Old Man" over the way. The accompanying sketch is taken from this point in the road, to the left of which is seen a portion of the exquisite lake "sweetly slumbering" between these magnificent mountains.

But the glories of the Notch are not fully seen, unless the tourist visit it when that unrivaled colorist, Jack Frost, has lavished upon its foliage the hues of his gorgeous pallet—their tempered brilliancy glowing through the voluptuous haze of autumn! What a singular contrast the op-

posite sides of the Notch then present! Eagle Cliff allows no motley-dressed dandies to vegetate upon his stern crags—exclusively a mass of granite and sombre evergreens; and the hemlock-covered eastern wall into which he extends, has its funereal vestments only here and there *slashed* with stripes of bright yellow birches that mark the mountain torrents and land-slides. But Frost, the artist, has a fairer field for his brush on the opposite side, where the rich rolling groves of the Profile Mountain present a bravely variegated mantle descending from the very neck of the “Old Man,” who, with grim visage, unmoved by so rare “a coat of many colors,” seems as indisposed as ever to bend down that obstinate chin and take a look at himself and his finery in the lake lying like a mirror at his feet! And even after the glory of the leaf has passed, it is well worth a trip to see these peaks in their cloudy costume, when the wind howls through the defile with a force shaking the hemlock “moored in the rifted rock,” but not silencing the muffled roar of the unseen mountain torrents. Nor as one of the attractions of a late season must be omitted the chance of seeing Lafayette peering with whitened head over his clansmen’s shoulders, while perhaps the defile reposes in groves of bright and brilliant foliage. But in spite of splendid foliage, and fresh, bracing weather, but few tourists visit the Franconia Notch when in its heightened glory. The artist, the wood-cutter, and the *partridge* have it chiefly to themselves, and so “mine host” of the Lafayette House shuts up his best rooms, brings from one lake his oars, from the other his swivel, and that other echo-waking instrument—the long *tin horn*, now “hangs silent on the wall,” until the hot weather of next summer brings the crowds of travelers who know not *when* to travel. This scant attendance of tourists during the finest season of the year may be attributed to a false impression that because this Notch is confessedly one of the coldest spots in America in winter, it must be disagreeably cold during the early autumn. This is a mistake; the weather there being quite as mild till the close of October as it is in the open lower country.

Proceeding southwardly through the Notch, we find its precipitous walls gradually recede and break up into gently-sloping summits, which,



MAC LEOD.

EAGLE CLIFF.

at the distance of five miles, terminate the defile, and debouch into a wide valley, whose great descent proves the great elevation of the defile we are now threading. For two miles we keep in view the Profile Mountain, whose eastern front resembles the Hudson River *Palisades* on a gigantic scale. Nothing can be more imposing than the front it presents—half of it a sheer precipice of bare granite, seamed, ribbed, and riven in every fantastic shape, resting on a sloping mass of broken rock, amid which flourish sturdy rows of evergreens, in spite of the showers of granite from the crumbling crags above—and which foretell the destruction that will inevitably overtake the lineaments of the “Old Man” long before “mighty oceans cease to roar.” The annexed sketch will convey some idea of this stupendous front of the Profile Mountain, and also of the best general view of the Notch, which last, unfortunately, does not from any point present its features in sufficient concentration to do justice to their magnitude in detail.

We are now separated from the Profile Mountain by the *Pemigewasset*—a beautiful brook flowing from the lake at the feet of the “Old Man,” whose tripping Indian name, though of unknown meaning, in sound, well describes its course of cascades, with which it follows us through the whole length of the defile—now dancing along our path, and now plunging again into the



EASTERN FRONT OF PROFILE MOUNTAIN.

"listening woods," where it "singeth a quiet tune. Four miles from the Notch, it suddenly rushes out to the very edge of our road, and after foaming over several rocky ledges, collects its torn waters, and in a solid jet piercing a narrow fissure of granite, flings itself over into a deep pool, whose extraordinary shape and structure have constituted it the most charming curiosity of these mountains, under the name of *The Basin*. This singular pool is about twenty feet wide, and is inclosed in a circular basin of granite, one half of which rising to a height of fifteen feet, projects over the imprisoned waters. Undoubtedly the way in which the solid jet of the cascade strikes the side of the basin, giving a strong whirling motion to the pool, has gradually excavated the rock in its present regular, mason-like shape. Graceful birches bend over and embower this exquisite pool, that never fails to elicit bursts of delight from visitors first gazing upon its transparent water of the most brilliant emerald, shading off into an intense blue-black, where the cascade strikes its surface. Its greatest depth is about fifteen feet ordinarily, but nearly all the bed of the pool is distinctly visible through its indescribable emerald purity, although its surface is constantly agitated with tiny wavelets. Nature never fashioned such a darling nook as this exquisite Basin, in which Diana might have bathed, and issued purer from its transparent tide! The water escapes from the pool by another narrow fissure in the lower part of its granite rim, a projecting mass of

which is said, by the ingenious Mr. Oakes, to resemble the half-immersed "*leg of some Hydro-pathic Titan!*" There are not wanting those who carry the fancied resemblance still further. At present the delicate beauty and graceful contour of the Basin are impaired and obscured somewhat by a clumsy foot-bridge flung across its curved margin, which, it is to be hoped, the next freshet will sweep away; and in anticipation of such wished-for fate to the unsightly and unnecessary structure, it is omitted in the annexed sketch.

A mile below the Basin, and five miles from the Notch, we come to the termination of the defile of the Franconia Mountains. At this point the *Flume House*, kept by Mr. Taft, offers the most admirable accommodations to those who wish to linger in this noble region. From the hotel the tourist can enjoy a magnificent view of the majestic summits he has just passed—the Profile Mountain filling the left of the view with one broad rounded mass, while the right is broken up with a series of pointed peaks, whereof Mount Lafayette and Eagle Cliff are duly prominent. This view of the Notch often assumes strange characteristics. Frequently in stormy weather, when the clouds elsewhere are flying swiftly, "like cars for gods to travel by," the masses of vapor caught in the "Notch" seem too entangled to escape—nay, seem to lose their very motion between those peaks, while their brethrer overhead are scudding past. And often, when the Notch is completely enshrouded in motion-



THE BASIN.

less cloudy gloom, we may see the landscape and the heavens north and south of the Notch, reposing in cloudless calm—the “bridal of the earth and sky!” By stepping to the south piazza of Mr. Taft’s hotel, the tourist meets a prospect wholly unlike the stern grandeur he has left. He looks down upon the valley into which the defile debouches, and sees its gently sloping hills and glimmering meadows receding in airy perspective, and melting in a strip of tenderest azure at a distance of forty miles. The effect of this beautiful vista upon eyes long fatigued with frowning crags and shadowy ravines is inexpressibly cheering.

Within easy distance of the Flume House we find the three remaining curiosities of the Franconia Mountains. These are the *Pool*, the *Cascade*, and the *Flume*. The first of these is formed by another and heavier cascade on the Pemigewasset, and is but an enlarged idea of the *Basin*, with considerable grandeur, but with none of the fantastic picturesque loveliness of the latter. The *Pool* is very wonderful, but it does not win our affection as does the *Basin*, whose exquisite beauties sink with peculiar interest into the traveler’s heart that will, long after his return to the grave duties of town, be haunted with

the music of its cascade, be illumined with the emerald flash of its crystal waters, and be linked with the memory of the pleasant chance-acquaintances made within the influence of its bewitching loveliness. Will those whose eyes have been gladdened by this choice work of nature, deem our eulogy aught but well-merited enthusiasm?

Crossing the Pemigewasset, and following up one of its little mountain tributaries, we come to the foot of a steep slope some two hundred feet in height, the smooth granite face of which has been washed bare to a width of forty feet by the violent freshets of spring. At ordinary times, merely a thin rivulet slides noiselessly over the slope, here and there leaving little pools whirling round in the shallow basins scooped out of the smooth granite. This is the *Cascade*—only deserving the name when a freshet occurs, and then its heavy volume of water is said to be fearfully sublime, bringing down ice and gigantic trees which, catching in the margin of the smooth bed, are often flung up on end by the force of the current, and momentarily standing erect, then plunge headlong and broken down the terrible declivity. When the stream is low nothing can be gentler than this singular granite slope, fringed

with trees. Those ascending to the *Flume*, will be glad to rest awhile on a rustic bench near the top of the slope, and refresh themselves with a draught from the cool stream *sliding* noiselessly past.

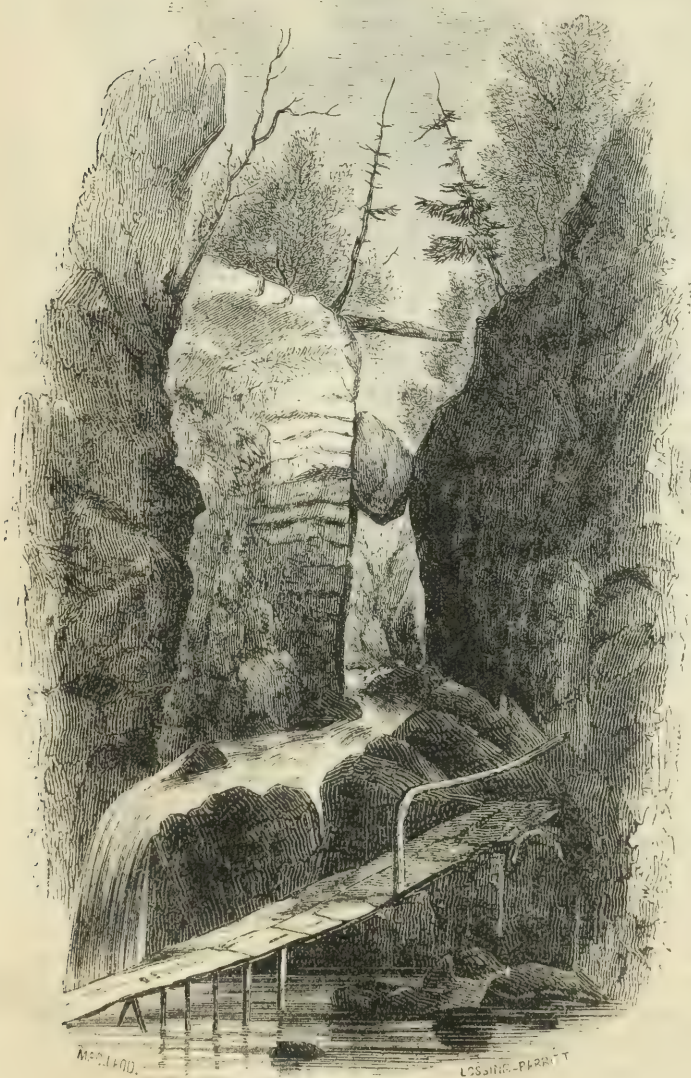
Above the Cascade, the stream is almost hidden among vast rocks and fallen trees of a ravine, becoming deeper, larger, and damper with every step. Crossing and recrossing its numerous little waterfalls by means of rustic bridges, decayed logs, and rocks dripping and hung with the richest moss, we suddenly emerge from the dense wood, and stand in front of a stupendous narrow ravine which, from its fancied resemblance to the *flume* of a mill, has acquired its well-known name.

The *Flume* is about two hundred yards in extent, its greatest height is sixty or seventy feet, and has a general width of about twenty feet. Its smooth sides have been excavated with the most singular evenness, and its bed is littered up with rocky rubbish, over which brawls the mountain brook that leaps into sight at the fur-

ther end of this remarkable corridor. At that end we find the most wonderful feature of the *Flume*, for there it suddenly contracts to a width of not more than ten feet, and in its jaws holds suspended over the cascade a huge rock twelve feet in height, and which, being undoubtedly a *boulder*, has rolled from above into the chasm, and there been held by its slight excess of breadth—not more than *two inches* at the utmost.

There being neither trees, nor shrubs, nor herbage of any sort, save the luxuriant mosses nourished by the eternal moisture, to break the long vista of the *Flume*, it presents a very novel appearance to the visitor issuing from the dense wood below, and catching a sudden and complete view of its steep, dripping walls, and rocky bed, terminating with the suspended boulder and the Cascade flashing underneath; while the tall hemlocks above the cliffs, shut out all save a small patch of blue sky. Ordinarily the stream is very low, and visitors can not only pick their way over rocks and logs to the foot of the Cascade, but can clamber over the granite ledges

and pass under the suspended boulder that looks as if at any moment it might slip through upon them. This feat of passing under the rock is always a very *damp* one, though during the season, troops of damsels may be seen bravely accomplishing it, scornful of the rock above and the wet below—and doing it too without the confident freedom of the *Bloomer dress*! As the *Flume* is little penetrated by the sun's rays, the eternal moisture of its depths makes it advisable for those disposed to linger in them, to take abundant extra clothing; for during the warmest summer-day, when an artist issues from its damp walls after a long siege of its curiosities with canvas and colors, he looks as if he were rehearsing the favorite circus-feat of throwing off multitudinous jackets and vests! By following up the ravine beyond the suspended rock, the visitor can ascend the cliffs overhanging the *Flume*; and if he or she have nerve enough, a large hemlock fallen across the chasm affords spacious footing whence a fine bird's-eye view of the ravine may be enjoyed. In winter and in spring the *Flume* is said to present a scene of fearful interest—now bearded with icicles, and anon, from melting snows, filled with a torrent of ice and fallen timber crashing in thunder through its jaws, to be launched more freely over the broad slope of the Cascade below. Until very recently this extraordinary ravine was wholly unknown, and it is to be regretted that we have no authentic chronicle of the gradual cutting of the *Flume* by



THE FLUME



VIEW ON THE PEMIGEWASSET.

ists with two bridle-roads, from the Lafayette House and the Flume House, at both of which well-kept hotels, every convenience in the way of horses and vehicles can always be had for the purpose of visiting the various curiosities scattered along this romantic defile. Throughout the five miles of the Franconia pass, there is not, excepting these two hotels at either end, a single human dwelling. The growing season is too short here to allow any thing to be raised on the patches of easy soil dotting the defile, that would, therefore, present, were it not for the public houses and the passing stage-coaches loaded with tourists, a scene of primeval nature and solitude. Would that its stupendous scenery were linked with mighty incident, and that its rare loveliness were clothed with the sacred vestment of traditionary lore! But alas! its magnificent grandeur and picturesque beauty, so fitted to figure in Indian romance or the settler's legend is sadly deficient in the hallowing charm of historic or poetic association!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

MARENGO.

NAPOLEON, finding his proffers of peace rejected by England with contumely and scorn, and declined by Austria, now prepared, with his wonted energy, to repel the assaults of the allies. As he sat in his cabinet at the Tuileries, the thunders of their unrelenting onset came rolling in upon his ear from all the frontiers of France. The hostile fleets of England swept the channel, utterly annihilating the commerce of the Republic, landing regiments of armed emigrants upon her coasts, furnishing money and munitions of war to rouse the partisans of the Bourbons to civil conflict, and throwing balls and shells into every unprotected town. On the northern frontier, Marshal Kray, came thundering down, through the Black Forest, to the banks of the Rhine, with a mighty host of 150,000 men, like locust legions, to pour into all the northern provinces of France. Artillery of the heaviest calibre and a magnificent array of cavalry accom-

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

the action of its stream; and also when and by what changes the suspended boulder has been caught in its present singular position.

We can not recross the Pemigewasset, on our return from the last great *lion* of the Franconia Mountains, without another notice of that exquisite mountain-stream. Though from its being so *over-fished*, it now holds out few inducements to enthusiasts in trouting, yet the prospect of having even "a glorious nibble," should tempt the angler to explore its beauties—its picturesque cascades, and deep, slumbrous pools above and below the bridge leading to the Flume. The accompanying sketch shows one of these numerous fairy nooks, overlooked by *Mount Liberty*—the fine peak directly opposite the Flume House.

This sketch of the attractions of the great Franconia Notch must not be closed without mention of the view from Mount Lafayette, considered by many far more interesting than that from Mount Washington; for, though less extensive than the latter, it embraces a far more picturesque and beautiful region lying distinctly under the eye. Hitherto this noble panorama has not been generally enjoyed, owing to the difficulty of its only mode of ascent—on foot. The coming season, however, will supply tour-

panied this apparently invincible army. In Italy, Melas, another Austrian marshal, with 140,000 men, aided by the whole force of the British navy, was rushing upon the eastern and southern borders of the Republic. The French troops, disheartened by defeat, had fled before their foes over the Alps, or were eating their horses and their boots in the cities where they were besieged. From almost every promontory on the coast of the Republic, washed by the Channel, or the Mediterranean, the eye could discern English frigates, black and threatening, holding all France in a state of blockade.

One always finds a certain pleasure in doing that which he can do well. Napoleon was fully conscious of his military genius. He had, in behalf of bleeding humanity, implored peace in vain. He now, with alacrity and with joy, roused himself to inflict blows that should be felt upon his multitudinous enemies. With such tremendous energy did he do this, that he received from his antagonists the most complimentary sobriquet of the *one hundred thousand men*. Wherever Napoleon made his appearance in the field, his presence alone was considered equivalent to that force.

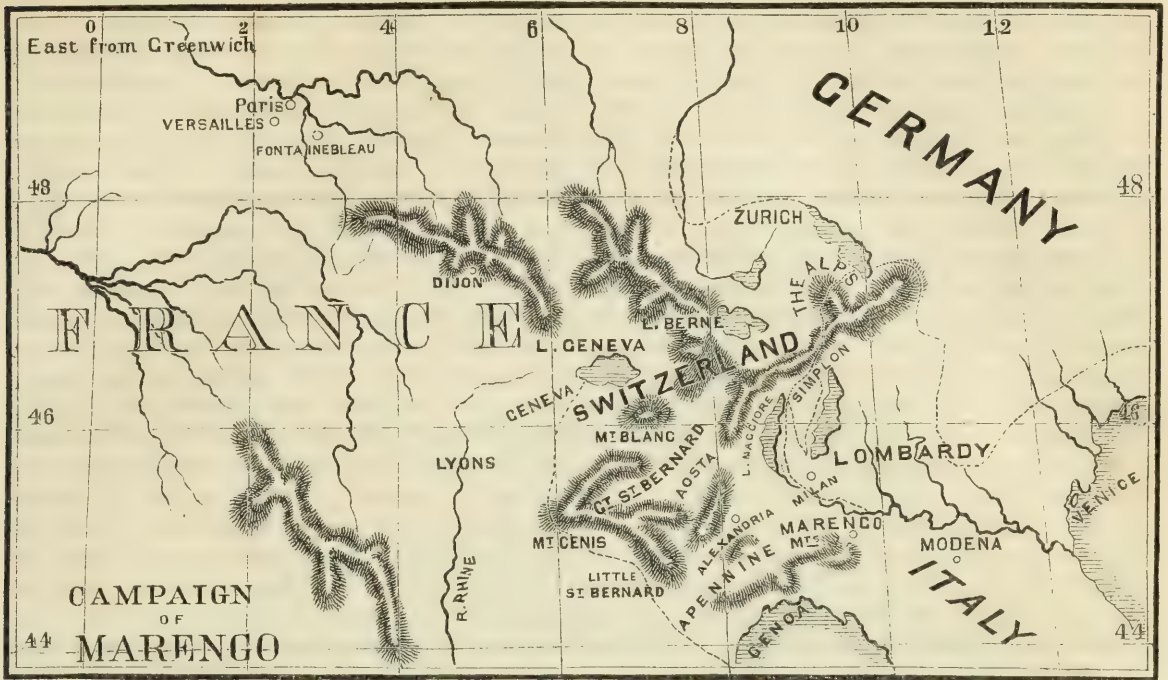
The following proclamation rang like a trumpet charge over the hills and valleys of France. "Frenchmen! You have been anxious for peace. Your government has desired it with still greater ardor. Its first efforts, its most constant wishes, have been for its attainment. The English ministry has exposed the secret of its iniquitous policy. It wishes to dismember France, to destroy its commerce, and either to erase it from the map of Europe, or to degrade it to a secondary power. England is willing to embroil all the nations of the Continent in hostility with each other, that she may enrich herself with their spoils, and gain possession of the trade of the world. For the attainment of this object she scatters her gold, becomes prodigal of her promises, and multiplies her intrigues."

At this call all the martial spirit of France rushed to arms. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the welfare of the State, seemed to forget even his own glory in the intensity of his desire to make France victorious over her foes. With the most magnanimous superiority to all feelings of jealousy, he raised an army of 150,000 men, the very élite of the troops of France, the veterans of a hundred battles, and placed them in the hands of Moreau, the only man in France who could be called his rival. Napoleon also presented to Moreau the plan of a campaign, in accordance with his own energy, boldness, and genius. Its accomplishment would have added surpassing brilliance to the reputation of Moreau. But the cautious general was afraid to adopt it, and presented another, perhaps as safe, but one which would produce no dazzling impression upon the imaginations of men. "Your plan," said one, a friend of Moreau, to the First Consul, "is grander, more decisive, even more sure. But it is not adapted to the slow and cautious genius of the man who is to execute it. You have your

method of making war, which is superior to all others. Moreau has his own, inferior certainly, but still excellent. Leave him to himself. If you impose your ideas upon him, you will wound his self-love, and disconcert him."

Napoleon, profoundly versed in the knowledge of the human heart, promptly replied. "You are right, Moreau is not capable of grasping the plan which I have conceived. Let him follow his own course. The plan which he does not understand and dare not execute, I myself will carry out, on another part of the theatre of war. What he fears to attempt on the Rhine, I will accomplish on the Alps. The day may come when he will regret the glory which he yields to me." These were proud and prophetic words. Moreau, was moderately victorious upon the Rhine, driving back the invaders. The sun of Napoleon soon rose, over the field of Marengo, in a blaze of effulgence, which paled Moreau's twinkling star into utter obscurity. But we know not where, upon the page of history, to find an act of more lofty generosity than this surrender of the noblest army of the Republic to one, who considered himself, and who was deemed by others, a rival—and thus to throw open to him the theatre of war where apparently the richest laurels were to be won. And we know not where to look for a deed more proudly expressive of self-confidence. "I will give Moreau," said he by this act, "one hundred and fifty thousand of the most brave and highly disciplined soldiers of France, the victors of a hundred battles. I myself will take sixty thousand men, new recruits and the fragments of regiments which remain, and with them I will march to encounter an equally powerful enemy on a more difficult field of warfare."

Marshal Melas had spread his vast host of one hundred and forty thousand Austrians through all the strongholds of Italy, and was pressing, with tremendous energy and self-confidence upon the frontiers of France. Napoleon, instead of marching with his inexperienced troops, two-thirds of whom had never seen a shot fired in earnest, to meet the heads of the triumphant columns of Melas, resolved to climb the rugged and apparently inaccessible fastnesses of the Alps, and, descending from the clouds over pathless precipices, to fall with the sweep of the avalanche, upon their rear. It was necessary to assemble this army at some favorable point;—to gather in vast magazines its munitions of war. It was necessary that this should be done in secret, lest the Austrians, climbing to the summits of the Alps, and defending the gorges through which the troops of Napoleon would be compelled to wind their difficult and tortuous way, might render the passage utterly impossible. English and Austrian spies were prompt to communicate to the hostile powers every movement of the First Consul. Napoleon fixed upon Dijon and its vicinity as the rendezvous of his troops. He, however, adroitly and completely deceived his foes by ostentatiously announcing the very plan he intended to carry into operation.



Of course, the allies thought that this was a foolish attempt to draw their attention from the real point of attack. The more they ridiculed the imaginary army at Dijon, the more loudly did Napoleon reiterate his commands for battalions and magazines to be collected there. The spies who visited Dijon, reported that but a few regiments were assembled in that place, and that the announcement was clearly a very weak pretense to deceive. The print shops of London and Vienna were filled with caricatures of the army of the First Consul of Dijon. The English especially made themselves very merry with Napoleon's grand army to scale the Alps. It was believed that the energies of the Republic were utterly exhausted in raising the force which was given to Moreau. One of the caricatures represented the army as consisting of a boy, dressed in his father's clothes, shouldering a musket, which he could with difficulty lift, and eating a piece of gingerbread, and an old man with one arm and a wooden leg. The artillery consisted of a rusty blunderbuss. This derision was just what Napoleon desired. Though dwelling in the shadow of that mysterious melancholy, which ever enveloped his spirit, he must have enjoyed in the deep recesses of his soul, the majestic movements of his plans.

On the eastern frontiers of France there surge up, from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hill sides, the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds and soaring with glittering pinnacles, into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which foaming torrents rush impetuously, walled in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man. The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveler, accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a mule, slowly and

painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge, spanning a fathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path at times was so narrow, that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip upon the icy rocks would precipitate the traveler, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild and rugged and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed appalled upon its resistless rush, as rocks, and trees, and earth, and snow, and ice, swept by him with awful and resistless desolation, far down into the dimly discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet. At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution could save the traveler who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trump could ever reach his ear. Terrific storms of wind and snow often swept through those bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveler. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice, embalmed in snow, are now sepulchred in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding sheet. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveler stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, our own mountain monarch. This summit, over which the path winds, consists of a small level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly

gloomy and appalling. Nature in these wild regions assumes her most severe and sombre aspect. As one emerges from the precipitous and craggy ascent, upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to the view. This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted, for more than a thousand years, by a succession of joyless and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavor to serve their Maker, by rescuing bewildered travelers from the destruction with which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms, which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley, lies a lake, clear, dark, and cold, whose depths, even in midsummer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around. The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and storm-swept cliffs of granite and of ice. Even the pinion of the eagle fails in its rarified air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travelers, who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitality of the convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood which burns with frugal faintness on their hearths, is borne, in painful burdens, up the mountain sides, upon the shoulders of the monks.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible. Napoleon, however, was as skillful in the arrangement of the minutest details, as in the conception of the grandest combinations. Though he resolved to take the mass of his army, forty thousand strong, across the pass of the Great St. Bernard, yet to distract the attention of the Austrians, he arranged also to send small divisions across the passes of Saint Gothard, Little St. Bernard, and Mount Cenis. He would thus accumulate suddenly, and to the utter amazement of the enemy, a body of sixty-five thousand men upon the plains of Italy. This force, descending, like an apparition from the clouds, in the rear of the Austrian army, headed by Napoleon, and cutting off all communication with Austria, might indeed strike a panic into the hearts of the assailants of France.

The troops were collected in various places in the vicinity of Dijon, ready at a moment's warning to assemble at the point of rendezvous, and with a rush to enter the defile. Immense magazines of wheat, biscuit, and oats had been noiselessly collected in different places. Large sums of specie had been forwarded, to hire the services of every peasant, with his mule, who inhabited the valleys among the mountains. Mechanic shops, as by magic, suddenly rose along the path, well supplied with skillful artisans, to repair all damages, to dismount the artillery, to divide the gun-carriages and the baggage-wagons into fragments, that they might be transported, on the backs of men and mules, over the steep and rugged way. For the ammunition a vast number of small boxes were prepared, which could easily be packed upon the mules. A second company of mechanics, with camp forges, had been provided to cross the mountain with the first division, and rear their shops upon the plain on the other side, to mend the broken harness, to reconstruct the carriages, and remount the pieces. On each side of the mountain a hospital was established and supplied with every comfort for the sick and the wounded. The foresight of Napoleon extended even to sending, at the very last moment, to the convent upon the summit, an immense quantity of bread, cheese, and wine. Each soldier, to his surprise, was to find, as he arrived at the summit, exhausted with Herculean toil, a generous slice of bread and cheese with a refreshing cup of wine, presented to him by the monks. All these minute details Napoleon arranged, while at the same time he was doing the work of a dozen energetic men, in reorganizing the whole structure of society in France. If toil pays for greatness, Napoleon purchased the renown which he attained. And yet his body and his mind were so constituted that this sleepless activity was to him a pleasure.

The appointed hour at last arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries, saying, "Good-by, my dear Josephine! I must go to Italy. I shall not forget you, and I will not be absent long." At a word, the whole majestic array was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountains. The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His glowing words inspired the troops with the ardor which was burning in his own bosom. The genius of the First Consul was infused into the mighty host. Each man exerted himself to the utmost. The eye of their chief was every where, and his cheering voice roused the army to almost superhuman exertions. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the

apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way. "Is it *possible*," inquired Napoleon, "to cross the pass?" "Perhaps," was the hesitating reply, "it is within the limits of *possibility*." "Forward, then," was the energetic response. Each man was required to carry, besides his arms, food for several days and a large quantity of cartridges. As the sinuosities of the precipitous path could only be trod in single file, the heavy wheels were taken from the carriages, and each, slung upon a pole, was borne by two men. The task for the foot soldiers was far less than for the horsemen. The latter clambered up on foot, dragging their horses after them. The descent was very dangerous. The dragoon, in the steep and narrow path, was compelled to walk before his horse. At the least stumble he was exposed

to being plunged headlong into the abysses yawning before him. In this way many horses and several riders perished. To transport the heavy cannon and howitzers pine logs were split in the centre, the parts hollowed out, and the guns sunk into the grooves. A long string of mules, in single file, were attached to the ponderous machines of war, to drag them up the slippery ascent. The mules soon began to fail, and then the men, with hearty good-will, brought their own shoulders into the harness—a hundred men to a single gun. Napoleon offered the peasants two hundred dollars for the transportation of a twelve-pounder over the pass. The love of gain was not strong enough to lure them to such tremendous exertions. But Napoleon's fascination over the hearts of his soldiers was a more pow-



DRAWING A GUN OVER GREAT ST. BERNARD.

erful impulse. With shouts of encouragement they toiled at the cables, successive bands of a hundred men relieving each other every half hour. High on those craggy steep, gleaming through the mist, the glittering bands of armed men, like phantoms appeared. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff to gaze upon the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude.

When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve as if rushing upon the foe. Napoleon offered to these bands the same reward which he had promised to the peasants. But to a man, they refused the gold. They had imbibed the spirit of their chief, his enthusiasm, and his proud superiority to all mercenary motives. "We are not toiling for money," said they, "but for your approval, and to share your glory."

Napoleon with his wonderful tact had introduced a slight change into the artillery service, which was productive of immense moral results. The gun carriages had heretofore been driven by mere wagoners, who, being considered not as soldiers, but as servants, and sharing not in the glory of victory, were uninfluenced by any sentiment of honor. At the first approach of danger, they were ready to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy. Napoleon said, "The cannoner who brings his piece into action, performs as valuable a service as the cannoner who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honor." He therefore converted the artillery drivers into soldiers, and clothed them in the uniform of their respective regiments. They constituted twelve thousand horsemen who were animated with as much pride in carrying their pieces into action, and in bringing them off with rapidity and safety, as the gunners felt in loading, directing, and discharging them. It was now the great glory of these men to take care of their guns. They loved, tenderly, the merciless monsters. They lavished caresses and terms of endearment upon the glittering, polished, death-dealing brass. The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded it needs something to love. These blood-stained soldiers, brutalized by vice, amidst all the horrors of battle, lovingly fondled the murderous machines of war, responding to the appeal "call me pet names, dearest." The unrelenting gun was the stern cannoner's lady love. He kissed it with unwashed, mustached lip. In rude and rough devotion he was ready to die rather than abandon the only object of his idolatrous homage. Consistently, he baptized the life-devouring monster with blood. Affectionately he named it Mary, Emma, Lizzie. In crossing the Alps,

dark night came on as some cannoners were floundering through drifts of snow, toiling at their gun. They would not leave the gun alone in the cold storm to seek for themselves a dry bivouac; but, like brothers guarding a sister, they threw themselves, for the night, upon the bleak and frozer snow, by its side. It was the genius of Napoleon which thus penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called to his aid those mighty energies. "It is nothing but imagination," said one once to Napoleon. "*Nothing but imagination!*" he rejoined. "*Imagination rules the world.*"

When they arrived at the summit each soldier found, to his surprise and joy, the abundant comforts which Napoleon's kind care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of forty thousand hungry men is not a light undertaking. Yet every thing was so carefully arranged, and the influence of Napoleon so boundless, that not a soldier left the ranks. Each man received his slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honor for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles, might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the whole army was reassembled on the plains of Italy.

Napoleon had sent Berthier forward to receive the division, and to superintend all necessary repairs, while he himself remained to press forward the mighty host. He was the last man to cross the mountains. Seated upon a mule, with a young peasant for his guide, slowly and thoughtfully he ascended those silent solitudes. He was dressed in the gray great coat which he always wore. Art has pictured him as bounding up the cliff, proudly mounted on a prancing charger. But truth presents him in an attitude more simple and more sublime. Even the young peasant who acted as his guide was entirely unconscious of the distinguished rank of the plain traveler whose steps he was conducting. Much of the way Napoleon was silent, abstracted in thoughts. And yet he found time for human sympathy. He drew from his young and artless guide the secrets of his heart. The young peasant was sincere and virtuous. He loved a fair maid among the mountains. She loved him. It was his heart's great desire to have her for his own. He was poor and had neither house nor land to support a family. Napoleon struggling with all his energies against combined England and Austria, and with all the cares of an army, on the march to meet one hundred and twenty thousand foes, crowding his mind, with pensive sympathy won the confidence of his companion and elicited this artless recital of love and desire. As Napoleon dismissed his guide, with an ample reward, he drew from his pocket a pencil and upon a loose piece of paper wrote



NAPOLEON ASCENDING THE ALPS.

a few lines, which he requested the young man to give, on his return, to the Administrator of the Army, upon the other side. When the guide returned, and presented the note, he found, to his unbounded surprise and delight, that he had conducted Napoleon over the mountains; and that Napoleon had given him a field and a house. He was thus enabled to be married, and to realize all the dreams of his modest ambition. Generous impulses must have been instinctive in a heart, which in an hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathizing with a peasant's love. This young man but recently died, having passed his quiet life in the enjoyment of the field and the cottage which had been given him by the ruler of the world.

The army now pressed forward, with great alacrity, along the banks of the Aosta. They

were threading a beautiful valley, rich in verdure and blooming beneath the sun of early spring. Cottages, vineyards, and orchards, in full bloom, embellished their path, while upon each side of them rose, in majestic swell, the fir-clad sides of the mountains. The Austrians pressing against the frontiers of France, had no conception of the storm which had so suddenly gathered, and which was, with resistless sweep, approaching their rear. The French soldiers, elated with the Herculean achievement they had accomplished, and full of confidence in their leader, pressed gayly on. But the valley before them began to grow more and more narrow. The mountains, on either side, rose more precipitous and craggy. The Aosta, crowded into a narrow channel, rushed foaming over the rocks, leaving barely room for a road along the side of the mountain. Suddenly the march of the whole army was arrested by

a fort, built upon an inaccessible rock, which rose pyramidally from the bed of the stream. Bristling cannon, skillfully arranged on well-constructed bastions, swept the pass, and rendered further advance apparently impossible. Rapidly the tidings of this unexpected obstruction spread from the van to the rear. Napoleon immediately hastened to the front ranks. Climbing the mountain opposite the fort, by a goat path, he threw himself down upon the ground, when a few bushes concealed his person from the shot of the enemy, and with his telescope long and carefully examined the fort and the surrounding crags. He perceived one elevated spot, far above the fort, where a cannon might by possibility be drawn. From that position its shot could be plunged upon the unprotected bastions below. Upon the face of the opposite cliff, far beyond the reach of cannon-balls, he discerned a narrow shelf in the rock by which he thought it possible that a man could pass. The march was immediately commenced, in single file, along this giddy ridge. And even the horses, inured to the terrors of the Great St. Bernard, were led by their riders upon the narrow path, which a horse's hoof had never trod before, and probably will never tread again. The Austrians, in the fort, had the mortification of seeing thirty-five thousand soldiers, with numerous horses, defile along this airy line, as if adhering to the side of the rock. But neither bullet nor ball could harm them.

Napoleon ascended this mountain ridge, and upon its summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, laid himself down, in the shadow of the rock, and fell asleep. The long line filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chieftain might not be disturbed. It was

an interesting spectacle, to witness the tender affection, beaming from the countenances of these bronzed and war-worn veterans, as every foot trod softly, and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form, and upon the pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon.

The artillery could by no possibility be thus transported; and an army without artillery is a soldier without weapons. The Austrian commander wrote to Melas, that he had seen an army of thirty-five thousand men and four thousand horse creeping by the fort, along the face of Mount Albaredo. He assured the commander-in-chief, however, that not one single piece of artillery had passed or could pass beneath the guns of his fortress. When he was writing this letter, already had one half of the cannon and ammunition of the army been conveyed by the fort, and were safely and rapidly proceeding on their way down the valley. In the darkness of the night trusty men, with great caution and silence, strewed hay and straw upon the road. The wheels of the lumbering carriages were carefully bound with cloths and wisps of straw, and, with axles well oiled, were drawn by the hands of these picked men, beneath the very walls of the fortress, and within half pistol-shot of its guns. In two nights the artillery and the baggage-trains were thus passed along, and in a few days the fort itself was compelled to surrender.

Melas, the Austrian commander, now awoke in consternation to a sense of his peril. Napoleon—the dreaded Napoleon—had, as by a miracle, crossed the Alps. He had cut off all his supplies, and was shutting the Austrians up from any possibility of retreat. Bewildered by the magnitude of his peril, he no longer thought of forcing his march upon Paris. The invasion of



PASSING THE FORT OF BARD.

France was abandoned. His whole energies were directed to opening for himself a passage back to Austria. The most cruel perplexities agitated him. From the very pinnacle of victory, he was in danger of descending to the deepest abyss of defeat. It was also with Napoleon an hour of intense solicitude. He had but sixty thousand men, two-thirds of whom were new soldiers, who had never seen a shot fired in earnest, with whom he was to arrest the march of a desperate army of one hundred and twenty thousand veterans, abundantly provided with all the most efficient machinery of war. There were many paths by which Melas might escape, at leagues' distance from each other. It was necessary for Napoleon to divide his little band that he might guard them all. He was liable at any moment to have a division of his army attacked by an overwhelming force, and cut to pieces before it could receive any reinforcements. He ate not, he slept not, he rested not. Day and night, and night and day, he was on horseback, pale, pensive, apparently in feeble health, and interesting every beholder with his grave and melancholy beauty. His scouts were out in every direction. He studied all the possible movements and combinations of his foes. Rapidly he overran Lombardy, and entered Milan in triumph. Melas anxiously concentrated his forces, to break through the net with which he was entangled. He did every thing in his power to deceive Napoleon, by various feints, that the point of his contemplated attack might not be known. Napoleon, in the following clarion tones, appealed to the enthusiasm of his troops :

"Soldiers! when we began our march, one department of France was in the hands of the enemy. Consternation pervaded the south of the Republic. You advanced. Already the French territory is delivered. Joy and hope in our country have succeeded to consternation and fear. The enemy, terror-struck, seeks only to regain his frontiers. You have taken his hospitals, his magazines, his reserve parks. The first act of the campaign is finished. Millions of men address you in strains of praise. But shall we allow our audacious enemies to violate with impunity the territory of the Republic? Will you permit the army to escape which has carried terror into your families? You will not. March, then, to meet him. Tear from his brows the laurels he has won. Teach the world that a malediction attends those who violate the territory of the Great People. The result of our efforts will be unclouded glory, and a durable peace!"

The very day Napoleon left Paris, Desaix arrived in France from Egypt. Frank, sincere, upright, and punctiliously honorable, he was one of the few whom Napoleon truly loved. Desaix regarded Napoleon as infinitely his superior, and looked up to him with a species of adoration; he loved him with a fervor of feeling which amounted almost to a passion. Napoleon, touched, by the affection of a heart so noble, requited it with the most confiding friendship. Desaix, upon his arrival in Paris, found letters for him there from

the First Consul. As he read the confidential lines, he was struck with the melancholy air with which they were pervaded. "Alas!" said he, "Napoleon has gained every thing, and yet he is unhappy. I must hasten to meet him." Without delay he crossed the Alps, and arrived at the head-quarters of Napoleon but a few days before the battle of Marengo. They passed the whole night together, talking over the events of Egypt and the prospects of France. Napoleon felt greatly strengthened by the arrival of his noble friend, and immediately assigned to him the command of a division of the army. "Desaix," said he, "is my sheet anchor."

"You have had a long interview with Desaix," said Bourrienne to Napoleon the next morning. "Yes!" he replied; "but I had my reasons. As soon as I return to Paris I shall make him Minister of War. He shall always be my lieutenant. I would make him a prince if I could. He is of the heroic mould of antiquity!"

Napoleon was fully aware that a decisive battle would soon take place. Melas was rapidly, from all points, concentrating his army. The following laconic and characteristic order was issued by the First Consul to Lannes and Murat: "Gather your forces at the river Stradella. On the 8th or 9th at the latest, you will have on your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians. Meet them, and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies less upon our hands on the day of the decisive battle we are to expect with the entire army of Melas." The prediction was true. An Austrian force advanced, eighteen thousand strong. Lannes met them upon the field of Montebello. They were strongly posted, with batteries ranged upon the hill sides, which swept the whole plain. It was of the utmost moment that this body should be prevented from combining with the other vast forces of the Austrians. Lannes had but eight thousand men. Could he sustain the unequal conflict for a few hours, Victor, who was some miles in the rear, could come up with a reserve of four thousand men. The French soldiers, fully conscious of the odds against which they were to contend, and of the carnage into the midst of which they were plunging, with shouts of enthusiasm rushed upon their foes. Instantaneously a storm of grape-shot from all the batteries swept through his ranks. Said Lannes, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division, like glass in a hail-storm.*" For nine long hours, from eleven in the morning till eight at night, the horrid carnage continued. Again and again the mangled, bleeding, wasted columns were rallied to the charge. At last, when three thousand Frenchmen were strewn dead upon the ground, the Austrians broke and fled, leaving also three thousand mutilated corpses and six thousand prisoners behind them. Napoleon, hastening to the aid of his lieutenant, arrived upon the field just in time to see the battle won. He rode up to Lannes. The intrepid soldier stood in the midst of mounds of the dead—his sword dripping with blood in his exhausted hand—his face blackened with powder and smoke—and his

uniform soiled and tattered by the long and terrific strife. Napoleon silently, but proudly smiled upon the heroic general, and forgot not his reward. From this battle Lannes received the title of Duke of Montebello, a title by which his family is distinguished to the present day.

This was the opening of the campaign. It inspired the French with enthusiasm. It nerved the Austrians to despair. Melas now determined to make a desperate effort to break through the toils. Napoleon, with intense solicitude, was watching every movement of his foe, knowing not upon what point the onset would fall. Before day-break in the morning of the 14th of June, Melas, having accumulated forty thousand men, including seven thousand cavalry and two hundred pieces of cannon, made an impetuous assault upon the French, but twenty thousand in number, drawn up upon the plain of Marengo. Desaix, with a reserve of six thousand men, was at such a distance, nearly thirty miles from Marengo, that he could not possibly be recalled before the close of the day. The danger was frightful that the French would be entirely cut to pieces, before any succor could arrive. But the quick ear of Desaix caught the sound of the heavy cannonade as it came booming over the plain, like distant thunder. He sprung from his couch and listened. The heavy and uninterrupted roar, proclaimed a pitched battle, and he was alarmed for his beloved chief. Immediately he roused his troops, and they started upon the rush to succor their comrades. Napoleon dispatched courier after courier to hurry the division along, while his troops stood firm through terrific hours, as their ranks were plowed by the murderous discharges of their foes. At last the destruction was too awful for mortal men to endure. Many divisions of the army broke and fled, crying, "*All is lost—save himself who can.*" A scene of frightful disorder ensued. The whole plain was covered with fugitives, swept like an inundation before the multitudinous Austrians. Napoleon still held a few squares together, who slowly and sullenly retreated, while two hundred pieces of artillery, closely pressing them, poured incessant death into their ranks. Every foot of ground was left encumbered with the dead. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Melas, exhausted with toil, and assured that he had gained a complete victory, left Gen. Zach to finish the work. He retired to his headquarters, and immediately dispatched couriers all over Europe to announce the great victory of Marengo. Said an Austrian veteran, who had before encountered Napoleon at Arcola and Rivoli, "Melas is too sanguine. Depend upon it, our day's work is not yet done. Napoleon will yet be upon us with his reserve."

Just then the anxious eye of the First Consul espied the solid columns of Desaix entering the plain. Desaix, plunging his spurs into his horse, outstripped all the rest, and galloped into the presence of Napoleon. As he cast a glance over the wild confusion and devastation of the field, he exclaimed hurriedly, "I see that the battle is

lost. I suppose I can do no more for you than to secure your retreat." "By no means," Napoleon replied, with apparently as much composure as if he had been sitting by his own fireside, "the battle, I trust, is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear." Like a rock, Desaix, with his solid phalanx of ten thousand men, met the on-rolling billow of Austrian victory. At the same time Napoleon dispatched an order to Kellerman, with his cavalry, to charge the triumphant column of the Austrians in flank. It was the work of a moment, and the whole aspect of the field was changed. Napoleon rode along the lines of those on the retreat, exclaiming, "My friends, we have retreated far enough. It is now our turn to advance. Recollect that I am in the habit of sleeping on the field of battle." The fugitives, reanimated by the arrival of the reserve, immediately rallied in their rear. The double charge in front and flank was instantly made. The Austrians were checked and staggered. A perfect tornado of bullets from Desaix's division swept their ranks. They poured an answering volley into the bosoms of the French. A bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, and he fell and almost immediately expired. His last words were, "Tell the First Consul that my only regret in dying is, to have perished before having done enough to live in the recollection of posterity." The soldiers, who devotedly loved him, saw his fall, and rushed more madly on to avenge his death. The swollen tide of uproar, confusion, and dismay now turned, and rolled in surging billows in the opposite direction. Hardly one moment elapsed before the Austrians, flushed with victory, found themselves overwhelmed by defeat. In the midst of this terrific scene, an aid rode up to Napoleon and said, "Desaix is dead." But a moment before they were conversing side by side. Napoleon pressed his forehead convulsively with his hand, and exclaimed, mournfully, "Why is it not permitted me to weep! Victory at such a price is dear."

The French now made the welkin ring with shouts of victory. Indescribable dismay filled the Austrian ranks as wildly they rushed before their unrelenting pursuers. Their rout was utter and hopeless. When the sun went down over this field of blood, after twelve hours of the most frightful carnage, a scene was presented horrid enough to appall the heart of a demon. More than twenty thousand human bodies were strewn upon the ground, the dying and the dead, weltering in gore, and in every conceivable form of disfiguration. Horses, with limbs torn from their bodies, were struggling in convulsive agonies. Fragments of guns and swords, and of military wagons of every kind were strewed around in wild ruin. Frequent piercing cries, which agony extorted from the lacerated victims of war, rose above the general moanings of anguish, which, like wailings of the storm, fell heavily upon the ear. The shades of night were now descending upon this awful scene of misery. The multitude of the wounded was so great,

that notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the surgeons, hour after hour of the long night lingered away, while thousands of the wounded and the dying bit the dust in their agony.

If war has its chivalry and its pageantry, it has also revolting hideousness and demoniac woe. The young, the noble, the sanguine were writhing there in agony. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek, and transform the human face divine into an aspect upon which one can not gaze but with horror. From the field of Marengo many a young man returned to his home so mutilated as no longer to be recognized by friends, and passed a weary life in repulsive deformity. Mercy abandons the arena of battle. The frantic war-horse with iron hoof tramples upon the mangled face, the throbbing and inflamed wounds, the splintered bones, and heeds not the shriek of torture. Crushed into the bloody mire by the ponderous wheels of heavy artillery, the victim of barbaric war thinks of mother, and father, and sister, and home, and shrieks, and moans, and dies; his body is stripped by the vagabonds who follow the camp; his naked, mangled corpse is covered with a few shovels-full of earth, and left as food for vultures and for dogs, and he is forgotten forever—and it is called *glory*. He who loves war, for the sake of its excitements, its pageantry, and its fancied glory, is the most eminent of all the dupes of folly and of sin. He who loathes war, with inexpressible loathing, who will do every thing in his power to avert the dire and horrible calamity, but who will, nevertheless, in the last extremity, with a determined spirit, encounter all its perils, from love of country and of home, who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life, to promote the well-being of his fellow-man, will ever receive the homage of the world, and we also fully believe that he will receive the approval of God. Washington abhorred war in all its forms, yet he braved all its perils.

For the carnage of the field of Marengo, Napoleon can not be held responsible. Upon England and Austria must rest all the guilt of that awful tragedy. Napoleon had done every thing he could do to stop the effusion of blood. He had sacrificed the instincts of pride, in pleading with a haughty foe for peace. His plea was unavailing. Three hundred thousand men were marching upon France to force upon her a detested king. It was not the duty of France to submit to such dictation. Drawing the sword in self-defense, Napoleon fought and conquered. "Te Deum laudamus."

It is not possible but that Napoleon must have been elated by so resplendent a victory. He knew that Marengo would be classed as the most brilliant of his achievements. The blow had fallen with such terrible severity that the haughty allies were thoroughly humbled. Melas was now at his mercy. Napoleon could dictate peace upon his own terms. Yet he rode over the field of his victory with a saddened spirit, and gazed

mournfully upon the ruin and the wretchedness around him. As he was slowly and thoughtfully passing along, through the heaps of the dead with which the ground was encumbered, he met a number of carts, heavily laden with the wounded, torn by balls, and bullets, and fragments of shells, into most hideous spectacles of deformity. As the heavy wheels lumbered over the rough ground, grating the splintered bones, and bruising and opening afresh the inflamed wounds, shrieks of torture were extorted from the victims. Napoleon stopped his horse and uncovered his head, as the melancholy procession of misfortune and woe passed along. Turning to a companion, he said, "We can not but regret not being wounded like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings." A more touching expression of sympathy never has been recorded. He who says that this was hypocrisy is a stranger to the generous impulses of a noble heart. This instinctive outburst of emotion never could have been instigated by policy.

Napoleon had fearlessly exposed himself to every peril during this conflict. His clothes were repeatedly pierced by bullets. Balls struck between the legs of his horse, covering him with earth. A cannon-ball took away a piece of the boot from his left leg and a portion of the skin, leaving a scar which was never obliterated.

Before Napoleon marched for Italy, he had made every effort in his power for the attainment of peace. Now, with magnanimity above all praise, without waiting for the first advance from his conquered foes, he wrote again imploring peace. Upon the field of Marengo, having scattered all his enemies like chaff before him, with the smoke of the conflict still darkening the air, and the groans of the dying swelling upon his ear, laying aside all the formalities of state, with heartfelt feeling and earnestness he wrote to the Emperor of Austria. This extraordinary epistle was thus commenced:

"Sire! It is on the field of battle, amid the sufferings of a multitude of wounded, and surrounded by fifteen thousand corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each others' throats for interests not their own. It is my part to press this upon your majesty, being upon the very theatre of war. Your majesty's heart can not feel it so keenly as does mine."

The letter was long and most eloquent. "For what are you fighting?" said Napoleon. "For religion? Then make war on the Russians and the English, who are the enemies of your faith. Do you wish to guard against revolutionary principles? It is this very war which has extended them over half the Continent, by extending the conquests of France. The continuance of the war can not fail to diffuse them still further. Is it for the balance of Europe? The English threaten that balance far more than does France, for they have become the masters and the tyrants of commerce, and are beyond the reach of resistance. Is it to secure the interests of the house

of Austria? Let us then execute the treaty of Campo Formio, which secures to your majesty large indemnities in compensation for the provinces lost in the Netherlands, and secures them to you where you most wish to obtain them, that is, in Italy. Your majesty may send negotiators whither you will, and we will add to the treaty of Campo Formio stipulations calculated to assure you of the continued existence of the secondary states, all of which the French Republic is accused of having shaken. Upon these conditions peace is made, if you will. Let us make the armistice general for all the armies, and enter into negotiations instantly."

A courier was immediately dispatched to Vienna, to convey this letter to the Emperor. In the evening, Bourrienne hastened to congratulate Napoleon upon his extraordinary victory. "What a glorious day!" said Bourrienne. "Yes!" replied Napoleon, mournfully; "very glorious—could I this evening but have embraced Desaix upon the field of battle."

On the same day, and at nearly the same hour in which the fatal bullet pierced the breast of Desaix, an assassin in Egypt plunged a dagger into the bosom of Kleber. The spirits of these illustrious men, these blood-stained warriors, thus unexpectedly met in the spirit-land. There they wander now. How impenetrable the veil which shuts their destiny from our view. The soul longs for clearer vision of that far-distant world, peopled by the innumerable host of the mighty dead. There Napoleon now dwells. Does he retain his intellectual supremacy? Do his generals gather around him with love and homage? Has his pensive spirit sunk down into gloom and despair, or has it soared into cloudless regions of purity and peace? The mystery of death! Death alone can solve it. Christianity, with its lofty revealings, sheds but dim twilight upon the world of departed spirits. At St. Helena Napoleon said, "Of all the generals I ever had under my command Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talent. In particular Desaix, as Kleber loved glory only as the means of acquiring wealth and pleasure. Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every other consideration. To him riches and pleasure were of no value, nor did he ever give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than myself, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising alike comfort and convenience. Enveloped in a cloak, Desaix would throw himself under a gun and sleep as contentedly as if reposing in a palace. Luxury had for him no charms. Frank and honest in all his proceedings, he was denominated by the Arabs Sultan the Just. Nature intended him to figure as a consummate general. Kleber and Desaix were irreparable losses to France."

It is impossible to describe the dismay, which pervaded the camp of the Austrians after this terrible defeat. They were entirely cut off from all retreat, and were at the mercy of Napoleon. A council of war was held by the Austrian officers during the night, and it was unanimously

resolved that capitulation was unavoidable. Early the next morning a flag of truce was sent to the head-quarters of Napoleon. The Austrians offered to abandon Italy, if the generosity of the victor would grant them the boon of not being made prisoners of war. Napoleon met the envoy with great courtesy, and, according to his custom, stated promptly and irrevocably the conditions upon which he was willing to treat. The terms were generous. "The Austrian armies," said he, "may unmolested return to their homes; but all of Italy must be abandoned." Melas, who was eighty years of age, hoped to modify the terms, and again sent the negotiator to suggest some alterations. "Monsieur!" said Napoleon, "my conditions are irrevocable. I did not begin to make war yesterday. Your position is as perfectly comprehended by me as by yourselves. You are encumbered with dead, sick, and wounded, destitute of provisions, deprived of the élite of your army, surrounded on every side, I might exact every thing. But I respect the white hairs of your general, and the valor of your soldiers. I ask nothing but what is rigorously justified by the present position of affairs. Take what steps you may, you will have no other terms." The conditions were immediately signed, and a suspension of arms was agreed upon, until an answer could be received from Vienna.

Napoleon left Paris for this campaign on the 7th of May. The battle of Marengo was fought on the 14th of June. Thus in five weeks Napoleon had scaled the barrier of the Alps: with sixty thousand soldiers, most of them undisciplined recruits, he had utterly discomfited an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and regained the whole of Italy. The achievement amazed the civilized world. The bosom of every Frenchman throbbed with gratitude and pride. One wild shout of enthusiasm ascended from united France. Napoleon had laid the foundation of his throne deep in the heart of the French nation, and there that foundation still remains unshaken.

Napoleon now entered Milan in triumph. He remained there ten days, busy apparently every hour, by day and by night, in re-organizing the political condition of Italy. The serious and religious tendencies of his mind are developed by the following note, which four days after the battle of Marengo, he wrote to the Consuls in Paris: "To-day, whatever our atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum*, which is to be chanted in the Cathedral of Milan.*

An unworthy spirit of detraction has vainly sought to wrest from Napoleon the honor of this victory, and to attribute it all to the flank charge made by Kellerman. Such attempts deserve no detailed reply. Napoleon had secretly and suddenly called into being an army, and by its apparently miraculous creation had astounded Europe. He had effectually deceived the vigilance

* The *Te Deum*, is an anthem of praise, sung in churches on occasion of thanksgiving. It is so called from the first words "*Te Deum laudamus*," *Thee God we praise*.

of his enemies, so as to leave them entirely in the dark respecting his point of attack. He had conveyed that army, with all its stores, over the pathless crags of the Great St. Bernard. Like an avalanche he had descended from the mountains upon the plains of startled Italy. He had surrounded the Austrian hosts, though they were double his numbers, with a net through which they could not break. In a decisive battle he had scattered their ranks before him, like chaff by the whirlwind. He was nobly seconded by those generals whom his genius had chosen and created. It is indeed true, that without his generals and his soldiers he could not have gained the victory. Massena contributed to the result by his matchless defense of Genoa; Moreau, by holding in abeyance the army of the Rhine; Lannes, by his iron firmness on the plain of Montebello; Desaix, by the promptness with which he rushed to the rescue, as soon as his ear caught the far-off thunders of the cannon of Marengo; and Kellerman, by his admirable flank charge of cavalry. But it was the genius of Napoleon which planned the mighty combination, which roused and directed the enthusiasm of the generals, which inspired the soldiers with fearlessness and nerved them for the strife, and which, through these efficient agencies, secured the astounding results.

Napoleon established his triumphant army, now increased to eighty thousand men, in the rich valley of the Po. He assigned to the heroic Massena the command of this triumphant host, and ordering all the forts and citadels which blocked the approaches from France to be blown up, set out, on the 24th of June, for his return to Paris. In re-crossing the Alps, by the pass of Mt. Cenis, he met the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to Italy to join her husband. Napoleon ordered his carriage to be stopped, and alighting, greeted the lady with great courtesy, and congratulated her upon the gallant conduct of her husband at Marengo. As he was riding along one day, Bourrienne spoke of the world-wide renown which the First Consul had attained.

"Yes," Napoleon thoughtfully replied. "A few more events like this campaign, and my name may perhaps go down to posterity."

"I think," Bourrienne rejoined, "that you have already done enough to secure a long and lasting fame."

"Done enough!" Napoleon replied. "You are very good! It is true that in less than two years I have conquered Cairo, Paris, Milan. But were I to die to-morrow, half a page of general history would be all that would be devoted to my exploits."

Napoleon's return to Paris, through the provinces of France, was a scene of constant triumph. The joy of the people amounted almost to frenzy. Bonfires, illuminations, the pealing of bells, and the thunders of artillery accompanied him all the way. Long lines of young maidens, selected for their grace and beauty, formed avenues of loveliness and smiles through which he was to pass, and carpeted his path with flowers. He arrived

in Paris at midnight the 2d of July, having been absent but eight weeks.

The enthusiasm of the Parisians was unbounded and inexhaustible. Day after day, and night after night, the festivities continued. The Palace of the Tuileries was ever thronged with a crowd, eager to catch a glimpse of the preserver of France. All the public bodies waited upon him with congratulations. Bells rung, cannon thundered, bonfires and illuminations blazed, rockets and fire-works, in meteoric splendor filled the air, bands of music poured forth their exuberant strains, and united Paris, thronging the garden of the Tuileries and flooding back into the Elysian Fields, rent the heavens with deafening shouts of exultation. As Napoleon stood at the window of his palace, witnessing this spectacle of a nation's gratitude, he said, "The sound of these acclamations is as sweet to me, as the voice of Josephine. How happy I am to be beloved by such a people." Preparations were immediately made for a brilliant and imposing solemnity in commemoration of the victory. "Let no triumphal arch be raised to me," said Napoleon. "I wish for no triumphal arch but the public satisfaction."

It is not strange that enthusiasm and gratitude should have glowed in the ardent bosoms of the French. In four months Napoleon had raised France from an abyss of ruin to the highest pinnacle of prosperity and renown. For anarchy he had substituted law, for bankruptcy a well-replenished treasury, for ignominious defeat resplendent victory, for universal discontent as universal satisfaction. The invaders were driven from France, the hostile alliance broken, and the blessings of peace were now promised to the war-harassed nation.

During this campaign there was presented a very interesting illustration of Napoleon's wonderful power of anticipating the progress of coming events. Bourrienne, one day, just before the commencement of the campaign, entered the cabinet at the Tuileries, and found an immense map of Italy, unrolled upon the carpet, and Napoleon stretched upon it. With pins, whose heads were tipped with red and black sealing-wax, to represent the French and Austrian forces, Napoleon was studying all the possible combinations and evolutions of the two hostile armies. Bourrienne, in silence, but with deep interest, watched the progress of this pin campaign. Napoleon, having arranged the pins with red heads, where he intended to conduct the French troops, and with the black pins designating the point which he supposed the Austrians would occupy, looked up to his secretary, and said:

"Do you think that I shall beat Melas?"

"Why, how can I tell?" Bourrienne answered.

"Why, you simpleton," said Napoleon, playfully; "just look here. Melas is at Alexandria, where he has his head-quarters. He will remain there until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alexandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. Passing the Alps here," sticking a pin into the Great St. Bernard, "I fall upon

Melas in his rear; I cut off his communications with Austria. I meet him here in the valley of the Bormida." So saying, he stuck a red pin into the plain of Marengo.

Bourrienne regarded this manœuvring of pins as mere pastime. His countenance expressed his perfect incredulity. Napoleon, perceiving this, addressed to him some of his usual apostrophes, in which he was accustomed playfully to indulge in moments of relaxation, such as, You ninny, You goose; and rolled up the map. Ten weeks passed away, and Bourrienne found himself upon the banks of the Bormida, writing, at Napoleon's dictation, an account of the battle of Marengo. Astonished to find Napoleon's anticipations thus minutely fulfilled, he frankly avowed his admiration of the military sagacity thus displayed. Napoleon himself smiled at the justice of his foresight.

to Napoleon a letter, in which the Emperor stated, "You will give credit to every thing which Count Julien shall say on my part. I will ratify whatever he shall do." Napoleon, prompt in action, and uninformed of the new treaty between Ferdinand and George III., immediately caused the preliminaries of peace to be drawn up, which were signed by the French and Austrian ministers. The cabinet in Vienna, angry with their ambassador for not protracting the discussion, refused to ratify the treaty, recalled Count Julien, sent him into exile, informed the First Consul of the treaty which bound Austria not to make peace without the concurrence of Great Britain, assured France of the readiness of the English Cabinet to enter into negotiations, and urged the immediate opening of a Congress at Luneville, to which plenipotentiaries should be sent from each of the three great contending powers.

Napoleon was highly indignant in view of this duplicity and perfidy. Yet, controlling his anger, he consented to treat with England, and with that view proposed a *naval armistice*, with the mistress of the seas. To this proposition England peremptorily refused to accede, as it would enable France to throw supplies into Egypt and Malta, which island England was besieging. The naval armistice would have been undeniably for the interests of France. But the continental armistice was as undeniably adverse to her interests, enabling Austria to recover from her defeats, and to strengthen her armies.

Napoleon, fully con-

vinced that England, in her inaccessible position, did not wish for peace, and that her only object, in endeavoring to obtain admittance to the Congress, was that she might throw obstacles in the way of reconciliation with Austria, offered to renounce all armistice with England, and to treat with her separately. This England also refused.

It was now September. Two months had passed in these vexatious and sterile negotiations. Napoleon had taken every step in his power to secure peace. He sincerely desired it. He had already won all the laurels he could wish to win on the field of battle. The reconstruction of society in France, and the consolidation of his power, demanded all his energies. The consolidation of his power! That was just what the government of England dreaded. The consolidation of democratic power in France was



NAPOLEON PLANNING A CAMPAIGN.

Two days before the news of the battle of Marengo arrived in Vienna, England effected a new treaty with Austria, for the more vigorous prosecution of the war. By this convention it was provided that England should loan Austria ten millions of dollars, to bear no interest during the continuance of the conflict. And the Austrian cabinet bound itself not to make peace with France, without the consent of the Court of St. James. The Emperor of Austria was now sadly embarrassed. His sense of honor would not allow him to violate his pledge to the King of England, and to make peace. On the other hand, he trembled at the thought of seeing the armies of the invincible Napoleon again marching upon his capital. He, therefore, resolved to temporize, and, in order to gain time, sent an ambassador to Paris. The plenipotentiary presented

dangerous to king and to noble. William Pitt, the soul of the aristocratic government of England, determined still to prosecute the war. France could not harm England. But England, with her invincible fleet, could sweep the commerce of France from the seas. Fox and his coadjutors with great eloquence and energy opposed the war. Their efforts were, however, unavailing. The *people* of England, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government to defame the character of the First Consul, still cherished the conviction that, after all, Napoleon was their friend. Napoleon, in subsequent years, while reviewing these scenes of his early conflicts, with characteristic eloquence and magnanimity, gave utterance to the following sentiments which, it is as certain as destiny, that the verdict of the world will yet confirm.

"Pitt was the master of European policy. He held in his hands the moral fate of nations. But he made an ill use of his power. He kindled the fire of discord throughout the universe; and his name, like that of Erostratus, will be inscribed in history, amidst flames, lamentations, and tears. Twenty-five years of universal conflagration; the numerous coalitions that added fuel to the flame; the revolution and devastation of Europe; the bloodshed of nations; the frightful debt of England, by which all these horrors were maintained; the pestilential system of loans, by which the people of Europe are oppressed; the general discontent that now prevails—all must be attributed to Pitt. Posterity will brand him as a scourge. The man so lauded in his own time, will hereafter be regarded as the genius of evil. Not that I consider him to have been willfully atrocious, or doubt his having entertained the conviction that he was acting right. But St. Bartholomew had also its conscientious advocates. The Pope and cardinals celebrated it by a *Te Deum*; and we have no reason to doubt their having done so in perfect sincerity. Such is the weakness of human reason and judgment! But that for which posterity will, above all, execrate the memory of Pitt, is the hateful school, which he has left behind him; its insolent Machiavelism, its profound immorality, its cold egotism, and its utter disregard of justice and human happiness. Whether it be the effect of admiration and gratitude, or the result of mere instinct and sympathy, Pitt is, and will continue to be, the idol of the European aristocracy. There was, indeed, a touch of the Sylla in his character. His system has kept the popular cause in check, and brought about the triumph of the patricians. As for Fox, one must not look for his model among the ancients. He is himself a model, and his principles will sooner or later rule the world. The death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and we should have established a new order of things in Europe."

Austria really desired peace. The march of Napoleon's armies upon Vienna was an evil

more to be dreaded than even the consolidation of Napoleon's power in France. But Austria was, by loans and treaties, so entangled with England, that she could make no peace without the consent of the Court of St. James. Napoleon found that he was but trifled with. Intermittent difficulties were thrown in the way of negotiation. Austria was taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities, merely to recruit her defeated armies, that, as soon as the approaching winter had passed away, she might fall, with renovated energies, upon France. The month of November had now arrived, and the mountains, whitened with snow, were swept by the bleak winds of winter. The period of the armistice had expired. Austria applied for its prolongation. Napoleon was no longer thus to be duped. He consented, however, to a continued suspension of hostilities, on condition that the treaty of peace were signed within forty-eight hours. Austria, believing that no sane man would march an army into Germany in the dead of winter, and that she should have abundant time to prepare for a spring campaign, refused. The armies of France were immediately on the move. The Emperor of Austria had improved every moment of this transient interval of peace, in recruiting his forces. In person he had visited the army to inspire his troops with enthusiasm. The command of the imperial forces was intrusted to his second brother, the Archduke John. Napoleon moved with his accustomed vigor. The political necessities of Paris and of France rendered it impossible for him to leave the metropolis. He ordered one powerful army, under General Brune, to attack the Austrians in Italy, on the banks of the Mincio, and to press firmly toward Vienna. In the performance of this operation, General Macdonald, in the dead of winter, effected his heroic passage over the Alps, by the pass of the Splügen. Victory followed their standards.

Moreau, with his magnificent army, commenced a winter campaign on the Rhine. Between the rivers Iser and Inn there is an enormous forest, many leagues in extent, of sombre firs and pines. It is a dreary and almost uninhabited wilderness, of wild ravines, and tangled under-brush. Two great roads have been cut through the forest, and sundry woodmen's paths penetrate it at different points. In the centre there is a little hamlet, of a few miserable huts, called Hohenlinden. In this forest, on the night of the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau, with sixty thousand men, encountered the Archduke John with seventy thousand Austrian troops. The clocks upon the towers of Munich had but just tolled the hour of midnight when both armies were in motion, each hoping to surprise the other. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree tops, and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery. Both parties, in the dark and tempestuous night, became entangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns in various places met. An awful



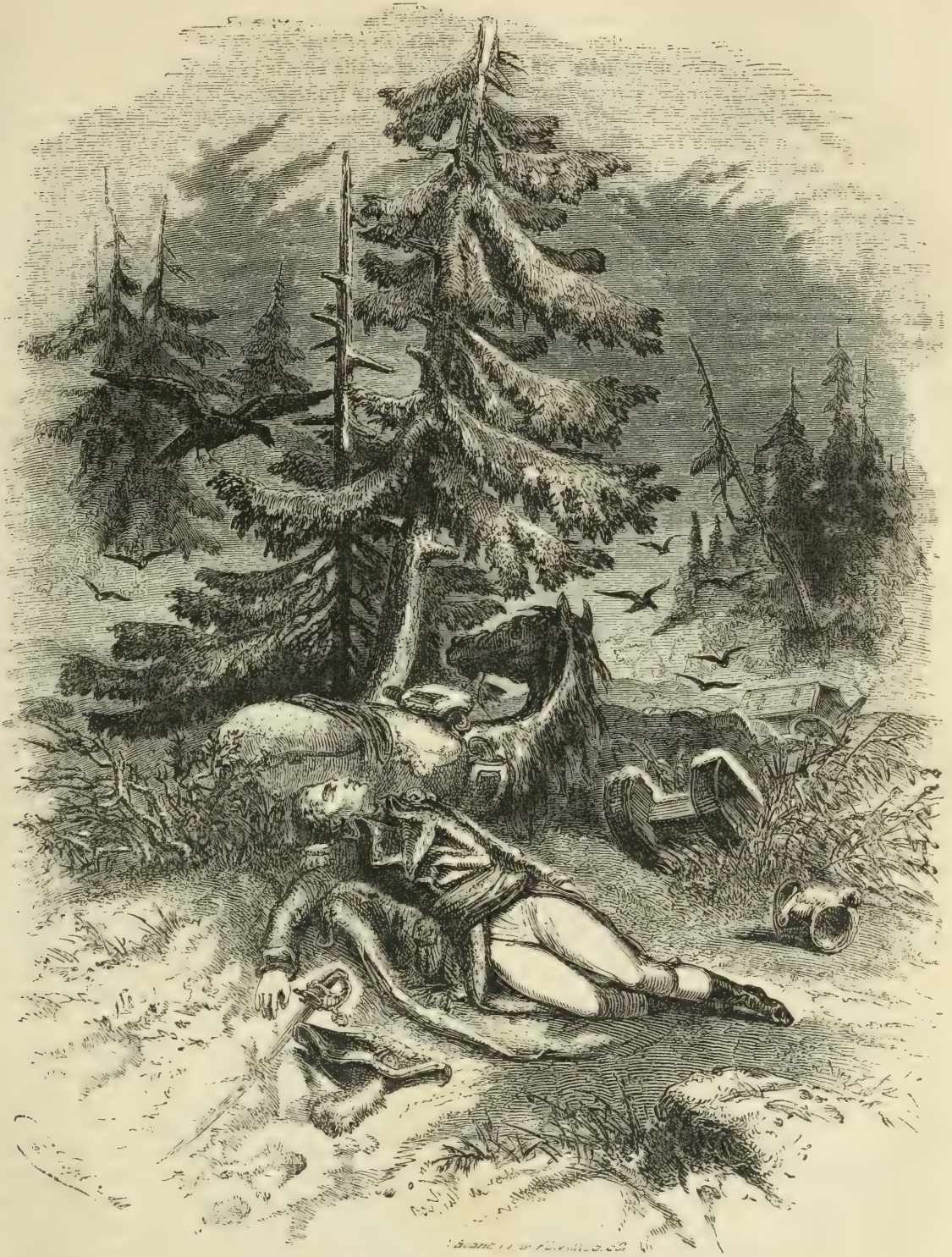
scene of confusion, conflict, and carnage then ensued. Imagination can not compass the terrible sublimity of that spectacle. The dark midnight, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, the incessant roar of artillery and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees as the heavy cannon-balls swept through the forest, the floundering of innumerable horsemen bewildered in the pathless snow, the shout of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand bands—all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac energy, which probably even this lost world never presented before. The darkness of the black forest was so intense, and the snow fell in flakes so thick and fast and blinding, that the combatants could with difficulty see each other. They often judged of the foe only by his position, and fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times, hostile divisions became intermingled in inextricable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons; for though the officers of an army may be influenced by the most elevated sentiments of dignity and of honor, the mass of the common soldiers have ever been the most miserable, worthless, and degraded of mankind. As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on hill-sides and in dark ravines, with the drifting snow, crimsoned with blood, their only blanket; there in solitude and agony to moan and freeze and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitudes of that dark, tempest-tossed, and blood-stained forest! At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated fury. Nearly twenty thousand mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded

were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow. At last the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of wagons, fled in dismay. This terrific conflict has been immortalized by the noble epic of Campbell, which is now familiar wherever the English language is known.

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

"But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery." &c.

The retreating Austrians rushed down the valley of the Danube. Moreau followed thundering at their heels, plunging balls and shells into their retreating ranks. The victorious French were within thirty miles of Vienna, and the capital was in a state of indescribable dismay. The Emperor again sent imploring an armistice. The application was promptly acceded to, for Napoleon was contending only for peace. Yet with unexampled magnanimity, notwithstanding these astonishing victories, Napoleon made no essential alterations in his terms. Austria was at his feet. His conquering armies were almost in sight of the steeples of Vienna. There was no power which the Emperor could present to obstruct their resistless march. He might have exacted any terms of humiliation. But still he adhered to the first terms which he had proposed. Moreau was urged by some of his officers to press on to Vienna. "We had better halt," he replied, "and be content with peace. It is for that alone that we are fighting." The Emperor of Austria was thus compelled to treat without the concurrence of England. The insurmountable obstacle in the



DEATH AT HOHENLINDEN.

way of peace was thus removed. At Luneville, Joseph Bonaparte appeared as the ambassador of Napoleon, and Count Cobenzel as the plenipotentiary of Austria. The terms of the treaty were soon settled, and France was again at peace with all the world, England alone excepted. By this treaty the Rhine was acknowledged as the boundary of France. The Adige limited the possessions of Austria in Italy; and Napoleon made it an essential article that every Italian imprisoned in the dungeons of Austria for political offenses, should immediately be liberated. There was to be no interference by either with the new republics which had sprung up in Italy. They were

to be permitted to choose whatever form of government they preferred. In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott makes the candid admission that "the treaty of Luneville was not much more advantageous to France than that of Campo Formio. The moderation of the First Consul indicated at once his desire for peace upon the Continent, and considerable respect for the bravery and strength of Austria." And Alison, in cautious but significant phrase, remarks, "These conditions did not differ materially from those offered by Napoleon before the renewal of the war; a remarkable circumstance, when it is remembered how vast an addition the victories of

Marengo, Hohenlinden, and the Mincio, had since made to the preponderance of the French armies."

It was, indeed, "a remarkable circumstance," that Napoleon should have manifested such unparalleled moderation, under circumstances of such aggravated indignity. In Napoleon's first Italian campaign he was contending solely for peace. At last he attained it, in the treaty of Campo Formio, on terms equally honorable to Austria and to France. On his return from Egypt, he found the armies of Austria, three hundred thousand strong, in alliance with England, invading the territories of the Republic. He implored peace, in the name of bleeding humanity, upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio. His foes regarded his supplication as the imploring cry of weakness, and treated it with scorn. With new vigor they poured their tempests of balls and shells upon France. Napoleon scaled the Alps, and dispersed his foes at Marengo, like autumn leaves before the gale. Amid the smoke and the blood and the groans of the field of his victory, he again wrote imploring peace; and he wrote in terms dictated by the honest and gushing sympathies of a humane man, and not in the cold and stately forms of the diplomatist. Crushed as his foes were, he rose not in his demands, but nobly said, "I am still willing to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio." His treacherous foes, to gain time to recruit their armies, that they might fall upon him with renovated vigor, agreed to an armistice. They then threw all possible embarrassments in the way of negotiation, and prolonged the armistice till the winds of winter were sweeping fiercely over the snow-covered hills of Austria. They thought that it was then too late for Napoleon to make any movements until spring, and that they had a long winter before them, in which to prepare for another campaign. They refused peace. Through storms and freezing gales and drifting snows the armies of Napoleon marched painfully to Hohenlinden. The hosts of Austria were again routed, and were swept away, as the drifted snow flies before the gale. Ten thousand Frenchmen lie cold in death, the terrible price of the victory. The Emperor of Austria, in his palaces, heard the thunderings of Napoleon's approaching artillery. He implored peace. "It is all that I desire," said Napoleon; "I am not fighting for ambition or for conquest. I am still ready to make peace upon the fair basis of the treaty of Campo Formio."

While all the Continent was now at peace with France, England alone, with indomitable resolution, continued the war, without allies, and without any apparent or avowed object. France, comparatively powerless upon the seas, could strike no blows which would be felt by the distant islanders. "On every point," says Sir Walter Scott, "the English squadrons annihilated the commerce of France, crippled her revenues, and blockaded her forts." The treaty of Luneville was signed the 9th of February, 1801. Napoleon lamenting, the continued hostility of England, in announcing this peace to the

people of France, remarked, "Why is not this treaty the treaty of a general peace? This was the wish of France. This has been the constant object of the efforts of her government. But its desires are fruitless. All Europe knows that the British minister has endeavored to frustrate the negotiations at Luneville. In vain was it declared to him that France was ready to enter into a separate negotiation. This declaration only produced a refusal under the pretext that England could not abandon her ally. Since then, when that ally consented to treat without England, that government sought other means to delay a peace so necessary to the world. It raises pretensions contrary to the dignity and rights of all nations. The whole commerce of Asia, and of immense colonies, does not satisfy its ambition. All the seas must submit to the exclusive sovereignty of England." As William Pitt received the tidings of this discomfiture of his allies, in despairing despondency, he exclaimed, "Fold up the map of Europe. In need not again be opened for twenty years."

While these great affairs were in progress, Napoleon, in Paris, was consecrating his energies with almost miraculous power, in developing all the resources of the majestic empire under his control. He possessed the power of abstraction to a degree which has probably never been equaled. He could concentrate all his attention for any length of time upon one subject, and then, laying that aside entirely, without expending any energies in unavailing anxiety, could turn to another, with all the freshness and the vigor of an unpreoccupied mind. Incessant mental labor was the luxury of his life. "Occupation," said he, "is my element. I am born and made for it. I have found the limits beyond which I could not use my legs. I have seen the extent to which I could use my eyes. But I have never known any bounds to my capacity for application."

The universality of Napoleon's genius was now most conspicuous. The revenues of the nation were replenished, and all the taxes arranged to the satisfaction of the people. The Bank of France was reorganized, and new energy infused into its operations. Several millions of dollars were expended in constructing and perfecting five magnificent roads radiating from Paris to the frontiers of the empire. Robbers, the vagabonds of disbanded armies, infested the roads, rendering traveling dangerous in the extreme. "Be patient," said Napoleon. "Give me a month or two. I must first conquer peace abroad. I will then do speedy and complete justice upon these highwaymen." A very important canal, connecting Belgium with France, had been commenced some years before. The engineers could not agree respecting the best direction of the cutting through the highlands which separated the valley of the Oise from that of the Somme. He visited the spot in person: decided the question promptly, and decided it wisely, and the canal was pressed to its completion. He immediately caused three new

bridges to be thrown across the Seine at Paris. He commenced the magnificent road of the Simplon, crossing the rugged Alps with a broad and smooth highway, which for ages will remain a durable monument of the genius and energy of Napoleon. In gratitude for the favors he had received from the monks of the Great St. Bernard, he founded two similar establishments for the aid of travelers, one on Mount Cenis, the other on the Simplon, and both auxiliary to the convent on the Great St. Bernard. Concurrently with these majestic undertakings, he commenced the compilation of the civil code of France. The ablest lawyers of Europe were summoned to this enterprise, and the whole work was discussed section by section in the Council of State, over which Napoleon presided. The lawyers were amazed to find that the First Consul was as perfectly familiar with all the details of legal and political science, as he was with military strategy.

Bourrienne mentions, that one day, a letter was received from an emigrant, General Durosél, who had taken refuge in the island of Jersey. The following is an extract from the letter :

"You can not have forgotten, general, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, he was unprovided with money, and asked of me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return, he had not an opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio, your mother offered to dispose of some plate, in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience. Previous to the Revolution, I believe that it was not in her power to fulfill her wish of discharging the debt. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But such is my unfortunate situation, that even this trifle is of some importance

to me. At the age of eighty-six, general, after having served my country for sixty years, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on a scanty allowance, granted by the English government to French emigrants. I say *emigrants*, for I am obliged to be one against my will."

Upon hearing this letter read, Napoleon immediately and warmly said, "Bourrienne, this is sacred. Do not lose a moment. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosél, that he shall immediately be erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the Convention have done. I can never repair it all." Napoleon uttered these words with a degree of emotion which he had rarely before evinced. In the evening he inquired, with much interest of Bourrienne, if he had executed his orders.

Many attempts were made at this time to assassinate the First Consul. Though France, with the most unparalleled unanimity surrounded him with admiration, gratitude, and homage, there were violent men in the two extremes of society, among the Jacobins and the inexorable Royalists, who regarded him as in their way. Napoleon's escape from the explosion of the infernal machine, got up by the Royalists, was almost miraculous.

On the evening of the 24th of December, Napoleon was going to the Opera, to hear Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation, which was to be performed for the first time. Intensely occupied by business, he was reluctant to go; but to gratify Josephine, yielded to her urgent request. It was necessary for his carriage to pass through a narrow street. A cart, apparently by accident overturned, obstructed the passage. A barrel suspended beneath the cart, contained as deadly a machine as could be constructed with gunpowder and all the missiles of death. The



THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

coachman succeeded in forcing his way by the cart. He had barely passed when an explosion took place, which was heard all over Paris, and which seemed to shake the city to its foundations. Eight persons were instantly killed, and more than sixty were wounded, of whom about twenty subsequently died. The houses for a long distance, on each side of the street, were fearfully shattered, and many of them were nearly blown to pieces. The carriage rocked as upon the billows of the sea, and the windows were shattered to fragments. Napoleon had been in too many scenes of terror to be alarmed by any noise or destruction which gunpowder could produce. "Ha!" said he, with perfect composure; "we are blown up." One of his companions in the carriage, greatly terrified, thrust his head through the demolished window, and called loudly to the driver to stop. "No, no!" said Napoleon; "drive on." When the First Consul entered the Opera House, he appeared perfectly calm and unmoved. The greatest consternation, however, prevailed in all parts of the house, for the explosion had been heard, and the most fearful apprehensions were felt for the safety of the idolized Napoleon. As soon as he appeared, thunders of applause, which shook the very walls of the theatre, gave affecting testimony of the attachment of the people to his person. In a few moments, Josephine, who had come in her private carriage, entered the box. Napoleon turned to her with perfect tranquillity, and said, "The rascals tried to blow me up. Where is the book of the Oratorio?"

Napoleon soon left the Opera, and returned to the Tuileries. He found a vast crowd assembled there, attracted by affection for his person, and anxiety for his safety. The atrocity of this attempt excited universal horror, and only increased the already almost boundless popularity of the First Consul. Deputations and addresses were immediately poured in upon him from Paris and from all the departments of France, congratulating him upon his escape. It was at first thought that this conspiracy was the work of the Jacobins. There were in Paris more than a hundred of the leaders of this execrable party, who had obtained a sanguinary notoriety during the reign of terror. They were active members of a Jacobin Club, a violent and vulgar gathering continually plotting the overthrow of the government, and the assassination of the First Consul. They were thoroughly detested by the people, and the community was glad to avail itself of any plausible pretext for banishing them from France. Without sufficient evidence that they were actually guilty of this particular outrage, in the strong excitement and indignation of the moment a decree was passed by the legislative bodies, sending one hundred and sixty of these blood-stained culprits into exile. The wish was earnestly expressed that Napoleon would promptly punish them by his own dictatorial power. Napoleon had, in fact, acquired such unbounded popularity, and the nation was so thoroughly impressed with a sense of his justice, and his

wisdom, that whatever he said was done. He, however, insisted that the business should be conducted by the constituted tribunals and under the regular forms of law. "The responsibility of this measure," said Napoleon, "must rest with the legislative body. The consuls are irresponsible. But the ministers are not. Any one of them who should sign an arbitrary decree, might hereafter be called to account. Not a single individual must be compromised. The consuls themselves know not what may happen. As for me, while I live, I am not afraid that any one will dare to call me to account for my actions. But I may be killed, and then I can not answer for the safety of my two colleagues. It would be your turn to govern," said he, smiling, and turning to Cambaceres; "*and you are not as yet very firm in the stirrups.* It will be better to have a law for the present, as well as for the future." It was finally, after much deliberation, decided that the Council of State should draw up a declaration of the reasons for the act. The First Consul was to sign the decree, and the Senate was to declare whether it was or was not constitutional. Thus cautiously did Napoleon proceed under circumstances so exciting. The law, however, was unjust and tyrannical. Guilty as these men were of other crimes, by which they had forfeited all sympathy, it subsequently appeared that they were not guilty of this crime. Napoleon was evidently embarrassed by this uncertainty of their guilt, and was not willing that they should be denounced as contrivers of the infernal machine. "We *believe*," said he, "that they are guilty. But we do not *know* it. They must be transported for the crimes which they have committed, the massacres and the conspiracies already proved against them." The decree was passed. But Napoleon, strong in popularity, became so convinced of the powerlessness and insignificance of these Jacobins, that the decree was never enforced against them. They remained in France. But they were conscious that the eye of the police was upon them. "It is not my own person," said Napoleon, "that I seek to avenge. My fortune which has preserved me so often on the field of battle, will continue to preserve me. I think not of myself. I think of social order which it is my mission to re-establish, and of the national honor, which it is my duty to purge from an abominable stain." To the innumerable addresses of congratulation and attachment which this occurrence elicited Napoleon replied, "I have been touched by the proofs of affection which the people of Paris have shown me on this occasion. I deserve them. For the only aim of my thoughts, and of my actions, is to augment the prosperity and the glory of France. While those banditti confined themselves to direct attacks upon me, I could leave to the laws the task of punishing them. But since they have endangered the population of the capital by a crime, unexampled in history, the punishment must be equally speedy and terrible."

It was soon proved, much to the surprise of

Napoleon, that the atrocious act was perpetrated by the partisans of the Bourbons. Many of the most prominent of the Loyalists were implicated in this horrible conspiracy. Napoleon felt that he deserved their gratitude. He had interposed to save them from the fury of the Jacobins. Against the remonstrances of his friends, he had passed a decree which restored one hundred and fifty thousand of these wandering emigrants to France. He had done every thing in his power to enable them to regain their confiscated estates. He had been in all respects their friend and benefactor, and he would not believe, until the proof was indisputable, that they could thus requite him. The wily Fouché, however, dragged the whole matter into light. The prominent conspirators were arrested and shot. The following letter, written on this occasion by Josephine, to the Minister of Police, strikingly illustrates the benevolence of her heart, and exhibits in a very honorable light the character of Napoleon.

"While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am distressed through fear of the punishment to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives, and my heart will be broken through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I would plead. I know that the clemency of the First Consul is great—his attachment to me extreme. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; and it is that which will render him severe, inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, to do all in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who have been accomplices in this odious transaction. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation, by public executions, groan anew, beneath such inflictions. When the ringleaders of this nefarious attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced, as they may have been, by dangerous falsehoods or exaggerated opinions. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heart-rendings of those who will apply to me. Act, citizen minister, in such a way that the number of these may be lessened."

It seems almost miraculous that Napoleon should have escaped the innumerable conspiracies which at this time were formed against him. The partisans of the Bourbons thought that if Napoleon could be removed, the Bourbons might regain their throne. It was his resistless genius alone, which enabled France to triumph over combined Europe. His death would leave France without a leader. The armies of the allies could then, with bloody strides, march to Paris, and place the hated Bourbons on the throne. France knew this, and adored its preserver. Monarchical Europe knew this, and hence all the energies of its combined kings were centred upon Napoleon. More than thirty of these conspiracies were detected by the police. London was the hot-house where they were engendered.

Air-guns were aimed at Napoleon. Assassins dogged him with their poniards. A bomb-shell was invented, weighing about fifteen pounds, which was to be thrown in at his carriage-window, and which exploding by its own concussion, would hurl death on every side. The conspirators were perfectly reckless of the lives of others, if they could only destroy the life of Napoleon. The agents of the infernal-machine had the barbarity to get a young girl fifteen years of age to hold the horse who drew the machine. This was to disarm suspicion. The poor child was blown into such fragments, that no part of her body, excepting her feet, could afterward be found. At last Napoleon became aroused, and declared that he would "teach those Bourbons that he was not a man to be shot at like a dog."

One day at St. Helena, as he was putting on his flannel waistcoat, he observed Las Casas looking at him very steadfastly.

"Well! what is *your Excellency* thinking of?" said Napoleon, with a smile.

"Sire," Las Casas replied, "in a pamphlet which I lately read, I found it stated that your majesty was shielded by a coat-of-mail, for the security of your person. I was thinking that I could bear positive evidence that at St. Helena at least, all precautions for personal safety have been laid aside."

"This," said Napoleon, "is one of the thousand absurdities which have been published respecting me. But the story you have just mentioned is the more ridiculous, since every individual about me well knows how careless I am with regard to self-preservation. Accustomed from the age of eighteen to be exposed to the cannon-ball, and knowing the inutility of precautions, I abandoned myself to my fate. When I came to the head of affairs, I might still have fancied myself surrounded by the dangers of the field of battle; and I might have regarded the conspiracies which were formed against me as so many bomb-shells. But I followed my old course. I trusted to my lucky star, and left all precautions to the police. I was perhaps the only sovereign in Europe who dispensed with a body-guard. Every one could freely approach me, without having, as it were, to pass through military barracks. Maria Louisa was much astonished to see me so poorly guarded, and she often remarked that her father was surrounded by bayonets. For my part, I had no better defense at the Tuileries than I have here. I do not even know where to find my sword," said he, looking around the room; "do you see it? I have, to be sure, incurred great dangers. Upward of thirty plots were formed against me. These have been proved by authentic testimony, without mentioning many which never came to light. Some sovereigns invent conspiracies against themselves; for my part, I made it a rule carefully to conceal them whenever I could. The crisis most serious to me was during the interval from the battle of Marengo, to the attempt of George Cadoudal and the affair of the Duke D'Enghien."

Napoleon now, with his accustomed vigor, took hold of the robbers and made short work with them. The insurgent armies of La Vendee, numbering more than one hundred thousand men, and filled with adventurers and desperadoes of every kind, were disbanded when their chiefs yielded homage to Napoleon. Many of these men, accustomed to banditti warfare, took to the highways. The roads were so infested by them, that traveling became exceedingly perilous, and it was necessary that every stage-coach which left Paris should be accompanied by a guard of armed soldiers. To remedy a state of society thus convulsed to its very centre, special tribunals were organized, consisting of eight judges. They were to take cognizance of all such crimes as conspiracies, robberies, and acts of violence of any kind. The armed bands of Napoleon swept over France like a whirlwind. The robbers were seized, tried, and shot without delay. Order was at once restored. The people thought not of the dangerous power they were placing in the hands of the First Consul. They asked only for a commander, who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more than willing to confer upon him all the power he could desire. "You know what is best for us," said the people to Napoleon. "Direct us what to do, and we will do it." It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. Under the circumstances it was so natural that it can excite no suspicion. He was called First Consul. But he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars. But sixteen months had now elapsed since Napoleon landed at Frejus. In that time he had attained the throne of France. He had caused order and prosperity to emerge from the chaos of revolution. By his magnanimity he had disarmed Russia, by his armies had humbled Austria, and had compelled continental Europe to accept an honorable peace. He merited the gratitude of his countrymen, and he received it in overflowing measure. Through all these incidents, so eventful and so full of difficulty, it is not easy to point to a single act of Napoleon, which indicates a malicious or an ungenerous spirit.

"I fear nothing," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "for my renown. Posterity will do me justice. It will compare the good which I have done with the faults which I have committed. If I had succeeded I should have died with the reputation of being the greatest man who ever existed. From being nothing I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the universe, without committing any crime. My ambition was great, but it rested on the opinion of the masses. I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people. The empire, as I had organized it, was but a great republic. Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, *a career open to talent without distinction of birth*. It is for this system of equality that the European oligarchy detests me. And yet in England talent and great services raise a man to the

highest rank. England should have understood me."

"The French Revolution," said Napoleon, "was a general movement of the mass of the nation against the privileged classes. The nobles were exempt from the burdens of the state, and yet exclusively occupied all the posts of honor and emolument. The revolution destroyed these exclusive privileges, and established equality of rights. All the avenues to wealth and greatness were equally open to every citizen, according to his talents. The French nation established the imperial throne, and placed me upon it. The throne of France was granted before to Hugh Capet, by a few bishops and nobles. The imperial throne was given to me, by the desire of the people."

Joseph Bonaparte was of very essential service to Napoleon in the diplomatic intercourse of the times. Lucien also was employed in various ways, and the whole family were taken under the protection of the First Consul. At St. Helena Napoleon uttered the following graphic and truthful eulogium upon his brothers and sisters: "What family, in similar circumstances, would have acted better? Every one is not qualified to be a statesman. That requires a combination of powers which does not often fall to the lot of any one. In this respect all my brothers were singularly situated; they possessed at once too much and too little talent. They felt themselves too strong to resign themselves blindly to a guiding counselor, and yet too weak to be left entirely to themselves. But take them all in all I have certainly good reason to be proud of my family. Joseph would have been an honor to society in any country, and Lucien would have been an honor to any assembly. Jerome, as he advanced in life, would have developed every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine powers of mind; she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Caroline possessed great talents and capacity. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kinds of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise. Add to this, that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all. And I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments toward me, and that, in case of need, they would have given me every proof of it."

The proud old nobility, whom Napoleon had restored to France, and upon many of whom he had conferred their confiscated estates, manifested no gratitude toward their benefactor. They were sighing for the re-enthronement of the Bourbons, and for the return of the good old times, when all the offices of emolument and honor were reserved for them and for their chil-

dren, and the *people* were but their hewers of wood and drawers of water. In the morning, as beggars, they would crowd the audience-chamber of the First Consul with their petitions. In the evening they disdained to honor his levees with their presence. They spoke contemptuously of Josephine, of her kindness and her desire to conciliate all parties. They condemned every thing that Napoleon did. He, however, paid no heed to their murmurings. He would not condescend even to punish them by neglect. In that most lofty pride which induced him to say that, in his administration he *wished to imitate the clemency of God*, he endeavored to consult for the interests of all, both the evil and the unthankful. His fame was to consist, not in revenging himself upon his enemies, but in aggrandizing France.

At this time Napoleon's establishment at the Tuileries rather resembled that of a very rich gentleman, than the court of a monarch. Junot, one of his aids, was married to Mademoiselle Permon, the young lady whose name will be remembered in connection with the anecdote of "Puss in Boots." Her mother was one of the most haughty of the ancient nobility, who affected to look upon Napoleon with contempt as not of royal blood. The evening after her marriage Madame Junot was to be presented to Josephine. After the Opera she drove to the Tuileries. It was near eleven o'clock. As Josephine had appointed the hour, she was expected. Eugene, hearing the wheels of the carriage, descended to the court-yard, presented his arm to Madame Junot, and they entered the large saloon together. It was a magnificent apartment, magnificently furnished. Two chandeliers, surrounded with gauze to soften the glare, shed a subdued and grateful light over the room. Josephine was seated before a tapestry-frame working upon embroidery. Near her sat Hortense, sylph-like in figure, and surpassingly gentle and graceful in her manners. Napoleon was standing near Josephine, with his hands clasped behind him, engaged in conversation with his wife and her lovely daughter. Upon the entrance of Madame Junot Josephine immediately arose, took her two hands, and, affectionately kissing her, said,

"I have too long been Junot's friend, not to entertain the same sentiments for his wife; particularly for the one he has chosen."

"Oh, Josephine!" said Napoleon, "that is running on very fast. How do you know that this little pickle is worth loving. Well, Mademoiselle Loulou (you see that I do not forget the names of my old friends), have you not a word for me?" Saying this, he gently took her hand and drew her toward him.

The young bride was much embarrassed, and yet she struggled to retain her pride of birth. "General!" she replied, smiling, "it is not for me to speak first."

"Very well parried," said Napoleon, playfully, "the mother's spirit! And how is Madame Permon?"

"Very ill, general! For two years her health has caused us great uneasiness."

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"Indeed," said Napoleon, "so bad as that? I am sorry to hear it; very sorry. Make my regards to her. It is a wrong head, a proud spirit, but she has a generous heart and a noble soul. I hope that we shall often see you, Madame Junot. My intention is to draw around me a numerous family, consisting of my generals and their young wives. They will be friends of my wife and of Hortense, as their husbands are my friends. But you must not expect to meet here your acquaintances of the ancient nobility. I do not like them. They are my enemies, and prove it by defaming me."

This was but the morning twilight of that imperial splendor which afterward dazzled the most powerful potentates of Europe. Hortense, who subsequently became the wife of Louis Bonaparte, and the mother of Louis Napoleon, who, at the moment of this present writing, is at the head of the government of France, was then seventeen years of age. "She was," says Madame Junot, "fresh as a rose. Though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silken locks around her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her figure, slender as a palm-tree, was set off by the elegant carriage of her head. But that which formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which united the creole nonchalance with the vivacity of France. She was gay, gentle, and amiable. She had wit, which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished and well-conducted education had improved her natural talents. She drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800, she was a charming young girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses in Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I have never known one who had any pretensions to equal talents. She was beloved by every one. Her brother loved her tenderly. The First Consul looked upon her as his child."

Napoleon has been accused of an improper affection for Hortense. The world has been filled with the slander. Says Bourrienne, "Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but a real paternal tenderness. He loved her after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. At least for three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare I never saw any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, nor the slightest trace of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take in the character of men who become celebrated, calumnies which are adopted lightly and without reflection. Napoleon is no more. Let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really took place. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion, on this delicate subject, that

his principles were rigid in an extreme degree, and that any fault of the nature charged, neither entered his mind, nor was in accordance with his morals or his taste."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day looking over a book containing an account of his amours. He smiled as he glanced his eye over the pages, saying, "I do not even know the names of most of the females who are mentioned here. This is all very foolish. Every body knows that I had no time for such dissipation."

THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

ONE beautiful evening, in the year 1815, the parish priest of San Pietro, a village a few miles distant from Sevilla, returned much fatigued to his little cottage, where he found his aged housekeeper, the Señora Margarita, watching for him. Notwithstanding that one is well accustomed to the sight of poverty in Spain, it was impossible to help being struck by the utter destitution which appeared in the house of the good priest; the more so, as every imaginable contrivance had been resorted to, to hide the nakedness of the walls, and the shabbiness of the furniture. Margarita had prepared for her master's supper a rather small dish of *olla-podriga*, which consisted, to say the truth, of the remains of the dinner, seasoned and disguised with great skill, and with the addition of some sauce, and a *name*. As she placed the savory dish upon the table, the priest said: "We should thank God for this good supper, Margarita; this *olla-podriga* makes one's mouth water. My friend, you ought to be grateful for finding so good a supper at the house of your host!" At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes, and saw a stranger, who had followed her master. Her countenance changed, and she looked annoyed. She glanced indignantly first at the unknown, and then at the priest, who, looking down, said in a low voice, and with the timidity of a child: "What is enough for two, is always enough for three; and surely you would not wish that I should allow a Christian to die of hunger? He has not tasted food for two days."

"A Christian! He is more like a brigand!" and Margarita left the room, murmuring loudly enough to be heard.

Meanwhile, the unwelcome guest had remained standing at the door. He was a man of great height, half-dressed in rags, and covered with mud; while his black hair, piercing eyes, and carbine, gave him an appearance which, though hardly prepossessing, was certainly interesting. "Must I go?" said he.

The priest replied with an emphatic gesture: "Those whom I bring under my roof are never driven forth, and are never unwelcome. Put down your carbine. Let us say grace, and go to table."

"I never leave my carbine, for, as the Castilian proverb says, 'Two friends are one.' My carbine is my best friend; and I always keep it beside me. Although you allow me to come into your house, and do not oblige me to leave it until

I wish to do so, there are others who would think nothing of hauling me out, and, perhaps, with my feet foremost. Come—to your good health, mine host, and let us to supper."

The priest possessed an extremely good appetite, but the voracity of the stranger soon obliged him to give up, for, not contented with eating, or rather devouring, nearly the whole of the *olla-podriga*, the guest finished a large loaf of bread, without leaving a crumb. While he ate, he kept continually looking round with an expression of inquietude: he started at the slightest sound; and once, when a violent gust of wind made the door bang, he sprang to his feet, and seized his carbine, with an air which showed that, if necessary, he would sell his life dearly. Discovering the cause of the alarm, he reseated himself at table, and finished his repast.

"Now," said he, "I have one thing more to ask. I have been wounded, and for eight days my wound has not been dressed. Give me a few old rags, and you shall be no longer burdened with my presence."

"I am in no haste for you to go," replied the priest, whose guest, notwithstanding his constant watchfulness, had conversed very entertainingly. "I know something of surgery, and will dress your wound."

So saying, he took from a cupboard a case containing every thing necessary, and proceeded to do as he had said. The stranger had bled profusely, a ball having passed through his thigh; and to have traveled in this condition, and while suffering, too, from want of food, showed a strength which seemed hardly human.

"You can not possibly continue your journey to-day," said the host. "You must pass the night here. A little rest will get up your strength, diminish the inflammation of your wound, and—"

"I must go to-day, and immediately," interrupted the stranger. "There are some who wait for me," he added with a sigh—"and there are some, too, who follow me." And the momentary look of softness passed from his features between the clauses of the sentence, and gave place to an expression almost of ferocity. "Now, is it finished? That is well. See, I can walk as firmly as though I had never been wounded. Give me some bread; pay yourself for your hospitality with this piece of gold, and adieu."

The priest put back the gold with displeasure. "I am not an innkeeper," said he; "and I do not sell my hospitality."

"As you will, but pardon me; and now, farewell, my kind host."

So saying, he took the bread, which Margarita, at her master's command, very unwillingly gave him, and soon his tall figure disappeared among the thick foliage of a wood which surrounded the house, or rather the cabin. An hour had scarcely passed, when musket-shots were heard close by, and the unknown reappeared, deadly pale, and bleeding from a deep wound near the heart.

"Take these," said he, giving some pieces of gold to his late host; "they are for my children—near the stream—in the valley."

He fell, and the next moment several police-officers rushed into the house. They hastily secured the unfortunate man, who attempted no resistance. The priest entreated to be allowed to dress his wound, which they permitted; but when this was done, they insisted on carrying him away immediately. They would not even procure a carriage; and when they were told of the danger of removing a man so severely wounded, they merely said: "What does it matter? If he recovers, it will only be to receive sentence of death. He is the famous brigand, José!"

José thanked the intercessor with a look. He then asked for a little water, and when the priest brought it to him, he said, in a faint voice: "Remember!" The reply was merely a sign of intelligence. When they were gone, notwithstanding all Margarita could say as to the danger of going out at night, the priest crossed the wood, descended into the valley, and soon found, beside the body of a woman, who had doubtless been killed by a stray ball of the police, an infant, and a little boy of about four years old, who was trying in vain to awaken his mother. Imagine Margarita's amazement when the priest returned with two children in his arms.

"May all good saints defend us! What have you done, señor? We have barely enough to live upon, and you bring two children! I suppose I must beg from door to door, for you and for them. And, for mercy's sake, who are these children? The sons of that brigand, gipsy, thief, murderer, perhaps! I am sure they have never been baptized!" At this moment the infant began to cry. "And pray, Señor Clérigo, how do you mean to feed that child? You know very well that we have no means of paying a nurse. We must spoon-feed it, and nice nights that will give me! It can not be more than six months old, poor little creature," she added, as her master placed it in her arms. "Fortunately, I have a little milk here;" and forgetting her anger, she busied herself in putting some milk on the fire, and then sat down beside it to warm the infant, who seemed half-frozen. Her master watched her in silence, and when at last he saw her kiss its little cheek, he turned away with a quiet smile.

When at length the little one had been hushed into a gentle slumber, and when Margarita, with the assistance of her master's cloak, and some of her own clothes, had made a bed for the elder boy, and placed him in it, the good man told her how the children had been committed to his care, and the promise he had made, though not in words, to protect them.

"That is very right and good, no doubt," said Margarita; "I only want to know how we are all to live?" The priest opened his Bible, and read aloud:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Amen!" said Margarita.

Twelve years passed by. The parish priest

of San Pietro, who was now more than seventy years old, was sitting in the sunshine at his door. Near him, a boy of about twelve years old was reading aloud from the Bible, looking occasionally toward a tall, fine-looking young man, who was hard at work in a garden close by. Margarita, who was now become blind, sat and listened. Suddenly, the sound of wheels was heard, and the boy exclaimed: "Oh! the beautiful carriage!" A splendid carriage approached rapidly, and stopped before the door. A richly-dressed servant approached, and asked for a cup of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the priest to the younger boy, "go, bring water to the gentleman; and add some wine, if he will accept it. Go quickly!" At this moment the carriage-door opened, and a gentleman, apparently about fifty years old, alighted.

"Are these your nephews?" said he to the priest.

"They are more than that, señor; they are my children—the children of my adoption."

"How is that?"

"I will tell you, señor; for I am old and poor, and know but little of the world, and am in much need of advice; for I know not what to do with these two children." He related the story we have just told. "And now, señor, what do you advise me to do?"

"Apply to one of the nobles of the court, who must assign you a pension of four thousand ducats."

"I asked you for advice, señor, and not for jest."

"And then, your church must be rebuilt. We will call it the Church of the Cup of Cold Water. Here is the plan. See, this is to be the vicarage; and here, divided by this paling—"

"What does this mean? What would you say? And, surely, I remember that voice, that face—"

"I am Don José della Ribeira; and twelve years ago, I was the brigand José. I escaped from prison; and—for the revolution made great changes—am now powerful. My children—"

He clasped them in his arms. And when at length he had embraced them a hundred times, with tears, and smiles, and broken sentences; and when all had in some degree recovered their composure, he took the hand of the priest and said: "Well, father, will you not accept the Church of the Cup of Cold Water?" The old man, deeply affected, turned to Margarita, and repeated:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Amen!" replied the aged woman, her voice tremulous from emotion.

A short time afterward, Don José della Ribeira and his two sons were present at the consecration of the church of San-Pietro-del-Vaso-di-Aqua-Fria, one of the prettiest churches in the neighborhood of Sevilla.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"BOTHER," said Dick! "What do women know about politics. I wish you'd mind the child—it is crumpling up and playing almighty smash with that flim-flam book, which cost me a one pound one."

Mrs. Avenel submissively bowed her head, and removed the Annual from the hands of the young destructive; the destructive set up a squall, as destructives generally do when they don't have their own way. Dick clapped his hands to his ears. "Whe-e-ew, I can't stand this; come and take a walk, Leslie; I want stretching!" He stretched himself as he spoke, first half way up to the ceiling, and then fairly out of the room.

Randal with his May Fair manner, turned toward Mrs. Avenel as if to apologize for her husband and himself.

"Poor Richard?" said she, "he is in one of his humors—all men have them. Come and see me again soon. When does Almack's open!"

"Nay, I ought to ask you that question, you who know every thing that goes on in our set," said the young serpent. Any tree planted in "our set," if it had been but a crab-tree, would have tempted Mr. Avenel's Eve to a jump at its boughs.

"Are you coming, there?" cried Dick from the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER XX.

"I HAVE just been at our friend Levy's," said Randal when he and Dick were outside the street door. "He, like you, is full of politics—pleasant man—for the business he is said to do."

"Well," said Dick slowly, "I suppose he is pleasant, but make the best of it—and still—"

"Still what, my dear Avenel?" (Randal here for the first time discarded the formal Mister.)

MR. AVENEL.—"Still the thing itself is not pleasant."

RANDAL (with his soft hollow laugh).—"You mean borrowing money upon more than five per cent?"

"Oh, curse the per centage. I agree with Bentham on the Usury Laws—no shackles in trade for me, whether in money or any thing else. That's not it. But when one owes a fellow money even at two per cent, and 'tis not convenient to pay him, why, somehow or other, it makes one feel small; it takes the British Liberty out of a man!"

"I should have thought you more likely to lend money than to borrow it."

"Well, I guess you are right there, as a general rule. But I tell you what it is, sir; there is too great a mania for competition getting up in this rotten old country of ours. I am as liberal as most men. I like competition to a certain extent, but there is too much of it, sir—too much of it!"

Randal looked sad and convinced. But if Leonard had heard Dick Avenel, what would have been his amaze! Dick Avenel rail against competition! Think there could be too much of it? Of course, "heaven and earth are coming together," said the spider when the housemaid's broom invaded its cobweb. Dick was all for sweeping away other cobwebs; but he certainly thought heaven and earth coming together when he saw a great Turk's-head besom poked up at his own.

Mr. Avenel in his genius for speculation and improvement, had established a factory at Screws-town, the first which had ever eclipsed the church spire with its Titanic chimney. It succeeded well at first. Mr. Avenel transferred to this speculation nearly all his capital. "Nothing," quoth he, "paid such an interest. Manchester was getting worn out—time to show what Screws-town could do. Nothing like competition." But by-and-by a still greater capitalist than Dick Avenel, finding out that Screws-town was at the mouth of a coal mine, and that Dick's profits were great, erected a still uglier edifice, with a still taller chimney. And having been brought up to the business, and making his residence in the town, while Dick employed a foreman and flourished in London, this infamous competitor so managed, first to share, and then gradually to sequester, the profits which Dick had hitherto monopolized, that no wonder Mr. Avenel thought competition should have its limits. "The tongue touches where the tooth aches," as Dr. Riccabocca would tell us. By little and little our juvenile Talleyrand (I beg the elder great man's pardon) wormed out from Dick this grievance, and in the grievance discovered the origin of Dick's connection with the money-lender.

"But Levy," said Avenel, candidly, "is a decentish chap in his way—friendly too. Mrs. A. finds him useful; brings some of your young high-flyers to her *soirées*. To be sure, they don't dance—stand all in a row at the door, like mutes at a funeral. Not but what they have been uncommon civil to me lately—Spendquick particularly. By-the-by, I dine with him to-morrow. The aristocracy are behindhand—not smart, sir—not up to the march; but when a man knows how to take 'em, they beat the New Yorkers in good manners. I'll say that for them. I have no prejudice."

"I never saw a man with less; no prejudice even against Levy."

"No, not a bit of it! Every one says he's a Jew; he says he's not. I don't care a button what he is. His money is English—that's enough for any man of a liberal turn of mind. His charges, too, are moderate. To be sure, he knows I shall pay them; only what I don't like in him is a sort of way he has of *mon-chering* and my-good-fellowing one, to do things quite out of the natural way of that sort of business. He knows I have got parliament influence. I could return a couple of members for Screws-town, and one, or perhaps two, for Lansmere, where I

* Continued from the May Number.

have of late been cooking up an interest; and he dictates to—no, not *dictates*—but tries to *humbug* me into putting in his own men. However, in one respect we are likely to agree. He says you want to come into Parliament. You seem a smart young fellow; but you must throw over that stiff red-tapist of yours, and go with Public Opinion, and—Myself.”

“You are very kind, Avenel; perhaps when we come to compare opinions we may find that we agree entirely. Still, in Egerton’s present position, delicacy to him—however, we’ll not discuss that now. But you really think I might come in for Lansmere—against the L’Estrange interest, too, which must be strong there?”

“It *was* very strong, but I’ve smashed it, I calculate.”

“Would a contest there cost very much?”

“Well, I guess you must come down with the ready. But, as you say, time enough to discuss that when you have squared your account with ‘delicacy;’ come to me then, and we’ll go into it.”

Randal, having now squeezed his orange dry, had no desire to waste his time in brushing up the rind with his coat-sleeve, so he unhooked his arm from Avenel, and looking at his watch, discovered he should be just in time for an appointment of the most urgent business—hailed a cab, and drove off.

Dick looked hipped and disconsolate at being left alone; he yawned very loud, to the astonishment of three prim old maiden Belgravians who were passing that way; and then his mind began to turn toward his factory at Screwstown, which had led to his connection with the Baron; and he thought over a letter he had received from his foreman that morning, informing him that it was rumored at Screwstown that Mr. Dyce, his rival, was about to have new machinery, on an improved principle; and that Mr. Dyce had already gone up to town, it was supposed with the intention of concluding a purchase for a patent discovery to be applied to the new machinery, and which that gentleman had publicly declared in the corn-market, “would shut up Mr. Avenel’s factory before the year was out.” As this menacing epistle recurred to him, Dick felt his desire to yawn incontinently checked. His brow grew very dark; and he walked with restless strides, on and on, till he found himself in the Strand. He then got into an omnibus, and proceeded to the city, wherein he spent the rest of the day, looking over machines and foundries, and trying in vain to find out what diabolical invention the over-competition of Mr. Dyce had got hold of. “If,” said Dick Avenel to himself, as he returned fretfully homeward—“if a man like me, who has done so much for British industry and go-ahead principles, is to be catawampously champed up by a mercenary selfish cormorant of a capitalist like that interloping blockhead in drab breeches, Tom Dyce, all I can say is, that the sooner this cursed old country goes to the dogs the better pleased I shall be. I wash my hands of it.”

CHAPTER XXI.

RANDAL’S mind was made up. All he had learned in regard to Levy had confirmed his resolves or dissipated his scruples. He had started from the improbability that Peschiera would offer, and the still greater improbability that Peschiera would pay him ten thousand pounds for such information or aid as he could bestow in furthering the Count’s object. But when Levy took such proposals entirely on himself, the main question to Randal became this—could it be Levy’s interest to make so considerable a sacrifice? Had the Baron implied only friendly sentiments as his motives, Randal would have felt sure he was to be taken in; but the usurer’s frank assurance that it would answer to him in the long run to concede to Randal terms so advantageous, altered the case, and led our young philosopher to look at the affair with calm contemplative eyes. Was it sufficiently obvious that Levy counted on an adequate return? Might he calculate on reaping help by the bushel if he sowed it by the handful? The result of Randal’s cogitations was, that the Baron might fairly deem himself no wasteful sower. In the first place, it was clear that Levy, not without reasonable ground, believed that he could soon replace, with exceeding good interest, any sum he might advance to Randal, out of the wealth which Randal’s prompt information might bestow on Levy’s client, the Count; and, secondly, Randal’s self-esteem was immense, and could he but succeed in securing a pecuniary independence on the instant, to free him from the slow drudgery of the bar, or from a precarious reliance on Audley Egerton, as a politician out of power—his convictions of rapid triumphs in public life were as strong as if whispered by an angel, or promised by a fiend. On such triumphs, with all the social position they would secure, Levy might well calculate for repayment through a thousand indirect channels. Randal’s sagacity detected that, through all the good-natured or liberal actions ascribed to the usurer, Levy had steadily pursued his own interests—he saw that Levy meant to get him into his power, and use his abilities as instruments for digging new mines, in which Baron Levy would claim the right of large royalties. But at that thought Randal’s pale lip curled disdainfully; he confided too much in his own powers not to think that he could elude the grasp of the usurer, whenever it suited him to do so. Thus, on a survey, all conscience hushed itself—his mind rushed buoyantly on to anticipations of the future. He saw the hereditary estates regained—no matter how mortgaged—for the moment still his own—legally his own—yielding for the present what would suffice for competence to one of a few wants, and freeing his name from that title of Adventurer, which is so prodigally given in rich old countries to those who have no estates but their brains. He thought of Violante but as the civilized trader thinks of a trifling coin, of a glass bead, which he exchanges with some barbarian for gold dust; he thought of Frank Hazeldean,

married to the foreign woman of beggared means, and repute that had known the breath of scandal—married, and living on post-obit installments of the Casino property; he thought of the poor Squire's resentment; his avarice swept from the lands annexed to Rood on to the broad fields of Hazeldean; he thought of Avenel, of Lansmere, of Parliament; with one hand he grasped fortune, with the next power. "And yet I entered on life with no patrimony—(save a ruined hall and a barren waste)—no patrimony but knowledge. I have but turned knowledge from books to men; for books may give fame after death, but men give us power in life." And all the while he thus ruminated, his act was speeding his purpose. Though it was but in a miserable hack-cab that he erected airy scaffoldings round airy castles, still the miserable hack-cab was flying fast, to secure the first foot of solid ground whereon to transfer the mental plan of the architect to foundations of positive slime and clay. The cab stopped at the door of Lord Lansmere's house. Randal had suspected Violante to be there; he resolved to ascertain. Randal descended from his vehicle and rang the bell. The lodge-keeper opened the great wooden gates.

"I have called to see the young lady staying here—the foreign young lady."

Lady Lansmere had been too confident as to the security of her roof to condescend to give any orders to her servants with regard to her guest, and the lodge-keeper answered directly—

"At home, I believe, sir. I rather think she is in the garden with my lady."

"I see," said Randal. And he did see the form of Violante at a distance. "But since she is walking, I will not disturb her at present. I will call another day."

The lodge-keeper bowed respectfully, Randal jumped into his cab—"To Curzon-street—quick!"

CHAPTER XXII.

HARLEY had made one notable oversight in that appeal to Beatrice's better and gentler nature, which he intrusted to the advocacy of Leonard—a scheme in itself very characteristic of Harley's romantic temper, and either wise or foolish, according as his indulgent theory of human idiosyncracies in general, and of those peculiar to Beatrice di Negra in especial, was the dream of an enthusiast, or the inductive conclusion of a sound philosopher.

Harley had warned Leonard not to fall in love with the Italian—he had forgotten to warn the Italian not to fall in love with Leonard; nor had he ever anticipated the probability of that event. This is not to be very much wondered at; for if there be any thing on which the most sensible men are dull-eyed, where those eyes are not lightened by jealousy, it is as to the probabilities of another male creature being beloved. All, the least vain of the whiskered gender, think it prudent to guard themselves against being too irresistible to the fair sex; and each says of his

friend, "Good fellow enough, but the last man for *that* woman to fall in love with!"

But certainly there appeared on the surface more than ordinary cause for Harley's blindness in the special instance of Leonard.

Whatever Beatrice's better qualities, she was generally esteemed worldly and ambitious. She was pinched in circumstances—she was luxurious and extravagant; how was it likely that she could distinguish any aspirant, of the humble birth and fortunes of the young peasant author? As a coquette she might try to win his admiration and attract his fancy; but her own heart would surely be guarded in the triple mail of pride, poverty, and the conventional opinions of the world in which she lived. Had Harley thought it possible that Madame di Negra could stoop below her station, and love, not wisely, but too well, he would rather have thought that the object would be some brilliant adventurer of fashion—some one who could turn against herself all the arts of deliberate fascination, and all the experience bestowed by frequent conquest. One so simple as Leonard—so young and so new! Harley L'Estrange would have smiled at himself if the idea of that image subjugating the ambitious woman to the disinterested love of a village maid, had once crossed his mind. Nevertheless, so it was, and precisely from those causes which would have seemed to Harley to forbid the weakness.

It *was* that fresh, pure heart—it was that simple, earnest sweetness—it was that contrast in look, in tone, in sentiment, and in reasonings, to all that had jaded and disgusted her in the circle of her admirers—it was all this that captivated Beatrice at the first interview with Leonard. Here was what she had confessed to the skeptical Randal she had dreamed and sighed for. Her earliest youth had passed into abhorrent marriage, without the soft, innocent crisis of human life—virgin love. Many a wooer might have touched her vanity, pleased her fancy, excited her ambition—her heart had never been awakened: it woke now. The world, and the years that the world had wasted, seemed to fleet away as a cloud. She was as if restored to the blush and the sigh of youth—the youth of the Italian maid. As in the restoration of our golden age is the spell of poetry with us all, so, such was the spell of the poet himself on her.

Oh, how exquisite was that brief episode in the life of the woman palled with the "hack sights and sounds" of worldly life! How strangely happy were those hours, when, lured on by her silent sympathy, the young scholar spoke of his early struggles between circumstance and impulse, musing amidst the flowers, and hearkening to the fountain: or of his wanderings in the desolate, lamp-lit streets, while the vision of Chatterton's glittering eyes shone dread through the friendless shadows. And as he spoke, whether of his hopes or his fears, her looks dwelt fondly on the young face, that varied between pride and sadness—pride ever so gentle, and sadness ever

so nobly touching. She was never weary of gazing on that brow, with its quiet power: but her lids dropped before those eyes, with their serene, unfathomable passion. She felt, as they haunted her, what a deep and holy thing love in such souls must be. Leonard never spoke to her of Helen—that reserve every reader can comprehend. To natures like his, first love is a mystery; to confide it is to profane. But he fulfilled his commission of interesting her in the exile and his daughter. And his description of them brought tears to her eyes. She inly resolved not to aid Peschiera in his designs on Violante. She forgot for the moment that her own fortune was to depend on the success of those designs. Levy had arranged so that she was not reminded of her poverty by creditors—she knew not how. She knew nothing of business. She gave herself up to the delight of the present hour, and to vague prospects of a future, associated with that young image—with that face of a guardian angel that she saw before her, fairest in the moments of absence: for in those moments came the life of fairy land, when we shut our eyes on the world, and see through the haze of golden reverie. Dangerous, indeed, to Leonard would have been the soft society of Beatrice di Negra, had his heart not been wholly devoted to one object, and had not his ideal of woman been from that object one sole and indivisible reflection. But Beatrice guessed not this barrier between herself and him. Amidst the shadows that he conjured up from his past life, she beheld no rival form. She saw him lonely in the world as she was herself. And in his lowly birth, his youth, in the freedom from presumption which characterized him in all things (save that confidence in his intellectual destinies which is the essential attribute of genius), she but grew the bolder by the belief that, even if he loved her, he would not dare to hazard the avowal.

And thus, one day, yielding as she had been ever wont to yield, to the impulse of her quick Italian heart—how she never remembered—in what words she could never recall—she spoke—she owned her love—she pleaded, with tears and blushes, for love in return. All that passed was to her as a dream—a dream from which she woke with a fierce sense of agony, of humiliation—woke as the “woman scorned.” No matter how gratefully, how tenderly, Leonard had replied—the reply was refusal. For the first time she learned she had a rival; that all he could give of love was long since, from his boyhood, given to another. For the first time in her life that ardent nature knew jealousy, its torturing stings, its thirst for vengeance, its tempest of loving hate. But, to outward appearance, silent and cold she stood as marble. Words that sought to soothe fell on her ear unheeded: they were drowned by the storm within. Pride was the first feeling that dominated the warring elements that raged in her soul. She tore her hand from that which clasped hers with so loyal a respect. She could have spurned the form that knelt, not

for love, but for pardon, at her feet. She pointed to the door with the gesture of an insulted queen. She knew no more till she was alone. Then came that rapid flash of conjecture peculiar to the storms of jealousy; that which seems to single from all nature the one object to dread and to destroy; the conjecture so often false, yet received at once by our convictions as the revelation of instinctive truth. He to whom she had humbled herself loved another; whom but Violante?—whom else, young and beautiful, had he named in the record of his life? None! And he had sought to interest her, Beatrice di Negra, in the object of his love—hinted at dangers, which Beatrice knew too well—implied trust in Beatrice’s will to protect. Blind fool that she had been! This, then, was the reason why he had come, day after day, to Beatrice’s house; this was the charm that had drawn him thither; this—she pressed her hands to her burning temples, as if to stop the torture of thought. Suddenly a voice was heard below, the door opened, and Randal Leslie entered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PUNCTUALLY at eight o’clock that evening, Baron Levy welcomed the new ally he had secured. The pair dined *en tête-à-tête*, discussing general matters till the servants left them to their wine. Then said the Baron, rising and stirring the fire—then said the Baron, briefly and significantly—

“Well!”

“As regards the property you spoke of,” answered Randal, “I am willing to purchase it on the terms you name. The only point that perplexes me is how to account to Audley Egerton, to my parents, to the world, for the power of purchasing it.”

“True,” said the Baron, without even a smile at the ingenious and truly Greek manner in which Randal had contrived to denote his meaning, and conceal the ugliness of it—“true, we must think of that. If we could manage to conceal the real name of the purchaser for a year or so—it might be easy—you may be supposed to have speculated in the Funds; or Egerton may die, and people may believe that he had secured to you something handsome from the ruins of his fortune.”

“Little chance of Egerton’s dying.”

“Humph!” said the Baron. “However, this is a mere detail, reserved for consideration. You can now tell us where the young lady is?”

“Certainly. I could not this morning—I can now. I will go with you to the Count. Meanwhile, I have seen Madame di Negra: she will accept Frank Hazelden if he will but offer himself at once.”

“Will he not?”

“No! I have been to him. He is overjoyed at my representations, but considers it his duty to ask the consent of his parents. Of course they will not give it; and if there be delay, she will retract. She is under the influence of passions, on the duration of which there is no reliance.”

"What passions? Love?"

"Love; but not for Hazeldean. The passions that bring her to accept his hand are pique and jealousy. She believes, in a word, that one, who seems to have gained the mastery over her affections with a strange suddenness, is but blind to her charms, because dazzled by Violante's. She is prepared to aid in all that can give her rival to Peschiera; and yet, such is the inconsistency of woman" (added the young philosopher, with a shrug of the shoulders), "that she is also prepared to lose all chance of securing him she loves, by bestowing herself on another!"

"Woman, indeed, all over!" said the Baron, tapping the snuff-box (Louis Quinze), and regaling his nostrils with a scornful pinch. "But who is the man whom the fair Beatrice has thus honored? Superb creature! I had some idea of her myself when I bought up her debts; but it might have embarrassed me, on more general plans, as regards the Count. All for the best. Who's the man? Not Lord L'Estrange?"

"I do not think it is he; but I have not yet ascertained. I have told you all I know. I found her in a state so excited, so unlike herself, that I had no little difficulty in soothing her into confidence so far. I could not venture more."

"And she will accept Frank?"

"Had he offered to-day she would have accepted him!"

"It may be a great help to your fortunes, *mon cher*, if Frank Hazeldean marry this lady without his father's consent. Perhaps he may be disinherited. You are next of kin."

"How do you know that?" asked Randal, sullenly.

"It is my business to know all about the chances and connections of any one with whom I do money matters. I do money matters with young Mr. Hazeldean; so I know that the Hazeldean property is not entailed; and, as the Squire's half-brother has no Hazeldean blood in him, you have excellent expectations."

"Did Frank tell you I was next of kin?"

"I rather think so; but I am sure *you* did."

"I—when?"

"When you told me how important it was to you that Frank should marry Madame di Negra. *Peste! mon cher*, do you think I am a block-head?"

"Well, Baron, Frank is of age, and can marry to please himself. You implied to me that you could help him in this."

"I will try. See that he call at Madame di Negra's to-morrow, at two precisely."

"I would rather keep clear of all apparent interference in this matter. Will you not arrange that he call on her?"

"I will. Any more wine? No;—then let us go to the Count's."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE next morning Frank Hazeldean was sitting over his solitary breakfast-table. It was long past noon. The young man had risen early,

it is true, to attend his military duties, but he had contracted the habit of breakfasting late. One's appetite does not come early when one lives in London, and never goes to bed before daybreak.

There was nothing very luxurious or effeminate about Frank's rooms, though they were in a very dear street, and he paid a monstrous high price for them. Still, to a practiced eye, they betrayed an inmate who can get through his money and make very little show for it. The walls were covered with colored prints of racers and steeple-chases, interspersed with the portraits of opera-dancers—all smirk and caper. Then there was a semicircular recess, covered with red cloth, and fitted up for smoking, as you might perceive by sundry stands full of Turkish pipes in cherry-stick and jessamine, with amber mouth-pieces; while a great serpent hookah, from which Frank could no more have smoked than he could have smoked out of the head of a boa constrictor, coiled itself up on the floor; over the chimney-piece was a collection of Moorish arms. What use on earth, ataghan and scimitar, and damasquined pistols, that would not carry straight three yards, could be to an officer in his Majesty's Guards, is more than I can conjecture, or even Frank satisfactorily explain. I have strong suspicions that this valuable arsenal passed to Frank in part-payment of a bill to be discounted. At all events, if so, it was an improvement on the bear that he had sold to the hairdresser. No books were to be seen any where, except a Court Guide, a Racing Calendar, an Army List, the Sporting Magazine complete (whole bound in scarlet morocco, at about a guinea per volume), and a small book, as small as an Elzevir, on the chimney-piece, by the side of a cigar-case. That small book had cost Frank more than all the rest put together; it was his *Own Book*, his book *par excellence*; book made up by himself—his BETTING-BOOK!

On a centre-table were deposited Frank's well-brushed hat—a satin-wood box, containing kid-gloves of various delicate tints, from primrose to lilac—a tray full of cards and three-cornered notes—an opera-glass, and an ivory subscription ticket to his opera stall.

In one corner was an ingenious receptacle for canes, sticks, and whips—I should not like, in these bad times, to have paid the bill for them,—and, mounting guard by that receptacle, stood a pair of boots as bright as Baron Levy's—"the force of brightness could no further go." Frank was in his dressing-gown—very good taste—quite Oriental—guaranteed to be true India cachmere, and charged as such. Nothing could be more neat, though perfectly simple, than the appurtenances of his breakfast-table;—silver tea-pot, ewer and basin—all fitting into his dressing-box—(for the which may Storr and Mortimer be now praised, and some day paid!) Frank looked very handsome—rather tired, and exceedingly bored. He had been trying to read the *Morning Post*, but the effort had proved too much for him.

Poor dear Frank Hazeldean! true type of

many a poor dear fellow who has long since gone to the dogs. And if, in this road to ruin, there had been the least thing to do the traveler any credit by the way! One feels a respect for the ruin of a man like Audley Egerton. He is ruined *en roi!* From the wrecks of his fortune he can look down and see stately monuments built from the stones of that dismantled edifice. In every institution which attests the humanity of England, was a record of the princely bounty of the public man. In those objects of party for which the proverbial sinews of war are necessary—in those rewards for service, which private liberality can confer—the hand of Egerton had been opened as with the heart of a king. Many a rising member of Parliament, in those days when talent was brought forward through the aid of wealth and rank, owed his career to the seat which Audley Egerton's large subscription had secured to him; many an obscure supporter in letters and the press looked back to the day when he had been freed from the jail by the gratitude of the patron. The city he represented was embellished at his cost; through the shire that held his mortgaged lands, which he had rarely ever visited, his gold had flowed as a Pactolus; all that could animate its public spirit, or increase its civilization claimed kindred with his munificence, and never had a claim disallowed. Even in his grand careless household, with its large retinue and superb hospitality, there was something worthy of a representative of that time-honored portion of our true nobility—the untitled gentlemen of the land. The great commoner had, indeed, “something to show” for the money he had disdained and squandered. But for Frank Hazeldean's mode of getting rid of the dross, when gone, what would be left to tell the tale? Paltry prints in a bachelor's lodging; a collection of canes and cherry sticks; half-a-dozen letters in ill-spelt French from a *figurante*; some long-legged horses, fit for nothing but to lose a race; that damnable Betting-Book; and—*sic transit gloria*—down sweeps some hawk of a Levy, on the wings of an I O U, and not a feather is left of the pigeon!

Yet Frank Hazeldean has stuff in him—a good heart, and strict honor. Fool though he seem, there is sound sterling sense in some odd corner of his brains, if one could but get at it. All he wants to save him from perdition is, to do what he has never yet done—viz., pause and think. But, to be sure that same operation of thinking is not so easy for folks unaccustomed to it, as people who think—think!

“I can't bear this,” said Frank, suddenly, and springing to his feet. “This woman, I can not get her out of my head. I ought to go down to the governor's; but then if he gets into a passion and refuses his consent, where am I? And he will too, I fear. I wish I could make out what Randal advises. He seems to recommend that I should marry Beatrice at once, and trust to my mother's influence to make all right afterward. But when I ask, ‘Is that your advice?’

he backs out of it. Well I suppose he is right there. I can understand that he is unwilling, good fellow, to recommend any thing that my father would disapprove. But still—”

Here Frank stopped in his soliloquy, and did make his first desperate effort to—think!

Now, O dear reader, I assume, of course, that thou art one of the class to which thought is familiar; and, perhaps, thou hast smiled in disdain or incredulity at that remark on the difficulty of thinking which preceded Frank Hazeldean's discourse to himself. But art thou quite sure that when thou hast tried to *think* thou hast always succeeded! Hast thou not often been duped by that pale visionary simulacrum of thought which goes by the name of *reverie*? Honest old Montaigne confessed that he did not understand that process of sitting down to think, on which some folks express themselves so glibly. He could not think unless he had a pen in his hand, and a sheet of paper before him; and so, by a manual operation, seized and connected the links of ratiocination. Very often has it happened to myself, when I have said to Thought, peremptorily, “Bestir thyself—a serious matter is before thee—ponder it well—think of it,” that that same Thought has behaved in the most refractory, rebellious manner conceivable—and instead of concentrating its rays into a single stream of light, has broken into all the desultory tints of the rainbow, coloring senseless clouds, and running off into the seventh heaven—so that after sitting a good hour by the clock, with brows as knit as if I was intent on squaring the circle, I have suddenly discovered that I might as well have gone comfortably to sleep—I have been doing nothing but dream—and the most nonsensical dreams! So when Frank Hazeldean, as he stopped at that meditative “But still”—and leaning his arm on the chimney-piece and resting his face on his hand, felt himself at the grave crisis of life, and fancied he was going “to think on it,” there only rose before him a succession of shadowy pictures. Randal Leslie, with an unsatisfactory countenance, from which he could extract nothing:—the Squire, looking as black as thunder in his study at Hazeldean:—his mother trying to plead for him, and getting herself properly scolded for her pains;—and then off went that Will-o'-the-wisp which pretended to call itself Thought, and began playing round the pale charming face of Beatrice di Negra in the drawing-room at Curzon-street, and repeating, with small elfin voice, Randal Leslie's assurance of the preceding day, “as to her affection for you, Frank, there is no doubt of *that*; she only begins to think you are trifling with her.” And then there was a rapturous vision of a young gentleman on his knee, and the fair pale face bathed in blushes, and a clergyman standing by the altar, and a carriage and four with white favors at the church-door; and of a honeymoon which would have astonished as to honey all the bees of Hymettus. And in the midst of these phantasmagoria, which composed what Frank fondly

styled "making up his mind," there came a single man's elegant rat-tat-tat at the street-door.

"One never *has* a moment for *thinking*," cried Frank, as he called out to his valet, "Not at home."

But it was too late. Lord Spendquick was in the hall, and presently within the room. How d'ye do's were exchanged and hands shaken.

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"I have a note for you, Hazeldean."

FRANK (lazily).—"From whom?"

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"Levy. Just come from him—never saw him in such a fidget. He was going into the city—I suppose to see X. Y. Dashed off this note for you—and would have sent it by a servant, but I said I would bring it."

FRANK (looking fearfully at the note).—"I hope he does not want his money yet. *Private and confidential*—that looks bad."

SPENDQUICK.—"Devilish bad indeed."

Frank opens the note and reads half aloud, "Dear Hazeldean."

SPENDQUICK (interrupting).—"Good sign! He always 'Spendquicks' me when he lends me money; and 'tis 'My dear Lord' when he wants it back. Capital sign!"

Frank reads on, but to himself, and with a changing countenance:

"DEAR HAZELDEAN—I am very sorry to tell you that, in consequence of the sudden failure of a house at Paris, with which I had large dealings, I am pressed, on a sudden, for all the ready money I can get. I don't want to inconvenience you; but do try and see if you can take up those bills of yours which I hold, and which, as you know, have been due some little time. I had hit on a way of arranging your affairs; but when I hinted at it, you seemed to dislike the idea; and Leslie has since told me that you have strong objections to giving any security on your prospective property. So no more of that, my dear fellow. I am called out in haste to try what I can do for a very charming client of mine, who is in great pecuniary distress, though she has for her brother a foreign Count, as rich as Cræsus. There is an execution in her house. I am going down to the tradesman who put it in, but have no hope of softening him; and I fear there will be others before the day is out. Another reason for wanting money, if you can help me, *mon cher*! An execution in the house of one of the most brilliant women in London—an execution in Curzon-street, May Fair! It will be all over the town, if I can't stop it.—Yours in haste. LEVY.

"P.S.—Don't let what I have said vex you too much. I should not trouble you if Spendquick and Borrowell would pay me something. Perhaps you can get them to do so."

Struck by Frank's silence and paleness, Lord Spendquick here, in the kindest way possible, laid his hand on the young Guardsman's shoulder, and

looked over the note with that freedom which gentlemen in difficulties take with each other's private and confidential correspondence. His eye fell on the postscript. "Oh, damn it," cried Spendquick, "but that's too bad—employing you to get me to pay him! Such horrid treachery. Make yourself easy, my dear Frank; I could never suspect you of any thing so unhandsome. I could as soon suspect myself of—paying him—"

"Curzon-street! Count!" muttered Frank, as if waking from a dream. "It must be so." To thrust on his boots—change his dressing-robe for a frock-coat—catch at his hat, gloves, and cane—break from Spendquick—descend the stairs—a flight at a leap—gain the street—throw himself into a cabriolet; all this was done before his astounded visitor could even recover breath enough to ask, "What's the matter?"

Left thus alone, Lord Spendquick shook his head—shook it twice, as if fully to convince himself that there was nothing in it; and then re-arranging his hat before the looking-glass, and drawing on his gloves deliberately, he walked down stairs, and strolled into White's, but with a bewildered and absent air. Standing at the celebrated bow-window for some moments in musing silence, Lord Spendquick at last thus addressed an exceedingly cynical, skeptical old *roué*:

"Pray, do you think there is any truth in the stories about people in former times selling themselves to the devil?"

"Ugh," answered the *roué*, much too wise ever to be surprised. "Have you any personal interest in the question?"

"I—no; but a friend of mine has just received a letter from Levy, and he flew out of the room in the most extra-or-di-na-ry manner—just as people did in those days when their time was up! And Levy, you know, is—"

"Not quite so great a fool as the other dark gentleman to whom you would compare him; for Levy never made such bad bargains for himself. Time up! No doubt it is. I should not like to be in your friend's shoes."

"Shoes!" said Spendquick, with a sort of shudder: "you never saw a neater fellow, nor one, to do him justice, who takes more time in dressing than he does in general. And, talking of shoes—he rushed out with the right boot on the left foot, and the left boot on the right. Very mysterious." And a third time Lord Spendquick shook his head—and a third time that head seemed to him wondrous empty.

CHAPTER XXV.

BUT Frank had arrived in Curzon-street—leapt from the cabriolet—knocked at the door, which was opened by a strange-looking man in a buff waistcoat and corduroy smalls. Frank gave a glance at this personage—pushed him aside—and rushed up-stairs. He burst into the drawing-room—no Beatrice was there. A thin elderly man, with a manuscript book in his hands, appeared engaged in examining the furniture and making an inventory, with the aid of Madame di

Negra's upper servant. The thin man stared at Frank, and touched the hat which was on his head. The servant, who was a foreigner, approached Frank, and said, in broken English, that his lady did not receive—that she was unwell, and kept her room. Frank thrust a sovereign into the servant's hand, and begged him to tell Madame di Negra that Mr. Hazeldean entreated the honor of an interview. As soon as the servant vanished on this errand, Frank seized the thin man by the arm: "What is this? an execution?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what sum?"

"Fifteen hundred and forty-seven pounds. We are the first in possession."

"There are others, then?"

"Or else, sir, we should never have taken this step. Most painful to our feelings, sir; but these foreigners are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. And—"

The servant re-entered. Madame di Negra would see Mr. Hazeldean. Would he walk upstairs? Frank hastened to obey this summons.

Madame di Negra was in a small room which was fitted up as a boudoir. Her eyes showed the traces of recent tears, but her face was composed, and even rigid, in its haughty though mournful expression. Frank, however, did not pause to notice her countenance—to hear her dignified salutation. All his timidity was gone. He saw but the woman whom he loved, in distress and humiliation. As the door closed on him, he flung himself at her feet. He caught at her hand—the skirt of her robe.

"Oh! Madame di Negra!—Beatrice!" he exclaimed, tears in his eyes, and his voice half-broken by generous emotion; "forgive me—forgive me; don't see in me a mere acquaintance. By accident I learned, or, rather, guessed—this—this strange insult to which you are so unworthily exposed. I am here. Think of me—but as a friend—the truest friend. O! Beatrice!"—and he bent his head over the hand he held—"I never dared say so before—it seems presuming to say it now—but I can not help it. I love you—I love you with my whole heart and soul—to serve you—if only but to serve you!—I ask nothing else." And a sob went from his warm, young, foolish heart.

The Italian was deeply moved. Nor was her nature that of the mere sordid adventuress. So much love, and so much confidence! She was not prepared to betray the one, and entrap the other.

"Rise—rise," she said, softly; "I thank you gratefully. But do not suppose that I—"

"Hush—hush!—you must not refuse me. Hush!—don't let your pride speak."

"No—it is not my pride. You exaggerate what is occurring here. You forget that I have a brother. I have sent for him. He is the only one I can apply to. Ah! that is his knock! But I shall never, never forget that I have found one generous, noble heart in this hollow world."

Frank would have replied, but he heard the Count's voice on the stairs, and had only time to rise and withdraw to the window, trying hard to repress his agitation and compose his countenance. Count di Peschiera entered—entered as a very personation of the beauty and magnificence of careless, luxurious, pampered, egotistical wealth. His surtout, trimmed with the costliest sables, flung back from his splendid chest. Amidst the folds of the glossy satin that enveloped his throat gleamed a turquoise, of such value as a jeweler might have kept for fifty years before he could find a customer rich and frivolous enough to buy it. The very head of his cane was a masterpiece of art, and the man himself, so elegant despite his strength, and so fresh despite his years! It is astonishing how well men wear when they think of no one but themselves!

"Pr-rr!" said the Count, not observing Frank behind the draperies of the window; "P-rr—. It seems to me that you must have passed a very unpleasant quarter of an hour. And now—*Dieu me damne—quoi faire!*"

Beatrice pointed to the window, and felt as if she could have sunk into the earth for shame. But as the Count spoke in French, and Frank did not very readily comprehend that language, the words escaped him, though his ear was shocked by a certain satirical levity of tone.

Frank came forward. The Count held out his hand, and, with a rapid change of voice and manner, said, "One whom my sister admits at such a moment must be a friend to me."

"Mr. Hazeldean," said Beatrice, with meaning, "would indeed have nobly pressed on me the offer of an aid which I need no more, since you, my brother, are here."

"Certainly," said the Count, with his superb air of *grand seigneur*; "I will go down and clear your house of this impertinent *canaille*. But I thought your affairs were with Baron Levy. He should be here."

"I expect him every moment. Adieu! Mr. Hazeldean." Beatrice extended her hand to her young lover with a frankness which was not without a certain pathetic and cordial dignity. Restrained from farther words by the Count's presence, Frank bowed over the fair hand in silence, and retired. He was on the stairs, when he was joined by Peschiera.

"Mr. Hazeldean," said the latter, in a low tone, "will you come into the drawing-room?"

Frank obeyed. The man employed in his examination of the furniture was still at his task; but at a short whisper from the Count he withdrew.

"My dear sir," said Peschiera, "I am so unacquainted with your English laws, and your mode of settling embarrassments of this degrading nature, and you have evidently showed so kind a sympathy in my sister's distress, that I venture to ask you to stay here, and aid me in consulting with Baron Levy."

Frank was just expressing his unfeigned pleasure to be of the slightest use, when Levy's knock

resounded at the street-door, and in another moment the Baron entered.

"Ouf!" said Levy, wiping his brows, and sinking into a chair, as if he had been engaged in toils the most exhausting—"Ouf! this is a very sad business—very; and nothing, my dear Count, nothing but ready money can save us here."

"You know my affairs, Levy," replied Peschiera, mournfully shaking his head; "and that though in a few months, or it may be weeks, I could discharge with ease my sister's debts, whatever their amount, yet at this moment, and in a strange land, I have not the power to do so. The money I brought with me is nearly exhausted. Can you not advance the requisite sum?"

"Impossible!—Mr. Hazeldean is aware of the distress under which I labor myself."

"In that case," said the Count, "all we can do to-day is to remove my sister, and let the execution proceed. Meanwhile, I will go among my friends, and see what I can borrow from them."

"Alas!" said Levy, rising and looking out of the window—"alas! we can not remove the Marchesa—the worst is to come. Look!—you see those three men; they have a writ against her person; the moment she sets her foot out of these doors she will be arrested."*

"Arrested!" exclaimed Peschiera and Frank in a breath.

"I have done my best to prevent this disgrace, but in vain," said the Baron, looking very wretched. "You see, these English tradespeople fancy they have no hold upon foreigners. But we can get bail; she must not go to prison—"

"Prison!" echoed Frank. He hastened to Levy and drew him aside. The Count seemed paralyzed by shame and grief. Throwing himself back on the sofa, he covered his face with his hands.

"My sister!" groaned the Count—"daughter to a Peschiera, widow to di Negra!" There was something affecting in the proud woe of this grand patrician.

"What is the sum?" whispered Frank, anxious that the poor Count should not overhear him; and indeed the Count seemed too stunned and overwhelmed to hear any thing less loud than a clap of thunder.

"We may settle all liabilities for £500. Nothing to Peschiera, who is enormously rich. *Entre nous*, I doubt his assurance that he is without ready money. It may be so, but—"

"£500! How can I raise such a sum!"

"You, my dear Hazeldean? What are you talking about? To be sure, you could raise twice as much with a stroke of your pen, and throw your own debts into the bargain. But—to be so generous to an acquaintance!"

"Acquaintance—Madame di Negra!—the height of my ambition is to claim her as my wife!"

"And these debts don't startle you?"

"If a man loves," answered Frank, simply, "he feels it most when the woman he loves is

in affliction. And," he added, after a pause, "though these debts are faults, kindness at this moment may give me the power to cure forever both her faults and my own. I can raise this money by a stroke of the pen! How?"

"On the Casino property."

Frank drew back.

"No other way?"

"Of course not. But I know your scruples; let us see if they can be conciliated. You would marry Madame di Negra; she will have £20,000 on her wedding-day. Why not arrange that, out of this sum, your anticipative charge on the Casino property be paid at once? Thus, in truth, it will be but for a few weeks that the charge will exist. The bond will remain locked in my desk—it can never come to your father's knowledge, nor wound his feelings. And when you marry (if you will but be prudent in the meanwhile), you will not owe a debt in the world."

Here the Count suddenly started up.

"Mr. Hazeldean, I asked you to stay and aid us by your counsel; I see now that counsel is unavailing. This blow on our house must fall! I thank you, Sir—I thank you. Farewell. Levy, come with me to my poor sister, and prepare her for the worst."

"Count," said Frank, "hear me. My acquaintance with you is but slight, but I have long known and—esteemed your sister. Baron Levy has suggested a mode in which I can have the honor and the happiness of removing this temporary but painful embarrassment. I can advance the money."

"No—no!" exclaimed Peschiera. "How can you suppose that I will hear of such a proposition? Your youth and benevolence mislead and blind you. Impossible, sir—impossible! Why, even if I had no pride, no delicacy of my own, my sister's fair fame—"

"Would suffer indeed," interrupted Levy, "if she were under such obligation to any one but her affianced husband. Nor, whatever my regard for you, Count, could I suffer my client, Mr. Hazeldean, to make this advance upon any less valid security than that of the fortune to which Madame di Negra is entitled."

"Ha!—is this indeed so? You are a suitor for my sister's hand, Mr. Hazeldean?"

"But not at this moment—not to owe her hand to the compulsion of gratitude," answered gentleman Frank.

"Gratitude! And you do not know her heart, then? Do not know—" the Count interrupted himself, and went on after a pause. "Mr. Hazeldean, I need not say, that we rank among the first houses in Europe. My pride led me formerly into the error, of disposing of my sister's hand to one whom she did not love—merely because in rank he was her equal. I will not again commit such an error, nor would Beatrice again obey me if I sought to constrain her. Where she marries, there she will love. If, indeed, she accept you, as I believe she will, it will be from affection solely. If she does, I can not scruple to accept

* At that date the law of *mesne process* existed still.

this loan—a loan from a brother-in-law—loan to me, and not charged against her fortune! *That*, sir (turning to Levy, with his grand air), you will take care to arrange. If she do not accept you, Mr. Hazeldean, the loan, I repeat it, is not to be thought of. Pardon me, if I leave you. This, one way or other, must be decided at once.” The Count inclined his head with much stateliness, and then quitted the room. His step was heard ascending the stairs.

“If,” said Levy, in the tone of a mere man of business—“if the Count pay the debts, and the lady’s fortune be only charged with your own—after all it will not be a bad marriage in the world’s eye, nor ought it to be in a father’s. Trust me, we shall get Mr. Hazeldean’s consent, and cheerfully too.”

Frank did not listen; he could only listen to his love, to his heart beating loud with hope and with fear.

Levy sate down before the table, and drew up a long list of figures in a very neat hand—a list of figures on *two* accounts, which the *post-obit* on the Casino was destined to efface.

After a lapse of time, which to Frank seemed interminable, the Count reappeared. He took Frank aside, with a gesture to Levy, who rose, and retired into the drawing-room.

“My dear young friend,” said Peschiera, “as I suspected, my sister’s heart is wholly yours. Stop; hear me out. But unluckily, I informed her of your generous proposal. It was most unguarded, most ill-judged in me, and that has well-nigh spoiled all; she has so much pride and spirit; so great a fear that you may think yourself betrayed into an imprudence you may hereafter regret, that I am sure she will tell you she does not love you, she can not accept you, and so forth. Lovers like you are not easily deceived. Don’t go by her words; but you shall see her yourself and judge. Come.”

Followed mechanically by Frank, the Count ascended the stairs and threw open the door of Beatrice’s room. The Marchesa’s back was turned; but Frank could see that she was weeping.

“I have brought my friend to plead for himself,” said the Count in French; “and take my advice, sister, and do not throw away all prospect of real and solid happiness for a vain scruple. *Heed me!*” He retired and left Frank alone with Beatrice.

Then the Marchesa, as if by a violent effort, so sudden was her movement, and so wild her look, turned her face to her wooer, and came up to him, where he stood.

“Oh!” she said, clasping her hands, “is this true? You would save me from disgrace, from a prison—and what can I give you in return? My love! No, no. I will not deceive you. Young, fair, noble, as you are, I do not love you as you should be loved. Go; leave this house; you do not know my brother. Go, go—while I have still strength, still virtue enough to reject whatever may protect me from him! whatever—may—Oh—go, go.”

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“You do not love me,” said Frank. “Well, I don’t wonder at it; you are so brilliant, so superior to me. I will abandon hope—I will leave you as you command me. But at least I will not part with my privilege to serve you. As for the rest—shame on me if I could be mean enough to boast of love, and enforce a suit, at such a moment.”

Frank turned his face and stole away softly. He did not arrest his steps at the drawing-room; he went into the parlor, wrote a brief line to Levy charging him quietly to dismiss the execution, and to come to Frank’s rooms with the necessary deeds; and, above all, to say nothing to the Count. Then he went out of the house and walked back to his lodgings.

That evening Levy came to him, and accounts were gone into, and papers signed; and the next morning Madame di Negra was free from debt; and there was a great claim on the reversion of the Casino estates; and at the noon of that next day Randal was closeted with Beatrice; and before the night, came a note from Madame di Negra, hurried, blurred with tears, summoning Frank to Curzon-street. And when he entered the Marchesa’s drawing-room, Peschiera was seated beside his sister; and rising at Frank’s entrance, said, “My dear brother-in-law!” and placed Frank’s hand in Beatrice’s.

“You accept me—you accept me—and of your own free will and choice?”

And Beatrice answered, “Bear with me a little, and I will try to repay you with all my—all my—” She stopped short, and sobbed aloud.

“I never thought her capable of such acute feeling, such strong attachment,” whispered the Count.

Frank heard, and his face was radiant. By degrees Madame di Negra recovered composure, and she listened with what her young lover deemed a tender interest, but what, in fact, was mournful and humbled resignation, to his joyous talk of the future. To him the hours passed by, brief and bright, like a flash of sunlight. And his dreams, when he retired to rest, were so golden! But when he awoke the next morning, he said to himself, “What—what will they say at the Hall?”

At that same hour, Beatrice, burying her face on her pillow, turned from the loathsome day, and could have prayed for death. At that same hour, Giulio Franzini Count di Peschiera, dismissing some gaunt, haggard Italians, with whom he had been in close conference, sallied forth to reconnoitre the house that contained Violante. At that same hour, Baron Levy was seated before his desk, casting up a deadly array of figures, headed “Account with the Right Hon. Audley Egerton, M.P., *Dr.* and *Cr.*”—title-deeds strewed around him, and Frank Hazeldean’s post-obit peeping out fresh from the elder parchments. At that same hour, Audley Egerton had just concluded a letter from the chairman of his committee in the city he represented, which letter informed him he had not a chance of being re-

electd. And the lines of his face were as composed as usual, and his foot rested as firm on the grim iron box; but his hand was pressed to his heart, and his eye was on the clock; and his voice muttered—"Dr. F—— should be here!" And at that hour Harley L'Estrange, who the previous night had charmed courtly crowds with his gay humor, was pacing to and fro the room in his hotel with restless strides and many a heavy sigh;—and Leonard was standing by the fountain in his garden, and watching the wintry sunbeams that sparkled athwart the spray;—and Violante was leaning on Helen's shoulder, and trying archly, yet innocently, to lead Helen to talk of Leonard;—and Helen was gazing steadfastly on the floor and answering but by monosyllables;—and Randal Leslie was walking down to his office for the last time, and reading, as he passed across the Green Park, a letter from *home*, from his sister; and then, suddenly crumpling the letter in his thin, pale hand, he looked up, beheld in the distance the spires of the great national Abbey; and recalling the words of our hero Nelson, he muttered—"Victory and Westminster, but *not* the Abbey!" And Randal Leslie felt that, within the last few days, he had made a vast stride in his ambition;—his grasp on the old Leslie lands—Frank Hazeldean betrothed, and possibly disinherited;—and Dick Avenel, in the back-ground, opening, against the hated Lansmere interest, that same seat in Parliament which had first welcomed into public life Randal's ruined patron.

"But some must laugh, and some must weep;
Thus runs the world away!"

BOOK XI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

IT is not an uncommon crotchet among benevolent men to maintain that wickedness is necessarily a sort of insanity, and that nobody would make a violent start out of the straight path unless stung to such disorder by a bee in his bonnet. Certainly, when some very clever, well-educated person, like our friend, Randal Leslie, acts upon the fallacious principle that "roguery is the best policy," it is curious to see how many points he has in common with the insane: what over-cunning—what irritable restlessness—what suspicious belief that the rest of the world are in a conspiracy against him, which it requires all his wit to baffle and turn to his own proper aggrandizement and profit. Perhaps some of my readers may have thought that I have represented Randal as unnaturally far-fetched in his schemes, too wire-drawn and subtle in his speculations; yet that is commonly the case with very refining intellects, when they choose to play the knave; it helps to disguise from themselves the ugliness of their ambition, just as the philosopher delights in the ingenuity of some metaphysical process, which ends in what plain men call "atheism," who would be infinitely shocked and offended if he were entitled an atheist. As I have somewhere said or implied before, it is difficult for us dull folks to conceive the glee which a wily brain takes in the exercise of its own ingenuity.

Having premised thus much on behalf of the "Natural" in Randal Leslie's character, I must here fly off to say a word or two on the agency in human life exercised by a passion rarely seen without a mask in our debonnaire and civilized age—I mean Hate.

In the good old days of our forefathers, when plain speaking and hard blows were in fashion—when a man had his heart at the tip of his tongue, and four feet of sharp iron dangling at his side, Hate played an honest, open part in the theatre of the world. In fact, when we read history, it seems to have "starred it" on the stage. But now, where is Hate?—who ever sees its face? Is it that smiling, good-tempered creature, that presses you by the hand so cordially? or that dignified figure of state that calls you its "right honorable friend?" Is it that bowing, grateful dependent?—is it that soft-eyed Amaryllis? Ask not, guess not; you will only know it to be Hate when the poison is in your cup, or the poniard in your breast. In the Gothic age, grim Humor painted "the Dance of Death;" in our polished century, some sardonic wit should give us "the Masquerade of Hate."

Certainly, the counter-passion betrays itself with ease to our gaze. Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate—how detect, how guard against it? It lurks where you least suspect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and Civilization multiplies its varieties, while it favors its disguise: for Civilization increases the number of contending interests, and Refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of Self-Love. But Hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded; and, dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offense! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life; you may be hated as often by one you have loaded with benefits; you may so walk as not to tread on a worm; but you must sit fast on your easy-chair till you are carried out to your bier, if you would be sure not to tread on some snake of a foe. But, then, what harm does the Hate do us? Very often the harm is as unseen by the world as the hate is unrecognized by us. It may come on us, unawares, in some solitary by-way of our life; strike us in our unsuspecting privacy; thwart us in some blessed hope we have never told to another: for the moment the world sees that it is Hate that strikes us, its worst power of mischief is gone.

We have a great many names for the same passion—Envy, Jealousy, Spite, Prejudice, Rivalry; but they are so many synonyms for the one old heathen demon. When the death-giving shaft of Apollo sent the plague to some unhappy Achæan, it did not much matter to the victim whether the god were called Helios or Smintheus.

No man you ever met in the world seemed more raised above the malice of Hate than Audley Egerton: even in the hot war of politics he had scarcely a personal foe; and in private life he kept himself so aloof and apart from others

that he was little known, save by the benefits the waste of his wealth conferred. That the hate of any one could reach the austere statesman on his high pinnacle of esteem,—you would have smiled at the idea! But Hate is now, as it ever has been, an actual Power amidst “the Varieties of Life;” and, in spite of bars to the door, and policemen in the street, no one can be said to sleep in safety while there wakes the eye of a single foe.

CHAPTER II.

THE glory of Bond-street is no more. The title of Bond-street loungeur has faded from our lips. In vain the crowd of equipages and the blaze of shops: the renown of Bond-street was in its pavement—its pedestrians. Art thou old enough, O reader! to remember the Bond-street Loungeur and his incomparable generation? For my part, I can just recall the decline of the grand era. It was on its wane when, in the ambition of boyhood, I first began to muse upon high neckcloths and Wellington boots. But the ancient *habitués*—the *magni nominis umbræ*—contemporaries of Brummell in his zenith—boon companions of George IV. in his regency—still haunted the spot. From four to six in the hot month of June, they sauntered stately to and fro, looking somewhat mournful even then—foreboding the extinction of their race. The Bond-street Loungeur was rarely seen alone: he was a social animal, and walked arm-in-arm with his fellow-man. He did not seem born for the cares of these ruder times; not made was he for an age in which Finsbury returns members to Parliament. He loved his small talk; and never since then has talk been so pleasingly small. Your true Bond-street Loungeur had a very dissipated look. His youth had been spent with heroes who loved their bottle. He himself had perhaps supped with Sheridan. He was by nature a spendthrift: you saw it in the roll of his walk. Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger. But saunter and swagger both united to stamp *PRODIGAL* on the Bond-street Loungeur. And so familiar as he was with his own set, and so amusingly supercilious with the vulgar residue of mortals whose faces were strange to Bond-street. But He is gone. The world, though sadder for his loss, still strives to do its best without him; and our young men, nowadays, attend to model cottages, and incline to Tractarianism—I mean those young men who are quiet and harmless, as a Bond-street Loungeur was of old—*redeant Saturnia regna*. Still the place, to an unreflecting eye, has its brilliancy and bustle. But it is a thoroughfare, not a lounge. And adown the thoroughfare, somewhat before the hour when the throng is thickest, passed two gentlemen of an appearance exceedingly out of keeping with the place. Yet both had the air of men pretending to aristocracy—an old-world air of respectability and stake in the country, and Church-and-Stateism. The burlier of the two was even rather a beau in his

way. He had first learned to dress, indeed, when Bond-street was at its acmé, and Brummell in his pride. He still retained in his garb the fashion of his youth; only what then had spoken of the town, now betrayed the life of the country. His neckcloth ample and high, and of snowy whiteness, set off to comely advantage a face smooth-shaven, and of clear, florid hues; his coat of royal blue, with buttons in which you might have seen yourself *veluti in speculum*, was, rather jauntily, buttoned across a waist that spoke of lusty middle age, free from the ambition, the avarice, and the anxieties that fret Londoners into thread-papers; his small-clothes of grayish drab, loose at the thigh and tight at the knee, were made by Brummell’s own breeches-maker, and the gaiters to match (thrust half-way down the calf) had a manly dandyism that would have done honor to the beau-ideal of a county member. The profession of this gentleman’s companion was unmistakable—the shovel-hat, the clerical cut of the coat, the neckcloth without collar, that seemed made for its accessory—the band, and something very decorous, yet very mild, in the whole mien of this personage, all spoke of one who was every inch the gentleman and the parson.

“No,” said the portlier of these two persons—“no, I can’t say I like Frank’s looks at all. There’s certainly something on his mind. However, I suppose it will be all out this evening.”

“He dines with you at your hotel, Squire? Well, you must be kind to him. We can’t put old heads upon young shoulders.”

“I don’t object to his head being young,” returned the Squire; “but I wish he had a little of Randal Leslie’s good sense in it. I see how it will end: I must take him back into the country; and if he wants occupation, why, he shall keep the hounds, and I’ll put him into Brooksby farm.”

“As for the hounds,” replied the Parson, “hounds necessitate horses; and I think more mischief comes to a young man of spirit, from the stables, than from any other place in the world. They ought to be exposed from the pulpit, those stables!” added Mr. Dale, thoughtfully; “see what they entailed upon Nimrod! But agriculture is a healthful and noble pursuit, honored by sacred nations, and cherished by the greatest men in classical times. For instance, the Athenians were—”

“Bother the Athenians!” cried the Squire, irreverently; “you need not go so far back for an example. It is enough for a Hazeldean that his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather all farmed before him; and a devilish deal better, I take it, than any of those musty old Athenians—no offense to them. But I’ll tell you one thing, Parson—a man, to farm well, and live in the country, should have a wife; it is half the battle.”

“As to a battle, a man who is married is pretty sure of half, though not always the better half, of it,” answered the Parson, who seemed peculiarly facetious that day. “Ah, Squire, I

wish I could think Mrs. Hazeldean right in her conjecture!—you would have the prettiest daughter-in-law in the three kingdoms. And I think, if I could have a good talk with the young lady apart from her father, we could remove the only objection I know to the marriage. Those Popish errors—”

“Ah, very true!” cried the Squire; “that Pope sticks hard in my gizzard. I could excuse her being a foreigner, and not having, I suppose, a shilling in her pocket—bless her handsome face!—but to be worshiping images in her room instead of going to the parish church, that will never do. But you think you could talk her out of the Pope, and into the family pew?”

“Why, I could have talked her father out of the Pope, only, when he had not a word to say for himself, he bolted out of the window. Youth is more ingenuous in confessing its errors.”

“I own,” said the Squire, “that both Harry and I had a favorite notion of ours, till this Italian girl got into our heads. Do you know we both took a great fancy to Randal’s little sister—pretty, blushing, English-faced girl as ever you saw. And it went to Harry’s good heart to see her so neglected by that silly, fidgety mother of hers, her hair hanging about her ears; and I thought it would be a fine way to bring Randal and Frank more together, and enable me to do something for Randal himself—a good boy, with Hazeldean blood in his veins. But Violante is so handsome, that I don’t wonder at the boy’s choice; and then it is our fault—we let them see so much of each other, as children. However, I should be very angry if Rickeybockey had been playing sly, and running away from the Casino in order to give Frank an opportunity to carry on a clandestine intercourse with his daughter.”

“I don’t think that would be like Riccabocca; more like him to run away in order to deprive Frank of the best of all occasions to court Violante, if he so desired; for where could he see more of her than at the Casino?”

SQUIRE.—“That’s well put. Considering he was only a foreign doctor, and, for aught we know, went about in a caravan, he is a gentlemanlike fellow, that Rickeybockey. I speak of people as I find them. But what is your notion about Frank? I see you don’t think he is in love with Violante, after all. Out with it, man; speak plain.”

PARSON.—“Since you so urge me, I own I do not think him in love with her; neither does my Carry, who is uncommonly shrewd in such matters.”

SQUIRE.—“Your Carry, indeed!—as if she were half as shrewd as my Harry. Carry—nonsense!”

PARSON (reddening).—“I don’t want to make invidious remarks; but, Mr. Hazeldean, when you sneer at my Carry, I should not be a man if I did not say that—”

SQUIRE (interrupting).—“She was a good little woman enough; but to compare her to my Harry!”

PARSON.—“I don’t compare her to your Harry; I don’t compare her to any woman in England, sir. But you are losing your temper, Mr. Hazeldean!”

SQUIRE.—“I!”

PARSON.—“And people are staring at you, Mr. Hazeldean. For decency’s sake, compose yourself, and change the subject. We are just at the Albany. I hope that we shall not find poor Captain Higginbotham as ill as he represents himself in his letter. Ah! is it possible? No, it can not be. Look—look!”

SQUIRE.—“Where—what—where? Don’t pinch so hard. Bless me, do you see a ghost?”

PARSON.—“There—the gentleman in black!”

SQUIRE.—“Gentleman in black! What!—in broad daylight! Nonsense!”

Here the Parson made a spring forward, and, catching the arm of the person in question, who himself had stopped, and was gazing intently on the pair, exclaimed—

“Sir, pardon me; but is not your name Fairfield? Ah, it is Leonard—it is—my dear, dear boy! What joy! So altered, so improved, but still the same honest face. Squire, come here—your old friend, Leonard Fairfield.”

“And he wanted to persuade me,” said the Squire, shaking Leonard heartily by the hand, “that you were the gentleman in black; but, indeed, he has been in strange humors and tantrums all the morning. Well, Master Lenny; why, you are grown quite a gentleman! The world thrives with you—eh! I suppose you are head-gardener to some grandee.”

“Not that, sir,” said Leonard, smiling. “But the world has thriven with me at last, though not without some rough usage at starting. Ah, Mr. Dale, you can little guess how often I have thought of you and your discourse on Knowledge; and, what is more, how I have lived to feel the truth of your words, and to bless the lesson.”

PARSON (much touched and flattered).—“I expected nothing less of you, Leonard; you were always a lad of great sense, and sound judgment. So you have thought of my little discourse on Knowledge, have you?”

SQUIRE.—“Hang knowledge! I have reason to hate the word. It burned down three ricks of mine; the finest ricks you ever set eyes on, Mr. Fairfield.”

PARSON.—“That was not knowledge, Squire, that was ignorance.”

SQUIRE.—“Ignorance! The deuce it was. I’ll just appeal to you, Mr. Fairfield. We have been having sad riots in the shire, and the ring-leader was just such another lad as you were!”

LEONARD.—“I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Hazeldean. In what respect?”

SQUIRE.—“Why, he was a village genius, and always reading some cursed little tract or other; and got mighty discontented with King, Lords, and Commons, I suppose, and went about talking of the wrongs of the poor, and the crimes of the rich, till, by Jove, sir, the whole mob rose one day with pitchforks and sickles, and smash went

Farmer Smart's thrashing-machines; and on the same night my ricks were on fire. We caught the rogues, and they were all tried; but the poor deluded laborers were let off with a short imprisonment. The village genius, thank heaven, is sent packing to Botany Bay."

LEONARD.—"But did his books teach him to burn ricks, and smash machines?"

PARSON.—"No; he said quite the contrary, and declared that he had no hand in those misdoings."

SQUIRE.—"But he was proved to have excited, with his wild talk, the boobies who had! 'Gad, sir, there was a hypocritical Quaker once, who said to his enemy, 'I can't shed thy blood, friend, but I will hold thy head under water till thou art drowned.' And so there is a set of demagogical fellows, who keep calling out, 'Farmer This is an oppressor, and Squire That is a vampire! But no violence! Don't smash their machines, don't burn their ricks! Moral force, and a curse on all tyrants!' Well, and if poor Hodge thinks moral force is all my eye, and that the recommendation is to be read backward, in the devil's way of reading the Lord's Prayer, I should like to know which of the two ought to go to Botany Bay—Hodge who comes out like a man, if he thinks he is wronged, or t'other sneaking chap, who makes use of his knowledge to keep himself out of the scrape?"

PARSON.—"It may be very true; but when I saw that poor fellow at the bar, with his intelligent face, and heard his bold, clear defense, and thought of all his hard struggles for knowledge, and how they had ended, because he forgot that knowledge is like fire, and must not be thrown among flax—why, I could have given my right hand to save him. And, oh, Squire, do you remember his poor mother's shriek of despair when he was sentenced to transportation for life—I hear it now! And what, Leonard—what do you think had mislead him? At the bottom of all the mischief was a Tinker's bag. You can not forget Sprott?"

LEONARD.—"Tinker's bag!—Sprott!"

SQUIRE.—"That rascal, sir, was the hardest fellow to nab you could possibly conceive; as full of quips and quirks as an Old Bailey lawyer. But we managed to bring it home to him. Lord! his bag was choke-full of tracts against every man who had a good coat on his back; and as if that was not enough, cheek by jowl with the tracts were lucifers, contrived on a new principle, for teaching my ricks the theory of spontaneous combustion. The laborers bought the lucifers—"

PARSON.—"And the poor village genius bought the tracts."

SQUIRE.—"All headed with a motto—'To teach the working-classes that knowledge is power.' So that I was right in saying that knowledge had burnt my ricks; knowledge inflamed the village genius, the village genius inflamed fellows more ignorant than himself, and they inflamed my stack-yard. However, lucifers, tracts, village genius, and Sprott, are all off to

Botany Bay; and the shire has gone on much the better for it. So no more of your knowledge for me, begging your pardon, Mr. Fairfield. Such uncommonly fine ricks as mine were, too! I declare, Parson, you are looking as if you felt pity for Sprott; and I saw you, indeed, whispering to him as he was taken out of court."

PARSON (looking sheepish).—"Indeed, Squire, I was only asking him what had become of his donkey—an unoffending creature."

SQUIRE.—"Unoffending! Upset me amidst a thistle-bed in my own village green. I remember it. Well, what did he say *had* become of the donkey?"

PARSON.—"He said but one word; but that showed all the vindictiveness of his disposition. He said it with a horrid wink, that made my blood run cold. 'What's become of your poor donkey?' said I, and he answered—"

SQUIRE.—"Go on. He answered—"

PARSON.—"Sausages."

SQUIRE.—"Sausages! Like enough; and sold to the poor; and that's what the poor will come to if they listen to such revolutionizing villains. Sausages! Donkey sausages!—(spitting)—'Tis as bad as eating one another; perfect cannibalism."

Leonard, who had been thrown into grave thought by the history of Sprott and the village genius, now pressing the Parson's hand, asked permission to wait on him before Mr. Dale quitted London; and was about to withdraw, when the Parson, gently detaining him, said, "No; don't leave me yet, Leonard—I have so much to ask you, and to talk about. I shall be at leisure shortly. We are just now going to call on a relation of the Squire's, whom you must recollect, I am sure—Captain Higginbotham—Barnabas Higginbotham. He is very poorly."

"And I am sure he would take it kind in you to call, too," said the Squire, with great good-nature.

LEONARD.—"Nay, sir, would not that be a great liberty?"

SQUIRE.—"Liberty! To ask a poor sick gentleman how he is? Nonsense. And I say, sir, perhaps, as no doubt you have been living in town, and know more of new-fangled notions than I do—perhaps you can tell us whether or not it is all humbug, that new way of doctoring people?"

"What new way, sir? There are so many."

"Are there? Folks in London *do* look uncommonly sickly. But my poor cousin (he was never a Solomon) has got hold, he says, of a homely—homely—what's the word, Parson?"

PARSON.—"Homœopathist."

SQUIRE.—"That's it. You see the Captain went to live with one Sharpe Currie, a relation who had a great deal of money, and very little liver;—made the one, and left much of the other in Ingee, you understand. The Captain had *expectations* of the money. Very natural, I dare say; but, Lord, sir! what do you think has happened? Sharpe Currie has done him! Would not die, sir; got back his liver, and the Captain

has lost his own. Strangest thing you ever heard. And then the ungrateful old Nabob has dismissed the Captain, saying, 'He can't bear to have invalids about him;' and is going to marry, and I have no doubt will have children by the dozen!"

PARSON.—"It was in Germany, at one of the Spas, that Mr. Currie recovered; and as he had the selfish inhumanity to make the Captain go through a course of waters simultaneously with himself, it has so chanced that the same waters that cured Mr. Currie's liver have destroyed Captain Higginbotham's. An English homœopathic physician, then staying at the Spa, has attended the Captain hither, and declares that he will restore him by infinitesimal doses of the same chemical properties that were found in the waters which diseased him. Can there be any thing in such a theory?"

LEONARD.—"I once knew a very able, though eccentric homœopathist, and I am inclined to believe there may be something in the system. My friend went to Germany: it may possibly be the same person who attends the Captain. May I ask his name?"

SQUIRE.—"Cousin Barnabas does not mention it. You may ask it of himself, for here we are at his chambers. I say, Parson (whispering slyly), if a small dose of what hurt the Captain is to cure him, don't you think the proper thing would be a—legacy? Ha! ha!"

PARSON (trying to laugh).—"Hush, Squire. Poor human nature! We must be merciful to its infirmities. Come in, Leonard."

Leonard, interested in his doubt whether he might thus chance again upon Dr. Morgan, obeyed the invitation, and with his two companions followed the woman—who "did for the Captain and his rooms"—across the small lobby, into the presence of the sufferer.

CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER the disposition toward merriment at his cousin's expense entertained by the Squire, it vanished instantly at the sight of the Captain's doleful visage and emaciated figure.

"Very good in you to come to town to see me—very good in you, cousin; and in you too, Mr. Dale. How very well you are both looking. I'm a sad wreck. You might count every bone in my body."

"Hazeldean air and roast beef will soon set you up, my boy," said the Squire kindly. "You were a great goose to leave them, and these comfortable rooms of yours in the Albany."

"They *are* comfortable, though not showy," said the Captain, with tears in his eyes. "I had done my best to make them so. New carpets—this very chair—(morocco!)—that Japan cat (holds toast and muffins)—just when—(the tears here broke forth, and the Captain fairly whimpered)—just when that ungrateful, bad-hearted man wrote me word 'he was—was dying and lone in the world;' and—and—to think what I've gone through for him!—and to treat me so. Cousin William, he has grown as hale as yourself, and—and—"

"Cheer up, cheer up!" cried the compassionate Squire. "It is a very hard case, I allow. But you see, as the old proverb says, 'tis ill waiting for a dead man's shoes;' and in future—I don't mean offense—but I think if you would calculate less on the livers of your relations, it would be all the better for your own. Excuse me."

"Cousin William," replied the poor Captain, "I am sure I never calculated; but still, if you had seen that deceitful man's good-for-nothing face—as yellow as a guinea—and have gone through all I've gone through, you would have felt cut to the heart as I do. I can't bear ingratitude. I never could. But let it pass. Will that gentleman take a chair?"

PARSON.—"Mr. Fairfield has kindly called with us, because he knows something of this system of homœopathy which you have adopted, and may, perhaps, know the practitioner. What is the name of your doctor?"

CAPTAIN (looking at his watch).—"That reminds me, (swallowing a globule.) A great relief these little pills—after the physic I've taken to please that malignant man. He always tried his doctor's stuff upon me. But there's another world, and a juster!"

With that pious conclusion, the Captain again began to weep.

"Touched," muttered the Squire, with his forefinger on his forehead. "You seem to have a good tidy sort of nurse here, Cousin Barnabas. I hope she's pleasant, and lively, and don't let you take on so."

"Hist! don't talk of her. All mercenary; every bit of her fawning. Would you believe it? I give her ten shillings a week, besides all that goes down of my pats of butter and rolls, and I overheard the jade saying to the laundress that 'I could not last long; and she'd—EXPECTATIONS!' Ah, Mr. Dale, when one thinks of the sinfulness there is in this life! But I'll not think of it. No—I'll not. Let us change the subject. You were asking my doctor's name? It is—"

Here the woman 'with expectations' threw open the door, and suddenly announced—"DR MORGAN."

CHAPTER IV.

THE Parson started, and so did Leonard.

The Homœopathist did not at first notice either. With an unobservant bow to the visitors, he went straight to the patient, and asked, "How go the symptoms?"

Therewith the Captain commenced, in a tone of voice like a schoolboy reciting the catalogue of the ships in Homer. He had been evidently conning the symptoms, and learning them by heart. Nor was there a single nook or corner in his anatomical organization, so far as the Captain was acquainted with that structure, but what some symptom or other was dragged therefrom, and exposed to day. The Squire listened with horror to the morbid inventory—muttering at each dread interval, "Bless me! Lord bless me! What, more still! Death would be a very happy

release!" Meanwhile the Doctor endured the recital with exemplary patience, noting down in the leaves of his pocket-book what appeared to him the salient points in this fortress of disease to which he had laid siege, and then, drawing forth a minute paper, said—

"Capital—nothing can be better. This must be dissolved in eight table-spoonfuls of water; one spoonful every two hours."

"Table-spoonful?"

"Table-spoonful."

"'Nothing can be better,' did you say, sir?" repeated the Squire, who, in his astonishment at that assertion applied to the Captain's description of his sufferings, had hitherto hung fire—"nothing can be better?"

"For the diagnosis, sir!" replied Dr. Morgan.

"For the dogs' noses, very possibly," quoth the Squire; "but for the inside of Cousin Higginbotham, I should think nothing could be worse."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Dr. Morgan. "It is not the Captain who speaks here—it is his liver. Liver, sir, though a noble, is an imaginative organ, and indulges in the most extraordinary fictions. Seat of poetry, and love and jealousy—the liver. Never believe what it says. You have no idea what a liar it is! But—ahem—ahem. Cott—I think I've seen you before, sir. Surely your name's Hazeldean?"

"William Hazeldean, at your service, Doctor. But where have you seen me?"

"On the hustings at Lansmere. You were speaking on behalf of your distinguished brother, Mr. Egerton."

"Hang it!" cried the Squire: "I think it must have been my liver that spoke there! for I promised the electors that that half-brother of mine would stick by the land; and I never told a bigger lie in my life!"

Here the patient, reminded of his other visitors, and afraid he was going to be bored with the enumeration of the Squire's wrongs, and probably the whole history of his duel with Captain Dashmore, turned, with a languid wave of his hand, and said, "Doctor, another friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. Dale—and a gentleman who is acquainted with homœopathy."

"Dale? What, the old friends!" cried the Doctor, rising; and the Parson came somewhat reluctantly from the window nook, to which he had retired. The Parson and the Homœopathist shook hands.

"We have met before on a very mournful occasion," said the Doctor, with feeling.

"The Parson held his finger to his lips, and glanced toward Leonard. The Doctor stared at the lad, but he did not recognize in the person before him the gaunt, care-worn boy whom he had placed with Mr. Prickett, until Leonard smiled and spoke. And the smile and the voice sufficed.

"Cott—and it is the poy! cried Dr. Morgan; and he actually caught hold of Leonard, and gave him an affectionate Welsh hug. Indeed, his agitation at these several surprises, became so

great that he stopped short, drew forth a globule—"Aconite—good against nervous shocks!"—and swallowed it incontinently.

"Gad," said the Squire, rather astonished, "'tis the first doctor I ever saw swallow his own medicine! There must be something in it."

The Captain now, highly disgusted that so much attention was withdrawn from his own case, asked in a querulous voice, "And as to diet? What shall I have for dinner?"

"A friend!" said the Doctor, wiping his eyes.

"Zounds!" cried the Squire, retreating, "do you mean to say, sir, that the British laws (to be sure, they are very much changed of late) allow you to diet your patients upon their fellow-men? Why, Parson, this is worse than the donkey sausages."

"Sir," said Dr. Morgan, gravely, "I mean to say, that it matters little what we eat, in comparison with care as to whom we eat with. It is better to exceed a little with a friend, than to observe the strictest regimen, and eat alone. Talk and laughter help the digestion, and are indispensable in affections of the liver. I have no doubt, sir, that it was my patient's agreeable society that tended to restore to health his dyspeptic relative, Mr. Sharpe Currie."

The Captain groaned aloud.

"And, therefore, if one of you gentlemen will stay and dine with Mr. Higginbotham, it will greatly assist the effects of his medicine."

The Captain turned an imploring eye, first toward his cousin, then toward the Parson.

"I'm engaged to dine with my son—very sorry," said the Squire. "But Dale, here—"

"If he will be so kind," put in the Captain, "we might cheer the evening with a game at whist—double dummy."

Now, poor Mr. Dale had set his heart on dining with an old college friend, and having, no stupid, prosy double dummy, in which one can not have the pleasure of scolding one's partner, but a regular orthodox rubber, with the pleasing prospect of scolding all the three other performers. But as his quiet life forbade him to be a hero in great things, the Parson had made up his mind to be a hero in small ones. Therefore, though with rather a rueful face, he accepted the Captain's invitation, and promised to return at six o'clock to dine. Meanwhile, he must hurry off to the other end of the town, and excuse himself from the pre-engagement he had already formed. He now gave his card, with the address of a quiet family hotel thereon, to Leonard, and not looking quite so charmed with Dr. Morgan as he was before that unwelcome prescription, he took his leave. The Squire, too, having to see a new churn, and execute various commissions for his Harry, went his way (not, however, till Dr. Morgan had assured him that, in a few weeks, the Captain might safely remove to Hazeldean); and Leonard was about to follow, when Morgan hooked his arm in his old *protégé's*, and said, "But I must have some talk with you; and you have to tell me all about the little orphan girl."

Leonard could not resist the pleasure of talking about Helen; and he got into the carriage, which was waiting at the door for the homœopathist.

"I am going into the country a few miles to see a patient," said the Doctor; "so we shall have time for undisturbed consultation. I have so often wondered what had become of you. Not hearing from Prickett, I wrote to him, and received an answer, as dry as a bone, from his heir. Poor fellow! I found that he had neglected his globules, and quitted the globe. *Alas, pulvis et umbra sumus!* I could learn no tidings of you. Prickett's successor declared he knew nothing about you. I hoped the best; for I always fancied you were one who would fall on your legs—bilious—nervous temperament; such are the men who succeed in their undertakings, especially if they take a spoonful of *chamomilla* whenever they are over-excited. So now for your history and the little girl's—pretty little thing—never saw a more susceptible constitution, nor one more suited—to *pulsatilla*."

Leonard briefly related his own struggles and success, and informed the good Doctor how they had at last discovered the nobleman in whom poor Captain Digby had confided, and whose care of the orphan had justified the confidence.

Dr. Morgan opened his eyes at hearing the name of Lord L'Estrange. "I remember him very well," said he, "when I practiced murder as an allopathist at Lansmere. But to think that wild boy, so full of whim, and life, and spirit, should become staid enough for a guardian to that dear little child, with her timid eyes and *pulsatilla* sensibilities. Well, wonders never cease. And he has befriended you, too, you say. Ah, he knew your family."

"So he says. Do you think, sir, that he ever knew—ever saw—my mother?"

"Eh! your mother?—Nora?" exclaimed the Doctor quickly; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, his brows met, and he remained silent and musing a few moments; then, observing Leonard's eyes fixed on him earnestly, he replied to the question:

"No doubt he saw her; she was brought up at Lady Lansmere's. Did he not tell you so?"

"No." A vague suspicion here darted through Leonard's mind, but as suddenly vanished. His father! Impossible. His father must have deliberately wronged the dead mother. And was Harley L'Estrange a man capable of such wrong? And had he been Harley's son, would not Harley have guessed it at once, and so guessing, have owned and claimed him? Besides, Lord L'Estrange looked so young;—old enough to be Leonard's father!—he could not entertain the idea. He roused himself, and said falteringly—

"You told me you did not know by what name I should call my father."

"And I told you the truth, to the best of my belief."

"By your honor, sir?"

"By my honor, I do not know it."

There was now a long silence. The carriage had long left London, and was on a high-road somewhat lonelier and more free from houses than most of those which form the entrances to the huge city. Leonard gazed wistfully from the window, and the objects that met his eyes gradually seemed to appeal to his memory. Yes! it was the road by which he had first approached the metropolis, hand-in-hand with Helen—and hope so busy at his poet's heart. He sighed deeply. He thought he would willingly have resigned all he had won—independence, fame, all—to feel again the clasp of that tender hand—again to be the sole protector of that gentle life.

The Doctor's voice broke on his reverie. "I am going to see a very interesting patient—coats to his stomach quite worn out, sir—man of great learning, with a very inflamed cerebellum. I can't do him much good, and he does me a great deal of harm."

"How harm?" asked Leonard, with an effort at some rejoinder.

"Hits me on the heart, and makes my eyes water—very pathetic case—grand creature, who has thrown himself away. Found him given over by the allopathists, and in a high state of *delirium tremens*—restored him for a time—took a great liking to him—could not help it—swallowed a great many globules to harden myself against him—would not do—brought him over to England with the other patients, who all pay me well (except Captain Higginbotham). But this poor fellow pays me nothing—costs me a great deal in time and turnpikes, and board and lodging. Thank Heaven I'm a single man, and can afford it! My poy, I would let all the other patients go to the allopathists if I could but save this poor, big, penniless, princely fellow. But what can one do with a stomach that has not a rag of its coat left? Stop—(the Doctor pulled the check-string). This is the stile. I get out here and go across the fields."

That stile—those fields—with what distinctness Leonard remembered them. Ah, where was Helen? Could she ever, ever again be his child-angel?"

"I will go with you, if you permit," said he to the good Doctor. "And while you pay your visit, I will saunter by a little brook that I think must run by your way."

"The Brent—you know that brook? Ah, you should hear my poor patient talk of it, and of the hours he has spent angling in it—you would not know whether to laugh or cry. The first day he was brought down to the place, he wanted to go out and try once more, he said, for his old deluding demon—a one-eyed perch."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonard, "are you speaking of John Burley?"

"To be sure, that is his name—John Burley."

"Oh, has it come to this? Cure him, save him, if it be in human power. For the last two years I have sought his trace every where, and in vain, the moment I had money of my own—a home of my own. Poor, €-ring, glorious Bur-

ley. Take me to him. Did you say there was no hope?"

"I did not say that," replied the Doctor. "But art can only assist nature; and, though nature is ever at work to repair the injuries we do to her, yet, when the coats of a stomach are all gone, she gets puzzled, and so do I. You must tell me another time how you came to know Burley, for here we are at the house, and I see him at the window looking out for me."

The Doctor opened the garden-gate to the quiet cottage to which poor Burley had fled from the pure presence of Leonard's child-angel. And with heavy step, and heavy heart, Leonard mournfully followed, to behold the wrecks of him whose wit had glorified orgy, and "set the table in a roar."—Alas, poor Yorick!

CHAPTER V.

AUDLEY EGERTON stands on his hearth alone. During the short interval that has elapsed since we last saw him, events had occurred memorable in English history, wherewith we have naught to do in a narrative studiously avoiding all party politics even when treating of politicians. The new Ministers had stated the general programme of their policy, and introduced one measure in especial that had lifted them at once to the dizzy height of popular power. But it became clear that this measure could not be carried without a fresh appeal to the people. A dissolution of Parliament, as Audley's sagacious experience had foreseen, was inevitable. And Audley Egerton had no chance of return for his own seat—for the great commercial city identified with his name. Oh sad, but not rare instance of the mutabilities of that same popular favor now enjoyed by his successors! The great commoner, the weighty speaker, the expert man of business, the statesman who had seemed a type of the practical steady sense for which our middle class is renowned—he who, not three years since, might have had his honored choice of the largest popular constituencies in the kingdom—he, Audley Egerton, knew not one single town (free from the influences of private property or interest) in which the obscurest candidate, who bawled out for the new popular measure, would not have beaten him hollow. Where one popular hustings, on which that great sonorous voice that had stilled so often the roar of faction, would not be drowned amid the hoots of the scornful mob?

True, what were called the close boroughs still existed—true, many a chief of his party would have been too proud of the honor of claiming Audley Egerton for his nominee. But the ex-Minister's haughty soul shrunk from this contrast to his past position. And to fight against the popular measure, as member of one of the seats most denounced by the people—he felt it was a post in the grand army of parties below his dignity to occupy, and foreign to his peculiar mind, which required the sense of consequence and station. And if, in a few months, these seats were swept away—were annihilated from the rolls of

Parliament—where was he? Moreover, Egerton, emancipated from the trammels that had bound his will while his party was in office, desired, in the turn of events, to be nominee of no other man—desired to stand at least freely and singly on the ground of his own services, be guided by his own penetration; no law for action, but his strong sense and his stout English heart. Therefore he had declined all offers from those who could still bestow seats in Parliament. Those he could purchase with hard gold were yet open to him. And the £5000 he had borrowed from Levy were yet untouched.

To this lone public man, public life, as we have seen, was the all in all. But now more than ever it was vital to his very wants. Around him yawned ruin. He knew that it was in Levy's power at any moment to foreclose on his mortgaged lands—to pour in the bonds and the bills which lay within those rosewood receptacles that lined the fatal lair of the sleek usurer—to seize on the very house in which now moved all the pomp of a retinue that vied with the *vale-taille* of dukes—to advertise for public auction, under execution, "the costly effects of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton." But, consummate in his knowledge of the world, Egerton felt assured that Levy would not adopt these measures against him while he could still tower in the van of political war—while he could still see before him the full chance of restoration to power, perhaps to power still higher than before—perhaps to power the highest of all beneath the throne. That Levy, whose hate he divined, though he did not conjecture all its causes, had hitherto delayed even a visit, even a menace, seemed to him to show that Levy still thought him one "to be helped," or, at least, one too powerful to crush. To secure his position in Parliament unshackled, unfallen, if but for another year—new combinations of party might arise, new reactions take place in public opinion! And, with his hand pressed to his heart, the stern, firm man muttered: "If not, I ask but to die in my harness, and that men may not know that I am a pauper, until all that I need from my country is a grave."

Scarce had these words died upon his lips ere two quick knocks in succession resounded at the street-door. In another moment Harley entered, and, at the same time, the servant in attendance approached Audley, and announced Baron Levy.

"Beg the Baron to wait, unless he would prefer to name his own hour to call again," answered Egerton, with the slightest possible change of color. "You can say I am now with Lord L'Estrange."

"I had hoped you had done forever with that deluder of youth," said Harley, as soon as the groom of the chambers had withdrawn. "I remember that you saw too much of him in the gay time, ere wild oats are sown; but now surely you can never need a loan; and if so, is not Harley L'Estrange by your side?"

EGERTON.—"My dear Harley! doubtless he but comes to talk to me of some borough. He

has much to do with those delicate negotiations."

HARLEY.—"And I have come on the same business. I claim the priority. I not only hear in the world, but I see by the papers, that Josiah Jenkins, Esq., known to fame as an orator who leaves out his h's, and young Lord Willoughby Whiggolin, who is just now made a Lord of the Admiralty, because his health is too delicate for the army, are certain to come in for the city which you and your present colleague will as certainly vacate. That is true, is it not?"

EGERTON.—"My old committee now vote for Jenkins and Whiggolin. And I suppose there will not be even a contest. Go on."

"So my father and I are agreed that you must condescend, for the sake of old friendship, to be once more member for Lansmere!"

"Harley," exclaimed Egerton, changing countenance far more than he had done at the announcement of Levy's portentous visit—"Harley—No, no!"

"No! But why? Wherefore such emotion?" asked L'Estrange in surprise.

Audley was silent.

HARLEY.—"I suggested the idea to two or three of the late Ministers; they all concur in advising you to accede. In the first place, if declining to stand for the place which tempted you from Lansmere, what more natural than that you should fall back on that earlier representation? In the second place, Lansmere is neither a rotten borough, to be bought, nor a close borough, under one man's nomination. It is a tolerably large constituency. My father, it is true, has considerable interest in it, but only what is called the legitimate influence of property. At all events, it is more secure than a contest for a larger town, more dignified than a seat for a smaller. Hesitating still? Even my mother entreats me to say how she desires you to renew that connection."

"Harley," again exclaimed Egerton; and, fixing upon his friend's earnest face, eyes which, when softened by emotion, were strangely beautiful in their expression: "Harley, if you could but read my heart at this moment, you would—you would—" His voice faltered, and he fairly bent his proud head upon Harley's shoulder; grasping the hand he had caught, nervously, clingly: "Oh, Harley, if I ever lose your love, your friendship!—nothing else is left to me in the world."

"Audley, my dear, dear Audley, is it you who speak to me thus? You, my school friend, my life's confidant—you?"

"I am grown very weak and foolish," said Egerton, trying to smile. "I do not know myself. I, too, whom you have so often called 'Stoic,' and likened to the Iron Man in the poem, which you used to read by the river-side at Eton."

"But even then, my Audley, I knew that a warm human heart (do what you would to keep it down) beat strong under the iron ribs. And I

often marvel now, to think you have gone through life so free from the wilder passions. Happier so!"

Egerton, who had turned his face from his friend's gaze, remained silent for a few moments, and he then sought to divert the conversation, and roused himself to ask Harley how he had succeeded in his views upon Beatrice, and his watch on the Count.

"With regard to Peschiera," answered Harley, "I think we must have overrated the danger we apprehended, and that his wagers were but an idle boast. He has remained quiet enough, and seems devoted to play. His sister has shut her doors both on myself and my young associate during the last few days. I almost fear that, in spite of very sage warnings of mine, she must have turned his poet's head, and that either he has met with some scornful rebuff to incautious admiration, or that he himself has grown aware of peril, and declines to face it; for he is very much embarrassed when I speak to him respecting her. But if the Count is not formidable, why, his sister is not needed: and I hope yet to get justice for my Italian friend through the ordinary channels. I have secured an ally in a young Austrian prince, who is now in London, and who has promised to back, with all his influence, a memorial I shall transmit to Vienna. *Apropos*, my dear Audley, now that you have a little breathing-time, you must fix an hour for me to present to you my young poet, the son of *her* sister. At moments the expression of his face is so like hers."

"Ay, ay," answered Egerton, quickly, "I will see him as you wish, but later. I have not yet that breathing-time you speak of; but you say he has prospered; and, with your friendship, he is secure from fortune. I rejoice to think so."

"And your own *protégé*, this Randal Leslie, whom you forbid me to dislike—hard task!—what has he decided?"

"To adhere to my fate. Harley, if it please heaven that I do not live to return to power, and provide adequately for that young man, do not forget that he clung to me in my fall."

"If he still cling to you faithfully, I will never forget it. I will forget only all that now makes me doubt him. But you talk of not living, Audley! Pooh!—your frame is that of a predestined octogenarian."

"Nay," answered Audley, "I was but uttering one of those vague generalities which are common upon all mortal lips. And now farewell—I must see this Baron."

"Not yet, until you have promised to consent to my proposal, and be once more member for Lansmere. Tut! don't shake your head. I can not be denied. I claim your promise in right of our friendship, and shall be seriously hurt if you even pause to reflect on it."

"Well, well, I know not how to refuse you, Harley; but you have not been to Lansmere yourself since—since that sad event. You must not revive the old wound—you must not go; and

—I own it, Harley; the remembrance of it pains even me. I would rather not go to Laansmere.”

“Ah! my friend, this is an excess of sympathy, and I can not listen to it. I begin even to blame my own weakness, and to feel that we have no right to make ourselves the soft slaves of the past.”

“You do appear to me of late to have changed,” cried Egerton, suddenly, and with a brightening aspect. “Do tell me that you are happy in the contemplation of your new ties—that I shall live to see you once more restored to your former self.”

“All I can answer, Audley,” said L’Estrange, with a thoughtful brow, “is, that you are right in one thing—I am changed; and I am struggling to gain strength for duty and for honor. Adieu! I shall tell my father that you accede to our wishes.”

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Harley was gone, Egerton sunk back on his chair, as if in extreme physical or mental exhaustion, all the lines of his countenance relaxed and jaded.

“To go back to that place—there—there—where—Courage, courage—what is another pang?”

He rose with an effort, and folding his arms tightly across his breast, paced slowly to and fro the large, mournful, solitary room. Gradually his countenance assumed its usual cold and austere composure—the secret eye, the guarded lip, the haughty collected front. The man of the world was himself once more.

“Now to gain time, and to baffle the usurer,” murmured Egerton, with that low tone of easy scorn, which bespoke consciousness of superior power and the familiar mastery over hostile natures. He rang the bell: the servant entered.

“Is Baron Levy still waiting?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Admit him.”

Levy entered.

“I beg your pardon, Levy,” said the ex-minister, “for having so long detained you. I am now at your commands.”

“My dear fellow,” returned the Baron, “no apologies between friends so old as we are; and I fear that my business is not so agreeable as to make you impatient to discuss it.”

EGERTON (with perfect composure).—“I am to conclude, then, that you wish to bring our accounts to a close. Whenever you will, Levy.”

THE BARON (disconcerted and surprised).—“*Peste! mon cher*, you take things coolly. But if our accounts are closed, I fear you will have but little to live upon.”

EGERTON.—“I can continue to live on the salary of a Cabinet Minister.”

BARON.—“Possibly; but you are no longer a Cabinet Minister.”

“EGERTON.—“You have never found me de-

ceived in a political prediction. Within twelve months (should life be spared to me) I shall be in office again. If the same to you, I would rather wait till then, formally and amicably to resign to you my lands and this house. If you grant that reprieve, our connection can thus close, without the *éclat* and noise, which may be invidious to you, as it would be disagreeable to me. But if that delay be inconvenient, I will appoint a lawyer to examine your accounts, and adjust my liabilities.”

THE BARON (soliloquizing).—“I don’t like this. A lawyer! That may be awkward.”

EGERTON (observing the Baron, with a curl of his lip).—“Well, Levy, how shall it be?”

THE BARON.—“You know, my dear fellow, it is not my character to be hard on any one, least of all upon an old friend. And if you really think there is a chance of your return to office, which you apprehend that an *esclandre* as to your affairs at present might damage, why, let us see if we can conciliate matters. But, first, *mon cher*, in order to become a Minister, you must at least have a seat in Parliament; and, pardon me the question, how the deuce are you to find one?”

EGERTON.—“It is found.”

THE BARON.—“Ah, I forgot the £5000 you last borrowed.”

EGERTON.—“No; I reserve that sum for another purpose.”

THE BARON (with a forced laugh).—“Perhaps to defend yourself against the actions you apprehend from me?”

EGERTON.—“You are mistaken. But to soothe your suspicions, I will tell you plainly, that finding any sum I might have insured on my life would be liable to debts pre-incurred, and (as you will be my sole creditor) might thus at my death pass back to you; and doubting whether, indeed, any office would accept my insurance, I appropriate that sum to the relief of my conscience. I intend to bestow it, while yet in life, upon my late wife’s kinsman, Randal Leslie. And it is solely the wish to do what I consider an act of justice, that has prevailed with me to accept a favor from the hands of Harley L’Estrange, and to become again the member for Lansmere.”

THE BARON.—“Ha!—Lansmere! You will stand for Lansmere?”

EGERTON (wincing).—“I propose to do so?”

THE BARON.—“I believe you will be opposed, subjected to even a sharp contest. Perhaps you may lose your election.”

EGERTON.—“If so, I resign myself, and you can foreclose on my estates.”

THE BARON (his brow coloring).—“Look you, Egerton, I shall be too happy to do you a favor.”

EGERTON (with stateliness).—“Favor! No, Baron Levy, I ask from you no favor. Dismiss all thought of rendering me one. It is but a consideration of business on both sides. If you think it better that we shall at once settle our accounts, my lawyer shall investigate them. If you agree to the delay I request, my lawyer shall give you

no trouble; and all that I have, except hope and character, pass to your hands without a struggle."

THE BARON.—"Inflexible and ungracious, favor or not—put it as you will—I accede, provided, first, that you allow me to draw up a fresh deed, which will accomplish your part of the compact; and secondly, that we saddle the proposed delay with the condition that you do not lose your election."

EGERTON.—"Agreed. Have you any thing further to say?"

THE BARON.—"Nothing, except that, if you require more money, I am still at your service."

EGERTON.—"I thank you. No; I owe no man aught except yourself. I shall take the occasion of my retirement from office to reduce my establishment. I have calculated already, and provided for the expenditure I need, up to the date I have specified, and I shall have no occasion to touch the £5000 that I still retain."

"Your young friend, Mr. Leslie, ought to be very grateful to you," said the Baron, rising. "I have met him in the world—a lad of much promise and talent. You should try and get him also into Parliament."

EGERTON (thoughtfully).—"You are a good judge of the practical abilities and merits of men, as regards worldly success. Do you really think Randal Leslie calculated for public life—for a Parliamentary career?"

THE BARON.—"Indeed I do."

EGERTON (speaking more to himself than Levy).—"Parliament without fortune—'tis a sharp trial; still he is prudent, abstemious, energetic, persevering; and at the onset, under my auspices and advice, he might establish a position beyond his years."

THE BARON.—"It strikes me that we might possibly get him into the next Parliament; or, as that is not likely to last long, at all events into the Parliament to follow—not for one of the boroughs which will be swept away, but for a permanent seat, and without expense."

EGERTON.—"Ay—and how?"

THE BARON.—"Give me a few days to consider. An idea has occurred to me. I will call again if I find it practicable. Good day to you, Egerton, and success to your election for Lansmere."

CHAPTER VII.

PESCHIERA had not been so inactive as he had appeared to Harley and the reader. On the contrary, he had prepared the way for his ultimate design, with all the craft and the unscrupulous resolution which belonged to his nature. His object was to compel Riccabocca into assenting to the Count's marriage with Violante, or, failing that, to ruin all chance of his kinsman's restoration. Quietly and secretly he had sought out, among the most needy and unprincipled of his own countrymen, those whom he could suborn to depose to Riccabocca's participation in plots and

conspiracies against the Austrian dominions. These his former connection with the Carbonari enabled him to track in their refuge in London; and his knowledge of the characters he had to deal with fitted him well for the villainous task he undertook.

He had, therefore, already collected witnesses sufficient for his purposes, making up in number for their defects in quality. Meanwhile, he had (as Harley had suspected he would) set spies upon Randal's movements; and the day before that young traitor confided to him Violante's retreat, he had, at least, got scent of her father's.

The discovery that Violante was under a roof so honored, and seemingly so safe as Lord Lansmere's, did not discourage this bold and desperate adventurer. We have seen him set forth to reconnoitre the house at Knightsbridge. He had examined it well, and discovered the quarter which he judged favorable to a *coup-de-main*, should that become necessary.

Lord Lansmere's house and grounds were surrounded by a wall, the entrance being to the high-road, and by a porter's lodge. At the rear there lay fields crossed by a lane or by-road. To these fields a small door in the wall, which was used by the gardeners in passing to and from their work, gave communication. This door was usually kept locked; but the lock was of the rude and simple description common to such entrances, and easily opened by a skeleton key. So far there was no obstacle which Peschiera's experience in conspiracy and gallantry did not disdain as trivial. But the Count was not disposed to abrupt and violent means in the first instance. He had a confidence in his personal gifts, in his address, in his previous triumphs over the sex, which made him naturally desire to hazard the effect of a personal interview; and on this he resolved with his wonted audacity. Randal's description of Violante's personal appearance, and such suggestions as to her character, and the motives most likely to influence her actions, as that young lynx-eyed observer could bestow, were all that the Count required of present aid from his accomplice.

Meanwhile we return to Violante herself. We see her now seated in the gardens at Knightsbridge, side by side with Helen. The place was retired, and out of sight from the windows of the house.

VIOLANTE.—"But why will you not tell me more of that early time? You are less communicative even than Leonard."

HELEN (looking down, and hesitatingly).—"Indeed there is nothing to tell you that you do not know; and it is so long since, and things are so changed now."

The tone of the last words was mournful, and the words ended with a sigh.

VIOLANTE (with enthusiasm).—"How I envy you that past which you treat so lightly! To have been something, even in childhood, to the formation of a noble nature; to have borne on those slight shoulders half the load of a man's grand labor. And now to see Genius moving aim in its clear

career; and to say inly, "Of that genius I am a part!"

HELEN (sadly and humbly).—"A part! Oh, no! A part? I don't understand you."

VIOLANTE.—"Take the child Beatrice from Dante's life, and should we have a Dante? What is a poet's genius but the voice of its emotions? All things in life and in Nature influence genius; but what influences it the most, are its sorrows and affections."

Helen looks softly into Violante's eloquent face, and draws nearer to her in tender silence.

VIOLANTE (suddenly).—"Yes, Helen, yes—I know by my own heart how to read yours. Such memories are ineffaceable. Few guess what strange self-weavers of our own destinies we women are in our veriest childhood!" She sunk her voice into a whisper: "How could Leonard fail to be dear to you—dear as you to him—dearer than all others?"

HELEN (shrinking back, and greatly disturbed).—"Hush, hush! you must not speak to me thus; it is wicked—I can not bear it. I would not have it be so—it must not be—it can not!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, and then lifted her face, and the face was very sad, but very calm.

VIOLANTE (twining her arm round Helen's waist).—"How have I wounded you?—how offended? Forgive me—but why is this wicked? Why must it not be? Is it because he is below you in birth?"

HELEN.—No, no—I never thought of that. And what am I? Don't ask me—I can not answer. You are wrong, quite wrong, as to me. I can only look on Leonard as—as a brother. But—but, you can speak to him more freely than I can. I would not have him waste his heart on me, nor yet think me unkind and distant, as I seem. I know not what I say. But—but—break to him—indirectly—gently—that duty in both forbids us both to—to be more than friends—than—"

"Helen, Helen!" cried Violante, in her warm, generous passion, "your heart betrays you in every word you say. You weep; lean on me, whisper to me; why—why is this? Do you fear that your guardian would not consent? He not consent! He who—"

HELEN.—"Cease—cease—cease."

VIOLANTE.—"What! You can fear Harley—Lord L'Estrange? Fie; you do not know him."

HELEN (rising suddenly).—"Violante, hold; I am engaged to another."

Violante rose also, and stood still, as if turned to stone; pale as death, till the blood came, at first slowly, then with suddenness from her heart, and one deep glow suffused her whole countenance. She caught Helen's hand firmly, and said, in a hollow voice—

"Another! Engaged to another! One word, Helen—not to him—not to—Harley—to—"

"I can not say—I must not. I have promised," cried poor Helen, and as Violante let fall her hand, she hurried away.

Violante sat down, mechanically. She felt as if stunned by a mortal blow. She closed her eyes and breathed hard. A deadly faintness seized her; and when it passed away, it seemed to her as if she were no longer the same being, nor the world around her the same world—as if she were but one sense of intense, hopeless misery, and as if the universe were but one inanimate void. So strangely immaterial are we really—we human beings, with flesh and blood—that if you suddenly abstract from us but a single, impalpable, airy thought, which our souls have cherished, you seem to curdle the air, to extinguish the sun, to snap every link that connects us to matter, and to benumb every thing into death, except woe.

And this warm, young, southern nature, but a moment before was so full of joy and life, and vigorous, lofty hope. It never till now had known its own intensity and depth. The virgin had never lifted the veil from her own soul of woman. What, till then, had Harley L'Estrange been to Violante? An ideal—a dream of some imagined excellence—a type of poetry in the midst of the common world. It had not been Harley the Man—it had been Harley the Phantom. She had never said to herself, "He is identified with my love, my hopes, my home, my future." How could she? Of such, he himself had never spoken; an internal voice, indeed, had vaguely yet irresistibly whispered to her that, despite his light words, his feelings toward her were grave and deep. O false voice! how it had deceived her. Her quick convictions seized the all that Helen had left unsaid. And now suddenly she felt what it is to love, and what it is to despair. So she sat, crushed and solitary, neither murmuring nor weeping, only now and then passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away some cloud that would not be dispersed; or heaving a deep sigh, as if to throw off some load that no time henceforth could remove. There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over; no matter what else changes, that which I have made my all is gone evermore—evermore." And our own thought rings back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As Violante thus sat, a stranger, passing stealthily through the trees, stood between herself and the evening sun. She saw him not. He paused a moment, and then spoke low, in her native tongue, addressing her by the name which she had borne in Italy. He spoke as a relation, and excused his intrusion: "For," said he, "I come to suggest to the daughter the means by which she can restore to her father his country and his honors."

At the word "father" Violante roused herself, and all her love for that father rushed back upon her with double force. It does so ever—we love most our parents at the moment when some tie

less holy is abruptly broken; and when the conscience says, "*There*, at least, is a love that never has deceived thee!"

She saw before her a man of mild aspect and princely form. Peschiera (for it was he) had banished from his dress, as from his countenance, all that betrayed the worldly levity of his character. He was acting a part, and he dressed and looked it.

"My father!" she said quickly, and in Italian. "What of him? And who are you, signior? I know you not."

Peschiera smiled benignly, and replied in a tone in which great respect was softened by a kind of parental tenderness.

"Suffer me to explain, and listen to me while I speak." Then quietly seating himself on the bench beside her, he looked into her eyes, and resumed.

"Doubtless you have heard of the Count di Peschiera?"

VIOLANTE.—"I heard that name, as a child, when in Italy. And when she with whom I then dwelt (my father's aunt), fell ill and died, I was told that my home in Italy was gone, that it had passed to the Count di Peschiera—my father's foe."

PESCHIERA.—"And your father, since then, has taught you to hate this fancied foe?"

VIOLANTE.—"Nay; my father did but forbid me ever to breathe his name."

PESCHIERA.—"Alas! what years of suffering and exile might have been saved your father, had he but been more just to his early friend and kinsman; nay, had he but less cruelly concealed the secret of his retreat. Fair child, I am that Giulio Franzini, that Count di Peschiera. I am the man you have been told to regard as your father's foe. I am the man on whom the Austrian emperor bestowed his lands. And now judge if I am in truth the foe. I have come hither to seek your father, in order to dispossess myself of my sovereign's gift. I have come but with one desire, to restore Alphonso to his native land, and to surrender the heritage that was forced upon me."

VIOLANTE.—"My father, my dear father! His grand heart will have room once more. Oh! this is noble enmity, true revenge. I understand it, signior, and so will my father, for such would have been his revenge on you. You have seen him?"

PESCHIERA.—"No, not yet. I would not see him till I had seen yourself; for you, in truth, are the arbiter of his destinies, as of mine."

VIOLANTE.—"I—Count? I—arbiter of my father's destinies? Is it possible?"

PESCHIERA (with a look of compassionate admiration, and in a tone yet more emphatically parental)—"How lovely is that innocent joy; but do not indulge it yet. Perhaps it is a sacrifice which is asked from you—a sacrifice too hard to bear. Do not interrupt me. Listen still, and you will see why I could not speak to your father until I had obtained an interview with

yourself. See why a word from you may continue still to banish me from his presence. You know, doubtless, that your father was one of the chiefs of a party that sought to free Northern Italy from the Austrians. I myself was at the onset a warm participator in that scheme. In a sudden moment I discovered that some of its more active projectors had coupled with a patriotic enterprise schemes of a dark nature—and that the conspiracy itself was about to be betrayed to the government. I wished to consult with your father; but he was at a distance. I learned that his life was condemned. Not an hour was to be lost. I took a bold resolve, that has exposed me to his suspicious, and to my country's wrath. But my main idea was to save him, my early friend, from death, and my country from fruitless massacre. I withdrew from the intended revolt. I sought at once the head of the Austrian government in Italy, and made terms for the lives of Alphonso, and of the other more illustrious chiefs, which otherwise would have been forfeited. I obtained permission to undertake myself the charge of securing my kinsman in order to place him in safety, and to conduct him to a foreign land, in an exile that would cease when the danger was dispelled. But unhappily he deemed that I only sought to destroy him. He fled from my friendly pursuit. The soldiers with me were attacked by an intermeddling Englishman; your father escaped from Italy—concealing his retreat; and the character of his flight counteracted my efforts to obtain his pardon. The government conferred on me half his revenues, holding the other at its pleasure. I accepted the offer to save his whole heritage from confiscation. That I did not convey to him, what I pined to do—viz., the information that I held but in trust what was bestowed by the government, and the full explanation of what seemed blamable in my conduct—was necessarily owing to the secrecy he maintained. I could not discover his refuge; but I never ceased to plead for his recall. This year only I have partially succeeded. He can be restored to his heritage and rank, on one proviso—a guarantee for his loyalty. That guarantee the government has named: it is the alliance of his only child with one whom the government can trust. It was the interest of all Italian nobility, that the representation of a house so great falling to a female, should not pass away wholly from the direct line; in a word, that you should ally yourself with a kinsman. But one kinsman, and he the next in blood, presented himself. Brief—Alphonso regains all that he lost on the day in which his daughter gives her hand to Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera. Ah," continued the Count, mournfully, "you shrink—you recoil. He thus submitted to your choice is indeed unworthy of you. You are scarce in the spring of life. He is in its waning autumn. Youth loves youth. He does not aspire to your love. All that he can say is, love is not the only joy of the heart—it is joy to raise from ruin a beloved father—joy to restore

to a land poor in all but memories, a chief in whom it reverences a line of heroes. These are the joys I offer to you—you, a daughter, and an Italian maid. Still silent! Oh speak to me!"

Certainly this Count Peschiera knew well how woman is to be wooed and won; and never was woman more sensitive to those high appeals which most move all true earnest womanhood, than was the young Violante. Fortune favored him in the moment chosen. Harley was wrenched away from her hopes, and love a word erased from her language. In the void of the world, her father's image alone stood clear and visible. And she who from infancy had so pined to serve that father, who had first learned to dream of Harley as that father's friend! She could restore to him all for which the exile sighed; and by a sacrifice of self! Self-sacrifice, ever in itself such a temptation to the noble! Still, in the midst of the confusion and disturbance of her mind, the idea of marriage with another seemed so terrible and revolting, that she could not at once conceive it; and still that instinct of openness and honor, which pervaded all her character, warned even her inexperience that there was something wrong in this clandestine appeal to herself.

Again the Count besought her to speak; and with an effort she said, irresolutely—

"If it be as you say, it is not for me to answer you; it is for my father."

"Nay," replied Peschiera. "Pardon, if I contradict you. Do you know so little of your father as to suppose that he will suffer his interest to dictate to his pride. He would refuse, perhaps, even to receive my visit—to hear my explanations; but certainly he would refuse to buy back his inheritance by the sacrifice of his daughter to one whom he has deemed his foe, and whom the mere disparity of years would incline the world to say he had made the barter of his personal ambition. But if I could go to him sanctioned by you—if I could say, Your daughter overlooks what the father might deem an obstacle—she has consented to accept my hand of her own free choice—she unites her happiness, and blends her prayers, with mine—then, indeed, I could not fail of success: and Italy would pardon my errors, and bless your name. Ah! Signorina, do not think of me save as an instrument toward the fulfillment of duties so high and sacred—think but of your ancestors, your father, your native land, and reject not the proud occasion to prove how you revere them all!"

Violante's heart was touched at the right chord. Her head rose—her color came back to her pale cheek—she turned the glorious beauty of her countenance toward the wily tempter. She was about to answer, and to seal her fate, when at that instant Harley's voice was heard at a little distance, and Nero came bounding toward her, and thrust himself, with rough familiarity, between herself and Peschiera. The Count drew back, and Violante, whose eyes were still fixed on his face, started at the change that passed there. One quick gleam of rage sufficed in an instant to

light up the sinister secrets of his nature—it was the face of the baffled gladiator. He had time but for few words.

"I must not be seen here," he muttered; "but to-morrow—in these gardens—about this hour. I implore you, for the sake of your father—his hopes, fortunes, his very life, to guard the secret of this interview—to meet me again. Adieu!"

He vanished amidst the trees, and was gone—noiselessly, mysteriously, as he had come.

CHAPTER IX.

THE last words of Peschiera were still ringing in Violante's ears when Harley appeared in sight, and the sound of his voice dispelled the vague and dreamy stupor which had crept over her senses. At that voice there returned the consciousness of a mighty loss, the sting of an intolerable anguish. To meet Harley there, and thus, seemed impossible. She turned abruptly away, and hurried toward the house. Harley called to her by name, but she would not answer, and only quickened her steps. He paused a moment in surprise, and then hastened after her.

"Under what strange taboo am I placed?" said he gayly, as he laid his hand on her shrinking arm. "I inquire for Helen—she is ill, and can not see me. I come to sun myself in your presence, and you fly me as if gods and men had set their mark on my brow. Child!—child!—what is this? You are weeping?"

"Do not stay me now—do not speak to me," answered Violante through her stifling sobs, as she broke from his hand and made toward the house.

"Have you a grief, and under the shelter of my father's roof? A grief that you will not tell to me? Cruel!" cried Harley, with inexpressible tenderness of reproach in his soft tones.

Violante could not trust herself to reply. Ashamed of her self-betrayal—softened yet more by his pleading voice—she could have prayed to the earth to swallow her. At length, checking back her tears by a heroic effort, she said, almost calmly, "Noble friend, forgive me. I have no grief, believe me, which—which I can tell to you. I was but thinking of my poor father when you came up; alarming myself about him, it may be, with vain superstitious fears; and so—even a slight surprise—your abrupt appearance, has sufficed to make me thus weak and foolish; but I wish to see my father!—to go home—home!"

"Your father is well, believe me, and pleased that you are here. No danger threatens him; and you, *here*, are safe."

"I safe—and from what?"

Harley mused irresolute. He inclined to confide to her the danger which her father had concealed; but had he the right to do so against her father's will?

"Give me," he said, "time to reflect, and to obtain permission to intrust you with a secret which, in my judgment, you should know. Meanwhile, this much I may say, that rather than you should incur the danger that I believe

he exaggerates, your father would have given you a protector—even in Randal Leslie.”

Violante started.

“But,” resumed Harley, with a calm, in which a certain deep mournfulness was apparent, unconsciously to himself—“but I trust you are reserved for a fairer fate, and a nobler spouse. I have vowed to live henceforth in the common workday world. But for you, bright child, for you, I am a dreamer still!”

Violante turned her eyes for one instant toward the melancholy speaker. The look thrilled to his heart. He bowed his face involuntarily. When he looked up, she had left his side. He did not this time attempt to follow her, but moved away and plunged amidst the leafless trees.

An hour afterward he re-entered the house, and again sought to see Helen. She had now recovered sufficiently to give him the interview he requested.

He approached her with a grave and serious gentleness.

“My dear Helen,” said he, “you have consented to be my wife, my life’s mild companion; let it be soon—soon—for I need you. I need all the strength of that holy tie. Helen, let me press you to fix the time.”

“I owe you too much,” answered Helen, looking down, “to have a will but yours. But your mother,” she added, perhaps clinging to the idea of some reprieve—“your mother has not yet—”

“My mother—true. I will speak first to her. You shall receive from my family all honor due to your gentle virtues. Helen, by the way, have you mentioned to Violante the bond between us?”

“No—that is, I fear I may have unguardedly betrayed it, against Lady Lansmere’s commands too—but—but—”

“So, Lady Lansmere forbade you to name it to Violante. This should not be. I will answer for her permission to revoke that interdict. It is due to Violante and to you. Tell your young friend all. Ah, Helen, if I am at times cold or wayward, bear with me—bear with me; for you love me, do you not?”

CHAPTER X.

THAT same evening Randal heard from Levy (at whose house he staid late) of that self-introduction to Violante which (thanks to his skeleton-key) Peschiera had contrived to effect; and the Count seemed more than sanguine—he seemed assured as to the full and speedy success of his matrimonial enterprise. “Therefore,” said Levy, “I trust I may very soon congratulate you on the acquisition of your family estates.”

“Strange!” answered Randal, “strange that my fortunes seem so bound up with the fate of a foreigner like Beatrice di Negra and her connection with Frank Hazeldean.” He looked up at the clock as he spoke, and added—

“Frank, by this time, has told his father of his engagement.”

“And you feel sure that the Squire can not be coaxed into consent?”

“No; but I feel sure that the Squire will be so choleric at the first intelligence, that Frank will not have the self-control necessary for coaxing; and, perhaps, before the Squire can relent upon this point, he may, by some accident, learn his grievances on another, which would exasperate him still more.”

“Ay, I understand—the *post obit*?”

Randal nodded.

“And what then?” asked Levy.

“The next of kin to the lands of Hazeldean may have his day.”

The Baron smiled.

“You have good prospects in that direction, Leslie: look now to another. I spoke to you of the borough of Lansmere. Your patron, Audley Egerton, intends to stand for it.”

Randal’s heart had of late been so set upon other and more avaricious schemes, that a seat in Parliament had sunk into a secondary object; nevertheless, his ambitious and all-grasping nature felt a bitter pang, when he heard that Egerton thus interposed between himself and any chance of advancement.”

“So!” he muttered sullenly—“so. This man, who pretends to be my benefactor, squanders away the wealth of my forefathers—throws me penniless on the world; and, while still encouraging me to exertion and public life, robs me himself of—”

“No!” interrupted Levy—“not robs you; we may prevent that. The Lansmere interest is not so strong in the borough as Dick Avenel’s.”

“But I can not stand against Egerton.”

“Assuredly not—you may stand with him.”

“How.”

“Dick Avenel will never suffer Egerton to come in; and though he can not, perhaps, carry two of his own politics, he can split his votes upon you.”

Randal’s eyes flashed. He saw at a glance, that if Avenel did not overrate the relative strength of parties, his seat could be secured.

“But,” he said, “Egerton has not spoken to me on such a subject; nor can you expect that he would propose to me to stand with him, if he foresaw the chance of being ousted by the very candidate he himself introduced.”

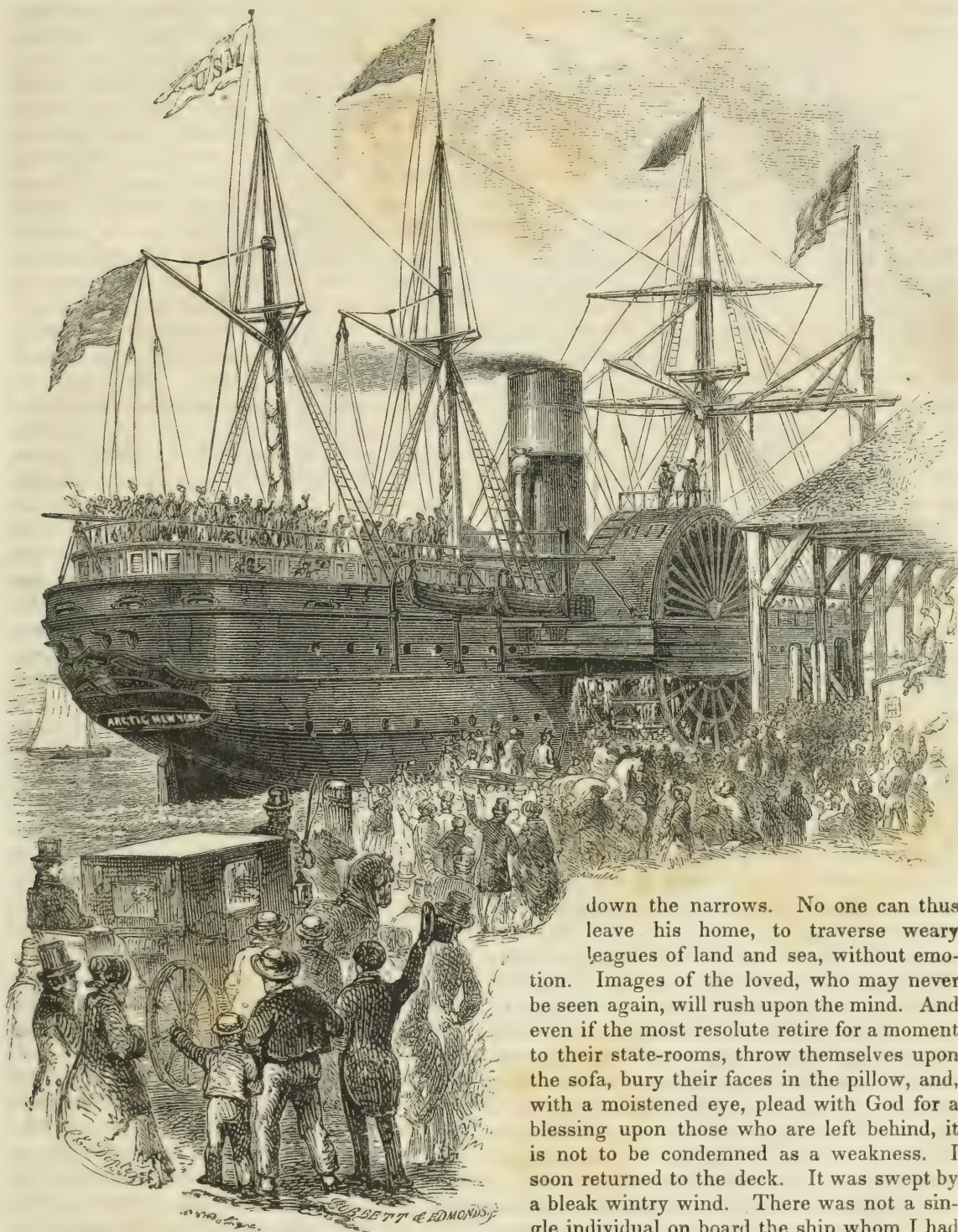
“Neither he nor his party will anticipate that possibility. If he ask you, agree to stand—leave the rest to me.”

“You must hate Egerton bitterly,” said Randal; “for I am not vain enough to think that you thus scheme but from pure love to me.”

“The motives of men are intricate and complicated,” answered Levy, with unusual seriousness. “It suffices to the wise to profit by the actions, and leave the motives in shade.”

There was silence for some minutes. Then the two drew closer toward each other, and began to discuss details in their joint designs

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



OCEAN LIFE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

Sat. Eve, March 20, 1852. Atlantic Ocean.

AT precisely seven minutes after 12 o'clock to-day, the steamer Arctic left New York for Liverpool. Our whole ship's company, passengers and crew, amounted to one hundred and eighty. The day was clear and cold. A strong north wind swept from the snow-clad hills over the rough bay. Icicles were pendent from the paddle-wheels, and the spray was freezing upon the decks. As the majestic steamship left the wharf, the crowd assembled there gave three cheers, and two guns were fired from on board. With the engines in active play, and our sails pressed by the fresh breeze, we passed rapidly

down the narrows. No one can thus leave his home, to traverse weary leagues of land and sea, without emotion. Images of the loved, who may never be seen again, will rush upon the mind. And even if the most resolute retire for a moment to their state-rooms, throw themselves upon the sofa, bury their faces in the pillow, and, with a moistened eye, plead with God for a blessing upon those who are left behind, it is not to be condemned as a weakness. I soon returned to the deck. It was swept by a bleak wintry wind. There was not a single individual on board the ship whom I had ever seen before. Taking a stand in the shelter of the enormous smoke-pipe, so vast that twenty men could with perfect convenience cluster under its lee, we watched the receding shores. At half past three o'clock the gong summoned us to a sumptuous dinner. Again returning to the deck we watched the dim outline of the land until it disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea. At seven o'clock we were again summoned to the tea-table. Returning to the deck, we found dark and gloomy night brooding over the ocean. The wind, though piercingly cold, was fresh and fair. The stars shone brilliantly through black masses of clouds. Our ship rose and fell as it plowed its way over the majestic billows of the Atlantic. Retiring to the dining-saloon,

which is brilliantly illuminated with carcel lamps, I commenced this journal. And now

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep."

Sabbath Eve, Mar. 21. Lat. $43^{\circ} 50'$. Long. $65^{\circ} 15'$.

Miles made at noon 300. We have had truly a magnificent Sabbath day. The sky has been cloudless, the wind fresh and favorable. At 12 o'clock each day the captain takes an observation to decide our latitude and longitude, and the number of miles the ship has made during the last twenty-four hours. The sea is rough, and it is more comfortable, or, rather, less uncomfortable to be upon deck than in the saloons. Sheltered in some degree by the smoke-pipe, round which the wind is ever circling, I have passed the weary hours of the monotonous day, looking out upon the solitary ocean and the silent sky; both impressive emblems of eternity and infinity. Toward night the wind changed into the east, and blew more freshly. Clouds gathered. Angry waves, black and foaming, swept madly by. The solitude of stormy night upon the ocean! What pen can describe? And yet who can be insensible to the luxury of that solitude—to its melancholy sublimity? As I now write, our ship plunges and rolls in the heavy sea, and a death-like nausea comes over me.

Monday Night, Mar. 22. Lat. $42^{\circ} 23'$. Long. $61^{\circ} 23'$.

Miles made 308. The malady of the sea drove me rather suddenly last night from my pen to the deck. But in an hour the clouds and the gust passed away. The stars came out in all their brilliance. The wind, however, has steadily increased, and it has been quite rough all day. Many are very sick, and nearly all are in a state of decided discomfort. There is an indescribable charm which the ocean has in its wide expanse, and in its solitude, and the imagination loves to revel in its wild scenes, but it is, even in its best estate, an uncomfortable place for the body to inhabit. Our most poetic descriptions of ocean life have been written in the enjoyment of warm and comfortable firesides on the land. Cushioned upon the parlor sofa, the idea is delightful, upon the ocean waves to be "borne like a bubble onward." But there is altogether too much prose in the reality. It is indeed "distance which lends enchantment to the view." Never did there float upon the ocean a more magnificent palace than that which now bears us. Our ship is two hundred and eighty-five feet in length, that is, nearly as long as four ordinary country churches. From the keel to the deck it is as high as a common five story house. Its width from the extremities of the paddle wheels is seventy-two feet, which is equal to length of most churches. The promenade deck, as we now sail, is as high above the water as the ridge-pole of an ordinary two story house. The dining-saloon is a large, airy, beautiful room, sixty-two feet long and thirty feet wide, with windows opening upon the ocean as pleasantly as those of any parlor, and where two hundred guests can dine luxuriously. The parlor or saloon is embellished in the very highest style of modern art. The walls are constructed

of the most highly polished satin-wood, and rose-wood, and decorated with paintings of the coats of arms of the various States of the Union. Magnificent mirrors, stained glass, silver plate, costly carpets, marble centre tables and pier tables, luxurious sofas and arm-chairs, and a profusion of rich gilding give an air of almost Oriental magnificence to a room one hundred feet in length and twenty-five feet in breadth. When this saloon is brilliantly lighted in the evening it is gorgeous in the extreme. The state-rooms are really *rooms*, provided with every comfort which can be desired. There are beds to accommodate two hundred passengers. Some of these rooms have large double beds with French bedsteads and rich curtains. There are nine cooks on board, whose united wages amount to over four thousand dollars a year. There is the head cook, and the second cook, and the baker, and the pastry cook, and the vegetable cook, &c. We have our butcher, our store-keeper, our porter, our steward. The ship's crew consists of one hundred and thirty-five men. There are four boilers, each heated by eight furnaces, and unitedly they consume eighty tons of coal a day. The two engines are of one thousand horsepower, and the weight of these enormous machines is eight hundred tons. Fifty-two men are constantly employed in their service. The ship carries about 3000 tons. From the waste steam 1500 gallons of pure soft water can be condensed each day. This wonderful floating palace, which is built as strongly as wood and iron can be put together, cost seven hundred thousand dollars. Even the ancients, endeavoring, with the imagination to form a craft worthy of Neptune, their god of the ocean, never conceived of a car so magnificent as this to be driven one thousand steeds in hand.

The United States have never yet done any thing which has contributed so much to their honor in Europe, as the construction of this Collins line of steamers. We have made a step in advance of the whole world. Nothing ever before floated equal to these ships. Their speed is in accordance with their magnificence. No one thinks of questioning their superiority. Every American abroad feels personally ennobled by them, and participates in his country's glory. There are four ships of this line, all of equal elegance—the Arctic, Baltic, Pacific, and Atlantic. It is not to be supposed that such ships should be immediately profitable to the owners. They were built for national glory.* They do exalt and honor our nation. How much more glorious is such a triumph of humanity and art, than any celebrity attained by the horrors and the misery of war. The English government liberally patronizes the Cunard line of steamers. This line now needs the patronage of the government of the United States. We had far better sink half a dozen of our ships of war, important as they may be, than allow these ships to be withdrawn.

Tuesday Night, Mar. 23, Lat. 44° , Long. $55^{\circ} 28'$.

Miles made, 278. We are now about 300 miles south of Nova Scotia, yet in the "lee of the

land," as one of our officers says. Toward morning we shall reach the western edge of the great bank of Newfoundland, which is about 200 miles broad. The wind is ahead, and the sea rolls in heavy billows. Our ship rises and plunges over these vast waves with much grandeur. It is majestically sickening, sublimely nauseating. The day is magnificent—clear, cloudless; and this fresh breeze upon the land would be highly invigorating. The ocean, in its solitude, spreads every where. We see no sails, no signs of life, except a few sea-fowl, skimming the cold and dreary waves. Though not absolutely sick, I am in that state that I must remain upon the wind and spray swept deck. We are now about a thousand miles from New York. On the whole, the discomfort of the voyage, thus far, has been less than I had anticipated. March is a cold and blustering month. We breakfast at eight o'clock, have an abundant lunch at twelve, dine at half-past three very sumptuously, take tea at seven, and those who wish it have supper at ten. The sun has gone down, the twilight has faded away, and night—cold, black, and stormy—has settled upon us. The wind is in the east, directly ahead; and, as we drive through it, it sweeps the deck with hurricane fury. I have been sitting upon deck, behind the smoke-pipe, around which the wind would most maliciously circle, till I was pierced through and through with the cold. Life upon the sea is indeed monotonous, as hour after hour, and day after day, lingers along, and you look out only upon the chill dreary expanse of wintry waves, and the silent or stormy sky. The sunset to-night was, however, magnificent in the extreme, and we made the most of it. As the sun sunk beneath the perfect horizon, it was expanded by the mist, and resembled one of the most magnificent domes of fire of which the imagination can conceive. We have the prospect of a stormy night. The saloon is brilliantly illumined, and ladies and gentlemen are reclining upon the sofas, some reading, but more pensively thinking of home and absent friends. The imagination in such hours will fondly run back to the fireside and the loved ones there. The voyager who has a home that is dear to him, pays a very high price for his enjoyments, he finds, in abandoning that home for the pleasures of the sea.

Wed. Morn., Mar. 24, Lat. 45° 39', Long. 49° 30'

Miles made, 270. We have now been out four days, and are 1156 miles on our way. The sun rose this morning bright and glorious. A strong east wind sweeps the ocean. The enormous billows rush by, crested with foam. Our ship struggles manfully against the opposing waves. The *log* is thrown every two hours, to ascertain our speed. Notwithstanding the head wind, we are advancing nine miles an hour. The breeze wails most doleful requiems through our rigging. We are now upon the banks of Newfoundland. During the day our upper saloon has looked like an elegant parlor, spacious and luxurious. The sun has shone in brightly through the windows upon the carpet. Still the ship pitches so vio-

lently that it is with no little difficulty that one staggers from place to place. During many hours of the day, I stood upon the deck, watching the black and raging sea. As the sun went down in clouds, and the darkness of a stormy night came on, it became necessary to *house* the topmast. It was fearful to see the sailors clinging to the ropes as the ship rolled to and fro in these vast billows. Suddenly there was a loud outcry, and terrific groans came from the topmast. A poor sailor had somehow got his arm caught, and it was being crushed amidst the ponderous spars, far up in the dark and stormy sky. O! how drearily those groans fell upon the ear. After some time he was extricated and helped down, and placed in the care of the surgeon. From this scene, so sad, so gloomy, I descended to the ladies' saloon. How great the transition! The gorgeous yet beautiful apartment was brilliant with light. Its ceiling richly carved and gilded, its walls of the most precious and highly polished woods, its mirrors, its luxurious furnishings, presented as cheerful a scene as the heart could crave. Taking a seat upon the sofa with one of the most accomplished and agreeable matrons I have ever met, I found the barometer of my spirits rapidly rising to the region of clear and fair. It was a happy hour. The dark sea, the storm, the night, all were forgotten, as in that beautiful saloon, in social converse, time flew on silken wings. It is now nearly eleven o'clock at night. I have just returned from the deck. It is sublimely gloomy there. We are pitching about so violently, that it is with the utmost difficulty that I write. Occasionally my inkstand takes a rapid slide across the table, when it is caught by a ledge, which prevents it from falling.

Thursday Night, Mar. 25. Lat. 47° 24'. Long. 43° 35'.

Miles passed 267. A dull easterly wind is still rolling a heavy sea against us which much retards our progress. The day has been cold, cloudy, and wet. Sheets of mist are sweeping over the sombre and solitary ocean. It has been so cold, even in the saloons, which are warmed by steam-pipes, that it has been necessary to sit with an overcoat on. It is estimated that we are now just about in the middle of the Atlantic. It is 3055 miles from New York to Liverpool, by the route which the steamers take. The difference in time between the two cities is 4 hours 55 minutes. The wind to-night is high, and the ocean rough. But in our beautiful parlor we have passed a pleasant evening. Nearly all have now become so accustomed to the motion of the ship, as to be social and agreeable. We have Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, on board, and all tongues are spoken. Our fellow-passengers are very pleasant and gentlemanly. Most of them appear to be clerks or younger partners in mercantile houses going out to make purchases. There is, however, an amazing fondness for champagne and tobacco. Were Byron here, he would, without doubt, correct his celebrated line, "Man, thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear," into, "Man, thou pendulum betwixt the wine glass and the cigar."

Friday Night, Mar. 26. Lat. 49° 38'. Long. 39° 57'.

Miles made 263. The wind still continues in the east, strong and cold. Nothing has occurred all day to break the monotony of ocean life. We are so far north that we meet no ships, and nothing relieves the dreary expanse of the dark clouds above and the angry waves below. Our ship plows her way majestically through these hostile billows.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The wide, the wild, the ever free."

"Oh!" said a gentleman this morning, as he looked out sadly upon the gloomy spectacle, "that is a fine song to sing *upon the land*." As our ship incessantly rises and plunges over these heavy swells, we become excessively weary of the ceaseless motion, even though no nausea is excited. One is often reminded of Madame de Staël's remark, that "traveling is the most painful of pleasures." Still, by reading a little, writing a little, talking a little, and thinking much, time passes quite rapidly. There are moments of exhilaration. There are hours of contentment. There are many hours of submissive endurance. Now and then there will come moments of sickness, and pain, and gloom, very nearly approaching to misery. It is, perhaps, not well to introduce the reader into these dark chambers of the soul. But, if untraveled can not know what life upon the ocean is. This evening we plunged quite suddenly into a dense fog-bank. No one can imagine a more desolate and dreary scene than the ocean now presents. The rain falls dripping upon the deck. The fog is so thick that you can see but a few feet before you. The stormy wind directly ahead, wails through our moaning shrouds. The sky is black and threatening. The angry waves with impotent fury dash against the sides of the ship. The gloom without is delightfully contrasted with the cheerful scene within. The saloon is brilliantly illuminated. Groups of ladies and gentlemen are gathered upon the sofas, some reading, some talking, some playing various games.

Saturday Night, Mar. 27. Lat. 50° 56'. Long. 30° 54'.

Miles passed 286. We are now 1962 miles from New York. We have been out just one week, and, for five days, we have had a strong head wind. To-day the wind has increased into a violent storm. The decks are swept with rain and spray. The ocean is white with foam. Our ship, enormous as it is, is tossed, like a bubble, upon these raging billows. You start to cross the saloon; a wave lifts the stern of the ship some twenty feet into the air, and you find yourself pitching down a steep hill. You lean back as far as possible to preserve your balance, when suddenly another wave, with gigantic violence, thrusts up the bows of the ship, and you have a precipitous eminence before you. Just as you are recovering from your astonishment, the ship takes a lurch, and, to your utter confusion, you find yourself floundering in a lady's lap, who happens to be reading upon a sofa on one side of the saloon. Hardly have you commenced

your apology ere another wave comes kindly to your rescue, and pitches you bodily out of the door. It is with the utmost difficulty that I write. I have, however, contrived to block up my inkstand with books, and, by clinging to the table, succeed in making these hieroglyphics, which I fear that the printer will hardly be able to read. Many are very sick and very miserable. I am in a state of submissive endurance. The reader, however, may be fully assured, that there are many positions far more agreeable than to be on the middle of the Atlantic ocean in a wet, easterly storm. Our noble ship is so magnificently strong, that we have no more sense of danger than when upon the land. There is something in this nausea, which seems to paralyze all one's mental energies. Never before have I found such an effort of *will* requisite to make any mental exertions. There was a portion of the evening, however, notwithstanding all these discomforts, passed very pleasantly away. In the boudoir-like magnificence of the ladies' saloon, with our excellent captain, and a few intelligent and pleasant companions, gentlemen and ladies, we almost forgot, for an hour, the storm and the gloom without, and conversed with just as much joyousness as if we had been in the most luxurious parlor on the land. These saloons, brilliantly lighted with carcel lamps, look far more gorgeous and imposing by night than by day. It is now eleven o'clock at night. Every other moment an enormous billow lifts us high into the air, and then we go down, down, down, exciting that peculiar sensation which I remember often to have had in my dreams, when a child. The scene from the deck is truly sublime. The howling of the tempest, the rush of the waves, the roar of the sea, the blackness of the night, the reflection that we are more than a thousand miles from any land, floating like a bubble upon the vast waves, all combine to invest this midnight hour upon the ocean with sublimity. The waves to-night will rock us to sleep, while the winds wail our mournful lullaby.

Sabbath Night, Mar. 28. Lat. 51°, Long. 25° 7'.

Miles made 219. Last night our easterly storm increased to a gale, and blew with hurricane fury. It was utterly impossible to sleep, we were all so rudely jostled in our berths. The motion of the ship was so great that we were in constant danger of being rolled from our beds upon the floor. Every timber in the iron-bound ship creaked and groaned, and occasionally a sea would strike our bows, which would make the whole fabric shiver. It was, indeed, an exercise in gymnastics to perform one's toilet this morning. Every thing which was not a fixture was rolling hither and thither. It was utterly impossible to stand for a single moment, without catching hold of something for support. The ship now keeling in one direction, now in another; at one time rising ten or fifteen feet into the air, and again as suddenly sinking; now, apparently stopping, as struck by a heavy sea, and again plunging forward with the most sudden and determined resolution, presented a series

of movements which defied all calculations. Early in the morning I clambered upon deck, and leaning against the mast, and clinging to the ropes, looked out upon the wild, wild scene. The roar of the gale through our shrouds was almost terrific. It seemed like the voice of an angry God. But five persons sat down at the breakfast-table at the usual hour. It was, indeed, a curiosity to see the waiters attempt to move about upon the unstable footing of our floor. One would take a cup of coffee, and, clinging to the side of the cabin, and carefully watching his opportunity, would dart toward a pillar, to which he would cling, until he was prepared to take another start. But with all his precautions, he would frequently be thrown upon one of the cushioned seats of the dining-room, and the liquid contents of his dishes would be any where. A gentleman would attempt to raise a cup of tea to his lips. Alas! there is many a slip. A sudden lurch of the ship ejects the hot beverage into his bosom instead of his mouth. It is almost dangerous to attempt to move about, you are thrown to and fro with so much violence. Everything is made fast which can be secured. It is a wild scene of uproar and confusion, and I have no desire again to witness a storm at sea. Nausea sadly detracts from all conceptions of the sublime. Very many are sick. I am very far from feeling comfortable. As I look around me upon this tumultuous scene, listening to the uproar of the elements, I feel how utterly impossible it is for the pen to communicate to the distant reader any idea of this midnight ocean-storm. By clinging to the table, so as to become, as it were, a part of it, I succeed, with much difficulty, in writing. The wind seems still to be rising as we advance into the hours of the night, and the ship struggles and plunges more and more violently. We have had a dismal, dismal day. There is no comfort any where. One can neither walk, nor stand, nor sit, nor lie. I have spent many hours of the day wrapped in my cloak, shivering upon the bleak and storm-swept deck. And now I dread to return to my state-room, for there can be no sleep upon these angry billows. The head aches, the stomach remonstrates. As the night, black and stormy, settled down upon the cold, bleak, wet deck, I thought of home, of the pleasant songs of our Sabbath evening, of those lines, written by a sainted one, and ever sung in the peaceful twilight of the Lord's day:

"Tis Sabbath eve and all is still,
Hushed is the passing throng,
Oh, Lord, our hearts with praises fill
And tune our lips to song."

I hummed the familiar tune, in the midst of the dirges of the ocean. And as memories of the past came rushing over me the subdued spirit vanquished the sternness of manhood. Who can not sympathize with the childish emotions of the pilgrim of three score years and ten, as he loved to place his gray hairs upon his pillow, and to repeat the infant prayer his mother taught him:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Monday Night, Mar. 29. Lat. 50° 52'. Long. 19° 35'.

Miles made 209. Toward morning the wind abated and *backed* round into the north, and with a clear sky and a fresh breeze, we bounded over the agitated ocean. About two o'clock, however, the wind returned again to the east, and dim masses of clouds were rolled up into the sky. The barometer rapidly fell, and we were threatened with another gale. The sea was rising, the rain beginning to fall, and the ship was rolling and pitching, each moment more heavily, in the waves. We plunged suddenly into a dense fog bank, and prepared for a dreary and stormy afternoon and night. But after two or three hours of cold, and wet and dismal sailing, we suddenly emerged from the fog bank, and came out into pleasant weather on the other side. The moon shone out resplendently. Just as the evening twilight was fading away we descried, far off in the northern horizon, a large steamship, undoubtedly the Africa, which left Liverpool yesterday. Two signal rockets were thrown up from our ship, but they were probably not seen, as we obtained no response. I was quite amused with a little incident which occurred this evening. A large party of gentlemen were clustered upon the deck, talking together. A ship was dimly discerned in the distance. A gentleman looked through the telescope at the faint speck in the horizon, and very confidently said, "It is an English ship." "How can you tell?" another inquired. "Because," he replied, "she has so little sail set. An American captain would have every sheet spread in such a wind as this." Some doubt was expressed whether one could thus accurately judge. "Ask the captain," said he, "whether that is an English or an American ship." The captain was at some distance from us, and had not heard our conversation. He had, however, silently examined the ship with his glass. "Captain," one called out, "what ship is that?" "It is an English ship," he quietly replied. "How can you tell?" was immediately asked. "Because," he answered, "she has so little sail spread. No Yankee would be creeping along at that pace in this breeze." It was afterward stated that the English captains are paid only while their ships are at sea, and that the payment is quite small. They are therefore rather under the inducement to make long voyages. The Americans, on the contrary, are paid while the ship is in port, and they drive their voyages with the utmost speed. Whether there be any foundation for this opinion, I know not. The incident however was quite interesting.

Tuesday Night, Mar. 30. Lat. 50° 53'. Long. 11° 54'.

Miles made 219. The captain informed us that we were 95 miles from Cape Clear at noon to-day, and that we might expect to see the coast of Ireland about six o'clock. The day has been magnificently beautiful. We have seen

many ships in the horizon, indicating that we were leaving the solitudes of the ocean behind us. Immediately after dinner all the passengers assembled upon deck to catch the first glimpse of land. At just a quarter before six o'clock we saw the highlands of the Irish coast looming through the haze before us. No one who has not crossed the ocean can conceive of the joyous excitement of the scene. All the discomfort of ocean life was forgotten in the exhilaration of the hour. As twilight faded away, the outline of the shore became more visible under the rays of a most brilliant moon. Soon the light from Cape Clear beamed brilliantly before us. It is now half-past ten o'clock at night, and the night is clear, serene, and gorgeously beautiful. The dim outline of the Irish coast looks dark and solitary. Upon those gloomy headlands, and in those sombre valleys what scenes of joy and woe have transpired during centuries which have lingered away. We are rapidly sailing up the channel, having still some two hundred and fifty miles to make, before we land in Liverpool. But our ocean life is ended. We have crossed the Atlantic. At seven o'clock to-morrow evening we expect to leave the ship.

Wednesday Night, March 31. Waterloo House, Liverpool, 12 o'clock.

This last day, much to my surprise, has been one of the most cheerless and disagreeable days of our whole voyage. A chilling east wind has swept the cold and foggy ocean. The decks were wet and slippery. Drops of water were falling upon us from the drenched shrouds. Nothing could be seen but the dense mist around us, and the foamy track of our majestic steamer. It was a great annoyance to think that, were the sky clear, we might be almost enchanted by the view of the green hills and the cottages of England. For a few moments, about noon, we caught a glimpse, through the sheet of mist sweeping the ocean, of the coast of Wales, but in a few moments the veil was again drawn over it, and wailing winds and rain and gloom again enveloped us. At about six o'clock in the evening we discerned, through the fog the steeples and the docks of Liverpool. The whole aspect of the scene was too dingy, wet, and sombre for either beauty or sublimity. We were long delayed in our attempts to get into the dock, and finally had to relinquish our endeavor for the night, and to cast anchor in the middle of the river. About half-past seven o'clock a small steamer came on board bringing several custom-house officers. All our trunks were placed in the dining-saloon in a row, and the officers employed three tedious hours in searching our trunks for contraband goods. Faithfully they did their duty. Every thing was examined. Many of our passengers were much annoyed and complained bitterly. I saw however, no disposition whatever, on the part of the custom-house, to cause any needless trouble. So far as I could judge they performed an unpleasant duty faithfully, and with as much courtesy as the nature of the case would allow. There is a very

heavy duty imposed upon tobacco and cigars. There is a strong disposition to smuggle both of these articles into the kingdom. If it is understood that writing desks are not to be unlocked, and that packages are not to be opened, and that the mere word of any stranger is to be taken, the law at once sinks into contempt. The long delay was tedious, very tedious; but the fault was ours. Had every man honestly, so arranged his trunk, as to show at once what was *dutyable*, the work might have been accomplished in one-third of the time. At eleven o'clock by a long step-ladder, we descended the sides of the ship to a little steamer, and were landed in the darkness of the fog upon the wet docks. Taking hacks, nearly all of our passengers soon found themselves in more comfortable quarters at the Waterloo Hotel. It is now midnight. Most of my companions are mirthfully assembled around the supper table. If songs and laughter constitute enjoyment, they are happy. I, in enjoyment more congenial with my feelings, am alone in my comfortable little chamber, in an English Inn, penning these last lines of our ocean life. But I can not close without a tribute of respect and gratitude to our most worthy commander, Capt. Luce. By his social qualities, and his untiring vigilance, he won the esteem of all in the ship. Our shipmates were friendly and courteous, and though of sundry nations, and creeds, and tongues, dwelt together in singular harmony.

Reader, forgive me for the apparent egotism of this journal. I have wished to give the thousands in our country who have never traversed the ocean, an idea of ocean life. I could not do so, but by giving free utterance to the emotions which the varied scenes excited in my own heart. I have only to add, that if you ever wish to cross the Atlantic, you will find in the Arctic one of the noblest of ships, and in Capt. Luce one of the best of commanders.

DROOPING BUDS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN Paris, Berlin, Turin, Frankfort, Brussels, and Munich; in Hamburgh, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Copenhagen, Stuttgard, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and Constantinople, there are hospitals for sick children. There was not one in all England until the other day.

No hospital for sick children! Does the public know what is implied in this? Those little graves two or three feet long, which are so plentiful in our church-yards and our cemeteries—to which, from home, in absence from the pleasures of society, the thoughts of many a young mother sadly wander—does the public know that we dig too many of them? Of this great city of London—which, until a few weeks ago, contained no hospital wherein to treat and study the diseases of children—more than a third of the whole population perishes in infancy and childhood. Twenty-four in a hundred die during the two first years of life; and, during the next eight years, eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six.

Our children perish out of our homes : not because there is in them an inherent dangerous sickness (except in the few cases where they are born of parents who communicate to children heritable maladies), but because there is, in respect of their tender lives, a want of sanitary discipline and a want of medical knowledge. What should we say of a rose-tree in which one bud out of every three dropped to the soil dead? We should not say that this was natural to roses; neither is it natural to men and women that they should see the glaze of death upon so many of the bright eyes that come to laugh and love among them—or that they should kiss so many little lips grown cold and still. The vice is external. We fail to prevent disease; and, in the case of children, to a much more lamentable extent than is well known, we fail to cure it.

Think of it again. Of all the coffins that are made in London, more than one in every three is made for a little child: a child that has not yet two figures to its age. Although science has advanced, although vaccination has been discovered and brought into general use, although medical knowledge is tenfold greater than it was fifty years ago, we still do not gain more than a diminution of two per cent. in the terrible mortality among our children.

It does not at all follow that the intelligent physician who has learnt how to treat successfully the illnesses of adults, has only to modify his plans a little, to diminish the proportions of his doses, for the application of his knowledge to our little sons and daughters. Some of their diseases are peculiar to themselves; other diseases, common to us all, take a form in children varying as much from their familiar form with us as a child varies from a man. Different as the ways are, or ought to be, by which we reach a fault in a child's mind, and reach a fault in the mind of an adult; so, not less different, if we would act successfully, should be our action upon ailments of the flesh. There is another thing, also, which puzzles the physician who attends on children. He comes to us when we are ill, and questions us of this symptom, and of that; and on our answers he is taught, in very many cases, to base a large part of his opinion. The infant can only wail; the child is silenced by disease; or, when it answers, wants experience, and answers incorrectly. Again, for life or death, all the changes in the sickness of a child are commonly very rapid: so rapid, that a child which suffers under an acute disease should be seen at least every five or six hours by its medical attendant. He knows this quickness of action; he knows how swiftly and how readily the balance may be turned upon which hang life and death. He may have been to Paris or to Vienna, and have studied in an hospital for children; and, out of his experience, he may know how to restore the child whole to the mother's bosom. But all English students can not go abroad for this good knowledge; nor is it fit that they have need to do so. They have need at

present. In a rough way, English practitioners of medicine no doubt administer relief to many children; but, that they are compelled to see those perishing continually whom a better knowledge might have saved, none are more ready than themselves—the more skillful the more ready—to admit and to deplore.

The means of studying the diseases of children in London have been confined to one dispensary, and the general hospitals. In these, the hours, the management, and discipline are not readily adapted to the wants of children. It was found, when a committee of the Statistical Society, in 1843, inquired into such matters, that only one in a hundred of the inmates of hospital wards was a child suffering from internal disease. Can we wonder, then—when we call to mind the peculiar characteristics of disease in a child, and the sagacity and close observation they demand—can we wonder that the most assiduous students, growing into medical advisers, can in so many cases, do no more than sympathize with the distress of parents, look at a sick child's tongue, feel its pulse, send powders, and shake their heads with vain regret over the little corpse, around which women weep so bitterly?

The want of a Child's Hospital in London is supplied. The Hospital for Sick Children, lately established and now open, is situated in Great Ormond-street, Queen-square.

London, like a fine old oak, that has lived through some centuries, has its dead bits in the midst of foliage. When we had provided ourselves with the address of the Child's Hospital, and found it to be No. 49 Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, we were impressed with a sense of its being very far out of the way. Great Ormond-street belonged to our great-grandfathers; it was a bit of London full of sap a great number of years ago. It is cut off, now, from the life of the town—in London, but not of it—a suburb left between the New Road and High Holborn. We turned out of the rattle of Holborn into King-street, and went up Southampton-row through a short passage which led us into a square, dozing over its own departed greatness. Solitude in a crowd is acknowledged by the poets to be extremely oppressive, and we felt so much scared in Queen-square at finding ourselves all alone there, that we had not enough presence of mind to observe more than space and houses, and (if our vague impression be correct) a pump. Moreover, there were spectral streets, down which the eye was drawn. Great Ormond-street was written on a corner house in one of them. It was the enchanter's label by which we were bidden forward; so we went into Great Ormond-street—wondering who lived in its large houses, some of them mansions—and looking hazily for No. 49. That was a mansion too: broad, stuccoed front, quite fresh and white; bearing the inscription on its surface, "Hospital for Sick Children." A woman with a child in her arms was finding ready admission at the great hall-door. The neat and new appearance of the hospital walls from the outside, restored

our thoughts to our own day; and we presently resolved, and carried, that the committee had shown great judgment in their selection of a situation—quiet (very quiet), airy, and central.

At the hall-door there was a porter, so new to his new work that the name of a surgeon to the institution was a strange sound in his ears. Crossing a spacious hall, we were ushered into a fine old ancestral parlor, which is now the board-room of the institution; and there, before a massive antique chimney-piece, we found a young house-surgeon.

Many stiff bows and formal introductions had those old walls seen, when Great Ormond-street was grand, and when frills and farthingales lent state to the great mansion. Many a minuet had been solemnly danced there; many hearts and fans had fluttered, many buckram flirtations had had their little hour; many births, marriages, and deaths had passed away, in due and undue course, out of the great hall-door into the family vaults—as old-fashioned now as the family mansion. Many little faces, radiant in the wintry blaze, had looked up in the twilight, wondering at the great old monument of a chimney-piece, and at the winking shadows peeping down from its recesses. Many, far too many pretty house-fairies had vanished from before it, and left blank spaces on the hearth, to be filled up nevermore.

O! baby's dead, and will be never, never, never seen among us any more! We fell into a waking dream, and the Spring air seemed to breathe the words. The young house-surgeon melted out of the quaint, quiet room; in his place, a group of little children gathered about a weeping lady; and the lamentation was familiar to the ancient echoes of the house. Then, there appeared to us a host of little figures, and cried, "We are baby. We were baby here, each of us in its generation, and were welcomed with joy, and hope, and thankfulness; but no love, and no hope, though they were very strong, could keep us, and we went our early way!"—"And we," said another throng of shades, "were that little child who lived to walk and talk, and to be the favorite, and to influence the whole of this great house, and make it very pleasant, until the infection that could not be stopped, was brought here from those poor houses not far off, and struck us one day while we were at play, and quenched the light of our bright eyes, and changed our prattle into moaning, and killed us in our promise!"—"And I," said another shadow, "am that girl who, having been a sick child once, grew to be a woman, and to love and to be blessed with love, and then—oh, at that hardest time! began to fade, and glided from the arms of my young husband, never to be mine on earth!"—"And I," said another shadow, "am the lame mis-shapen boy who read so much by this fireside, and suffered so much pain so patiently, and might have been as active and as straight as you, if any one had understood my malady; but I said to my fond father, carrying me in his arms to the bed from which I never

rose: 'I think, oh dear papa, that it is better I should never be a man, for who could then carry me like this, or who could be so careful of me when you were gone!'" Then all the shadows said together: "We belonged to this house, but others like us have belonged to every house, and many such will come here now to be relieved, and we will put it in the hearts of mothers and fathers to remember them. Come up, and see!"

We followed, up the spacious stairs into a large and lofty room, airy and gay. It had been the drawing-room of the old house. A reviving touch had passed over its decorations; and the richly-ornamented ceiling, to which little eyes looked up from little beds, was quite a cheerful sight. The walls were painted, in panel, with rosy nymphs and children; and the light laughter of children welcomed our entrance. There was nothing sad here. Light iron cribs, with the beds made in them, were ranged, instead of chairs, against the walls. There were half-a-dozen children—all the patients then contained in the new hospital; but, here and there, a bed was occupied by a sick doll. A large gay ball was rolling on the floor, and toys abounded. From this cheerful place we looked into a second room—the other drawing-room, furnished in a like manner, but as yet unoccupied.

There were five girls and a boy. Five were in bed near the windows; two of these, whose beds were the most distant from each other, confined by painful maladies, were resting on their arms, and busily exporting and importing fun. A third shared the profits merrily, and occasionally speculated in a venture on its own account. The most delightful music in this world, the light laughter of children floated freely through the place. The hospital had begun with one child. What did *he* think about, or laugh about? Maybe those shadows who had had their infant home in the great house, and had known in those same rooms the needs now sought to be supplied for him, told him stories in his sleep.

One of the little patients followed our movements with its eyes, with a sad, thoughtful, peaceful look; one indulged in a big stare of childish curiosity and wonder. They had toys strewn upon their counterpanes. A sick child is a contradiction of ideas, like a cold summer. But to quench the summer in a child's heart is, thank God! not easy. If we do not make a frost with wintry discipline, if we will use soft looks and gentle words; though such an hospital be full of sick and ailing bodies, the light, loving spirits of the children will fill its wards with pleasant sounds, contrasting happily with the complainings that abound among our sick adults. Suffer these little ones to come to such a Christian House, and forbid them not! They will not easily forget it. Around the gates of the Child's Hospital at Frankfort, hangs a crowd of children who have been discharged, lying in wait to pounce with a loving word upon any of those who tended them when sick. They send little petitions in to the hospital authorities to be allowed, as a special favor, to come into the garden

again, to play. A child's heart is soon touched by gentle people; and a Child's Hospital in London, through which there should pass yearly eight hundred children of the poor, would help to diffuse a kind of health that is not usually got out of apothecaries' bottles.

We have spoken only of five children; the sixth was not in bed and not at rest. He was a literary character, studiously combining into patterns letters of the alphabet; but he had removed his work so far out of the little world to which he belonged, that he attracted no attention from his neighbors. There are larger children in a greater world who do the like. The solitary child was lonely—not from want of love—its thoughts were at home wandering about its mother; it had not yet learned to reconcile itself to temporary separation. We seemed to leave the shadows of our day-dream in attendance on it, and to take up our young surgeon again.

Having paid as we were able brief respects to each member of the little company, and having seen the bath-rooms on this floor, we continued our progress upward. Of course there were no more stately drawing-rooms, but all the rooms were spacious, and, by modern care, had been, moreover, plentifully furnished with the means of ventilation. There were bath-rooms, of course; there were wards cut off from the rest for fever cases. Good thought had been evidently directed to a good purpose every where.

Having seen all these things, we came downstairs again, and passing through the surgery—upon whose jars and bottles our eyes detected many names of compounds palatable to little mouths—we were shown through an excellent consulting-room, into a wide hall, with another of the massive chimney-pieces. This hall is entered from a side street, and is intended for a waiting-room for out-patients. It had always belonged to the brave house in Great-Ormond-street, and had been used at one time for assemblies.

What we have said of the few patients admitted at the early period of our visit, will have shown the spirit in which a Child's Hospital should be conducted. Of course, to such an institution a garden and play-ground for the convalescent is an essential requisite. We inquired, therefore, for the garden in Great Ormond-street. We were shown out through a large door under a lattice, and found a terrace in the old style, descending by steps to a considerable space of ground. The steps were short, suited to little feet; so also in the house, according to the old style, which curiously fits itself to the modern purpose. We found that an air of neatness had been given to that portion of the ground immediately near the house; but the space generally is very ample, and is at present a mere wilderness. The funds of the hospital have only sufficed to authorize the occupation of a building, and the preparation for a great useful work. For means to plant the roses in the garden, and to plant the roses in the cheeks of many children

besides those who come under their immediate care, the Hospital Committee has support to find.

So large a piece of garden-ground waiting for flowers, only a quarter of a mile from Holborn, was a curious thing to contemplate. When we looked into the dead house, built for the reception of those children whom skill and care shall fail to save, and heard of the alarm which its erection had excited in the breasts of some "particular" old ladies in the neighborhood, we felt inclined to preach some comfort to them. Be of good heart, particular old ladies! In every street, square, crescent, alley, lane, in this great city, you will find dead children too easily. They lie thick all around you. This little tenement will not hurt you; there will be the fewer dead-houses for it; and the place to which it is attached may bring a saving health upon Queen-square, a blessing on Great Ormond-street!

THE LAST REVEL.

A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD.

WHEN I was quite a lad, a servant lived with us of the name of Anne Stacey. She had been in the service of William Cobbett, the political writer, who resided for some years at Botley, a village a few miles distant from Itchen. Anne might be about two or three and twenty years of age when she came to us; and a very notable, industrious servant she was, and remarked, moreover, as possessing a strong religious bias. Her features, every body agreed, were comely and intelligent. But that advantage in the matrimonial market was more than neutralized by her unfortunate figure, which, owing, as we understood, to a fall in her childhood, was hopelessly deformed, though still strongly set and muscular. Albeit a sum of money—about fifty pounds—scraped together by thrifty self-denial during a dozen years of servitude, amply compensated in the eyes of several idle and needy young fellows for the unlovely outline of her person; and Anne, with an infatuation too common with persons of her class and condition, and in spite of repeated warning, and the secret misgivings, one would suppose, of her own mind, married the best-looking, but most worthless and dissipated of them all. This man, Henry Ransome by name, was, I have been informed, constantly intoxicated during the first three months of wedlock, and then the ill-assorted couple disappeared from the neighborhood of Itchen, and took up their abode in one of the hamlets of the New Forest. Many years afterward, when I joined the Preventive Service, I frequently heard mention of his name as that of a man singularly skillful in defrauding the revenue, as well as in avoiding the penalties which surround that dangerous vocation. One day, he was pointed out to me when standing by the Cross-House near the Ferry, in company with a comparatively youthful desperado, whose real name was John Wyatt, though generally known among the smuggling fraternity and other personal intimates, by the *sobriquet* of Black Jack—on account, I suppose, of his dark,

heavy-browed, scowling figure-head, one of the most repulsive, I think, I have ever seen. Anne's husband, Henry Ransome, seemed, so far as very brief observation enabled me to judge, quite a different person from his much younger, as well as much bigger and brawnier associate. I did not doubt that, before excessive indulgence had wasted his now pallid features, and sapped the vigor of his thin and shaking frame, he had been a smart, good-looking chap enough; and there was, it struck me, spite of his reputation as "a knowing one," considerably more of the dupe than the knave, of the fool than the villain, in the dreary, downcast, skulking expression that flitted over his features as his eye caught mine intently regarding him. I noticed also that he had a dry, hard cough, and I set down in my own mind as certain that he would, ere many months passed away, be consigned, like scores of his fellows, to a brandy-hastened grave. He indicated my presence—proximity, rather—to Wyatt, by a nudge on the elbow, whereupon that respectable personage swung sharply round, and returned my scrutinizing gaze by one of insolent defiance and bravado, which he contrived to render still more emphatic by thrusting his tongue into his cheek. This done, he gathered up a coil of rope from one of the seats of the Cross-House, and said: "Come, Harry, let's be off. That gentleman seems to want to take our pictures—on account that our mugs are such handsome ones, no doubt; and if it was a mildish afternoon, I shouldn't mind having mine done; but as the weather's rather nippy like, we'd better be toddling, I think." They then swaggered off, and crossed the Ferry.

Two or three weeks afterward, I again met with them, under the following circumstances: I landed from the *Rose* at Lymington, for the purpose of going by coach to Lyndhurst, a considerable village in the New Forest, from which an ex-chancellor derives his title. I had appointed to meet a confidential agent there at the Fox and Hounds Inn, a third-rate tavern, situate at the foot of the hill upon which the place is built; and as the evening promised to be clear and fine, though cold, I anticipated a bracing, cross-country walk afterward in the direction of Hythe, in the neighborhood whereof dwelt a person—neither a seaman nor a smuggler—whose favor I was just then very diligently cultivating. It was the month of November; and on being set down at the door of the inn somewhere about six o'clock in the evening, I quietly entered and took a seat in the smoking-room unrecognized, as I thought, by any one—for I was not in uniform. My man had not arrived; and after waiting a few minutes, I stepped out to inquire at the bar if such a person had been there. To my great surprise, a young woman—girl would be a better word, for she could not be more than seventeen, or at the utmost eighteen years old—whom I had noticed on the outside of the coach, was just asking if one Dr. Lee was expected. This was precisely the individual who was to meet me, and I looked with some curios-

ity at the inquirer. She was a coarsely, but neatly attired person, of a pretty figure, interesting, but dejected cast of features, and with large, dark, sorrowing eyes. Thoughtfulness and care were not less marked in the humble, subdued tone in which she spoke. "Could I sit down any where till he comes?" she timidly asked, after hearing the bar-woman's reply. The servant civilly invited her to take a seat by the bar-fire, and I returned, without saying any thing, to the smoking-room, rang the bell, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, and some biscuits. I had been seated a very short time only, when the quick, consequential step, and sharp, cracked voice of Dr. Lee sounded along the passage, and after a momentary pause at the bar, his round, smirking, good-humored, knavish face looked in at the parlor-door, where, seeing me alone, he winked with uncommon expression, and said aloud: "A prime fire in the smoking-room, I see; I shall treat myself to a whiff there presently." This said, the shining face vanished, in order, I doubted not, that its owner might confer with the young girl who had been inquiring for him. This Lee, I must observe, had no legal right to the prefix of doctor tacked to his name. He was merely a peripatetic quack-salver and vender of infallible medicines, who, having wielded the pestle in an apothecary's shop for some years during his youth, had acquired a little skill in the use of drugs, and could open a vein or draw a tooth with considerable dexterity. He had a large, but not, I think, very remunerative practice among the poaching, deer-stealing, smuggling community of those parts, to whom it was of vital importance that the hurts received in their desperate pursuits should be tended by some one not inclined to babble of the number, circumstances, or whereabouts of his patients. This essential condition Lee, hypocrite and knave as he was, strictly fulfilled; and no inducement could, I think, have prevailed upon him to betray the hiding-place of a wounded or suffering client. In other respects, he permitted himself a more profitable freedom of action, thereto compelled, he was wont apologetically to remark, by the wretchedly poor remuneration obtained by his medical practice. If, however, specie was scarce among his clients, spirits, as his rubicund, carbuncled face flamingly testified, were very plentiful. There was a receipt in full painted there for a prodigious amount of drugs and chemicals, so that, on the whole, he could have had no great reason to complain.

He soon reappeared, and took a chair by the fire, which, after civilly saluting me, he stirred almost fiercely, eying as he did so the blazing coals with a half-abstracted and sullen, cowed, disquieted look altogether unusual with him. At least, wherever I had before seen him, he had been as loquacious and boastful as a Gascon.

"What is the matter, doctor?" I said. "You appear strangely down upon your luck all at once."

"Hush—hush! Speak lower, sir, pray. The

fact is, I have just heard that a fellow is lurking about here— You have not, I hope, asked for me of any one?"

"I have not; but what if I had?"

"Why, you see, sir, that suspicion—calumny, Shakspeare says, could not be escaped, even if one were pure as snow—and more especially, therefore, when one is not quite so—so—Ahem!—you understand?"

"Very well, indeed. You would say, that when one is *not* actually immaculate—calumny, suspicion takes an earlier and firmer hold."

"Just so; exactly—and, in fact—ha!—"

The door was suddenly thrown open, and the doctor fairly leaped to his feet with ill-disguised alarm. It was only the bar-maid, to ask if he had rung. He had not done so, and as it was perfectly understood that I paid for all on these occasions, that fact alone was abundantly conclusive as to the disordered state of his intellect. He now ordered brandy and water, a pipe, and a screw of tobacco. These ministrants to a mind disturbed somewhat calmed the doctor's excitement, and his cunning gray eyes soon brightly twinkled again through a haze of curling smoke.

"Did you notice," he resumed, "a female sitting in the bar? She knows you."

"A young, intelligent-looking girl. Yes. Who is she?"

"Young!" replied Lee, evasively, I thought. "Well, it's true she *is* young in years, but not in experience—in suffering, poor girl, as I can bear witness."

"There are, indeed, but faint indications of the mirth and lightness of youth or childhood in those timid, apprehensive eyes of hers."

"She never had a childhood. Girls of her condition seldom have. Her father's booked for the next world, and by an early stage, too, unless he mends his manners, and that I hardly see how he's to do. The girl's been to Lyminster to see after a place. Can't have it. Her father's character is against her. Unfortunate; for she's a good girl."

"I am sorry for her. But come, to business. How about the matter you wot of?"

"Here are all the particulars," answered Lee, with an easy transition from a sentimental to a common-sense, business-like tone, and, at the same time, unscrewing the lid of a tortoise-shell tobacco-box, and taking a folded paper from it. "I keep these matters generally here; for if I were to drop such an article—just now, especially—I might as well be hung out to dry at once."

I glanced over the paper. "Place, date, hour correct, and thoroughly to be depended upon, you say, eh?"

"Correct as Cocker, I'll answer for it. It would be a spicy run for them, if there were no man-traps in the way."

I placed the paper in my waistcoat-pocket, and then handed the doctor his preliminary fee. The touch of gold had not its usual electrical effect upon him. His nervous fit was coming on again. "I wish," he puffed out—"I wish I was safe out of this part of the country, or else that a

certain person I know was transported; then, indeed—"

"And who may that certain person be, doctor?" demanded a grim-looking rascal, as he softly opened the door. "Not me, I hope?"

I instantly recognized the fellow, and so did the doctor, who had again bounded from his chair, and was shaking all over as if with ague, while his very carbuncles became pallid with affright. "You-u-u," he stammered—"You-u-u, Wyatt: God forbid!"

Wyatt was, I saw, muddled with liquor. This was lucky for poor Lee. "Well, never mind if it *was* me, old brick," rejoined the fellow; "or, at least, you have been a brick, though I'm misdoubting you'll die a pantile after all. But here's luck; all's one for that." He held a pewter pot in one hand, and a pipe in the other, and as he drank, his somewhat confused but baleful look continued leveled savagely along the pewter at the terrified doctor. There was, I saw, mischief in the man.

"I'd drink yours," continued the reckless scamp, as he paused for breath, drew the back of his pipe-hand across his mouth, and stared as steadily as he could in my face—"I'd drink your health, if I only knew your name."

"You'll hear it plainly enough, my fine fellow, when you're in the dock one of these days, just before the judge sends you to the hulks, or, which is perhaps the likelier, to the gallows. And this scamp, too," I added, with a gesture toward Lee, whom I hardly dared venture to look at, "who has been pitching me such a pretty rigmarole, is, I see, a fellow-rogue to yourself. This house appears to be little better than a thieves' rendezvous, upon my word."

Wyatt regarded me with a deadly scowl as he answered: "Ay, ay, you're a brave cock, Master Warneford, upon your own dunghill. It may be my turn some day. Here, doctor, a word with you outside." They both left the room, and I rang the bell, discharged the score, and was just going when Lee returned. He was still pale and shaky, though considerably recovered from the panic-terror excited by the sudden entrance of Wyatt.

"Thank Heaven, he's gone!" said the doctor; "and less sour and suspicious than I feared him to be. But tell me, sir, do you intend walking from here to Hythe?"

"I so purpose. Why do you ask?"

"Because the young girl you saw in the bar went off ten minutes ago by the same road. She was too late for a farmer's cart which she expected to return by. Wyatt, too, is off in the same direction."

"She will have company, then."

"Evil company, I fear. Her father and he have lately quarreled; and her, I know, he bears a grudge against, for refusing, as the talk goes, to have any thing to say to him."

"Very well; don't alarm yourself. I shall soon overtake them, and you may depend the big drunken bully shall neither insult nor molest her. Good-night."

It was a lonely walk for a girl to take on a winter evening, although the weather was brilliantly light and clear, and it was not yet much past seven o'clock. Except, perchance, a deer-keeper, or a deer-stealer, it was not likely she would meet a human being for two or three miles together, and farm and other houses near the track were very sparsely scattered here and there. I walked swiftly on, and soon came within sight of Wyatt; but so eagerly was his attention directed ahead, that he did not observe me till we were close abreast of each other.

"You here!" he exclaimed, fairly gnashing his teeth with rage. "I only wish—"

"That you had one or two friends within hail, eh? Well, it's better for your own health that you have not, depend upon it. I have four barrels with me, and each of them, as you well know, carries a life, one of which should be yours, as sure as that black head is on your shoulders."

He answered only by a snarl and a malediction, and we proceeded on pretty nearly together. He appeared to be much soberer than before: perhaps the keen air had cooled him somewhat, or he might have been shamming it a little at the inn to hoodwink the doctor. Five or six minutes brought us to a sharp turn of the road, where we caught sight of the young woman, who was not more than thirty or forty yards ahead. Presently, the sound of footsteps appeared to strike her ear, for she looked quickly round, and an expression of alarm escaped her. I was in the shadow of the road, so that, in the first instance, she saw only Wyatt. Another moment, and her terrified glance rested upon me.

"Lieutenant Warneford!" she exclaimed.

"Ay, my good girl, that is my name. You appear frightened—not at me, I hope!"

"O no, not at you," she hastily answered, the color vividly returning to her pale cheeks.

"This good-looking person is, I daresay, a sweetheart of yours; so I'll just keep astern out of ear-shot. My road lies past your dwelling."

The girl appeared to understand me, and, reassured, walked on, Wyatt lopping sullenly along beside her. I did not choose to have a fellow of his stamp, and in his present mood, walking behind me.

Nothing was said that I heard for about a mile and a half, when Wyatt, with a snarling "good-night" to the girl, turned off by a path on the left, and was quickly out of sight.

"I am not very far from home now, sir," said the young woman, hesitatingly. She thought, perhaps, that I might leave her, now Wyatt had disappeared.

"Pray go on, then," I said; "I will see you safe there, though somewhat pressed for time."

We walked side by side, and after awhile she said in a low tone, and with still downcast eyes: "My mother lived servant in your family once, sir."

"The deuce! Your name is Ransome, then, I suspect."

"Yes, sir—Mary Ransome." A sad sigh accompanied these words. I pitied the poor girl from my heart, but having nothing very consolatory to suggest, I held my peace.

"There is mother!" she cried in an almost joyful tone. She pointed to a woman standing in the open doorway of a mean dwelling at no great distance, in apparently anxious expectation. Mary Ransome hastened forward, and whispered a few sentences to her mother, who fondly embraced her.

"I am very grateful to you, sir, for seeing Mary safely home. You do not, I daresay remember me?"

"You are greatly changed, I perceive, and not by years alone."

"Ah, sir!" Tears started to the eyes of both mother and daughter. "Would you," added the woman, "step in a moment. Perhaps a few words from you might have effect." She looked while thus speaking, at her weak, consumptive-looking husband, who was seated by the fireplace with a large green baize-covered Bible open before him on a round table. There is no sermon so impressive as that which gleams from an apparently yawning and inevitable grave; and none, too, more quickly forgotten, if by any resource of art, and reinvigoration of nature, the tombward progress be arrested, and life pulsate joyously again. I was about to make some remark upon the suicidal folly of persisting in a course which almost necessarily led to misery and ruin, when the but partially-closed doorway was darkened by the burly figure of Wyatt.

"A very nice company, by jingo!" growled the ruffian; you only want the doctor to be quite complete. But hark ye, Ransome," he continued, addressing the sick man, who cowered beneath his scowling gaze like a beaten hound—"mind and keep a still tongue in that calf's head of yours, or else prepare yourself to—to take—to take—what follows. You know me as well as I do you. Good-night."

With this caution, the fellow disappeared, and after a few words, which the unfortunate family were too frightened to listen to, or scarcely to hear, I also went my way.

The information received from Dr. Lee relative to the contemplated run near Hurst Castle proved strictly accurate. The surprise of the smugglers was in consequence complete, and the goods, the value of which was considerable, were easily secured. There occurred also, several of the ordinary casualties that attend such encounters—casualties which always excited in my mind a strong feeling of regret that the revenue of the country could not be assured by other and less hazardous expedients. No life was, however, lost, and we made no prisoners. To my great surprise I caught, at the beginning of the affray, a glimpse of the bottle-green coat, drab knee-cords, with gaiter continuations, of the doctor. They, however, very quickly vanished; and till about a week afterward, I concluded that their owner had escaped in a whole skin. I was mistaken.

I had passed the evening at the house whither my steps were directed when I escorted Mary Ransome home, and it was growing late, when the servant-maid announced that a young woman, seemingly in great trouble, after inquiring if Lieutenant Warneford was there, had requested to see him immediately, and was waiting below for that purpose. It was, I found, Mary Ransome, in a state of great flurry and excitement. She brought a hastily scribbled note from Dr. Lee, to the effect that Wyatt, from motives of suspicion, had insisted that both he and Ransome should be present at the attempt near Hurst Castle; that the doctor, in his hurry to get out of harm's way, had attempted a leap, which, owing to his haste, awkwardness, and the frosty atmosphere and ground, had resulted in a compound fracture of his right leg; that he had been borne off in a state of insensibility; on recovering from which he found himself in Wyatt's power, who, by rifling his pockets, had found some memoranda that left no doubt of Lee's treason toward the smuggling fraternity. The bearer of the note would, he said, further explain, as he could not risk delaying sending it for another moment—only he begged to say his life depended upon me.

"Life!" I exclaimed, addressing the pale, quaking girl; "nonsense! Such gentry as Wyatt are not certainly particular to a shade or two, but they rarely go that length."

"They will make away with father as well as Dr. Lee," she shudderingly replied: "I am sure of it. Wyatt is mad with rage." She trembled so violently as hardly to be able to stand, and I made her sit down.

"You can not mean that the scoundrel contemplates murder?"

"Yes—yes! believe me, sir, he does. You know the *Fair Rosamond*, now lying off Marchwood?" she continued, growing every instant paler and paler.

"The trader to St. Michael's for oranges and other fruits?"

"That is but a blind, sir. She belongs to the same company as the boats you captured at Hurst Castle. She will complete landing her cargo early to-morrow morning, and drop down the river with the ebb-tide just about dawn."

"The deuce they will! The cunning rascals. But go on. What would you further say?"

"Wyatt insists that both the doctor and my father shall sail in her. They will be carried on board, and—and when at sea—you know—you understand—"

"Be drowned, you fear. That is possible, certainly; but I can not think they would have more to fear than a good keel-hauling. Still, the matter must be looked to, more especially as Lee's predicament is owing to the information he has given the king's officers. Where are they confined?"

She described the place, which I remembered very well, having searched it not more than a fortnight previously. I then assured her that I would get her father as well as Lee out of the

smugglers' hands by force, if necessary; upon hearing which the poor girl's agitation came to a climax, and she went off into strong hysterics. There was no time to be lost, so committing her to the care of the servant, I took leave of my friends, and made the best of my way to Hythe, hard off which a boat, I knew, awaited me; revolving, as I sped along, the best mode of procedure. I hailed the boat, and instructed one of the men—Dick Redhead, he was generally called, from his fiery poll—a sharp, clever fellow was Dick—to proceed immediately to the house I had left, and accompany the young woman to the spot indicated, and remain in ambush, with both eyes wide open, about the place till I arrived. The *Rose* was fortunately off Southampton Quay; we soon reached her, shifted to a larger boat, and I and a stout crew were on our way, in very little time, to have a word with that deceitful *Fair Rosamond*, which we could still see lying quietly at anchor a couple of miles up the river. We were quickly alongside, but, to our great surprise, found no one on board. There was, however, a considerable quantity of contraband spirits in the hold; and this not only confirmed the girl's story, but constituted the *Fair Rosamond* a lawful prize. I left four men in her, with strict orders to lie close and not show themselves, and with the rest hastened on shore, and pushed on to the doctor's rescue. The night was dark and stormy, which was so far the better for our purpose; but when we reached the place, no Dick Redhead could be seen! This was queer, and prowling stealthily round the building, we found that it was securely barred, sheltered, and fastened up, although by the light through the chinks, and a confused hum, it seemed, of merry voices, there was a considerable number of guests within. Still, Master Dick did not show, and I was thoroughly at a loss how to act. It would not certainly have been difficult to force an entrance, but I doubted that I should be justified in doing so; besides, if they were such desperadoes as Mary Ransome intimated, such a measure must be attended with loss of life—a risk not to be incurred except when all less hazardous expedients had failed, and then only for a sufficient and well-defined purpose. I was thus cogitating, when there suddenly burst forth, overpowering the howling of the wind and the pattering of the rain, a rattling and familiar chorus, sung by at least a dozen rough voices; and I had not a doubt that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were assisting at a farewell revel previous to sailing, as that Hope, which tells so many flattering tales, assured them they would, at dawn.

Such merriment did not certainly sound like the ferocious exultations of intending assassins; still, I was very anxious to make ten or a dozen among them; and continued to cast about for the means of doing so, our attention was at length fixed upon a strange object, not unlike a thirty-six pounder red-hot round shot, not in the least cooled by the rain, projecting inquiringly from a small aperture, which answered for

a window, half-way up the sloping roof. It proved to be Master Dick's fiery head, but he made us out before we did him. "Is that Bill Simpson?" queried Dick, very anxiously. The seaman addressed, as soon as he could shove in a word edgewise with the chorus and the numerous wind-instruments of the forest, answered that "it was Bill Simpson; and who the blazes was that up there?" To which the answer was, that "it was Dick, and that he should be obliged, if Bill had a rope with him, he would shy up one end of it." Of course we had a rope; an end was shied up, made fast, and down tumbled Master Dick Redhead without his hat, which, in his hurry, it appeared, he had left behind in the banqueting-room. His explanation was brief and explicit. He had accompanied the young woman to the present building, as I ordered; and being a good deal wrought upon by her grief and lamentations, had suggested that it might be possible to get Dr. Lee and her father to a place of safety without delay, proverbially dangerous. This seemed feasible; inasmuch as the fellow left in charge by Wyatt was found to be dead-drunk, chiefly owing, I comprehended, to some powerful ingredients infused in his liquor by Dr. Lee. All was going on swimmingly, when, just as Dick had got the doctor on his back, an alarm was given that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were close at hand, and Dick had just time to climb with great difficulty into the crazy loft overhead, when a dozen brawny fellows entered the place, and forthwith proceeded to make merry.

A brief council was now held, and it was unanimously deemed advisable that we should all climb up to Dick's hiding-place by means of the rope, and thence contrive to drop down upon the convivial gentlemen below, in as convenient a manner as possible, and when least expected. We soon scaled the loft, but after-proceedings were not so easy. The loft was a make-shift, temporary one, consisting of loose planks resting upon the cross rafters of the roof, and at a considerable height from the floor upon which the smugglers were carousing. It would, no doubt, have been easy enough to have slid down by a rope; but this would place the first three or four men, if no more, at the mercy of the contrabandists, who, I could see, through the wide chinks, were all armed, and not so drunk but that they thoroughly knew what they were about. It behooved us to be cool, and consider well the best course to pursue. While doing so, I had leisure to contemplate the scene below. Wyatt was not there; but around a table, lighted by two dip-candles stuck in the necks of black bottles, and provided with abundance of liquor, tobacco, tin pannikins, and clay-pipes, sat twelve or thirteen ill-favored fellows, any one of whom a prudent man would, I am very sure, have rather trusted with a shilling than a sovereign. The unfortunate doctor, pale and sepulchral as the death he evidently dreaded to be near at hand, was sitting propped up in a rude arm-chair; and Ransome, worse, I thought, than when I had

seen him a few weeks previously, was reclining on a chest, in front of which stood his wife and daughter in a condition of feverish excitement. There at first appeared, from the temper of the roisterers, to be no cause for any very grave apprehension; but the aspect of affairs soon changed, and I eagerly availed myself of a suggestion of Dick Redhead's, and gave directions that preparation for its execution should be instantly and silently commenced. The thought had struck Dick when perched up there alone, and naturally looking about for all available means of defense, should he be discovered. Let me restate my position and responsibilities. It was my duty to rescue Lee, the agent of the Customs, from the dangerous predicament in which he was placed; and the question was, how to effect this without loss of life. It would no doubt have been easy enough to have turned up one or two of the loose planks, and have shot half the smugglers before they could have made their escape. This, however, was out of the question, and hence the adoption of Dick's proposal. It was this: in the loft where we lay, for stand upright we could not, there was among several empty ones, one full cask, containing illicit spirits of some kind, and measuring, perhaps, between forty and fifty gallons. It was wood-hooped, and could be easily unheaded by the men's knives, and at a given signal, be soused right upon the heads of the party beneath, creating a consternation, confusion, and dismay, during which we might all descend, and end the business, I hoped, without bloodshed.

This was our plan, and we had need to be quick about it, for, as I have said, the state of affairs below had suddenly changed, and much for the worse. A whistle was heard without; the front entrance was hastily unbarred, and in strode Wyatt, Black Jack, and well did he on this occasion vindicate the justice of his popular designation. Every body was in a moment silent, and most of those who could stood up. "What's this infernal row going on for?" he fiercely growled. "Do you want to get the sharks upon us again?" There was no answer, and one of the men handed him a pannikin of liquor, which he drank greedily. "Lee," he savagely exclaimed, as he put down the vessel, "you set out with us in half an hour at latest."

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped the nerveless, feeble wretch: "mercy!"

"Oh, ay, we'll give you plenty of that, and some to spare. You, too, Ransome, prepare yourself, as well as your dainty daughter here—" He stopped suddenly, not, it seemed, checked by the frenzied outcries of the females, but by a renewed and piercing whistle on the outside. In the mean time, our fellows were getting on famously with the hoops of the huge spirit-cask. "Why, that is Richards's whistle," he exclaimed. "What the furies can this mean? Unbar the door!" This was instantly done, and a man, a sailor by his dress, rushed in. "The *Fair Rosamond* is captured, and the preventive men are in possession of her."

My "Quick! quick!" to the men, though uttered too loud, from the suddenness of the surprise, was happily lost in the rageful outburst of Wyatt. "Hell-fire!" he roared out. "But you lie; it can not be."

"It is true," rejoined the man. "I and Clarke went on shore about an hour ago in the punt, just to get a nip of brandy this cold night, as you won't let us break bulk on board. When we returned, Tom went up the side first, was nabbed, and I had hardly time, upon hearing him sing out, to shove off and escape myself."

We were now ready, and two of the planks just over Wyatt's head were carefully turned over. He seemed for a moment paralyzed—for a moment only. Suddenly he sprang toward Mary Ransome, grasped her hair with one hand, and in the other held a cocked pistol: "You," he shouted—"you, accursed minx, have done this. You went out two hours ago—"

I lifted my hand. "Hurra! Take that, you cowardly lubber!" roared Dick Redhead; and down went the avalanche of liquid, knocking not only the pistol out of Wyatt's hand, but himself clean off his legs, and nearly drowning Mary Ransome, her mother, and half-a-dozen others. A rope had been made fast to one of the rafters, down which we all quietly slid before the astonished smugglers could comprehend what had happened. Resistance was then out of the question, and they did not attempt it. I took Wyatt and one or two others into custody, for having contraband spirits in their possession; and the others were permitted to make themselves scarce as quickly as might be—a license they promptly availed themselves of.

I have but a few words to add. Henry Ransome died, I heard, not long afterward, of pulmonary consumption, brought on by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and his wife and daughter ultimately got into respectable service. Mary Ransome married in due time, and with better discretion than her mother, for she does, or did, keep one of the branch post-offices in Bermondsey. Dr. Lee disappeared from the neighborhood the instant the state of his leg enabled him to do so, and I have never seen him since. John Wyatt, *alias* Black Jack, was transported for life, under the *alias* of John Martin, for a highway robbery near Fareham, in the year 1827. Lately I saw him on board the convict hulk at Portsmouth.

DROPS OF WATER.

AS all, or very nearly all, the animalcules found in water are invisible to the naked eye, no subject can be more interesting than that of these wonderful atoms, which, we have every reason to suppose, are by far the most numerous of those beings possessing life. The variety of form, the extraordinary construction, the rapid movement of some, the stationary life of others, and many other peculiarities, will prove subjects of interest and delight to the thinking mind. The one idea that a single drop of water may afford amusement and excite astonishment for hours to the investi-

gator, is sufficient proof of the wonderful powers of the Creator in this minute portion of his works. These little creatures prove quite fascinating; and hour after hour will be spent in watching their habits and movements, till the powers of the student are exhausted. A good microscope, in fact, opens a new world to the possessor, a world of beings totally different from any thing we have been accustomed to see; and the substance of which they are composed is in general so transparent, that the internal structure is visible to the eye—even the act of digestion can be perceived, and the food traced from its entrance at the mouth to its passage into the internal cavities; the eggs, also, can be seen within the body. These and many other peculiarities have been discovered only by very patient investigation, and several naturalists, both English and foreign, have almost devoted their lives to the study; and let no one say it is a useless one, for whatever can help to prove the power and wisdom with which this world was created can not be time thrown away. To those who only use the microscope as an amusement (and it is a never-ending one), a short time occasionally is well bestowed on one of the most beautiful parts of the creation.

There are upward of seven hundred species of Infusoria known and described. These are of all shapes and forms, some even assuming a variety in themselves; many possess eyes, others have none; some move so rapidly that the eye can not follow them, and others are attached to various substances; some have very many stomachs, or internal sacs, and others have only one; others, again, form a compound mass, that is, many individuals live in the same transparent case, and some are so minute, that by the aid of the best microscopes they can not be clearly discerned. Many people are disgusted after viewing water through a microscope, and suppose that all water abounds in living creatures, and that, consequently, we drink them in myriads. This is an error: there are none, or very few, in spring water, and, as no one would think of drinking from a ditch or stagnant pool where plants abound, there is little to fear. If necessitated to partake of water abounding in life, the person is either ignorant of its state, or the want is so urgent that the thought does not occur; and even should it arise, these delicate transparent little atoms would not be perceived by the taste—this fear or disgust may therefore be dismissed. Many waters abound in the larvæ of gnats and other insects, and minute creatures of the crustaceous order, but these can generally be seen by the naked eye.

In all parts of the world, and in most waters where aquatic plants in a healthy state abound, these invisible creatures may be met with, and not only in stagnant pools, but in running streams and the broad ocean. Among water-plants these little beings find shelter and food; therefore, when water is brought from these localities, some of the vegetation peculiar to the pool or stream should be procured at the same time.

They swarm among duckweed. Many are found also in clear shallow pools, particularly in the spring. When a pond is observed to have a stratum of dust on the surface, or a thin film, it will generally be found almost entirely composed of living creatures. This dust-like appearance consists nearly exclusively of species of the most beautiful colors, such as *Pandorina*, *Gonium*, &c. A shining film of various colors is also occasionally seen on standing water: this is composed of Infusoria; a red appearance being often given to water by some species, and by others a yellowish hue. Sheets of water often assume an intense green, from the presence of many of these minute bodies. Lakes have been known to change their color very mysteriously, and to have caused some alarm in the superstitious; but it is now known to arise from Infusoria, as they are attracted to the surface by the sun in the middle of the day, and descend as that luminary declines—thus the lake will be clear, morning and evening, and turbid, or of different colors, in the course of the day. If stalks of flowers are steeped for a few days in water, it will be found to swarm with life; even a few dead leaves, or a bit of dry hay, will produce the same effect. At first monads will appear; these will be succeeded by specimens of the genera *Paramecium*, *Amoeba*, and those of the class *Rotatoria*. I have tried these experiments, and always with success. If the infusion be kept a few weeks (particularly that formed with leaves), one peculiar kind of animalcule will swarm to a most astonishing degree, so that a drop will contain hundreds, so close together that they form quite a crowd, and yet all are in a state of activity, and feeding from the vegetable matter disengaged from the decaying leaves. They are not even confined to these localities, for lakes and rivers, the fluids found in animals and vegetables, strong acids, and also the briny ocean, are full of these interesting creatures. One kind of phosphorescence (an appearance which is so often observed by the seaside and at sea) is occasioned by some species; and, when we remember that this luminosity often extends for miles, we are lost in astonishment at the immensity of their numbers.

And here I may mention the evident use of these wonderful beings. They appear wherever decaying animal or vegetable substances are found in water, and are extremely useful in destroying what would otherwise taint the air with noxious gasses and smells. Minute algæ also assist in preserving the purity of the water in which they live; they serve as food, also, to animals higher in the scale of creation than themselves. Captain Sir James Ross, in his Antarctic Voyage, speaking of a small fish found by him in the South Seas, and stating by what means it and many others are fed, says, "All are eventually nourished and sustained by the minute infusorial animalcules, which we find filling the ocean with an inconceivable multitude of the minutest forms of organic life." We may infer from this, the immense importance of the Infusoria in the scale

of existence, for although only remotely supporting the higher animals, yet the want of them would be greatly felt. Ehrenberg states, that a single drop of water may hold five hundred millions of the smallest animalcules. What, then, can be the population of a lake or of the ocean?

I have watched specimens of the genera *Floscularia*, *Vorticella*, and *Stentor*, for hours at a time, and they have never ceased to feed on minute portions of animal and vegetable substances, brought to them by the current they are enabled to make in the water; others eagerly pursue their prey, or feed on the decaying vegetable matter floating about: indeed, the appetite of these little creatures seems insatiable. Many genera have a strong chewing apparatus, like a mouth armed with teeth. All seem employed in the same way, though using different methods. Much decaying matter must thus be taken away by this insatiable, though miniature army, provided for the purpose. They, in their turn, afford sustenance to aquatic insects, which are again preyed on by fishes; and thus food is prepared for more highly organized animals, and lastly for man.

Animalcules have never been observed to rest, or at least to sleep; but this may be partly owing to the light necessarily used in viewing them, which forms an artificial sunlight, exciting their powers of motion: they may rest during darkness, when they can not be seen by us. Many are only attracted to the surface of the water by the light of the sun, and are difficult to be obtained on a dull day; they are, however, not much affected by cold or heat, for they are procurable in winter as in summer, though not in such profusion: they are found even under thick ice, and I have frequently broken, in severe frost, the frozen surface of a pond, and, inserting a bottle, have obtained some most interesting kinds. Many of the *Polygastrica* will bear a great degree of cold, even more so than those of the class *Rotatoria*, whose organization is of a higher order.

It has, I believe, been generally observed, that the more simple the organization of animals, the more retentive is the creature of life, and this is the case with these minute beings. The *Rotifer vulgaris* will even bear revivication several times. Dr. Carpenter relates that he tried the experiment six times with twelve specimens, and each time some were perfectly restored to animation. By allowing the drop of water which held them to evaporate, and at the end of twenty-four hours giving them a fresh supply, he succeeded six times in restoring some of them: at last two only were left, and these unfortunately he lost. Ehrenberg affirms, that if thoroughly desiccated they can not revive, but that they may remain in a lethargic condition if deprived of water for a certain time only. The same naturalist observes that when an animalcule is frozen with the water, it is surrounded by an exceedingly small portion which is unfrozen, occasioned probably by the animal heat of its body; but, should the cold be so great as to freeze this, the creature

dies. Animal heat in such an atom! how marvellous! Yet they will bear a great degree of heat also. The same naturalist says, that the *Polygastrica* will bear the temperature gradually raised to 120° of Fahrenheit, and some even to 200°, but if raised suddenly they die at 140°. Now, if we consider that water raised to 212° is boiling, we shall be as much astonished at their powers of enduring heat as cold. Sir James Ross, in his Antarctic Expedition, found upward of seventy species of *Polygastrica* with *loricæ*, or silicious shells, in fragments of ice.

It will, therefore, be seen, that animalcules are obtainable at all seasons, and in every place where there are ponds or pools of water; or they may be procured from water-butts, or by placing leaves, hay, or almost any vegetable substance in a little water, which has been previously found to have nothing living in it.

EDWARD DRYSDALE.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW-CLERK.

ABOUT the year 1798, James Bradshaw and William Drysdale, both invalided masters of the Royal Navy, cast anchor for the remainder of their lives at about twelve miles' distance from Exeter, on the London road. Bradshaw named his domicile, an old-fashioned straggling building, "Rodney Place," in honor of the Admiral in whose great victory he had fought. Drysdale's smaller and snugger dwelling, about half a mile away from "Rodney Place," was called "Poplar Cottage," and about midway between them stood the "Hunter's Inn," a road-side public-house, kept by one Thomas Burnham, a stout-hearted, jolly-bellied individual, the comeliness of whose rubicund figure-head was considerably damaged by the loss of an eye, of which, however, it is right to say, the extinguished light appeared to have been transferred in undiminished intensity to its fiery, piercing fellow. The retired masters, who had long known each other, were intimate as brothers, notwithstanding that Bradshaw was much the richest of the two, having contrived to pick up a considerable amount of prize-money, in addition to a rather large sum inherited from his father. Neither did the difference of circumstances oppose, in Bradshaw's opinion, the slightest obstacle to the union of his niece and heiress, Rachel Elford, with Edward Drysdale, his fellow-veteran's only surviving offspring. The precedent condition, however, was, that Edward should attain permanent rank in the Royal Navy, and with this view, a midshipman's warrant was obtained in '99 for the young man, then in his eighteenth year, and he was dispatched to sea.

The naval profession proved to be, unfortunately, one for which Edward Drysdale was altogether unfitted by temperament and bent of mind, and sad consequences followed. He had been at sea about eighteen months, when news reached England of a desperate, but successful cutting-out affair by the boats of the frigate to which he belonged. His name was not mentioned in the official report—but that could hard-

ly have been hoped for—neither was it in the list of killed and wounded. A map of the coast where the fight took place was procured; the battle was fought over and over again by the two veterans, and they were still indulging in those pleasures of the imagination in the parlor of the "Hunter's Inn," when the landlord entered with a Plymouth paper in his hand, upon one paragraph in which his single orb of vision glared with fiery indignation. It was an extract from a letter written by one of the frigate's officers, plainly intimating that midshipman Drysdale had shown the white feather in the late brush with the enemy, and would be sent home by the first opportunity. The stroke of a dagger could have been nothing compared with the sharp agony which such an announcement inflicted on the young man's father, and Bradshaw was for a few moments equally thunder-stricken. But he quickly rallied. William Drysdale's son a coward! Pooh! The thing was out of nature—impossible; and very hearty were his maledictions, savagely echoed by Burnham, with whom young Drysdale was a great favorite, of the lying lubber that wrote the letter, and the newspaper rascals that printed it.

Alas! it was but too true! On the third evening after the appearance of the alarming paragraph the two mariners were sitting in the porch of Poplar Cottage, separated only by a flower-garden from the main-road, conversing upon the sad, and constantly-recurring topic, when the coach from London came in sight. A youthful figure in naval uniform on the box-seat instantly riveted their attention, as it did that of Rachel Elford, who was standing in the little garden, apparently absorbed till that moment by the shrubs and flowers. The coach rapidly drew near, stopped, and Edward Drysdale alighted from it. The two seamen, instead of waiting for his approach, hastily arose from their seats and went into the cottage, as much perhaps to avoid the humiliating, though compassionate glances of the outside passengers, as from any other motive. The young man was deadly pale, and seemed to have hardly sufficient strength to move back the light wicket-gate which admitted to the garden. He held by it till the coach had passed on, and then turned with a beseeching, half-reproachful look toward Rachel. She, poor girl, was as much agitated as himself, and appeared to be eagerly scanning his countenance, as if hopeful of reading there a contradiction of the dishonoring rumor that had got abroad. In answer to his mute appeal, she stepped quickly toward him, clasped his proffered hand in both hers, and with a faint and trembling voice ejaculated—"Dear, dear Edward! It is not true—I am sure it is not, that you—that you—"

"That I, Rachel, have been dismissed the naval service, as unfit to serve his majesty, is quite true," rejoined Edward Drysdale, slowly, and with partially-recovered calm—"quite true!"

The young woman shrank indignantly from him—fire glanced in her suffused eyes, and her light, elegant figure appeared to grow and dilate

with irrepressible scorn, as this avowal fell upon her ear. "A coward!" she vehemently exclaimed; "you that—but no," she added, giving way again to grief and tenderness, as she looked upon the fine, intelligent countenance of her lover, "it can not be; there must be some error—some mistake. It is impossible!"

"There *is* error and mistake, Rachel; but the world will never, I fear, admit so much. But, come, let us in: you will go with me?"

We will not follow them till the first outburst of angry excitement is past; till the father's passionate, heart-broken reproaches have subsided to a more patient, subdued, faintly-hopeful sorrow, and Rachel's wavering faith in the manhood of her betrothed has regained something of its old firmness. Entering then, we shall find that only Mr. Bradshaw has remained obstinately and contemptuously deaf to what the young man has falteringly urged in vindication of his behavior in the unhappy affair which led to his dismissal from the service. He had, it appeared, suddenly fainted at the sight of the hideous carnage in which, for the first time in his life, he found himself involved.

"You have a letter, you say, from Captain Otway," said Mr. Drysdale, partially raising his head from his hands, in which it had been buried while his son was speaking. "Where is it? Give it to Rachel—I can not see the words."

The note was directed to Mr. Drysdale, whom Captain Otway personally knew, and was no doubt kindly intended to soften the blow, the return of his son under such circumstances must inflict. Although deciding that Edward Drysdale was unfit for the naval profession, he did not think that the failure of the young man's physical nerve in one of the most murderous encounters that had occurred during the war, was attributable to deficiency of true courage, and as a proof that it was not, Captain Otway mentioned that the young man had jumped overboard during half a gale of wind, and when night was falling, and saved, at much peril to himself, a seaman's life. This was the substance of the note. As soon as Rachel ceased reading, Mr. Drysdale looked deprecatingly in his friend's face and murmured, "You hear?"

"Yes, William Drysdale, I do. I never doubted that your son was a good swimmer, no more than I do that coward means coward, and that all the letters in the alphabet can not spell it to mean any thing else. Come, Rachel," added the grim, unreasoning, iron-tempered veteran, "let us be gone. And God bless, and if it be possible, comfort you, old friend! Good-by! No, thankye, young sir!" he continued, with renewed fierceness, as Edward Drysdale snatched at his hand. "That hand was once grasped by Rodney in some such another business as the letter speaks of, when its owner did *not* faint! It must not be touched by you!"

The elder Drysdale took, not long afterward, to his bed. He had been ailing for some time; but no question that mortification at his son's failure in the profession to which he had with

so much pride devoted him, helped to weaken the springs of life and accelerate his end, which took place about six months after Edward's return home. The father and son had become entirely reconciled with each other, and almost the last accents which faltered from the lips of the dying seaman, were a prayer to Bradshaw to forget and forgive what had past, and renew his sanction to the marriage of Edward and his niece. The stern man was inexorable; and his pitiless reply was, that he would a thousand times rather follow Rachel to her grave.

The constancy of the young people was not, however, to be subdued, and something more than a year after Mr. Drysdale's death, they married; their present resources, the rents—about one hundred and twenty pounds per annum—of a number of small tenements at Exeter. They removed to within three miles of that city, and dwelt there in sufficiency and peace for about five years, when the exigencies of a fast-increasing family induced them to dispose, not very advantageously, of their cottage property, and embark the proceeds in a showy speculation promising, of course, immense results, and really ending in the brief space of six months in their utter ruin. Edward Drysdale found himself, in lieu of his golden hopes, worth about two hundred pounds less than nothing. The usual consequences followed. An undefended suit at law speedily reached the stage at which execution might be issued, and unless a considerable sum of money could be instantly raised, his furniture would be seized under a *fi. fa.*, and sacrificed to no purpose.

One only possible expedient remained—that of once more endeavoring to soften the obduracy of Mr. Bradshaw. This it was finally determined to attempt, and Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale set off by a London morning coach upon the well-nigh hopeless speculation. They alighted at the "Hunter's Inn," where Drysdale remained, while his wife proceeded alone to Rodney Place. Thomas Burnham was friendly and good-natured as ever. The old mariner, he told Drysdale, was visibly failing, and his chief amusement seemed to be scraping together and hoarding up money. James Berry, a broken-down tailor, and a chap, according to Burnham, who knew how many beans made five as well as any man in Devonshire, had been for some time valet, gardener, and general factotum at Rodney Place, and appeared to exercise great influence over Mr. Bradshaw. The only other person in the establishment was the old cook, Margery Deans, who, never otherwise, since he had known her, than desperately hard of hearing, was now become deaf as a stone. Drysdale, it was afterward remembered, listened to all this with eager attention, and was especially inquisitive and talkative respecting Mr. Bradshaw's hoarding propensities, and the solitary, unprotected state in which he lived.

Mrs. Drysdale was long gone; but the tremulous hopes which her protracted stay called feebly forth, vanished at the sight of her pale, tearful,

yet resolved aspect. "It is useless, Edward," she murmured, with her arms cast lovingly about her husband's neck, and looking in his face with far more lavish expression of affection than when, with orange blossoms in her hair, she stood a newly-consecrated wife beside him. "It is useless to expect relief from my uncle, save upon the heartless, impossible condition you know of. But let us home. God's heaven is still above our heads, though clouds and darkness rest between. We will trust in Him, Edward, and fear not!"

So brave a woman should have been matched with a stout-hearted man; but this, unhappily, was not the case. Edward Drysdale was utterly despondent, and he listened, as his wife was afterward fain to admit to myself and others, with impatient reluctance to all she said as they journeyed homeward, save when the condition of help spoken of, namely, that she should abandon her husband, and take up her abode with her children at Rodney Place, was discussed—by her indignantly. Once also, when she mentioned that the old will in her favor was not yet destroyed, but would be, her uncle threatened, if she did not soon return, a bright, almost fiery expression seemed to leap from his usually mild, reflective eyes, and partially dissipate the thick gloom which mantled his features.

This occurred on a winter's day in early March, and the evening up to seven o'clock had passed gloomily away with the Drysdales, when all at once the husband, starting from a profound reverie, said he would take a walk as far as Exeter, see the attorney in the suit against him, and, if possible, gain a little time for the arrangement of the debt. His wife acquiesced, though with small hope of any favorable result, and the strangely-abstracted man left the house.

Ten o'clock, the hour by which Edward Drysdale had promised to return, chimed from a dial on the mantle-piece. Mrs. Drysdale trimmed the fire, lit the candles, which, for economy's sake, she had extinguished, and had their frugal supper laid. He came not. Eleven o'clock! What could be detaining him so late? Twelve!—half-past twelve! Rachel Drysdale was just about to bid the servant-maid, who was sitting up in the kitchen, go to bed, when the sound of carriage-wheels going *toward* Exeter stopped at the door. It was a *return* post-chaise, and brought Edward Drysdale. He staggered, as if intoxicated, into the kitchen, reached down a half-bottle of brandy from a cupboard, and took it to the post-boy, who immediately drove off. Anne Moody, the servant-girl, was greatly startled by her master's appearance: he looked, she afterward stated, more the color of a whited wall, than of flesh and blood, and shook and "cowered," as if he had the ague. Mrs. Drysdale came into the kitchen, and stood gazing at her husband in a white, dumb kind of way (I am transcribing literally from the girl's statement), till the outer door was fastened, when they both went up-stairs into a front sitting-room. Curiosity induced Anne Moody to follow, and she

heard, just as the door closed upon them, Mrs. Moody say, "You have not been to Exeter, I am sure?" This was said in a nervous, shaking, voice, and her master replied in the same tone, "No; I changed my mind," or words to that effect. Then there was a quick whispering for a minute or two, interrupted by a half-stifled cry or scream from Mrs. Drysdale. A sort of hubbub of words followed, which the girl—a very intelligent person of her class, by-the-by—could not hear, or at least not make out, till Mr. Drysdale said in a louder, slower way, "You, Rachel—the children are provided for; but, O God! at what a dreadful price!" Anne Moody, fearful of detection, did not wait to hear more, but crept stealthily up-stairs to bed, as her mistress had ordered her to do when she left the kitchen. On the following morning the girl found her master and mistress both up, the kitchen and parlor fires lit, and breakfast nearly over. Mr. Drysdale said he was in a hurry to get to Exeter, and they had not thought it worth while to call her at unseasonable hours. Both husband and wife looked wild and haggard, and this, Moody, when she looked into their bed-chamber, was not at all surprised at, as it was clear that neither of them had retired to rest. One thing and the other, especially kissing and fondling the children over and over again, detained Mr. Drysdale till half-past eight o'clock, and then, just as he was leaving the house, three men confronted him! A constable of the name of Parsons, James Berry, Mr. Bradshaw's servant, and Burnham, the landlord of the Hunter's Inn. They came to arrest him on a charge of burglary and murder! Mr. Bradshaw had been found early in the morning cruelly stabbed to death beside his plundered strong-box!

I must pass lightly over the harrowing scenes which followed—the tumultuous agony of the wife, and the despairing asseverations of the husband, impossible to be implicitly believed in even by that wife, for the criminating evidence was overwhelming. Drysdale had been seen skulking about Rodney Place till very late by both Burnham and Berry. In the room through which he must have passed in going and returning from the scene of his frightful crime, his hat had been found, and it was now discovered that he, Drysdale, had taken away and worn home one of Berry's—no doubt from hurry and inadvertence. In addition to all this, a considerable sum of money in gold and silver, inclosed in a canvas-bag, well known to have belonged to the deceased, was found upon his person! It appeared probable that the aim of the assassin had been only robbery in the first instance, for the corpse of the unfortunate victim was found clothed only in a night-dress. The fair inference, therefore, seemed to be that the robber, disturbed at his plunder by the wakeful old seaman, had been compelled, perhaps reluctantly, to add the dreadful crime of murder to that which he had originally contemplated. The outcry through the county was terrific, and as Edward Drysdale, by the advice of Mr. Sims, the attorney, who subsequently in-

structed Mr. Prince, reserved his defense, there appeared to be nothing of a feather's weight to oppose against the tremendous mass of circumstance arrayed against the prisoner.

And when, upon the arrival of the King's Commission at Exeter, Mr. Prince received a very full and carefully-drawn brief in defense—a specious, but almost wholly unsupported story of the prisoner's appeared all that could be relied upon in rebuttal of the evidence for the crown. According to Edward Drysdale, he merely sought Mr. Bradshaw upon the evening in question for the purpose of concluding with that gentleman an arrangement for the separation of himself from his wife and children, and their domiciliation at Rodney Place. It was further averred that he was received with greater civility than he expected; that the interview was a long one, during which he, Drysdale, had seen nobody but Mr. Bradshaw, although he believed the aged and deaf cook was in the kitchen. That he had arranged that Mrs. Drysdale and his children should be early on the morrow with her uncle, and that he had received the money found on his person and at his house from the deceased's own hands, in order to pay the debt and costs in the suit wherein execution was about to be levied on his furniture, and that the residue was to be applied to his, the prisoner's, own use. That the expressions deposed to by Anne Moody, and his own and Mrs. Drysdale's emotion after his return home, which had told so heavily against him in the examinations before the magistrates, were perfectly reconcilable with this statement—as, indeed, they were—and did not, therefore, bear the frightful meaning that had been attached to them. With respect to the change of hats, that might easily have happened, because his hat had been left on entering in the hall-passage, and in his hurry, in coming out by the same way, he had no doubt mistaken Berry's for his own; but he solemnly denied having been in the room, or near the part of the house where his hat was alleged to have been found. This was the gist of the explanation; but, unfortunately, it was not sustained by any receivable testimony in any material particular. True, Mrs. Drysdale, whom every body fully believed, declared that this account exactly coincided with what her husband told her immediately on arriving home in the post-chaise—but what of that? It was not what story the prisoner had told, nor how many times he had told it, that could avail, especially against the heavy improbabilities that weighed upon his, at first view, plausible statement. How was it that, knowing Mr. Bradshaw's almost insane dislike of himself, he did not counsel his wife to make terms with her uncle, preparatory to her returning to Rodney Place? And was it at all likely that Mr. Bradshaw, whose implacable humor Mrs. Drysdale had experienced on the very day previous to the murder, should have so suddenly softened toward the man he so thoroughly hated and despised? I trow not; and the first consultation on the case wore a wretchedly-dismal aspect, till the hawk-eye of Mr. Prince lit upon an

assertion of Thomas Burnham's, that he had gone to Mr. Bradshaw's house upon some particular business at a quarter past twelve on the night of the murder, and had seen the deceased alive at that time, who had answered him, as he frequently did, from his bedroom window. "Rodney Place," said Mr. Prince, "is nine miles from Drysdale's residence. I understood you to say, Mr. Sims, that Mrs. Drysdale declares her husband was at home at twenty minutes to one?"

"Certainly she does; but the wife's evidence, you are aware, can not avail her husband."

"True; but the servant-girl! The driver of the post-chaise! This is a vital point, and must be cleared up without delay."

I and Williams, Sims' clerk, set off instantly to see Mrs. Drysdale, who had not left her room since her husband's apprehension. She was confident it was barely so late as twenty minutes to one when the post-chaise drove up to the door. Her evidence was, however, legally inadmissible, and our hopes rested on Anne Moody, who was immediately called in. Her answer was exasperating. She had been asleep in the kitchen, and could not positively say whether it was twelve, one, or two o'clock when her master reached home. There was still a chance left—that of the post-chaise driver. He did not, we found, reach Exeter, a distance of three miles only from Mr. Drysdale's, till a quarter to three o'clock, and was then much the worse of liquor. So much for our chance of proving an *alibi*!

There was one circumstance perpetually harped upon by our bright, one-eyed friend of the Hunter's Inn; Cyclops, I and Williams called him. What had become of a large sum in notes paid, it was well known, to Mr. Bradshaw three or four days before his death? What also of a ruby ring, and some unset precious stones he had brought from abroad, and which he had always estimated, rightly or wrongly, at so high a price? Drysdale's house and garden had been turned inside out, but nothing had been found, and so for that matter had been Rodney Place, and its two remaining inmates had been examined with the like ill success. Burnham, who was excessively dissatisfied with the progress of affairs, swore there was an infernal mystery somewhere, and that he shouldn't sleep till he had ferreted it out. That was his business: ours was to make the best of the wretched materials at our disposal; but the result we all expected followed. The foregone conclusion of the jury that were empaneled in the case was just about to be formally recorded in a verdict of guilty, when a note was handed across to Mr. Sims. One Mr. Jay, a timber merchant, who had heard the evidence of the postillion, desired to be examined. This the judge at once consented to, and Mr. Jay deposed, that having left Exeter in his gig upon pressing business, at about two o'clock on the morning of the murder, he had observed a post-chaise at the edge of a pond about a mile and a half out of the city, where the jaded horses had been, he supposed, drinking. They were standing still, and the post-boy, who was inside, and had reins to

drive with passed through the front windows, was fast asleep—a drunken sleep it seemed, and he, Mr. Jay, had to bawl for some time, and strike the chaise with his whip, before he could awake the man, who, at last, with a growl and a curse, drove on. He believed, but would not like to positively swear, that the postillion he had heard examined was that man. This testimony, strongly suggestive as it was, his lordship opined, did not materially affect the case; the jury concurred, and a verdict of guilty was pronounced and recorded amidst the death-like silence of a hushed and anxious auditory.

The unfortunate convict staggered visibly beneath the blow, fully expected, as it must have been, and a terrible spasm convulsed his features and shook his frame. It passed away; and his bearing and speech, when asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced according to law, was not without a certain calm dignity and power, while his tones, tremulous, it is true, were silvery and unassuming as a child's.

"I can not blame the gentlemen of the jury," he said. "Their fatal verdict is, I am sure, as conscientious as God and myself know it to be erroneous—false! Circumstances are, I feel, strangely arrayed against me; and it has been my fate through life to be always harshly judged, save only by one whose truth and affection have shed over my checkered existence the only happiness it has ever known. I observed, too, the telling sneer of the prosecuting counsel, connecting the circumstances under which I left the navy with the *cowardice* of the deed with which I stand here accused—convicted, I suppose, I should say. I forgive that gentleman his cruel sneer as freely as I do you, gentlemen of the jury, your mistaken verdict—you, my lord, the death-sentence you are about to pronounce. The manner in which I hope to pass through the brief, but dark and bitter passage lying between me and the grave will, I trust, be a sufficient answer to the taunt of cowardice, and the future vindication of my innocence, not for my own, but my wife and children's sake, I confidently leave them to Him into whose hands I shall soon, untimely, render up my spirit. This is all I have to say."

The prisoner's calm, simple, unhurried words, produced a marvelous effect upon the court and auditory. The judge, Chief Baron Macdonald, a conscientious, and somewhat nervous man, paused in the act of assuming the black-cap, and presently said, rather hastily, "Let the prisoner be removed; I will pass sentence to-morrow." The court then immediately adjourned.

I was miserably depressed in spirits, which the cold, sleety weather that greeted us on emerging from the hot and crowded court considerably increased. I was thinking—excuse the seeming bathos—I was only a clerk, and used to such tragedies; I was thinking, I say, that a glass of brandy and water might not be amiss, when whom should I rudely jostle against but Cyclops, *alias* Thomas Burnham. He was going the same way as myself in prodigious haste—his

eye bright and flaming as a live coal, and his whole manner denoting intense excitement. "Is that you?" he broke out. "Come along, then, and quick, for the love of God! I've missed Sims and his clerk, but you'll do as well; perhaps better." I had no power, if I had the inclination to refuse, for the enthusiastic man seized me by the arm, and hurried me along at a tremendous rate toward the outskirts of the city. "This is the place," he exclaimed, as he burst into a tavern parlor, where two trunks had been deposited. "He's not come yet," Burnham went on, "but the coach is to call for him here. He thinks to be off to London this very night."

"Whom are you talking of? Who's off to London to-night?"

"James Berry, if he's clever enough! Look there!"

"I see; 'James Berry, Passenger, London.' These, then, are his trunks, I suppose."

"Right, my boy; but there is nothing of importance in *them*. Sly, steady-going Margery has well ascertained that. You know Margery?—but hush! here he comes."

Berry—it was he—could not repress a nervous start, as he unexpectedly encountered Burnham's burly person and fierce glare.

"You here?" he stammered, as he mechanically took a chair by the fire. "Who would have thought it?"

"Not you, Jim, I'm sure; it must be, therefore, an unexpected pleasure. I'm come to have a smoke and a bit of chat with you, Berry—there isn't a riper Berry than you are in the kingdom—before you go to London, Jim—do you mark?—before you go to London—ha, ha! ho, ho! But, zounds! how pale and shaky you're looking, and before this rousing fire, too! D—n thee, villain!" shouted Burnham, jumping suddenly up from his chair, and dashing his pipe to fragments on the floor. "I can't play with thee any longer. Tell me—when did the devil teach thee to stuff coat-collars with the spoils of murdered men, eh?"

A yell of dismay escaped Berry, and he made a desperate rush to get past Burnham. Vainly did so. The fierce publican caught him by the throat, and held him by a grip of steel. "You're caught, scoundrel!—nicked, trapped, found out, and by whom, think you? Why, by deaf, paralytic, Margery, whose old eyes have never wearied in watching you from the hour you slew and robbed her good old master till to-day, when you dreamed yourself alone, and she discovered the mystery of the coat-collar."

"Let me go!" gasped the miscreant, down whose pallid cheeks big drops of agony were streaming. "Take all, and let me go."

A fierce imprecation followed by a blow, replied to the despairing felon. A constable, attracted by the increasing uproar, soon arrived; the thick coat-collar was ripped, and in it were found a considerable sum in Exeter notes—the ruby ring, and other valuables well known to have belonged to Mr. Bradshaw. Berry was quickly lodged in jail. A true bill was returned the next

day by the grand jury before noon, and by the time the clock struck four, the murderer was, on his own confession, convicted of the foul crime of which a perfectly innocent man had been not many hours before pronounced guilty! A great lesson this was felt to be at the time in Exeter, and in the western country generally. A lesson of the watchfulness of Providence over innocent lives; of rebuke to the self-sufficing infallibility of men, however organized or empaneled, and of patience under unmerited obloquy and slander.

Edward Drysdale was, I need hardly say, liberated by the king's pardon—pardoned for an uncommitted offense, and he and his true-hearted wife, the heiress of her uncle, are still living, I believe, in competence, content, and harmony.

A PRISON-SCENE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

I WAS mentioning one day to an old friend and fellow-rambler of mine the pleasure I had derived from a visit to the Palais du Luxembourg, in Paris. "Oh," said he, "my recollections of the Luxembourg Palace are any thing but pleasant. One entire generation has passed away, and a second has followed far on the same road, since I entered it; but were I to live to the age of an antediluvian, I imagine the remembrance of the period which I passed in the Luxembourg would dwell with me to the last hour of my life."

These words naturally raised my curiosity, and, from the character of the speaker, whom I had known for many years as a man of much and varied knowledge and unimpeachable probity, also aroused my sympathy; I pressed him, therefore, to favor me with the incidents which had made so indelible an impression upon his mind. He made no difficulty of complying with my request; but, stirring the fire, and leaning back in his easy chair, delivered his brief narrative very nearly in the following words.

You do not perhaps remember that the Palais du Luxembourg was at one period used as a prison. Some of those splendid saloons which you so much admire were once bordered with cells hastily erected with rough planks, the centre of the area being used as a common room for the whole of the prisoners. When the Revolution of 1798 broke out in France, I was the junior partner of an English house doing business in a certain kind of merchandise in the Rue St. Honoré. I was very young, almost a lad, indeed, but I had invested the whole of my small fortune in the concern. I was active and sedulous, and I devoted my entire energies to the prosecution of our joint interests, which thrived considerably. When the troubles came, my partners, who conceived that they had grounds for apprehension, resolved to quit the country; and they offered me the whole of the business upon terms so advantageous that I did not feel justified in refusing them. I had never meddled with politics (for which, indeed, I had no talent or inclination), I was too young to have any enemies or to be suspected of partisanship; so I closed with the

offer that was made me, and resolved to brave the perils of the time, making my business the sole object of my care and solicitude, and leaving all things else to take their course. I pursued this plan rigidly, avoiding all participation in the excitement of the period, and not even conversing on the subject of public affairs, concerning which upon all occasions I professed, what indeed was the truth, that I knew nothing. I went on thus for some years, and amidst all the horrors and vicissitudes of the Revolution my business thrived prosperously. I experienced no sort of interruption—never received a single domiciliary visit from any one of the factions upon whom the sovereign authority so suddenly devolved—and, to all appearance, had escaped suspicion under each and all of the rapidly-changing dynasties. I had well-nigh doubled my wealth by unwearied diligence, and had long banished all thought of peril in the course I was pursuing, when, one rainy night in the summer of 1793, I was roused from my rest after I had been a full hour asleep in bed, compelled to hurry on a few clothes at a minute's notice, pushed into a carriage waiting at my door, and driven off to a midnight tribunal. Arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, I requested to hear the charge which had been made against me, but was desired to hold my peace. I was brought there for identification, and not for a hearing, the ruffian in office informed me, and it would be time enough for me to hear the charge when I was called upon to answer it. It was in vain that I pleaded the injustice of such a proceeding; I was obliged to submit to their pleasure. A pen was put into my hand, and I was ordered to write my protest, if I had any to make. I did so in a few words, claiming protection as a French citizen. The presiding scoundrel pretended to compare my writing with some imaginary seditious document of which it was not possible that I could have been the author, and at once committed me to prison. I was kept in waiting while some other pretended examinations were gone through, and then, in company with three more unfortunates, was driven off to the Luxembourg, where, at about two o'clock in the morning, I was bundled into a cell furnished with a straw *pailleasse* and rug, a deal table and a single chair, and lighted by a small lamp suspended aloft out of my reach.

When I could find time to reflect upon the sudden calamity which had overtaken me, I could come to no other conclusion than that I had been made the victim of the cupidity of some villain or villains who had contrived to incarcerate me out of the way, while they made a plunder of my property. The imputation of seditious correspondence, which I knew to be nothing but a pretense, bore me out in this conjecture; and upon thinking the matter over again and again, I came to the conviction at last, that, bad as the matter was, it might have been much worse. I thought I saw that there was little chance of my being brought up for trial, as it would be more for the interest of my enemies, whoever they were, to keep me out of the way, than to bring

me before a tribunal which might or might not condemn me to death, but which could hardly fail of discovering the motive of my abduction and imprisonment. Thus I got rid of the fear of the guillotine, and I soon found another cause for gratulation in the fact that I had not been searched. I had a considerable sum of money in my pocket-book, and, by a piece of good fortune, the book containing my banking-account was in the breast-pocket of my over-coat, which I had put on on the previous evening in consequence of a sudden storm, and which, on hearing the pattering rain, I had instinctively seized upon coming away. Before I lay down upon my miserable couch I contrived effectually to secrete my valuables, in the fear that they might be abstracted in case I should be so fortunate as to sleep. I had been locked in by the jailer, and I imagined that the ten square feet which limited my view would confine all my motions during the term of my imprisonment. In spite of all my anxieties and the disagreeable novelty of my position, I fell off to slumber about sunrise, and into a pleasant dream of home in England, and the sunny fields of childhood.

I was awoke soon after seven o'clock by the sound of laughter and loud voices mingled with the twanging of a lute. I started up, and seeing that the door of my cell was standing ajar, I bent forward and looked out. My apparition in a red night-cap was received with a burst of merriment loud and prolonged from some fifty well-dressed individuals seated on chairs or lounging on tables in the centre of a large arena, surrounded on all sides with cells, the counterpart of my own. They hailed me as "*Le Bonnet Rouge*," and wished me joy of my advent among them. Making my toilet as speedily as possible, I joined them with the best grace I could, and requested to be allowed the pleasure of their society, if, as I supposed from what I saw, the rules of the prison permitted me the indulgence. A young man politely stepped forward, and volunteered to instruct me in the constitution and the etiquette of the society into which I had been so abruptly introduced. He was the model of courtesy and good breeding, and soon initiated me into the mysteries of the association which the prisoners had set on foot for the purpose of relieving the tedium of confinement, and for banishing the gloomy shadow of speedy and certain death impending over the major part of them. He informed me that we were at liberty either to take our meals in common at the general table in the saloon where we then were, or to withdraw with our several dresses to our own cells; but that no gentleman who could not show a cheerful countenance, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, was expected to make his appearance either at dinner or supper, or, indeed, in the saloon at all, save for the purpose of periodical exercise. He argued that a dejected and sorrowful face, though it might be allowable in the case of a solitary prisoner, was clearly an offense against the whole assembly, each of whom having his own burden

to bear, was entitled to at least as good an example of courage as he could furnish himself; and that upon those grounds they had come to the understanding, which was perfectly well known and acted upon among them, that those who had not sufficient fortitude to oppose a smile to the scowl of Fate should confine their sorrows to their own cabins, and not disturb the enjoyments, short-lived as they were, nor unsettle the constancy of their fellows by the parade of unavailing dejection. He added, that if I could conduce to the amusement of their circle by any means, no matter how, I should be regarded in the light of a benefactor; that they had music, public debates, and dramatic representations, though without scenery or appropriate dresses; and that in all or any of these amusements I might take a part if I chose, and might feel sure of their candid appreciation of my endeavors. He then, with the utmost *sang froid*, gave me to understand that their first violin would that morning leave them, though he would give them a parting cavatina before he mounted the tumbril, which would call on its way to the guillotine about twelve o'clock. Fifteen other gentlemen of their community were bound on the same voyage; they were liable to such deductions from their social circle, he was sorry to say—and he shrugged his shoulders—on occasions far too frequent for their repose; but then they were constantly receiving fresh additions, and their number was generally very nearly if not quite complete. He told me that among the twenty or thirty gentlemen conversing so cheerfully at the next table, seven would die that morning, and apologized for not pointing out the particular individuals, on the score of its being hardly polite to do so.

I was perfectly horrified at the communication of my voluble companion. Though living so long in the very centre and focus of revolution, I had kept so carefully clear of the terrible drama which had been acting, and had been so wrapped up in my own concerns, that I was altogether unprepared for the recognition of such a state of feeling on the subject of certain, sudden, and murderous death, as I now found existing around me. It required all the courage and self-control I was master of to repress the natural exclamations of dismay that rose to my lips. I thanked my new friend for his courtesy, expressed my determination not to appear in the social circle at any time when my spirits were not up to the mark, and, bowing ceremoniously, withdrew to my own cell to ruminate alone upon what I had heard. You may imagine what passed in my mind. I had been religiously educated in a Protestant country; I had never, even in France, neglected the daily duties of religion. I had knelt, morning, and evening, from my earliest childhood, to my father's God; and I had devoutly sought the especial direction of his providence both in taking the step which led me to Paris in the first instance, and in that which had fixed me there when my partners had fled in apprehension of calamity. The idea of death had

been to me always one of unmingled solemnity ; and the thought of opposing laughter and merriment to the grim aspect of the grisly king was abhorrent to my imagination. I remained all the morning in my cell, a prey to miserable and anxious thought. I heard the cavatina played with firmness and brilliancy by the musician who knew to a certainty that within an hour he would be a headless corpse. I heard the tumbrel drive up to the door which was to convey sixteen of my fellow-prisoners to feed the dripping ax. I saw them defile past my cell as the jailer checked them off on his list, and heard them respond gayly to the "Bon voyage" of their companions ere they departed in the fatal cart which was to carry them "out of the world."

There is, however, a force in circumstances strong enough to overcome the habits and instincts of a life-time. I had not been a month in the Luxembourg before the idea of death by violence, once so terrible and appalling, began to assume a very different aspect in my mind. Our society consisted of above a hundred in number, and the major part of them, incarcerated for political offenses, were but in the position of losers in a game in which they had played the stake of life for the chance of power. They paid the penalty as readily and as recklessly as they had played the game ; and the spectacle which their fate presented to my view, though it never reconciled me to their repulsive indifference to the importance of life, yet gradually undermined my own estimate of its value. Every means of amusement that could be thought of was resorted to for diversion. Plays were acted night after night, the female characters being personated by the youngest of the party in robes borrowed from the wardrobe of the jailer's wife. Concerts were got up, and the songs of all nations were sung with much taste to the accompaniment of the lute in the hands of an old professor, who, it afterward came out, had been imprisoned by mistake, because he bore the name of an offender. Card-parties sat down to play every evening ; and men would continue the game, and deal the cards with a steady hand, though they heard their names called over in the list of those who were to grace the guillotine on the morrow. It was rare that executions followed on two successive days ; there was often, indeed, a respite for a fortnight together ; but I noticed with a shudder that, whenever the cells were all occupied, an execution, and usually of a large number, speedily followed.

Months passed away. I was unhappy beyond expression, from the want of sympathy and of occupation. I had been allowed to receive a box of clothes and linen from my residence ; and my servant had put a few English books into the box, with a design to relieve the tedium of confinement. Among the books was Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted." It came into my head that I might find occupation in translating this work into French, and that by circulating it very cheaply among the populace I might perhaps do something to stem the course of bloodshed and

profanity in which all seemed hurrying headlong forward. I procured writing-materials, and shutting myself up several hours a day in my cell, commenced the translation. I did not make very rapid progress ; my attention was too much distracted by what was going on around me to permit me to do much during the day. At eleven at night we were locked in our cells, and then I generally wrote for a quiet hour before going to bed.

I had been thus engaged for some three or four months, and had completed more than half my undertaking, when, as I sat one morning at my writing, one of the attendants knocked at my cell door, and announced a visitor in the person of an Englishman, who, having been consigned to prison, had inquired if any of his fellow-countrymen were in confinement, and having been referred to me, now sought an introduction. I rose, of course, immediately, and proceeded to offer him such welcome as the place afforded. He was a man already stricken in years of a rather forbidding aspect, but with the fire of intellect in his restless eye. He introduced himself to me as Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man," and he hoped he might add, the consistent friend of liberty, though for the present at least, he had lost his own. I consoled with him as well as I could, and assisted in installing him in a cell next to mine which happened to be vacant. I may confess that I was much more astonished than gratified by the accession of such a companion ; but as he never sought to intrude upon my privacy, I was enabled to proceed with my work unmolested. I made him acquainted with the etiquette of the prison, and the necessity of a cheerful face if he went into company ; and he warmly approved of the regulation, though he rarely complied with it, as he kept himself almost constantly in his cell. He wrote for several hours every day ; and told me that he was approaching fast toward the completion of a work, which, under the title of "The Age of Reason," would one day make a noise in the world, and do something toward putting the forces of Priestcraft to the rout. At my request, he lent me a portion of the manuscript, which having perused with indignation, I returned with my unqualified condemnation, at which he laughed good-humoredly, and said I had been too effectually nursed in prejudices to be able to judge impartially. I did not return the confidence with which he had honored me by making him acquainted with the purpose for which I was laboring. The winter of '93-'94 was nearly over before I had got my manuscript in a fit condition to be put into the hands of the printer. I remember being much troubled in the preparation of the last few pages by the crowded state of the prison. Not only were all the cells occupied, but a full half of them contained a couple of inmates each, and I was obliged myself to purchase immunity from partnership with a stranger at a considerable sum. We who had been long in prison knew well enough what to

look for from such a state of things, and every night after supper we expected the summons of the bell which preceded the reading over of the black list. It came at last after a respite of eighteen days, an interval which had caused many to hope that these judicial slaughters were at an end. The first stroke of the bell produced a dead silence, and we listened with horror while twenty-seven names were deliberately called over, together with the numbers of the cells in which their owners domiciled. I saw Mr. Paine seated in his cell, and clutching the door in his hand, as he looked sternly through the partial opening upon the face of the jailer as he read over the list. When it was concluded, he shut himself in, and I heard him moving about at intervals during the whole night. I did not sleep myself, and I felt sure that he did not attempt to sleep.

When the victims were mustered the next morning previous to the arrival of the tumbrils which were to bear them to death, the jailer declared that the number was short by one; that he was bound to furnish the full complement of twenty-eight, which he asserted was the number he had read off the night before. He was requested to refer to the list, and read it again; but, by some strange management this could not be found.

"Gentlemen," said the jailer, "you must manage it among you somehow: it is as much as my own head is worth—though to be sure heads are at a discount just now—to send short weight in bargains of this sort. Be so good as to settle it among yourselves." At these words a volunteer stepped forward. "What signifies a day or two more or less?" he cried, "I will go! Gentlemen, do not trouble yourselves—the affair is finished!" A light murmur of applause was deemed a sufficient reward for his gratuitous act of self-devotion, which under different circumstances might have won an immortality of fame. The voluntary victim could have been barely five-and-twenty. He was allowed to lead off the dance in the grim tragedy of the morning. He did so with an alacrity altogether and exceedingly French. I do not recollect his name; his exploit was no more than a three days' wonder.

From what reason I know not, but it began to be rumored that one of the Englishmen ought to have completed the condemned list; and suspicions of dishonorable conduct on the part of Paine were freely whispered about. They were perhaps founded on the fact of his being constantly in communication with the jailer, who brought him almost daily dispatches from some of his Jacobin friends. It was reported *sotto voce* that he had bribed the jailer to erase his name from the list; though, as he had never been brought to trial, nor, as far as I know, was aware, any more than myself, of the specific charge made against him, I do not see that that was very probable—a form of trial at least being generally allowed to prisoners.

When my manuscript was ready I sent for a printer, and bargained with him, for a pretty

large impression of the book, in a cheap and portable form. Nearly two months were occupied in getting through the press, owing to the amount of business with which the printers of Paris were at that time overloaded. When the whole edition was ready for delivery, I sent for a bookseller of my acquaintance, and gave him an order upon the printer for the whole of them, with directions to sell them at the low price of ten sous, or five-pence each, about equal to two-thirds of the cost of their production, supposing the whole number to go off, which, in my ignorance of the book-trade and of the literary likings of the Parisians, I looked upon as the next thing to a certainty.

This undertaking off my hands, my mind felt considerably more at ease, and I became capable of enjoying the few pleasures which my hazardous position afforded. The study of human nature, of which I had thought but little previous to my confinement, now became my only pursuit. I had acquired the habit of writing in the prosecution of my translation; and I now continued the habit by journalizing the events which transpired in the prison, and jotting down such portions of the biography of the several inmates as I could make myself master of. Mr. Paine shut himself closely in his cell, and I rarely saw any thing of him; and he appeared to have given up all communication as well with the world without as that within his prison.

In July came the fall of Robespierre, who wanted animal courage to play out the desperate game he had planned. I was the first who got the information, and in five minutes it was known to all my fellow-prisoners. In a few days I was set at liberty. I parted with the author of the "Rights of Man" and the "Age of Reason" at the door of the prison, and never set eyes on him afterward. I flew to my residence in the Rue St. Honoré. As I expected, every thing of value had been plundered and the place gutted, my faithful servant having first been enlisted and packed off to the army. I resolved upon returning home. As a French citizen I had no difficulty in obtaining a passport for the coast; and within a month I was in London.

Twenty years had passed over my head, and Paris was in possession of the allied powers, when, in 1814, I again visited it. Fortunately, owing to services which I was enabled to render to British officers high in command, I found myself in a position to vindicate my claim to the value of the property I had left behind me, and for the sake of which there is little doubt that I had been secretly proscribed and cast into a revolutionary prison. I eventually recovered the whole amount of my loss, the *quartier* in which I had resided having to make it good. It now occurred to me to call upon the bookseller to whom I had confided the 3000 copies of Baxter's treatise, with a view, if practicable, to a settlement. I was lucky enough to find him at his old place; and upon my inquiry as to the fate

of my work, he informed me, to my perfect amazement and mortification, that the whole of the copies were yet upon his shelves, and that he was ready to hand me over the entire impression, of which, as he might well be, he expressed himself desirous of being relieved. He assured me that he had employed the usual means to push them off, but that he had not been able, in a single instance, to effect a sale. He regretted to say that it was the most decided failure in the literary line that had ever come under his observation; not, he was pleased to observe, from any defect in point of literary ability, but solely from the fact that matter of that nature was totally unfit for the Parisian market. The whole edition was returned upon my hands; not a single copy had been sold in twenty years, although offered at a price below the cost of production. Still I never repented the attempt, mistaken though it proved to be. It afforded me occupation during some wretched months of confinement, and comforted me with the hope that, were I to die by the guillotine, I might leave a voice behind me which might be of use to my fellow-creatures.

A CELEBRATED FRENCH CLOCK-MAKER.

THE superiority of French clocks and watches has been achieved only by the laborious efforts of many ingenious artisans. Of one of these, to whom France owes no little of its celebrity in this branch of art, we propose to speak. Bréguet was the name of this remarkable individual. He was a native of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, and thence he was removed, while young, to Versailles, for the purpose of learning his business as a horologist. His parents being poor, he found it necessary to rely on his own energy for advancement in life.

At Versailles, he served a regular apprenticeship, during which his diligence in improving himself was almost beyond example. He became greatly attached to his profession; and soon, by studious perseverance his talents were developed by real knowledge. At length the term of apprenticeship expired, and as the master was expressing to the pupil the satisfaction which his good conduct and diligence had given him, he was struck with astonishment when he replied: "Master, I have a favor to ask of you. I feel that I have not always as I ought employed my time, which was to have indemnified you for the cares and lessons you have spent on me. I beg of you, then, to permit me to continue with you three months longer without salary." This request confirmed the attachment of the master to his pupil. But scarcely was the apprenticeship of the latter over, when he lost his mother and his stepfather, and found himself alone in the world with an elder sister—being thus left to provide, by his own industry, for the maintenance of two persons. Nevertheless, he ardently desired to complete his necessary studies, for he felt that the knowledge of mathematics was absolutely indispensable to his attaining

perfection in his art. This determined purpose conquered every obstacle. Not only did he labor perseveringly for his sister and himself, but also found means to attend regularly a course of public lectures which the Abbé Marie was then giving at the College Mazarin. The professor, having remarked the unwearied assiduity of the young clockmaker, made a friend of him, and delighted in considering him as his beloved pupil. This friendship, founded on the truest esteem and the most affectionate gratitude, contributed wondrously to the progress of the student.

The great metamorphosis which was effected so suddenly in the young clockmaker was very remarkable. There is something very encouraging in his example, affording as it does a proof of the power of the man who arms himself with a determined purpose. At first, the struggle with difficulties appears hard, painful, almost impossible; but only let there be a little perseverance, the obstacles vanish one after the other, the way is made plain: instead of the thorns which seem to choke it, verdant laurels suddenly spring up, the reward of constant and unwearied labor. Thus it was with our studious apprentice. His ideas soon expand; his work acquires more precision; a new and a more extended horizon opens before him. From a skillful workman, it is not long before he becomes an accomplished artist. Yet a few years, and the name of Bréguet is celebrated.

At the epoch of the first troubles of the Revolution of 1789, Bréguet had already founded the establishment which has since produced so many master-pieces of mechanism. The most honorable, the most flattering reputation was his. One anecdote will serve to prove the high repute in which he was held, even out of France. One day a watch, to the construction of which he had given his whole attention, happened to fall into the hands of Arnold, the celebrated English watchmaker. He examined it with interest, and surveyed with admiration the simplicity of its mechanism, the perfection of the workmanship. He could scarcely be persuaded that a specimen thus executed could be the work of French industry. Yielding to the love of his art, he immediately set out for Paris, without any other object than simply to become acquainted with the French artist. On arriving in Paris, he went immediately to see Bréguet, and soon these two men were acquainted with each other. They seem, indeed, to have formed a mutual friendship. In order that Bréguet might give Arnold the highest token of his esteem and affection, he requested him to take his son with him to be taught his profession, and this was acceded to.

The Revolution destroyed the first establishment of Bréguet, and finally forced the great artist to seek an asylum on a foreign shore. There generous assistance enabled him, with his son, to continue his ingenious experiments in his art. At length, having returned to Paris after two years' absence, he opened a new establishment, which continued to flourish till 1823, when France lost this man, the pride and

boast of its industrial class. Bréguet was member of the Institute, was clockmaker to the navy, and member of the Bureau of Longitude. He was indeed the most celebrated clockmaker of the age; he had brought to perfection every branch of his art. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and ingenuity of his free escapement with a maintaining power. To him we owe another escapement called 'natural,' in which there is no spring, and oil is not needed; but another, and still more perfect one, is the double escapement, where the precision of the contacts renders the use of oil equally unnecessary, and in which the waste of power in the pendulum is repaired at each vibration.

The sea-watches or chronometers of Bréguet are famous throughout the world. It is well known that these watches are every moment subject to change of position, from the rolling and pitching of the vessel. Bréguet conceived the bold thought of inclosing the whole mechanism of the escapement and the spring in a circular envelope, making a complete revolution every two minutes. The inequality of position is thus, as it were, equalized on that short lapse of time; the mechanism itself producing compensation, whether the chronometer is subjected to any continuous movement, or kept steady in an inclined or upright position. Bréguet did still more: he found means to preserve the regularity of his chronometers even in case of their getting any sudden shock or fall, and this he did by the parachute. Sir Thomas Brisbane put one of them to the proof, carrying it about with him on horseback, and on long journeys and voyages; in sixteen months, the greatest daily loss was only a second and a half—that is, the 57,600th part of a daily revolution.

Such is the encouraging example of Bréguet, who was at first only a workman. And to this he owes his being the best judge of good workmen, as he was the best friend to them. He sought out such every where, even in other countries; gave them the instruction of a master of the art; and treated them with the kindness of a father. They were indebted to him for their prosperity, and he owed to them the increase of fortune and of fame. He well understood the advantages of a judicious division of labor, according to the several capabilities of artisans. By this means, he was able to meet the demand for pieces of his workmanship, not less remarkable for elegance and beauty than for extreme accuracy. It may indeed be said, that Bréguet's efforts gave a character to French horology that it has never lost. So much may one man do in his day and generation to give an impetus to an important branch of national industry.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER VIII.—COVERING A MULTITUDE OF SINS.

IT was interesting, when I dressed before daylight, to peep out of window, where my candles

* Continued from the May Number.

were reflected in the black panes like two beacons, and, finding all beyond still enshrouded in the indistinctness of last night, to watch how it turned out when the day came on. As the prospect gradually revealed itself, and disclosed the scene over which the wind had wandered in the dark, like my memory over my life, I had a pleasure in discovering the unknown objects that had been around me in my sleep. At first they were faintly discernible in the mist, and above them the later stars still glimmered. That pale interval over, the picture began to enlarge and fill up so fast, that at every new peep, I could have found enough to look at for an hour. Imperceptibly, my candles became the only incongruous part of the morning, the dark places in my room all melted away, and the day shone bright upon a cheerful landscape, prominent in which the old Abbey Church, with its massive tower, threw a softer train of shadow on the view than seemed compatible with its rugged character. But so from rough outsides (I hope I have learnt), serene and gentle influences often proceed.

Every part of the house was in such order, and every one was so attentive to me, that I had no trouble with my two bunches of keys: though what with trying to remember the contents of each little store-room, drawer, and cupboard; and what with making notes on a slate about jams, and pickles, and preserves, and bottles, and glass, and china, and a great many other things; and what with being generally a methodical, old-maidish sort of foolish little person; I was so busy that I could not believe it was breakfast-time when I heard the bell ring. Away I ran, however, and made tea, as I had already been installed into the responsibility of the tea-pot; and then, as they were all rather late, and nobody was down yet, I thought I would take a peep at the garden, and get some knowledge of that too. I found it quite a delightful place; in front, the pretty avenue and drive by which we had approached (and where, by-the-by, we had cut up the gravel so terribly with our wheels that I asked the gardener to roll it); at the back, the flower-garden, with my darling at her window up there, throwing it open to smile out at me, as if she would have kissed me from that distance. Beyond the flower-garden was a kitchen-garden, and then a paddock, and then a snug little rick-yard, and then a dear little farm-yard. As to the house itself, with its three peaks in the roof; its various shaped windows, some so large, some so small, and all so pretty; its trellis-work against the south front for roses and honey-suckle, and its homely, comfortable, welcoming look; it was, as Ada said, when she came out to meet me with her arm through that of its master, worthy of her cousin John—a bold thing to say, though he only pinched her dear cheek for it.

Mr. Skimpole was as agreeable at breakfast, as he had been over-night. There was honey on the table, and it led him into a discourse about bees. He had no objection to honey, he said (and I should think he had not, for he seemed to like it),

but he protested against the overweening assumptions of bees. He didn't at all see why the busy bee should be proposed as a model to him; he supposed the bee liked to make honey, or he wouldn't do it—nobody asked him. It was not necessary for the bee to make such a merit of his tastes. If every confectioner went buzzing about the world, banging against every thing that came in his way, and egotistically calling upon every body to take notice that he was going to his work and must not be interrupted, the world would be quite an insupportable place. Then, after all, it was a ridiculous position, to be smoked out of your fortune with brimstone, as soon as you had made it. You would have a very mean opinion of a Manchester man, if he spun cotton for no other purpose. He must say he thought a drone the embodiment of a pleasanter and wiser idea. The drone said, unaffectedly, "You will excuse me; I really can not attend to the shop! I find myself in a world in which there is so much to see, and so short a time to see it in, that I must take the liberty of looking about me, and begging to be provided for by somebody who doesn't want to look about him." This appeared to Mr. Skimpole to be the drone philosophy, and he thought it a very good philosophy—always supposing the drone to be willing to be on good terms with the bee: which, so far as he knew, the easy fellow always was, if the consequential creature would only let him, and not be so conceited about his honey!

He pursued this fancy with the lightest foot over a variety of ground, and made us all merry; though again he seemed to have as serious a meaning in what he said as he was capable of having. I left them still listening to him, when I withdrew to attend to my new duties. They had occupied me for some time, and I was passing through the passages on my return, with my basket of keys on my arm, when Mr. Jarndyce called me into a small room next his bed-chamber, which I found to be in part a little library of books and papers, and in part quite a little museum of his boots and shoes, and hat-boxes.

"Sit down, my dear," said Mr. Jarndyce.—"This, you must know, is the Growlery. When I am out of humor, I come and growl here."

"You must be here very seldom, sir," said I.

"O, you don't know me!" he returned. "When I am deceived or disappointed in—the wind, and it's easterly, I take refuge here. The Growlery is the best used room in the house. You are not aware of half my humors yet. My dear, how you are trembling!"

I could not help it: I tried very hard: but being alone with that benevolent presence, and meeting his kind eyes, and feeling so happy, and so honored there, and my heart so full—

I kissed his hand. I don't know what I said, or even that I spoke. He was disconcerted, and walked to the window; I almost believed with an intention of jumping out, until he turned, and I was reassured by seeing in his eyes what he had

gone there to hide. He gently patted me on the head, and I sat down.

"There! There!" he said. "That's over. Pooh! Don't be foolish!"

"It shall not happen again, sir," I returned, "but at first it is difficult—"

"Nonsense!" he said, "it's easy, easy. Why not? I hear of a good little orphan girl without a protector, and I take it into my head to be that protector. She grows up, and more than justifies my good opinion, and I remain her guardian and her friend. What is there in all this? So, so! Now, we have cleared off old scores, and I have before me thy pleasant, trusting, trusty face again."

I said to myself, "Esther, my dear, you surprise me! This really is not what I expected of you!" and it had such a good effect, that I folded my hands upon my basket and quite recovered myself. Mr. Jarndyce, expressing his approval in his face, began to talk to me as confidentially, as if I had been in the habit of conversing with him every morning for I don't know how long. I almost felt as if I had.

"Of course, Esther," he said, "you don't understand this Chancery business?"

And of course I shook my head.

"I don't know who does," he returned. "The lawyers have twisted it into such a state of bewilderment that the original merits of the case have long disappeared from the face of the earth. It's about a Will, and the trusts under a Will—or it was, once. It's about nothing but Costs, now. We are always appearing, and disappearing, and swearing, and interrogating, and filing, and cross-filing, and arguing, and sealing, and motioning, and referring, and reporting, and revolving about the Lord Chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waltzing ourselves off to dusty death, about Costs. That's the great question. All the rest, by some extraordinary means, has melted away."

"But it was, sir," said I, to bring him back, for he began to rub his head, "about a Will?"

"Why, yes, it was about a Will when it was about any thing," he returned. "A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune, and made a great Will. In the question how the trusts under that Will are to be administered, the fortune left by the Will is squandered away; the legatees under the Will are reduced to such a miserable condition that they would be sufficiently punished, if they had committed an enormous crime in having money left them; and the Will itself is made a dead letter. All through the deplorable cause, every thing that every body in it, except one man, knows already, is referred to that only one man who don't know it, to find out—all through the deplorable cause, every body must have copies, over and over again, of every thing that has accumulated about it in the way of cartloads of papers (or must pay for them without having them, which is the usual course, for nobody wants them); and must go down the middle and up again, through such an infernal country-dance of costs, and fees, and nonsense,

and corruption, as was never dreamed of in the wildest visions of a Witch's Sabbath. Equity sends questions to Law, Law sends questions back to Equity; Law finds it can't do this, Equity finds it can't do that; neither can so much as say it can't do any thing, without this solicitor instructing and this counsel appearing for A, and that solicitor instructing and that counsel appearing for B; and so on through the whole alphabet, like the history of the Apple Pie. And thus, through years and years, and lives and lives, every thing goes on, constantly beginning over and over again, and nothing ever ends. And we can't get out of the suit on any terms, for we are made parties to it, and *must be* parties to it, whether we like it or not. But it won't do to think of it! When my great-uncle, poor Tom Jarndyce, began to think of it, it was the beginning of the end!"

"The Mr. Jarndyce, sir, whose story I have heard?"

He nodded gravely. "I was his heir, and this was his house, Esther. When I came here, it was bleak, indeed. He had left the signs of his misery upon it."

"How changed it must be now!" I said.

"It had been called, before his time, the Peaks. He gave it its present name, and lived here shut up: day and night poring over the wicked heaps of papers in the suit, and hoping against hope to disentangle it from its mystification and bring it to a close. In the mean time, the place became dilapidated, the wind whistled through the cracked walls, the rain fell through the broken roof, the weeds choked the passage to the rotting door. When I brought what remained of him home here, the brains seemed to me have been blown out of the house too; it was so shattered and ruined."

He walked a little to and fro, after saying this to himself with a shudder, and then looked at me, and brightened, and came and sat down again with his hands in his pockets.

"I told you this was the Growlery, my dear. Where was I?"

I reminded him, at the hopeful change he had made in Bleak House.

"Bleak House: true. There is, in that city of London there, some property of ours, which is much at this day what Bleak House was then—I say property of ours, meaning of the Suit's, but I ought to call it the property of Costs; for Costs is the only power on earth that will ever get any thing out of it now, or will ever know it for any thing but an eyesore and a heartsore. It is a street of perishing blind houses, with their eyes stoned out; without a pane of glass, without so much as a window-frame, with the bare blank shutters tumbling from their hinges and falling asunder; the iron rails peeling away in flakes of rust; the chimneys sinking in; the stone steps to every door (and every door might be Death's Door) turning stagnant green; the very crutches on which the ruins are propped, decaying. Although Bleak House was not in Chancery, its master was, and it was stamped with the same seal.

These are the Great Seal's impressions, my dear, all over England—the children know them!"

"How changed it is!" I said again.

"Why, so it is," he answered much more cheerfully; "and it is wisdom in you to keep me to the bright side of the picture." (The idea of my wisdom!) "These are things I never talk about, or even think about, excepting in the Growlery, here. If you consider it right to mention them to Rick and Ada," looking seriously at me, "you can. I leave it to your discretion, Esther."

"I hope, sir—" said I.

"I think you had better call me Guardian, my dear."

I felt that I was choking again—I taxed myself with it, "Esther, now, you know you are!"—when he feigned to say this slightly, as if it were a whim, instead of a thoughtful tenderness. But I gave the housekeeping keys the least shake in the world as a reminder to myself, and folding my hands in a still more determined manner on the basket, looked at him quietly.

"I hope, Guardian," said I, "that you may not trust too much to my discretion. I hope you may not mistake me. I am afraid it will be a disappointment to you to know that I am not clever—but it really is the truth; and you would soon find it out if I had not the honesty to confess it."

He did not seem at all disappointed: quite the contrary. He told me, with a smile all over his face, that he knew me very well indeed, and that I was quite clever enough for him.

"I hope I may turn out so," said I, "but I am much afraid of it, Guardian."

"You are clever enough to be the good little woman of our lives here, my dear," he returned, playfully; "the little old woman of the Child's (I don't mean Skimpole's) Rhyme.

'Little old woman, and whither so high?—

'To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.'

You will sweep them so neatly out of *our* sky, in the course of your housekeeping, Esther, that one of these days, we shall have to abandon the Growlery, and nail up the door."

This was the beginning of my being called Old Woman, and Little Old Woman, and Cobweb, and Mrs. Shipton, and Mother Hubbard, and Dame Durden, and so many names of that sort, that my own name soon became quite lost among them.

"However," said Mr. Jarndyce, "to return to our gossip. Here's Rick, a fine young fellow full of promise. What's to be done with him?"

O my goodness, the idea of asking my advice on such a point!

"Here he is, Esther," said Mr. Jarndyce, comfortably putting his hands in his pockets and stretching out his legs. "He must have a profession; he must make some choice for himself. There will be a world more Wiglomeration about it, I suppose, but it must be done."

"More what, Guardian?" said I.

"More Wiglomeration," said he. "It's the only name I know for the thing. He is a ward

in Chancery, my dear. Kenge and Carboy will have something to say about it;—Master Somebody—a sort of ridiculous Sexton, digging graves for the merits of causes in a back room at the end of Qualify Court, Chancery-lane—will have something to say about it; Counsel will have something to say about it; the Chancellor will have something to say about it; the Satellites will have something to say about it; they will all have to be handsomely fee'd, all round, about it; the whole thing will be vastly ceremonious, wordy, unsatisfactory, and expensive, and I call it, in general, Wiglomeration. How mankind ever came to be afflicted with Wiglomeration, or for whose sins these young people ever fell into a pit of it, I don't know; so it is."

He began to rub his head again, and to hint that he felt the wind. But it was a delightful instance of his kindness toward me, that whether he rubbed his head, or walked about, or did both, his face was sure to recover its benignant expression as it looked at mine; and he was sure to turn comfortable again, and put his hands in his pockets and stretch out his legs.

"Perhaps it would be best, first of all," said I, "to ask Mr. Richard what he inclines to himself."

"Exactly so," he returned. "That's what I mean! You know, just accustom yourself to talk it over, with your tact and in your quiet way, with him and Ada, and see what you all make of it. We are sure to come at the heart of the matter by your means, little woman."

I really was frightened at the thought of the importance I was attaining, and the number of things that were being confided to me. I had not meant this at all; I had meant that he should speak to Richard. But of course I said nothing in reply, except that I would do my best, though I feared (I really felt it necessary to repeat this) that he thought me much more sagacious than I was. At which my guardian only laughed the pleasantest laugh I ever heard.

"Come!" he said, rising and pushing back his chair. "I think we may have done with the Growlery for one day! Only a concluding word. Esther, my dear, do you wish to ask me any thing?"

He looked so attentively at me, that I looked attentively at him, and felt sure I understood him.

"About myself, sir?" said I.

"Yes."

"Guardian," said I, venturing to put my hand, which was suddenly colder than I could have wished, in his, "nothing! I am quite sure that if there were any thing I ought to know, or had any need to know, I should not have to ask you to tell it to me. If my whole reliance and confidence were not placed in you, I must have a hard heart indeed. I have nothing to ask you; nothing in the world."

He drew my hand through his arm, and we went away to look for Ada. From that hour I felt quite easy with him, quite unreserved, quite content to know no more, quite happy.

We lived, at first, rather a busy life at Bleak House; for we had to become acquainted with many residents in and out of the neighborhood who knew Mr. Jarndyce. It seemed to Ada and me that every body knew him, who wanted to do any thing with any body else's money. It amazed us, when we began to sort his letters, and to answer some of them for him in the Growlery of a morning, to find how the great object of the lives of nearly all his correspondents appeared to be to form themselves into committees for getting in and laying out money. The ladies were as desperate as the gentlemen; indeed, I think they were even more so. They threw themselves into committees in the most impassioned manner, and collected subscriptions with a vehemence quite extraordinary. It appeared to us that some of them must pass their whole lives in dealing out subscription-cards to the whole Post-office Directory—shilling cards, half-crown cards, half-sovereign cards, penny cards. They wanted every thing. They wanted wearing apparel, they wanted linen rags, they wanted money, they wanted coals, they wanted soup, they wanted interest, they wanted autographs, they wanted flannel, they wanted whatever Mr. Jarndyce had—or had not. Their objects were as various as their demands. They were going to raise new buildings, they were going to pay off debts on old buildings, they were going to establish in a picturesque building (engraving of proposed West Elevation attached) the Sisterhood of Mediæval Marys; they were going to give a testimonial to Mrs. Jellyby; they were going to have their Secretary's portrait painted, and presented to his mother-in-law, whose deep devotion to him was well known; they were going to get up every thing, I really believe, from five hundred thousand tracts to an annuity, and from a marble monument to a silver tea-pot. They took a multitude of titles. They were the Women of England, the Daughters of Britain, the Sisters of all the Cardinal Virtues separately, the Females of America, the Ladies of a hundred denominations. They appeared to be always excited about canvassing and electing. They seemed to our poor wits, and according to their own accounts, to be constantly polling people by tens of thousands, yet never bringing their candidates in for any thing. It made our heads ache to think, on the whole, what feverish lives they must lead.

Among the ladies who were most distinguished for this rapacious benevolence (if I may use the expression), was a Mrs. Pardiggle, who seemed, as I judged from the number of her letters to Mr. Jarndyce, to be almost as powerful a correspondent as Mrs. Jellyby herself. We observed that the wind always changed when Mrs. Pardiggle became the subject of conversation: and that it invariably interrupted Mr. Jarndyce, and prevented his going any further, when he had remarked that there were two classes of charitable people; one, the people who did a little and made a great deal of noise; the other,

the people, who did a great deal and made no noise at all. We were therefore curious to see Mrs. Pardiggle, suspecting her to be the type of the former class; and were glad when she called one day with her five young sons.

She was a formidable style of lady, with spectacles, a prominent nose, and a loud voice, who had the effect of wanting a great deal of room. And she really did, for she knocked down little chairs with her skirts that were quite a great way off. As only Ada and I were at home, we received her timidly; for she seemed to come in like cold weather, and to make the little Pardiggles blue as they followed.

"These, young ladies," said Mrs. Pardiggle, with great volubility, after the first salutations, "are my five boys. You may have seen their names in a printed subscription list (perhaps more than one), in the possession of our esteemed friend Mr. Jarndyce. Egbert, my eldest (twelve), is the boy who sent out his pocket money, to the amount of five-and-three-pence, to the Tockahoopo Indians. Oswald, my second (ten-and-a-half), is the child who contributed two-and-nine-pence to the Great National Smithers Testimonial, Francis, my third (nine), one-and-sixpence-half-penny; Felix, my fourth (seven), eightpence to the Superannuated Widows; Alfred, my youngest (five), has voluntarily enrolled himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and is pledged never, through life, to use tobacco in any form."

We had never seen such dissatisfied children. It was not merely that they were weazen and shriveled—though they were certainly that too—but they looked absolutely ferocious with discontent. At the mention of the Tockahoopo Indians, I could really have supposed Egbert to be one of the most baleful members of that tribe, he gave me such a savage frown. The face of each child, as the amount of his contribution was mentioned, darkened in a peculiarly vindictive manner, but his was by far the worst. I must except, however, the little recruit into the Infant Bonds of Joy, who was stolidly and evenly miserable.

"You have been visiting, I understand," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "at Mrs. Jellyby's?"

We said yes, we had passed one night there.

"Mrs. Jellyby," pursued the lady, always speaking in the same demonstrative, loud, hard, tone, so that her voice impressed my fancy as if it had a sort of spectacles on too—and I may take the opportunity of remarking that her spectacles were made the less engaging by her eyes being what Ada called "choking eyes," meaning very prominent: "Mrs. Jellyby is a benefactor to society, and deserves a helping hand. My boys have contributed to the African project—Egbert, one-and-six, being the entire allowance of nine weeks; Oswald, one-and-a-penny-half-penny, being the same; the rest, according to their little means. Nevertheless, I do not go with Mrs. Jellyby in all things. I do not go with Mrs. Jellyby in her treatment of her young family. It has been noticed. It has been ob-

served that her young family are excluded from participation in the objects to which she is devoted. She may be right, she may be wrong; but right or wrong, this is not my course with *my* young family. I take them every where."

I was afterward convinced (and so was Ada) that from the ill-conditioned eldest child, these words extorted a sharp yell. He turned it off into a yawn, but it began as a yell.

"They attend Matins with me (very prettily done), at half-past six o'clock in the morning all the year round, including of course the depth of winter," said Mrs. Pardiggle, rapidly, "and they are with me during the revolving duties of the day. I am a School lady, I am a Visiting lady, I am a Reading lady, I am a Distributing lady; I am on the local Linen Box Committee, and many general Committees; and my canvassing alone is very extensive—perhaps no one's more so. But they are my companions every where; and by these means they acquire that knowledge of the poor, and that capacity of doing charitable business in general—in short, that taste for the sort of thing—which will render them in after life a service to their neighbors, and a satisfaction to themselves. My young family are not frivolous; they expend the entire amount of their allowance, in subscriptions, under my direction; and they have attended as many public meetings, and listened to as many lectures, orations, and discussions, as generally fall to the lot of few grown people. Alfred (five), who, as I mentioned, has of his own election joined the Infant Bonds of Joy, was one of the very few children who manifested consciousness on that occasion, after a fervid address of two hours from the chair man of the evening."

Alfred glowered at us as if he never could, or would, forgive the injury of that night.

"You may have observed, Miss Summerson," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "in some of the lists to which I have referred, in the possession of our esteemed friend Mr. Jarndyce, that the names of my young family are concluded with the name of O. A. Pardiggle, F.R.S., one pound. That is their father. We usually observe the same routine. I put down my mite first; then my young family enroll their contributions, according to their ages and their little means; and then Mr. Pardiggle brings up the rear. Mr. Pardiggle is happy to throw in his limited donation, under my direction; and thus things are made, not only pleasant to ourselves, but we trust, improving to others.

Suppose Mr. Pardiggle were to dine with Mr. Jellyby, and suppose Mr. Jellyby were to relieve his mind after dinner to Mr. Pardiggle, would Mr. Pardiggle, in return, make any confidential communication to Mr. Jellyby? I was quite confused to find myself thinking this, but it came into my head.

"You are very pleasantly situated here!" said Mrs. Pardiggle.

We were glad to change the subject; and, going to the window, pointed out the beauties of

the prospect, on which the spectacles appeared to me to rest with curious indifference.

"You know Mr. Gusher?" said our visitor.

We were obliged to say that we had not the pleasure of Mr. Gusher's acquaintance.

"The loss is yours, I assure you," said Mrs. Pardiggle, with her commanding deportment. "He is a very fervid, impassioned speaker—full of fire! Stationed in a wagon on this lawn now, which, from the shape of the land, is naturally adapted to a public meeting, he would improve almost any occasion you could mention for hours and hours! By this time, young ladies," said Mrs. Pardiggle, moving back to her chair, and overturning, as if by invisible agency, a little round table at a considerable distance with my work-basket on it, "by this time you have found me out, I dare say?"

This was really such a confusing question that Ada looked at me in perfect dismay. As to the guilty nature of my own consciousness, after what I had been thinking, it must have been expressed in the color of my cheeks.

"Found out, I mean," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "the prominent point in my character. I am aware that it is so prominent as to be discoverable immediately. I lay myself open to detection, I know. Well! I freely admit, I am a woman of business. I love hard work; I enjoy hard work. The excitement does me good. I am so accustomed and inured to hard work, that I don't know what fatigue is."

We murmured that it was very astonishing and very gratifying; or something to that effect. I don't think we knew why it was either, but this was what our politeness expressed.

"I do not understand what it is to be tired; you can not tire me, if you try!" said Mrs. Pardiggle. "The quantity of exertion (which is no exertion to me), the amount of business (which I regard as nothing) that I go through, sometimes astonishes myself. I have seen my young family, and Mr. Pardiggle, quite worn out with witnessing it, when I may truly say I have been as fresh as a lark!"

If that dark-visaged eldest boy could look more malicious than he had already looked, this was the time when he did it. I observed that he doubled his right fist, and delivered a secret blow into the crown of his cap, which was under his left arm.

"This gives me a great advantage when I am making my rounds," said Mrs. Pardiggle. "If I find a person unwilling to hear what I have to say, I tell that person directly, 'I am incapable of fatigue, my good friend, I am never tired, and I mean to go on until I have done.' It answers admirably! Miss Summerson, I hope I shall have your assistance in my visiting rounds immediately, and Miss Clare's very soon?"

At first I tried to excuse myself, for the present, on the general ground of having occupations to attend to, which I must not neglect. But as this was an ineffectual protest, I then said, more particularly, that I was not sure of my qualifica-

tions. That I was inexperienced in the art of adapting my mind to minds very differently situated, and addressing them from suitable points of view. That I had not that delicate knowledge of the heart which must be essential to such a work. That I had much to learn, myself, before I could teach others, and that I could not confide in my good intentions alone. For these reasons, I thought it best to be as useful as I could, and to render what kind services I could, to those immediately about me; and to try to let that circle of duty gradually and naturally expand itself. All this I said with any thing but confidence, because Mrs. Pardiggle was much older than I, and had great experience, and was so very military in her manners.

"You are wrong, Miss Summerson," said she: "but perhaps you are not equal to hard work, or the excitement of it; and that makes a vast difference. If you would like to see how I go through my work, I am now about—with my young family—to visit a brickmaker in the neighborhood (a very bad character), and shall be glad to take you with me. Miss Clare also, if she will do me the favor."

Ada and I interchanged looks, and, as we were going out in any case, accepted the offer. When we hastily returned from putting on our bonnets, we found the young family languishing in a corner, and Mrs. Pardiggle sweeping about the room, knocking down nearly all the light objects it contained. Mrs. Pardiggle took possession of Ada, and I followed with the family.

Ada told me afterward that Mrs. Pardiggle talked in the same loud tone (that, indeed, I overheard), all the way to the brickmaker's, about an exciting contest which she had for two or three years waged against another lady, relative to the bringing in of their rival candidates for a pension somewhere. There had been a quantity of printing, and promising, and proxying, and polling; and it appeared to have imparted great liveliness to all concerned, except the pensioners—who were not elected yet.

I am very fond of being confided in by children, and am happy in being usually favored in that respect, but on this occasion it gave me great uneasiness. As soon as we were out of doors, Egbert, with the manner of a little footpad, demanded a shilling of me, on the ground that his pocket-money was "boned" from him. On my pointing out the great impropriety of the word, especially in connection with his parent (for he added sulkily "By her!") he pinched me and said, "O, then! Now! Who are you? You wouldn't like it, I think? What does she make a sham for, and pretend to give me money, and take it away again? Why do you call it *my* allowance, and never let me spend it?" These exasperating questions so inflamed his mind, and the minds of Oswald and Francis, that they all pinched me at once, and in a dreadfully expert way: screwing up such little pieces of my arms that I could hardly forbear crying out. Felix, at the same time, stamped upon my toes. And the

Bond of Joy, who, on account of always having the whole of his little income anticipated, stood in fact pledged to abstain from cakes as well as tobacco, so swelled with grief and rage when we passed a pastry-cook's shop, that he terrified me by becoming purple. I never underwent so much, both in body and mind, in the course of a walk with young people, as from these unnaturally constrained children, when they paid me the compliment of being natural.

I was glad when we came to the brickmaker's house; though it was one of a cluster of wretched hovels in a brick-field, with pig-sties close to the broken windows, and miserable little gardens before the doors, growing nothing but stagnant pools. Here and there, an old tub was put to catch the droppings of rain-water from a roof, or they were banked up with mud into a little pond like a large dirt-pie. At the doors and windows, some men and women lounged or prowled about, and took little notice of us, except to laugh to one another, or to say something as we passed, about gentlefolks minding their own business, and not troubling their heads and muddying their shoes with coming to look after other people's.

Mrs. Pardiggle, leading the way with a great show of moral determination, and talking with much volubility about the untidy habits of the

people (though I doubted if the best of us could have been tidy in such a place), conducted us into a cottage at the farthest corner, the ground-floor room of which we nearly filled. Besides ourselves, there were in this damp offensive room—a woman with a black eye, nursing a poor little gasping baby by the fire; a man, all stained with clay and mud, and looking very dissipated, lying at full length on the ground, smoking a pipe; a powerful young man, fastening a collar on a dog; and a bold girl, doing some kind of washing in very dirty water. They all looked up at us as we came in, and the woman seemed to turn her face toward the fire, as if to hide her bruised eye; nobody gave us any welcome.

"Well, my friends," said Mrs. Pardiggle; but her voice had not a friendly sound, I thought; it was much too business-like and systematic. "How do you do, all of you? I am here again. I told you, you couldn't tire me, you know. I am fond of hard work, and am true to my word."

"There an't," growled the man on the floor, whose head rested on his hand as he stared at us, "any more on you to come in, is there?"

"No, my friend," said Mrs. Pardiggle, seating herself on one stool, and knocking down another. "We are all here."

"Because I thought there warn't enough of



THE VISIT AT THE BRICKMAKER'S.

you, perhaps?" said the man, with his pipe between his lips, as he looked round upon us.

The young man and the girl both laughed. Two friends of the young man whom we had attracted to the doorway, and who stood there with their hands in their pockets, echoed the laugh noisily.

"You can't tire me, good people," said Mrs. Pardiggle to these latter. "I enjoy hard work; and the harder you make mine, the better I like it."

"Then make it easy for her!" growled the man upon the floor. "I wants it done, and over. I wants a end of these liberties took with my place. I wants a end of being drawed like a badger. Now you're a going to poll-pry and question according to custom—I know what you're a going to be up to. Well! You haven't got no occasion to be up to it. I'll save you the trouble. Is my daughter a washin? Yes, she is a washin. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin, instead! An't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally onwholesome; and we've had five dirty and onwholesome children, as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I an't read the little book wot you left. There an't nobody here as knows how to read it; and if there wos, it wouldn't be suitable to me. It's a book fit for a babby, and I'm not a babby. If you was to leave me a doll, I shouldn't nuss it. How have I been conducting of myself? Why, I've been drunk for three days; and I'd a been drunk four, if I'd a had the money. Don't I never mean for to go to church? No, I don't never mean for to go to church. I shouldn't be expected there, if I did; the beadle's too genteel for me. And how did my wife get that black eye? Why, I giv' it her; and if she says I didn't, she's a Lie!"

He had pulled his pipe out of his mouth to say all this, and he now turned over on his other side, and smoked again. Mrs. Pardiggle, who had been regarding him through her spectacles with a forcible composure, calculated, I could not help thinking, to increase his antagonism, pulled out a good book, as if it were a constable's staff, and took the whole family into custody. I mean into religious custody, of course; but she really did it, as if she were an inexorable moral Policeman carrying them all off to a station house.

Ada and I were very uncomfortable. We both felt intrusive and out of place; and we both thought that Mrs. Pardiggle would have got on infinitely better, if she had not had such a mechanical way of taking possession of people. The children sulked and stared; the family took no notice of us whatever, except when the young man made the dog bark: which he usually did, when Mrs. Pardiggle was most emphatic. We both felt painfully sensible that between us and these people there was an iron barrier, which could not be removed by our new friend. By

whom, or how, it could be removed, we did not know; but we knew that. Even what she read and said, seemed to us to be ill chosen for such auditors, if it had been imparted ever so modestly and with ever so much tact. As to the little book to which the man on the floor had referred, we acquired a knowledge of it afterward; and Mr. Jarndyce said he doubted if Robinson Crusoe could have read it, though he had had no other on his desolate island.

We were much relieved, under these circumstances, when Mrs. Pardiggle left off. The man on the floor then turning his head round again, said morosely,

"Well! You've done, have you?"

"For to-day, I have, my friend. But I am never fatigued. I shall come to you again, in your regular order," returned Mrs. Pardiggle with demonstrative cheerfulness.

"So long as you goes now," said he, folding his arms and shutting his eyes with an oath, "you may do wot you like!"

Mrs. Pardiggle accordingly rose, and made a little vortex in the confined room from which the pipe itself very narrowly escaped. Taking one of her young family in each hand, and telling the others to follow closely, and expressing her hope that the brick-maker and all his house would be improved when she saw them next, she then proceeded to another cottage. I hope it is not unkind in me to say that she certainly did make, in this, as in every thing else, a show that was not conciliatory, of doing charity by wholesale, and of dealing in it to a large extent.

She supposed that we were following her; but as soon as the space was left clear, we approached the woman sitting by the fire, to ask if the baby were ill.

She only looked at it as it lay on her lap. We had observed before, that when she looked at it she covered her discolored eyes with her hand, as though she wished to separate any association with noise and violence and ill-treatment, from the poor little child.

Ada, whose gentle heart was moved by its appearance, bent down to touch its little face. As she did so, I saw what happened and drew her back. The child died.

"O Esther!" cried Ada, sinking on her knees beside it. "Look here! O Esther, my love, the little thing! The suffering, quiet, pretty little thing! I am so sorry for it. I am so sorry for the mother. I never saw a sight so pitiful as this before! O baby, baby!"

Such compassion, such gentleness, as that with which she bent down weeping, and put her hand upon the mother's, might have softened any mother's heart that ever beat. The woman at first gazed at her in astonishment, and then burst into tears.

Presently I took the light burden from her lap; did what I could to make the baby's rest the prettier and gentler; laid it on a shelf, and covered it with my own handkerchief. We tried to comfort the mother, and we whispered to her what

Our Saviour said of children. She answered nothing, but sat weeping—weeping very much.

When I turned I found that the young man had taken out the dog, and was standing at the door looking in upon us; with dry eyes, but quiet. The girl was quiet too, and sat in a corner looking on the ground. The man had risen. He still smoked his pipe with an air of defiance, but he was silent.

An ugly woman, very poorly clothed, hurried in while I was glancing at them, and coming straight up to the mother, said, "Jenny! Jenny!" The mother rose on being so addressed, and fell upon the woman's neck.

She also had upon her face and arms the marks of ill-usage. She had no kind of grace about her, but the grace of sympathy; but when she consoled with the woman, and her own tears fell, she wanted no beauty. I say consoled, but her only words were "Jenny! Jenny!" All the rest was in the tone in which she said them.

I thought it very touching to see these two women, coarse and shabby and beaten, so united; to see what they could be to one another; to see how they felt for one another; how the heart of each to each was softened by the hard trials of their lives. I think the best side of such people is almost hidden from us. What the poor are to the poor is little known excepting to themselves and God.

We felt it better to withdraw and leave them uninterrupted. We stole out quietly, and without notice from any one except the man. He was leaning against the wall near the door; and finding that there was scarcely room for us to pass, went out before us. He seemed to want to hide that he did this on our account, but we perceived that he did, and thanked him. He made no answer.

"Ada was so full of grief all the way home, and Richard, whom we found at home, was so distressed to see her in tears (though he said to me when she was not present, how beautiful it was too!) that we arranged to return at night with some little comforts, and repeat our visit at the brickmaker's house. We said as little as we could to Mr. Jarndyce, but the wind changed directly.

Richard accompanied us at night to the scene of our morning expedition. On our way there, we had to pass a noisy drinking-house, where a number of men were flocking about the door. Among them, and prominent in some dispute, was the father of the little child. At a short distance, we passed the young man and the dog, in congenial company. The sister was standing laughing and talking with some other young women, at the corner of the row of cottages; but she seemed ashamed, and turned away as we went by.

We left our escort within sight of the brickmaker's dwelling, and proceeded by ourselves. When we came to the door, we found the woman who had brought such consolation with her, standing there, looking anxiously out.

"It's you, young ladies, is it?" she said in a whisper. "I'm a watching for my master. My heart's in my mouth. If he was to catch me away from home, he'd pretty near murder me."

"Do, you mean your husband?" said I.

"Yes, miss, my master. Jenny's asleep, quite worn out. She's scarcely had the child off her lap, poor thing, these seven days and nights, except when I've been able to take it for a minute or two."

As she gave way for us, we went softly in, and put what we had brought, near the miserable bed on which the mother slept. No effort had been made to clean the room—it seemed in its nature almost hopeless of being clean; but the small waxen form, from which so much solemnity diffused itself, had been composed afresh, and washed, and neatly dressed in some fragments of white linen; and on my handkerchief, which still covered the poor baby, a little bunch of sweet herbs had been laid by the same rough scarred hands, so lightly, so tenderly!

"May Heaven reward you!" we said to her. "You are a good woman."

"Me, young ladies?" she returned with surprise. "Hush! Jenny, Jenny!"

The mother had moaned in her sleep, and moved. The sound of the familiar voice seemed to calm her again. She was quiet once more.

How little I thought, when I raised my handkerchief to look upon the tiny sleeper underneath, and seemed to see a halo shine around the child through Ada's drooping hair as her pity bent her head—how little I thought in whose unquiet bosom that handkerchief would come to lie, after covering the motionless and peaceful breast! I only thought that perhaps the Angel of the child might not be all unconscious of the woman who replaced it with so compassionate a hand; not all unconscious of her presently, when we had taken leave and left her at the door, by turns looking, and listening in terror for herself, and saying in her old soothing manner. "Jenny, Jenny!"

CHAPTER IX.—SIGNS AND TOKENS.

I DON'T know how it is, I seem to be always writing about myself. I mean all the time to write about other people, and I try to think about myself as little as possible, and I am sure, when I find myself coming into the story again, I am really vexed and say, "Dear, dear, you tiresome little creature, I wish you wouldn't!" but it is all of no use. I hope any one who may read what I write, will understand that if these pages contain a great deal about me, I can only suppose it must be because I have really something to do with them, and can't be kept out.

My darling and I read together, and worked, and practiced; and found so much employment for our time, that the winter days flew by us like bright-winged birds. Generally in the afternoons, and always in the evenings, Richard gave us his company. Although he was one of the most restless creatures in the world, he certainly was very fond of our society.

He was very, very, very fond of Ada. I mean it, and I had better say it at once. I had never seen any young people falling in love before, but I found them out quite soon. I could not say so, of course, or show that I knew any thing about it. On the contrary, I was so demure, and used to seem so unconscious, that sometimes I considered within myself while I was sitting at work, whether I was not growing quite deceitful.

But there was no help for it. All I had to do was to be quiet, and I was as quiet as a mouse. They were as quiet as mice, too, so far as any words were concerned; but the innocent manner in which they relied more and more upon me, as they took more and more to one another, was so charming, that I had great difficulty in not showing how it interested me.

"Our dear little old woman is such a capital old woman," Richard would say, coming up to meet me in the garden early, with his pleasant laugh and perhaps the least tinge of a blush, "that I can't get on without her. Before I begin my harum-scarum day—grinding away at those books and instruments, and then galloping up hill and down dale, all the country round, like a highwayman—it does me so much good to come and have a steady walk with our comfortable friend, that here I am again!"

"You know, Dame Durden, dear," Ada would say at night, with her head upon my shoulder, and the firelight shining in her thoughtful eyes, "I don't want to talk when we come up-stairs here. Only to sit a little while, thinking, with your dear face for company; and to hear the wind, and remember the poor sailors at sea—"

Ah! Perhaps Richard was going to be a sailor. We had talked it over very often, now, and there was some talk of gratifying the inclination of his childhood for the sea. Mr. Jarndyce had written to a relation of the family, a great Sir Leicester Dedlock, for his interest in Richard's favor, generally; and Sir Leicester had replied in a gracious manner, "that he would be happy to advance the prospects of the young gentleman if it should ever prove to be within his power, which was not at all probable—and that my Lady sent her compliments to the young gentleman (to whom she perfectly remembered that she was allied by remote consanguinity), and trusted that he would ever do his duty in any honorable profession to which he might devote himself."

"So I apprehend it's pretty clear," said Richard to me, "that I shall have to work my own way. Never mind! Plenty of people have had to do that before now, and have done it. I only wish I had the command of a clipping privateer, to begin with, and could carry off the Chancellor and keep him on short allowance until he gave judgment in our cause. He'd find himself growing thin, if he didn't look sharp!"

With a buoyancy and hopefulness and a gayety that hardly ever flagged, Richard had a carelessness in his character that quite perplexed me—principally because he mistook it, in such a very odd way, for prudence. It entered into all his

calculations about money, in a singular manner, which I don't think I can better explain than by reverting for a moment to our loan to Mr. Skimpole.

Mr. Jarndyce had ascertained the amount, either from Mr. Skimpole himself or from Coavinses, and had placed the money in my hands with instructions to me to retain my own part of it and hand the rest to Richard. The number of little acts of thoughtless expenditure which Richard justified by the recovery of his ten pounds, and the number of times he talked to me as if he had saved or realized that amount, would form a sum in simple addition.

"My prudent Mother Hubbard, why not?" he said to me, when he wanted, without the least consideration, to bestow five pounds on the brickmaker. "I made ten pounds, clear, out of Coavinses' business."

"How was that?" said I.

"Why, I got rid of ten pounds which I was quite content to get rid of, and never expected to see any more. You don't deny that?"

"No," said I.

"Very well! Then I came into possession of ten pounds—"

"The same ten pounds," I hinted.

"That has nothing to do with it!" returned Richard. "I have got ten pounds more than I expected to have, and consequently I can afford to spend it without being particular."

In exactly the same way, when he was persuaded out of the sacrifice of these five pounds by being convinced that it would do no good, he carried that sum to his credit, and drew upon it.

"Let me see!" he would say. "I saved five pounds out of the brickmaker's affair; so, if I have a good rattle to London and back in a post-chaise, and put that down at four pounds, I shall have saved one. And it's a very good thing to save one, let me tell you: a penny saved, is a penny got!"

I believe Richard's was as frank and generous a nature as there possibly can be. He was ardent and brave, and, in the midst of all his wild restlessness, was so gentle, that I knew him like a brother in a few weeks. His gentleness was natural to him, and would have shown itself, abundantly, even without Ada's influence; but, with it, he became one of the most winning of companions, always so ready to be interested, and always so happy, sanguine, and light-hearted. I am sure that I, sitting with them, and walking with them, and talking with them, and noticing from day to day how they went on, falling deeper and deeper in love, and saying nothing about it, and each shyly thinking that this love was the greatest of secrets, perhaps not yet suspected even by the other—I am sure that I was scarcely less enchanted than they were, and scarcely less pleased with the pretty dream.

We were going on in this way, when one morning at breakfast Mr. Jarndyce received a letter, and looking at the superscription said, "From Boythorn? Ay, ay!" and opened and read it

with evident pleasure, announcing to us, in a parenthesis, when he was about half-way through, that Boythorn was "coming down" on a visit. Now, who was Boythorn? we all thought. And I dare say we all thought, too—I am sure I did, for one—would Boythorn at all interfere with what was going forward?

"I went to school with this fellow, Lawrence Boythorn," said Mr. Jarndyce, tapping the letter as he laid it on the table, "more than five-and-forty years ago. He was then the most impetuous boy in the world, and he is now the most impetuous man. He was then the loudest boy in the world, and he is now the loudest man. He was then the heartiest and sturdiest boy in the world, and he is now the heartiest and sturdiest man. He is a tremendous fellow."

"In stature, sir?" asked Richard.

"Pretty well, Rick, in that respect," said Mr. Jarndyce; "being some ten years older than I, and a couple of inches taller, with his head thrown back like an old soldier, his stalwart chest squared, his hands like a clean blacksmith's, and his lungs!—there's no simile for his lungs. Talking, laughing, or snoring, they make the beams of the house shake."

As Mr. Jarndyce sat enjoying the image of his friend Boythorn, we observed the favorable omen that there was not the least indication of any change in the wind.

"But it's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man, Rick—and Ada, and little Cobweb, too, for you are all interested in a visitor!—that I speak of," he pursued. "His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes: perpetually in the superlative degree. In his condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an Ogre, from what he says; and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand. You must not be surprised to see him take me under his protection; for he has never forgotten that I was a low boy at school, and that our friendship began in his knocking two of my head tyrant's teeth out (he says six) before breakfast. Boythorn and his man," to me, "will be here this afternoon, my dear."

I took care that the necessary preparations were made for Mr. Boythorn's reception, and we looked forward to his arrival with some curiosity. The afternoon wore away, however, and he did not appear. The dinner-hour arrived, and still he did not appear. The dinner was put back an hour, and we were sitting round the fire with no light but the blaze, when the hall-door suddenly burst open, and the hall resounded with these words, uttered with the greatest vehemence and in a stentorian tone:

"We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the turning to the right instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain, ever to have had such a

son. I would have that fellow shot without the least remorse!"

"Did he do it on purpose?" Mr. Jarndyce inquired.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travelers!" returned the other. "By my soul, I thought him the worst-looking dog I had ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face, and didn't knock his brains out!"

"Teeth, you mean?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, really making the whole house vibrate. "What, you have not forgotten it yet! Ha, ha, ha!—And that was another most consummate vagabond! By my soul, the countenance of that fellow, when he was a boy, was the blackest image of perfidy, cowardice, and cruelty ever set up as a scarecrow in a field of scoundrels. If I were to meet that most unparalleled despot in the streets to-morrow, I would fell him like a rotten tree!"

"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Now, will you come up-stairs?"

"By my soul, Jarndyce," returned his guest, who seemed to refer to his watch, "if you had been married, I would have turned back at the garden gate, and gone away to the remotest summits of the Himalaya Mountains, sooner than I would have presented myself at this unseasonable hour."

"Not quite so far, I hope?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"By my life and honor, yes!" cried the visitor. "I wouldn't be guilty of the audacious insolence of keeping a lady of the house waiting all this time, for any earthly consideration. I would infinitely rather destroy myself—infinitely rather!"

Talking thus, they went up-stairs; and presently we heard him in his bed-room thundering, "Ha, ha, ha!" and again, "Ha, ha, ha!" until the flattest echo in the neighborhood seemed to catch the contagion, and to laugh as enjoyingly as he did, or as we did when we heard him laugh.

We all conceived a prepossession in his favor; for there was a sterling quality in this laugh, and in his vigorous healthy voice, and in the roundness and fullness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fury of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannons and hurt nothing. But we were hardly prepared to have it so confirmed by his appearance, when Mr. Jarndyce presented him. He was not only a very handsome old gentleman—upright and stalwart as he had been described to us—with a massive gray head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously

polite, his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but showed himself exactly as he was—incapable (as Richard said) of any thing on a limited scale, and firing away with those blank great guns, because he carried no small arms whatever—that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarndyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a blood-hound, and gave out that tremendous Ha, ha, ha!

"You have brought your bird with you, I suppose?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"By Heaven, he is the most astonishing bird in Europe!" replied the other. "He is the most wonderful creature! I wouldn't take ten thousand guineas for that bird. I have left an annuity for his sole support, in case he should outlive me. He is, in sense and attachment, a phenomenon. And his father before him was one of the most astonishing birds that ever lived!"

The subject of this laudation was a very little canary, who was so tame that he was brought down by Mr. Boythorn's man, on his forefinger, and, after taking a gentle flight round the room, alighted on his master's head. To hear Mr. Boythorn presently expressing the most implacable and passionate sentiments, with this fragile mite of a creature quietly perched on his forehead, was to have a good illustration of his character, I thought.

"By my soul, Jarndyce," he said, very gently holding up a bit of bread to the canary to peck at, "if I were in your place, I would seize every Master in Chancery by the throat to-morrow morning, and shake him until his money rolled out of his pockets, and his bones rattled in his skin. I would have a settlement out of somebody, by fair means or by foul. If you would empower me to do it, I would do it for you with the greatest satisfaction!" (All this time, the very small canary was eating out of his hand.)

"I thank you, Lawrence, but the suit is hardly at such a point at present," returned Mr. Jarndyce, laughing, "that it would be greatly advanced, even by the legal process of shaking the Bench and the whole Bar."

"There never was such an infernal caldron as that Chancery, on the face of the earth!" said Mr. Boythorn. "Nothing but a mine below it on a busy day in term time, with all its records, rules, and precedents collected in it, and every functionary belonging to it also, high and low, upward and downward, from its son the Accountant-General to its father the Devil, and the whole blown to atoms with ten thousand hundred-weight of gunpowder, would reform it in the least!"

It was impossible not to laugh at the energetic gravity with which he recommended this strong measure of reform. When we laughed, he threw up his head and shook his broad chest, and again the whole country seemed to echo to his Ha, ha, ha,

ha! It had not the least effect in disturbing the bird, whose sense of security was complete; and who hopped about the table with its quick head now on this side and now on that, turning its bright sudden eye on its master, as if he were no more than another bird.

"But how do you and your neighbor get on about the disputed right of way?" said Mr. Jarndyce. "You are not free from the toils of the law yourself."

"The fellow has brought actions against *me* for trespass, and I have brought actions against *him* for trespass," returned Mr. Boythorn. "By Heaven, he is the proudest fellow breathing. It is morally impossible that his name can be Sir Leicester. It must be Sir Lucifer."

"Complimentary to our distant relation!" said my Guardian, laughingly, to Ada and Richard.

"I would beg Miss Clare's pardon and Mr. Carstone's pardon," resumed our visitor, "if I were not reassured by seeing in the fair face of the lady, and the smile of the gentleman, that it is quite unnecessary, and that they keep their distant relation at a comfortable distance."

"Or he keeps us," suggested Richard.

"By my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Boythorn, suddenly firing another volley, "that fellow is, and his father was, and his grandfather was, the most stiff-necked, arrogant, imbecile, pig-headed numskull, ever, by some inexplicable mistake of Nature, born in any station of life but a walking-stick's! The whole of that family are the most solemnly conceited and consummate blockheads!—But it's no matter; he should not shut up my path, if he were fifty baronets melted into one, and living in a hundred Chesney Wolds, one within another, like the ivory balls in a Chinese carving. The fellow, by his agent, or secretary, or somebody, writes to me, 'Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, presents his compliments to Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, and has to call his attention to the fact that the green pathway by the old parsonage-house now the property of Mr. Lawrence Boythorn, is Sir Leicester's right of way, being in fact a portion of the park of Chesney Wold; and that Sir Leicester finds it convenient to close up the same.' I write to the fellow, 'Mr. Lawrence Boythorn presents his compliments to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and has to call his attention to the fact that he totally denies the whole of Sir Leicester Dedlock's positions on every possible subject, and has to add, in reference to closing up the pathway, that he will be glad to see the man who may undertake to do it.' The fellow sends a most abandoned villain with one eye, to construct a gateway. I play upon that execrable scoundrel with a fire-engine, until the breath is nearly driven out of his body. The fellow erects a gate in the night. I chop it down and burn it in the morning. He sends his myrmidons to come over the fence, and pass and repass. I catch them in humane man-traps, fire split peas at their legs, play upon them with the engine—resolve to free mankind from the insupportable burden of the existence of those lurking ruffians. He brings

actions for trespass; I bring actions for trespass. He brings actions for assault and battery; I defend them, and continue to assault and batter. Ha, ha, ha!"

To hear him say all this with unimaginable energy, one might have thought him the angriest of mankind. To see him, at the very same time, looking at the bird now perched upon his thumb, and softly smoothing its feathers with his forefinger, one might have thought him the gentlest. To hear him laugh, and see the broad good-nature of his face then, one might have supposed that he had not a care in the world, or a dispute, or a dislike, but that his whole existence was a summer joke.

"No, no," he said, "no closing up of my paths, by any Dedlock! Though I willingly confess," here he softened in a moment, "that Lady Dedlock is the most accomplished lady in the world, to whom I would do any homage that a plain gentleman, and no baronet with a head seven hundred years thick, may. A man who joined his regiment at twenty, and, within a week, challenged the most imperious and presumptuous coxcomb of a commanding officer that ever drew the breath of life through a tight waist—and got broke for it—is not the man to be walked over, by all the Sir Lucifers, dead or alive, locked or unlocked. Ha, ha! ha."

"Nor the man to allow his junior to be walked over, either?" said my Guardian.

"Most assuredly not!" said Mr. Boythorn, clapping him on the shoulder with an air of protection, that had something serious in it, though he laughed. "He will stand by the low boy, always. Jarndyce, you may rely upon him! But speaking of this trespass—with apologies to Miss Clare and Miss Summerson for the length at which I have pursued so dry a subject—is there nothing for me from your men, Kenge and Carboy?"

"I think not, Esther?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Nothing, Guardian."

"Much obliged!" said Mr. Boythorn. "Had no need to ask, after even my slight experience of Miss Summerson's forethought for every one about her." (They all encouraged me; they were determined to do it.) "I inquired because, coming from Lincolnshire, I of course have not yet been in town, and I thought some letters might have been sent down here. I dare say they will report progress to-morrow morning."

I saw him so often, in the course of the evening, which passed very pleasantly, contemplate Richard and Ada with an interest and a satisfaction that made his fine face remarkably agreeable as he sat at a little distance from the piano listening to the music—and he had small occasion to tell us that he was passionately fond of music, for his face showed it—that I asked my Guardian, as we sat at the backgammon board, whether Mr. Boythorn had ever been married.

"No," said he. "No."

"But he meant to be?" said I.

"How did you find out that?" he returned, with a smile.

"Why, Guardian," I explained, not without reddening a little at hazarding what was in my thoughts, "there is something so tender in his manner, after all, and he is so very courtly and gentle to us, and—"

Mr. Jarndyce directed his eyes to where he was sitting, as I have just described him.

I said no more.

"You are right, little woman," he answered. "He was all but married, once. Long ago. And once."

"Did the lady die?"

"No—but she died to him. That time has had its influence on all his later life. Would you suppose him to have a head and a heart full of romance yet?"

"I think, Guardian, I might have supposed so. But it is easy to say that, when you have told me so."

"He has never since been what he might have been," said Mr. Jarndyce, "and now you see him in his age with no one near him but his servant, and his little yellow friend. It's your throw, my dear!"

I felt, from my Guardian's manner, that beyond this point I could not pursue the subject without changing the wind. I therefore forebore to ask any further questions. I was interested, but not curious. I thought a little while about this old love story in the night, when I was awakened by Mr. Boythorn's lusty snoring; and I tried to do that very difficult thing—imagine old people young again, and invested with the graces of youth. But I fell asleep before I had succeeded, and dreamed of the days when I lived in my godmother's house. I am not sufficiently acquainted with such subjects, to know whether it is at all remarkable that I almost always dreamed of that period of my life.

With the morning, there came a letter from Messrs. Kenge and Carboy to Mr. Boythorn, informing him that one of their clerks would wait upon him at noon. As it was the day of the week on which I paid the bills, and added up my books, and made all the household affairs as compact as possible, I remained at home while Mr. Jarndyce, Ada, and Richard, took advantage of a very fine day to make a little excursion. Mr. Boythorn was to wait for Kenge and Carboy's clerk, and then was to go on foot to meet them on their return.

Well! I was full of business, examining tradesmen's books, adding up columns, paying money, filing receipts, and I dare say making a great bustle about it, when Mr. Guppy was announced and shown in. I had had some idea that the clerk who was to be sent down, might be the young gentleman who had met me at the coach-office; and I was glad to see him, because he was associated with my present happiness.

I scarcely knew him again, he was so uncommonly smart. He had an entirely new suit of glossy clothes on, a shining hat, lilac-kid gloves,

a neckerchief of a variety of colors, a large hot-house flower in his button-hole, and a thick gold ring on his little finger. Besides which, he quite scented the dining-room with bear's-grease and other perfumery. He looked at me with an attention that quite confused me, when I begged him to take a seat until the servant should return; and as he sat there, crossing and uncrossing his legs in a corner, and I asked him if he had had a pleasant ride, and hoped that Mr. Kenge was well, I never looked at him but I found him looking at me, in the same scrutinizing and curious way.

When the request was brought to him that he would go up-stairs to Mr. Boythorn's room, I mentioned that he would find lunch prepared for him when he came down, of which Mr. Jarndyce hoped he would partake. He said with some embarrassment, holding the handle of the door, "Shall I have the honor of finding you here, Miss?" I replied yes, I should be there; and he went out with a bow and another look.

I thought him only awkward and shy, for he was evidently much embarrassed; and I fancied that the best thing I could do, would be to wait until I saw that he had every thing he wanted, and then to leave him to himself. The lunch was soon brought, but it remained for some time on the table. The interview with Mr. Boythorn was a long one—and a stormy one too, I should think; for, although his room was at some distance, I heard his loud voice rising every now and then like a high wind, and evidently blowing perfect broadsides of denunciation.

At last Mr. Guppy came back, looking something the worse for the conference.

"My eye, miss," he said, in a low voice, "he's a Tartar!"

"Pray take some refreshment, sir," said I.

Mr. Guppy sat down at the table, and began nervously sharpening the carving-knife on the carving-fork; still looking at me (as I felt quite sure, without looking at him) in the same unusual manner. The sharpening lasted so long, that at last I felt a kind of obligation on me to raise my eyes, in order that I might break the spell under which he seemed to labor, of not being able to leave off.

He immediately looked at the dish, and began to carve.

"What will you take yourself, miss? You'll take a morsel of something?"

"No, thank you," said I.

"Shan't I give you a piece of any thing at all, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, hurriedly drinking off a glass of wine.

"Nothing, thank you," said I. "I have only waited to see that you have every thing you want. Is there any thing I can order for you?"

"No, I am much obliged to you, miss, I'm sure. I've every thing I can require to make me comfortable—at least I—not comfortable—I'm never that:" he drank off two more glasses of wine, one after another.

I thought I had better go.

"I beg your pardon, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, rising, when he saw me rise. "But would you allow me the favor of a minute's private conversation?"

Not knowing what to say, I sat down again.

"What follows is without prejudice, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, anxiously bringing a chair toward my table.

"I don't understand what you mean," said I, wondering.

"It's one of our law terms, miss. You won't make any use of it to my detriment, at Kenge and Carboy's or elsewhere. If our conversation shouldn't lead to any thing, I am to be as I was, and am not to be prejudiced in my situation or worldly prospects. In short, it's in total confidence."

"I am at a loss, sir," said I, "to imagine what you can have to communicate in total confidence to me whom you have never seen but once; but I should be very sorry to do you any injury."

"Thank you, miss. I'm sure of it—that's quite sufficient." All this time Mr. Guppy was either planing his forehead with his handkerchief, or tightly rubbing the palm of his left hand with the palm of his right. "If you would excuse my taking another glass of wine, miss, I think it might assist me in getting on, without a continual choke that can not fail to be mutually unpleasant."

He did so, and came back again. I took the opportunity of moving well behind my table.

"You wouldn't allow me to offer you one, would you, miss?" said Mr. Guppy, apparently refreshed.

"Not any," said I.

"Not half a glass?" said Mr. Guppy; "quarter? No! Then, to proceed. My present salary, Miss Summerson, at Kenge and Carboy's, is two pound a week. When I first had the happiness of looking upon you, it was one-fifteen, and had stood at that figure for a lengthened period. A rise of five has since taken place, and a further rise of five is guaranteed at the expiration of a term not exceeding twelve months from the present date. My mother has a little property, which takes the form of a small life annuity; upon which she lives in an independent though unassuming manner, in the Old Street Road. She is eminently calculated for a mother-in-law. She never interferes, is all for peace, and her disposition easy. She has her failings—as who has not?—but I never knew her to do it when company was present; at which time you may freely trust her with wines, spirits, or malt liquors. My own abode is lodgings at Penton Place, Pentonville. It is lowly, but airy, open at the back, and considered one of the earthiest outlets. Miss Summerson, in the mildest language, I adore you! Would you be so kind as to allow me (as I may say) to file a declaration—to make an offer!"

Mr. Guppy went down on his knees. I was well behind my table, and not much frightened. I said, "Get up from that ridiculous position im-

mediately, sir, or you will oblige me to break my implied promise and ring the bell!"

"Hear me out, miss!" said Mr. Guppy, folding his hands.

"I can not consent to hear another word, sir," I returned, "unless you get up from the carpet directly, and go and sit down at the table, as you ought to do if you have any sense at all."



IN RE GUPPY. EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS.

He looked piteously, but slowly rose and did so.

"Yet what a mockery it is, miss," he said, with his hand upon his heart, and shaking his head at me in a melancholy manner over the tray, "to be stationed behind food at such a moment. The soul recoils from food at such a moment, miss."

"I beg you to conclude," said I; "you have asked me to hear you out, and I beg you to conclude."

"I will, miss," said Mr. Guppy. "As I love and honor, so likewise I obey. Would that I could make Thee the subject of that vow, before the shrine!"

"That is quite impossible," said I, "and entirely out of the question."

"I am aware," said Mr. Guppy, leaning forward over the tray, and regarding me, as I again strangely felt, though my eyes were not directed to him, with his late intent look, "I am aware

that in a worldly point of view, according to all appearances, my offer is a poor one. But, Miss Summerson! Angel!—No, don't ring!—I have been brought up in a sharp school, and am accustomed to a variety of general practice. Though a young man, I have ferreted out evidence, got up cases, and seen lots of life. Blest with your hand, what means might I not find of advancing your interests, and pushing your fortunes! What might I not get to know, nearly concerning you? I know nothing now, certainly; but what *might* I not, if I had your confidence, and you set me on?"

I told him that he addressed my interest, or what he supposed to be my interest, quite as unsuccessfully as he addressed my inclination; and he would now understand that I requested him, if he pleased, to go away immediately.

"Cruel Miss," said Mr. Guppy, "hear but an-

other word! I think you must have seen that I was struck with those charms, on the day when I waited at the Whytourseller. I think you must have remarked that I could not forbear a tribute to those charms when I put up the steps of the ackney-coach. It was a feeble tribute to Thee, but it was well meant. Thy image has ever since been fixed in my breast. I have walked up and down, of an evening, opposite Jellyby's house, only to look upon the bricks that once contained Thee. This out of to-day, quite an unnecessary out so far as the attendance, which was its pretended object, went, was planned by me alone for Thee alone. If I speak of interest, it is only to recommend myself and my respectful wretchedness. Love was before it, and is before it."

"I should be pained, Mr. Guppy," said I, rising and putting my hand upon the bell-rope, "to do you, or any one who was sincere, the injustice of slighting any honest feeling, however disagreeably expressed. If you have really meant to give me a proof of your good opinion, though ill-timed and misplaced, I feel that I ought to thank you. I have very little reason to be proud, and I am not proud. I hope," I think I added, without very well knowing what I said, "that you will now go away as if you had never been so exceedingly foolish, and attend to Messrs. Kenge and Carboy's business."

"Half a minute, miss!" cried Mr. Guppy, checking me as I was about to ring. "This has been without prejudice?"

"I will never mention it," said I, "unless you should give me future occasion to do so."

"A quarter of a minute, miss! In case you should think better—at any time, however distant, *that's* no consequence, for my feelings can never alter—of any thing I have said, particularly what might I not do—Mr. William Guppy, eighty-seven, Penton Place, or, if removed, or dead (of blighted hopes or any thing of that sort), care of Mrs. Guppy, three hundred and two, Old Street Road, will be sufficient."

I rang the bell, the servant came, and Mr. Guppy, laying his written card upon the table, and making a dejected bow, departed. Raising my eyes as he went out, I once more saw him looking at me after he had passed the door.

I sat there for another hour or more, finishing my books and payments, and getting through plenty of business. Then I arranged my desk, and put every thing away, and was so composed and cheerful that I thought I had quite dismissed this unexpected incident. But, when I went upstairs to my own room, I surprised myself by beginning to laugh about it, and then surprised myself still more by beginning to cry about it. In short I was in a flutter for a little while; and felt as if an old chord had been more coarsely touched than it ever had been since the days of the dear old doll, long buried in the garden.

CHAPTER X.—THE LAW-WRITER.

ON the eastern borders of Chancery Lane, that is to say, more particularly, in Cook's Court,

Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby, Law Stationer, pursues his lawful calling. In the shade of Cook's Court, at most times a shady place, Mr. Snagsby has dealt in all sorts of blank forms of legal process; in skins and rolls of parchment; in paper—foolscap, brief, draft, brown, white, whity-brown, and blotting; in stamps; in office-quills, pens, ink, India-rubber, pounce, pins, pencils, sealing-wax, and wafers; in red-tape, and green ferret; in pocket-books, almanacs, diaries, and law lists; in string boxes, rulers, inkstands—glass and leaden, penknives, scissors, bodkins, and other small office-cutlery; in short, in articles too numerous to mention; ever since he was out of his time, and went into partnership with Peffer. On that occasion, Cook's Court was in a manner revolutionized by the new inscription in fresh paint, PEFFER and SNAGSBY, displacing the time-honored and not easily to be deciphered legend, PEFFER, only. For smoke, which is the London ivy, had so wreathed itself round Peffer's name, and clung to his dwelling-place, that the affectionate parasite quite overpowered the parent tree.

Peffer is never seen in Cook's Court now. He is not expected there, for he has been recumbent this quarter of a century in the church-yard of St. Andrew's, Holborn, with the wagons and hackney-coaches roaring past him, all the day and half the night, like one great dragon. If he ever steal forth when the dragon is at rest, to air himself again in Cook's Court, until admonished to return by the crowing of the sanguine cock in the cellar at the little dairy in Cursitor Street, whose ideas of daylight it would be curious to ascertain, since he knows from his personal observation next to nothing about it—if Peffer ever do revisit the pale glimpses of Cook's Court, which no law-stationer in the trade can positively deny, he comes invisibly, and no one is the worse or wiser.

In his life-time, and likewise in the period of Snagsby's "time" of seven long years, there dwelt with Peffer, in the same law-stationing premises, a niece—a short, shrewd niece, something too violently compressed about the waist, and with a sharp nose like a sharp autumn evening, inclining to be frosty toward the end. The Cook's-Courtiers had a rumor flying among them, that the mother of this niece did, in her daughter's childhood, moved by too jealous a solicitude that her figure should approach perfection, lace her up every morning with her maternal foot against the bed-post for a stronger hold and purchase; and further, that she exhibited internally pints of vinegar and lemon-juice: which acids, they held, had mounted to the nose and temper of the patient. With whichever of the many tongues of Rumour this frothy report originated, it either never reached, or never influenced, the ears of young Snagsby; who, having wooed and won its fair subject, on his arrival at man's estate, entered into two partnerships at once. So now, in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, Mr. Snagsby and the niece are one; and the niece still cherishes her figure—which, however tastes may

differ, is unquestionably so far precious, that there is mighty little of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby are not only one bone and one flesh, but, to the neighbors' thinking, one voice too. That voice, appearing to proceed from Mrs. Snagsby alone, is heard in Cook's Court very often. Mr. Snagsby, otherwise than as he finds expression through these dulcet tones, is rarely heard. He is a mild, bald, timid man, with a shining head, and a scrubby clump of black hair sticking out at the back. He tends to meekness and obesity. As he stands at his door in Cook's Court, in his gray shop-coat and black calico sleeves, looking up at the clouds; or stands behind a desk in his dark shop, with a heavy flat ruler, snipping and slicing at sheepskin, in company with his two 'Prentices; he is emphatically a retiring and unassuming man. From beneath his feet, at such times, as from a shrill ghost unquiet in its grave, there frequently arise complainings and lamentations in the voice already mentioned; and, haply on some occasions, when these reach a sharper pitch than usual, Mr. Snagsby mentions to the 'Prentices, "I think my little woman is a-giving it to Guster!"

This proper name, so used by Mr. Snagsby, has before now sharpened the wit of the Cook's-Courtiers to remark that it ought to be the name of Mrs. Snagsby; seeing that she might with great force and expression be termed a Guster, in compliment to her stormy character. It is, however, the possession, and the only possession, except fifty shillings per annum and a very small box indifferently filled with clothing, of a lean young woman from a workhouse (by some supposed to have been christened Augusta); who, although she was farmed or contracted for, during her growing time, by an amiable benefactor of his species resident at Tooting, and can not fail to have been developed under the most favorable circumstances, "has fits"—which the parish can't account for.

Guster, really aged three or four and twenty, but looking a round ten years older, goes cheap with this unaccountable drawback of fits; and is so apprehensive of being returned on the hands of her patron Saint, that except when she is found with her head in the pail, or the sink, or the copper, or the dinner, or any thing else that happens to be near her at the time of her seizure, she is always at work. She is a satisfaction to the parents and guardians of the 'Prentices, who feel that there is little danger of her inspiring tender emotions in the breast of youth; she is a satisfaction to Mrs. Snagsby, who can always find fault with her; she is a satisfaction to Mr. Snagsby, who thinks it a charity to keep her. The Law-stationer's establishment is, in Guster's eyes, a temple of plenty and splendor. She believes the little drawing-room up-stairs, always kept, as one may say, with its hair in papers and its pinafore on, to be the most elegant apartment in Christendom. The view it commands of Cook's Court, at one end (not to mention a squint into Cursitor Street), and of Coavins's the Sheriff's

Officer's backyard at the other, she regards as a prospect of unequaled beauty. The portraits it displays in oil—and plenty of it too—of Mr. Snagsby looking at Mrs. Snagsby, and of Mrs. Snagsby looking at Mr. Snagsby, are in her eyes as achievements of Raphael or Titian. Guster has some recompense for her many privations.

Mr. Snagsby refers every thing not in the practical mysteries of the business, to Mrs. Snagsby. She manages the money, reproaches the Tax-gatherers, appoints the times and places of devotion on Sundays, licenses Mr. Snagsby's entertainments, and acknowledges no responsibility as to what she thinks fit to provide for dinner; in-somuch that she is the high standard of comparison among the neighboring wives, a long way down Chancery Lane on both sides, and even out in Holborn, who, in any domestic passages of arms, habitually call upon their husbands to look at the difference between their (the wives') position and Mrs. Snagsby's, and their (the husbands') behavior and Mr. Snagsby's. Rumor, always flying, bat-like, about Cook's Court, and skimming in and out at every body's windows, does say that Mrs. Snagsby is jealous and inquisitive; and that Mr. Snagsby is sometimes worried out of house and home, and if he had the spirit of a mouse he wouldn't stand it. It is even observed that the wives who quote him to their self-willed husbands as a shining example, in reality look down upon him; and that nobody does so with greater superciliousness than one particular lady, whose lord is more than suspected of laying his umbrella on her as an instrument of correction. But these vague whisperings may arise from Mr. Snagsby's being, in his way, rather a meditative and poetical man; loving to walk in Staple Inn in the summer time, and to observe how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are; also to lounge about the Rolls Yard of a Sunday afternoon, and to remark (if in good spirits) that there were old times once, and that you'd find a stone coffin or two, now under that chapel, he'll be bound, if you was to dig for it. He solaces his imagination, too, by thinking of the many Chancellors and Vices and Masters of the Rolls, who are deceased, and he gets such a flavor of the country out of telling the two 'Prentices how he *has* heard say that a brook "as clear as crystal" once ran down the middle of Holborn, when Turnstile really was a turnstile leading slap away into the meadows—gets such a flavor of the country out of this, that he never wants to go there.

The day is closing in and the gas is lighted, but is not yet fully effective, for it is not quite dark. Mr. Snagsby, standing at his shop-door, looking up at the clouds, sees a crow, who is out late, skim westward over the leaden slice of sky belonging to Cook's Court. The crow flies straight across Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn Garden, into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Here, in a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and in those shrunken fragment of its greatness, lawyers lie like maggots in

nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages, and ante-chambers still remain; and even its painted ceilings, where Allegory, in Roman helmet and celestial linen, sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache—as would seem to be Allegory's object always, more or less. Here, among his many boxes labeled with transcendent names, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn, when not speechlessly at home in country-houses where the great ones of the earth are bored to death. Here he is to-day, quiet at his table. An Oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open.

Like as he is to look at, so is his apartment in the dusk of the present afternoon. Rusty, out of date, withdrawing from attention, able to afford it. Heavy, broad-backed, old-fashioned mahogany and horse-hair chairs, not easily lifted, obsolete tables with spindle-legs and dusty baize covers, presentation prints of the holders of great titles in the last generation, or the last but one, environ him. A thick and dingy Turkey-carpet muffles the floor where he sits, attended by two candles in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, that give a very insufficient light to his large room. The titles on the backs of his books have retired into the binding; every thing that can have a lock has got one; no key is visible. Very few loose papers are about. He has some manuscript near him, but is not referring to it. With the round top of an inkstand, and two broken bits of sealing-wax, he is silently and slowly working out whatever train of indecision is in his mind. Now, the inkstand top is in the middle: now, the red bit of sealing-wax, now the black bit. That's not it. Mr. Tulkinghorn must gather them all up, and begin again.

Here, beneath the painted ceiling, with foreshortened Allegory staring down at his intrusion as if it meant to swoop upon him, and he cutting it dead, Mr. Tulkinghorn has at once his house and office. He keeps no staff; only one middle-aged man usually a little out at elbows, who sits in a high Pew in the hall, and is rarely overburdened with business. Mr. Tulkinghorn is not in a common way. He wants no clerks. He is a great reservoir of confidences, not to be so tapped. His clients want *him*; he is all in all. Drafts that he requires to be drawn, are drawn by special pleaders in the Temple on mysterious instructions; fair copies that he requires to be made, are made at the stationer's, expense being no consideration. The middle-aged man in the Pew, knows scarcely more of the affairs of the Peerage, than any crossing-sweeper in Holborn.

The red bit, the black bit, the inkstand top, the other inkstand top, the little sand-box. So! You to the middle, you to the right, you to the left. This train of indecision must surely be worked out now or never. Now! Mr. Tulkinghorn gets up, adjusts his spectacles, puts on his hat, puts the manuscript in his pocket, goes out, tells the middle-aged man out at elbows, "I shall be back presently." Very rarely tells him any thing more explicit.

Mr. Tulkinghorn goes, as the crow came—not quite so straight, but nearly—to Cook's Court, Cursitor Street. To Snagsby's, Law Stationer's, Deeds engrossed and copied, Law-Writing executed in all its branches, &c., &c., &c.

It is somewhere about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and a balmy fragrance of warm tea hovers in Cook's Court. It hovers about Snagsby's door. The hours are early there; dinner at half-past one, and supper at half past nine. Mr. Snagsby was about to descend into the subterranean regions to take tea, when he looked out of his door just now, and saw the crow who was out late.

"Master at home?"

Guster is minding the shop, for the 'Prentices take tea in the kitchen, with Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby; consequently, the robe-maker's two daughters, combing their curls at the two glasses in the two second-floor windows of the opposite house are not driving the two 'Prentices to distraction, as they fondly suppose, but are merely awakening the unprofitable admiration of Guster, whose hair won't grow and never would, and, it is confidently thought, never will.

"Master at home?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

Master is at home, and Guster will fetch him. Guster disappears, glad to get out of the shop, which she regards with mingled dread and veneration, as a storehouse of awful implements of the great torture of the law: a place not to be entered after the gas is turned off.

Mr. Snagsby appears: greasy, warm, herbageous, and chewing. Bolts a bit of bread and butter. Says, "Bless my soul, sir! Mr. Tulkinghorn!"

"I want half a word with you, Snagsby."

"Certainly, sir! Dear me, sir, why didn't you send your young man round for me? Pray walk into the back shop, sir!" Snagsby has brightened in a moment.

The confined room, strong of parchment-grease, is warehouse, counting-house, and copying-office. Mr. Tulkinghorn sits, facing round, on a stool at the desk.

"Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Snagsby."

"Yes, sir." Mr. Snagsby turns up the gas, and coughs behind his hand, modestly anticipating profit. Mr. Snagsby, as a timid man, is accustomed to cough with a variety of expressions, and so to save words.

"You copied some affidavits in that cause for me lately?"

"Yes sir, we did."

"There was one of them," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, carelessly feeling—tight, unopenable oyster of the old school!—in the wrong coat-pocket, "the handwriting of which is peculiar, and I rather like. As I happened to be passing, and thought I had it about me, I looked in to ask you—but I haven't got it. No matter, any other time will do—Ah! here it is!—I looked in to ask you who copied this?"

"Who copied this, sir?" says Mr. Snagsby, taking it, laying it flat on the desk, and separating all

the sheets at once with a twirl and a twist of the left hand peculiar to law-stationers. "We gave this out sir. We were giving out rather a large quantity of work just at that time. I can tell you in a moment who copied it, sir, by referring to my book."

Mr. Snagsby takes his book down from the safe, makes another bolt of the bit of bread and butter which seems to have stopped short, eyes the affidavit aside, and brings his right forefinger traveling down a page of the book. "Jewby—Packer—Jarndyce."

"Jarndyce! Here we are, sir," says Mr. Snagsby. "To be sure! I might have remembered it. This was given out, sir, to a writer who lodges just over on the opposite side of the lane."

Mr. Tulkinghorn has seen the entry, found it before the law-stationer, read it while the forefinger was coming down the hill.

"What do you call him? Nemo?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Nemo, sir. Here it is. Forty-two folio. Given out on the Wednesday night, at eight o'clock; brought in on the Thursday morning, at half after nine."

"Nemo!" repeats Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Nemo is Latin for no one."

"It must be English for some one, sir, I think," Mr. Snagsby submits, with his deferential cough. "It is a person's name. Here it is, you see, sir! Forty-two folio. Given out, Wednesday night, eight o'clock; brought in, Thursday morning, half after nine."

The tail of Mr. Snagsby's eye becomes conscious of the head of Mrs. Snagsby looking in at the shop-door to know what he means by deserting his tea. Mr. Snagsby addresses an explanatory cough to Mrs. Snagsby, as who should say, "My dear, a customer!"

"Half after nine, sir," repeats Mr. Snagsby. "Our law-writers, who live by job-work, are a queer lot; and this may not be his name, but it's the name he goes by. I remember now, sir, that he gives it in a written advertisement he sticks up down at the Rule Office, and the King's Bench Office, and the Judges' Chambers, and so forth. You know the kind of document, sir—wanting employ?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn glances through the little window at the back of Coavins's, the sheriff's officer's, where lights shine into Coavins's windows. Coavins's coffee-room is at the back, and the shadows of several gentlemen under a cloud loom cloudily upon the blinds. Mr. Snagsby takes the opportunity of slightly turning his head, to glance over his shoulder at his little woman, and to make apologetic motions with his mouth to this effect: "Tul-king-horn—rich—in-flu-en-tial!"

"Have you given this man work before?" asks Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"O dear, yes, sir! Work of yours."

"Thinking of more important matters, I forget where you said he lived!"

"Across the lane, sir. In fact, he lodges at a—" Mr. Snagsby makes another bolt, as if the

bit of bread and butter were insurmountable—"at a rag and bottle shop."

"Can you show me the place as I go back?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sir!"

Mr. Snagsby pulls off his sleeves and his gray coat, pulls on his black coat, takes his hat from its peg. Oh! here is my little woman!" he says aloud. "My dear, will you be so kind as to tell one of the lads to look after the shop, while I step across the lane with Mr. Tulkinghorn? Mrs. Snagsby, sir—I shan't be two minutes, my love!"

Mrs. Snagsby bends to the lawyer, retires behind the counter, peeps at them through the window-blind, goes softly into the back office, refers to the entries in the book still lying open. Is evidently curious.

"You will find that the place is rough, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, walking deferentially in the road, and leaving the narrow pavement to the lawyer; "and the party is very rough. But they're a wild lot in general, sir. The advantage of this particular man is, that he never wants sleep. He'll go it right on end, if you want him to, as long as ever you like."

It is quite dark now, and the gas-lamps have acquired their full effect. Jostling against clerks going to post the day's letters, and against counsel and attorneys going home to dinner, and against plaintiffs and defendants, and suitors of all sorts, and against the general crowd, in whose way the forensic wisdom of ages has interposed a million of obstacles to the transaction of the commonest business of life—diving through law and equity, and through that kindred mystery, the street mud, which is made of nobody knows what, and collects about us nobody knows whence or how: we only knowing in general that when there is too much of it, we find it necessary to shovel it away—the lawyer and the law-stationer come to a Rag and Bottle Shop, and general emporium of much disregarded merchandise, lying and being in the shadow of the wall of Lincoln's Inn, and kept, as is announced in paint to all whom it may concern, by one Krook.

"This is where he lives, sir," says the law-stationer.

"This is where he lives, is it?" says the lawyer unconcernedly. "Thank you."

"Are you not going in, sir?"

"No, thank you, no; I am going on to the Fields at present. Good evening. Thank you!" Mr. Snagsby lifts his hat, and returns to his little woman and his tea.

But, Mr. Tulkinghorn does not go on to the Fields at present. He goes a short way, turns back, comes again to the shop of Mr. Krook, and enters it straight. It is dim enough, with a blot-headed candle or so in the windows, and an old man and a cat sitting in the back part by a fire. The old man rises and comes forward, with another blot-headed candle in his hand.

"Pray, is your lodger within?"

"Male or female, sir?" says Mr. Krook.

"Male. The person who does copying."

Mr. Krook has eyed his man narrowly. Knows

him by sight. Has an indistinct impression of his aristocratic repute.

"Did you wish to see him, sir?"

"Yes."

"It's what I seldom do myself," says Mr. Krook with a grin. "Shall I call him down? But it's a weak chance if he'd come, sir!"

"I'll go up to him, then," says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Second floor, sir. Take the candle. Up there!" Mr. Krook, with his cat beside him, stands at the bottom of the staircase, looking after Mr. Tulkinghorn. "Hi—hi!" he says, when Mr. Tulkinghorn has nearly disappeared. The lawyer looks down over the hand-rail. The cat expands her wicked mouth, and snarls at him.

"Order, Lady Jane! Behave yourself to visitors, my lady! You know what they say of my lodger?" whispers Krook, going up a step or two.

"What do they say of him?"

"They say he has sold himself to the Enemy; but you and I know better—he don't buy. I'll tell you what, though; my lodger is so black-humored and gloomy, that I believe he'd as soon make that bargain as any other. Don't put him out, sir. That's my advice!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn with a nod goes on his way. He comes to the dark door on the second floor. He knocks, receives no answer, opens it, and accidentally extinguishes his candle in doing so.

The air of the room is almost bad enough to have extinguished it, if he had not. It is a small room, nearly black with soot, and grease, and dirt. In the rusty skeleton of a grate, pinched at the middle as if Poverty had gripped it, a red coke fire burns low. In the corner, by the chimney, stand a deal table and a broken desk: a wilderness marked with a rain of ink. In another corner, a ragged old portmanteau on one of the two chairs, serves for cabinet or wardrobe; no larger one is needed, for it collapses like the cheeks of a starved man. The floor is bare; except that one old mat, trodden to shreds of rope-yarn, lies perishing upon the hearth. No curtain veils the darkness of the night, but the discolored shutters are drawn together; and through the two gaunt holes pierced in them, famine might be staring in—the Banshee of the man upon the bed.

For, on a low bed opposite the fire, a confusion of dirty patchwork, lean-ribbed ticking, and coarse sacking, the lawyer, hesitating just within the doorway sees a man. He lies there, dressed in shirt and trowsers, with bare feet. He has a yellow look, in the spectral darkness of a candle that has guttered down, until the whole length of its wick (still burning) has doubled over, and left a tower of winding-sheet above it. His hair is ragged, mingling with his whiskers and his beard—the latter, ragged too, and grown, like the scum and mist around him, in neglect. Foul and filthy as the room is, foul and filthy as the air, it is not easy to perceive what fumes those are which most oppress the senses in it; but through the general sickliness and faintness, and the odor of

stale tobacco, there comes into the lawyer's mouth the bitter, vapid taste of opium.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries, and strikes his iron candlestick against the door.

He thinks he has awakened his friend. He lies a little turned away, but his eyes are surely open.

"Hallo, my friend!" he cries again. "Hallo! Hallo!"

As he rattles on the door, the candle which has drooped so long, goes out, and leaves him in the dark; with the gaunt eyes in the shutters staring down upon the bed.

THE GHOST-RAISER.

MY Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, *will* tell stories. Among them, he tells his Single Ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defense, therefore, I publish the tale, in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, every body may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was traveling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as hostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Izaak Walton. There were several travelers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a traveling merchant or peddler. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark fierce look, said :

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly :

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied :

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gayly :

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone :

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student.—"Well! if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the peddler among us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following lines :

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then, raising his voice solemnly, he said :

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

"After a moment's silence, the peddler stamped three times on the ground, and sang :

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question :

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered, in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him :

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long vail—it stands still."

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not."

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted, in a sepulchral voice :

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his vail—'tis Francis Villiers!—he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice :

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures, the merchant then sang :

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now?" asked the merchant, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As

soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story!

"And how is it, uncle, that after *that*, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travelers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

THE THREE VISITORS OF BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

ONE morning while Bernardin de Saint Pierre was admiring, through one of the windows of his apartment, the glowing radiance of the rising sun, and thinking, perhaps, of transferring its bright tints, and the fragrance of early dawn, and the glittering dew-drops, to the pages of his *Harmonies de la Nature*, a stranger entered with noiseless step; he saluted the poet with deep reverence, respectfully apologizing for so early an intrusion, and it was not until after repeated invitations that he was prevailed upon to take a seat beside him. The young man's face bore the dark olive hue of the southern sun, his black hair fell in waves from his temples, over the collar of his military coat. His look was at once pensive and modest, yet proud. The fashion of his dress, his high boots, the white and fringed gloves, proclaimed him an officer of the French Republic, whom the close of the campaign in Italy had allowed to return home. And such indeed he was, as he took care to inform Bernardin, when his excitement at finding himself in the presence of the celebrated author had a little subsided.

"I congratulate you, sir," said Saint Pierre, "on having served under the great captain, who has so gloriously terminated this campaign. I can enter into such triumphs, for I, too, have been a soldier."

"Would that I were one no longer," exclaimed the young officer—"that I had never been one. War is hateful to me! I know neither enmity nor ambition—the conqueror and the conquered are alike to me. This soft, lovely, morning, with its dewy freshness, passed in tranquil conversation or lonely musings, has more charms for me than all the pomp and circumstance of war. Then, what an avenue to fame! by slaughter!—butchery! Laurels have been strewn in my path. I see nothing but the blood through which I have been wading."

The poet extended his hand to the young soldier, who respectfully kissed it. "Yours," he said, "is true glory. The names of Paul and Virginia will live forever in the memories and heads of men. Ah, sir! this is the brightest

day of my life. I asked of fortune only that I might live to see you, to tell you as man, the delightful hours my youth owed to you, and now my bright hope is realized. Behold the treasure of my boyhood, the delight of my manhood, my companion in the college—on the fields of Montenotte and Lodi"—and the stranger took from his pocket a well-worn copy of *Paul and Virginia*, the leaves kept together only by a few threads.

With all Saint Pierre's modesty, he could not but be deeply moved by the enthusiasm of the young officer. At a time like this, when war was raging both at home and abroad, it was rather unusual to find a soldier warmly interested in an Indian idyl, and busying himself about a poet, in his obscure retreat on the banks of a pretty stream.

"I am delighted," he said, "not so much with your too indulgent estimate of an ephemeral book, but with the sympathy between us—that bond of common love for mankind and for nature, a love of whose inspirations my book is but a feeble utterance of. It is only in some such obscure corner as this, that we dare now own that we love God and Heaven, the dewy morning and peace on earth. Discord still reigns at Paris. Is it not so?"

The young officer looked up with a sad expression in his dark eyes. "Alas, yes! it is reigning more furiously than ever; but it is too painful a subject; let us change it. Are you at present engaged in any work? and are these its first sheets?"

Bernardin smiled as he answered—"They are old memorials to the Directory at Paris. I was once the secretary, the literary man of the revolutionary club of Essoune, the republicans of that town having more warmth of patriotism than power of style, employed me to draw up their memorials, and I escaped the guillotine by accepting the office."

"The author of *Paul and Virginia* secretary to a village revolutionary club!"

"Neither more nor less. It was not very poetical; but so it was. However, during that time I have had some hours of leisure which I have devoted to a work that has been the dream of my life, and the thought of which has cheered me, in the forests of Sweden, and under the burning skies of the Isle of France. My object is to reveal the divine intelligence to the human race, through the universal relation between all beings. From physical order I elicit physical good; from the good, the moral, and from the moral, God. And the title of the book is to be the *Harmonies of Nature*. I was working at it when you came in, and meditating on the wise providence which, while giving to different beings different organs, has supplied the apparent inequality by special qualities and counterbalancing advantages. I intend, also to treat of the harmonies of the stars. Oh! how beautiful are our nights in France!"

"And I, too, thought so, till I had seen the nights in Italy," exclaimed the young stranger. "There every star is a living token of friendship

or of love. Two friends parted by long exile each pledge themselves to look at the same star at the same hour, and the light thus shared is a link between them. The young girl gives to the bright stars of the summer nights her own name and that of her lover, till the whole firmament is full of Bettinas and Ciprianas, Francescas and Giottos. Should one of these tender links be severed by death, the still remaining one is comforted in her sorrow by seeing the bright memorial of her beloved still shining on the borders of that heavenly horizon, where their meeting will be forever."

"This is indeed a tender harmony. Yes, love is every where. But," continued Bernardin, delighted at being understood; "but tell me, do you yourself write? With mental energies such as yours, why should you not cast upon the troubled waters of this age some thought that may yet be the fructifying seed to be found after many days. All soldiers write well."

"I do write a little, sir," and the young officer blushed as he answered; "since your kind encouragement has anticipated my request, and thus emboldened me to make it, I venture to ask you to cast your eye over a few pages written to beguile the hours of a lonely midnight watch. You will remember it is the book of a soldier, and one almost a foreigner."

"I thank you for the confidence reposed in me," said Saint Pierre, "and I am persuaded the friend will have no need to bias the judge in the impartial opinion that you have a right to claim from me."

The young officer now rose, and with a request to be allowed to repeat his visit, and a cordial, though respectful pressure of Saint Pierre's hand, took his leave, and long after the garden-gate had closed behind him, Bernardin stood watching the cloud of dust in which had disappeared his young visitor, and the steed on which he galloped back to Paris.

"So, then," thought the philosopher, as he re-entered his cottage, "there still exist some few minds free from the consuming toils of ambition. Who would ever have expected to find a lover of nature with a republican epaulet? There is a simplicity in this youth most attractive; how modestly did he speak of himself; how bitterly lament the horrors of war; and his enjoyment of this lovely, dewy morning, was that of a sage no less than of a poet. Doubtless the manuscript is some learned treatise on the art of war—the subject not his choice but the necessity of his position. The art of war!—art indeed—the art of killing the arts!"

Bernardin de Saint Pierre was mistaken. The manuscript was a pastoral romance—conceive his delight—A Pastoral Romance! "Yes!" he said, "the noble mind must let fly the falcon imagination to cater for it. It can not feed on the garbage around."

Day after day now elapsed without bringing his young visitor; but some months after, Bernardin, seated at a table placed under the shade of trees of his own planting, and covered with

flowers gathered to serve as models for his word-paintings, was enjoying the soft evening breeze, when the visit of an officer was announced; and to his great surprise, instead of him whom he was eagerly advancing to welcome, he beheld a stranger. He had, indeed, the same black hair falling from his temples, the same dark eyes, the same olive hue of the man of the sun and the Mediterranean. But he saw not the same person; his new visitor was at least ten years older than the first.

"I am the elder brother, sir, of an officer who, some months since, did himself the honor of calling upon you."

"His visit still lives in my memory as one most pleasant. He confided to me a manuscript which I would be glad to take this opportunity of returning, with my assurances of entire sympathy in his love of nature, and still more in his noble indignation against tyrants, his eloquent invectives against ambition. Tell him, too, from me, how much I admire his style; its rich imagery—its—"

"I must not let you go on, sir, for such praise has already rendered it difficult to avow myself the author of the book. I had not courage to submit it to you myself, but my younger and more adventurous brother gladly availed himself of it as a plea for his intrusion."

After some courteous words interchanged between the new visitor and Bernardin, the latter pointed to the flowers and said, "I was at that moment thinking of your brother; he had told me of the names given by loving hearts in Italy to the stars, and I was reflecting that our associations with flowers were still trammelled by such a rugged nomenclature; it is enough to make the science of botany detestable."

"Ah, sir, you will teach all to love it; already has your *Etudes de la Nature* made it popular throughout Europe. I myself had formed a floral dial at a villa at Florence where my regiment was quartered; every hour of the night and of the day was marked by the opening of different flowers. I am passionately fond of them, and can well understand the Dutchman lavishing a fortune upon a tulip, and spending a life in giving it some new variety of tint."

"What a simple-minded family!" thought Bernardin. "One brother worships the starry splendor of the heavens, and the other luxuriates in flowers, and spends his idle garrison hours in watching them as they bud forth at every hour of the day; and these two young men are soldiers! War has not hardened their hearts, nor conquest made them despise simple pleasures." And now, Saint Pierre, leaning on his new friend, proceeded to show him his flowers, "which," he said, "though not like the lovely products of the fertile Italy you have conquered, yet, as my own plantings are not without their fragrance for the old man;" and as they walked along, he repeated to himself rather than to his companion,

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari."

And in as low a voice, the officer went on—"Yes! happy the wise man who penetrates the arcana of nature, and who tramples under foot the world's prejudices." And as he stooped to pluck a daisy, he added, "who the calm votary of the silvan deities beholds with unenvious eye the consular pomp and the glittering diadem. Ah, sir! you, too, like Virgil—do you know he is my poet of all poets?" And before they had gone the round of the garden, the sage and the soldier had repeated almost the whole of the second book of the *Georgics*; and now, having begged and obtained a flower as a memento of his visit, the officer took his leave, with the promise of soon returning and bringing with him his brother.

"If all republicans," said Bernardin, "were like these two brothers, the republic would be heaven, and I need not so long to die."

And with fresh impulse, and an interest increased by the sympathy of his visitor in his love of flowers, Saint Pierre turned to his labors. The second part of his *Harmonies de la Nature* was finished, and he was now engaged upon the last division of his great work—"The Harmonies of Human Nature," when one day a knock at the door of his library made him raise his head to see, as he believed, the face of one of his two friends in the Italian army, though whether the elder or the younger he could not at once distinguish. On nearer survey, he discovered, to his great perplexity, that neither the one nor the other stood before him. The uniform of this third officer was exactly the same, he had the same masses of black hair, the same eyes, but though a little older than the first, and younger than the second of his former visitors, he seemed to bear more traces than either of the struggle and the vigil; and his brow was graver and more thoughtful. Still the triple resemblance was most striking, and for a moment Bernardin scarcely knew whether he was to greet him as a stranger; but before he could speak, the visitor introduced himself as the brother of the two officers, the kindness of whose reception had encouraged him to pay his respects to the friend of Jean Jacques Rousseau, to the illustrious author of the *Etudes de la Nature*, and to venture to offer the admiring homage of a blunt soldier.

Was it those lips with their Attic cut, and firm grace, which smile and threat seemed alike to become, or was it the deep voice, the piercing eagle glance, or his already high reputation as the greatest captain of the age, that riveted the attention of the philosopher upon this last of the three brothers, and indelibly impressed upon his memory every word of the conversation which now ensued?

But this third brother and the poet spoke not of scenery, nor stars, nor sun, nor streams, nor flowers. They spoke of human nature, of the universal brotherhood of mankind, of philosophy, and patriotism. They spoke, too, of the present evil days—the old man with some little bitterness and much indulgence, the young man with

hopes aspiring and daring as his conquests; and while laying open future prospects with almost prophetic clearness, he showed the certain and impending destruction of all parties by each other, and the consequent and near approach of peace.

"God grant it;" cried Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

"God grants all to the firm will and the determined purpose," was the answer.

Some expressive pauses made breaks in a conversation which was less an interchange of words than of thoughts. Vainly did Bernardin several times attempt to introduce the subject of the campaigns in Italy, as an opening for some complimentary tribute to the courage, the presence of mind, the clear mental vision, the resolute powers of action, of his visitor; the latter as constantly evaded the subject, for with all the exquisite tact which was his great characteristic through life, he guessed the philosopher could accord but a reluctant homage to any triumph of the sword, even when not drawn in the service of ambition. He felt, too, that the warrior should be like a fortress, from whose strong, silent walls, is heard only in time of war the booming of its artillery.

Thus, therefore, ran the dialogue:

"Italy is on fire with your name."

"I have founded chairs of philosophy, of history, and oratory, in most of the conquered cities."

"Montenotte will ever be one of the most glorious monuments of French valor."

"I have pensioned all the *savants* of Bologna, Florence, and Milan."

"You have rivaled the renown of the immortal generals of antiquity."

"Whenever a city was taken, my first care was to command public monuments and private property to be respected, and to prohibit under pain of death all outrage to women, and before I allowed guards to be planted at my own door, I took care sentinels were at the gates of every church and hospital."

"How you must have longed for repose, were it only to indulge the bright dreams of the future."

"The actual and the real for me. I like best to shut myself up in my quarters to pursue my favorite studies of mathematics and history."

Struck with enthusiastic admiration of such simplicity, and such wise moderation, Bernardin ceased any longer to pay forced compliments to the military prowess with which he had no sympathy, and now poured out his whole heart in homage to his noble qualities as a legislator and as a man. Could he do less than read to him some few pages of his "*Harmonies*"—the winding-up of his "*Harmonies of Nature*." To one of the three brothers, worthy to comprehend the sublimity of the science of Heaven, he had shown the stars; to another, tender as Rousseau, the flowers; and now the graver pages of his book to a third—graver, wiser than either—as wise as Marcus Aurelius; "nay, wiser," said Bernardin,

"for I am sure he never would consent to be made emperor."

And now, who were these three officers of the Italian army?

The first officer, who wooed the stars and the dewy morning, and who had no ambition, was Louis Bonaparte, afterward King of Holland.

The second officer, who delighted in flowers, and in floral dials, was Joseph Bonaparte, afterward King of the two Spains and of the Indies.

The third officer—the brother of the two others—who was a republican, a philosopher, a philanthropist, a lover of peace, and who had no ambition, was Napoleon Bonaparte, afterward Emperor of the French, and King of Italy!

What an eclogue for Bernardin de Saint Pierre—Two Kings and an Emperor!

A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

THE history of Transylvania is, perhaps, one of the wildest and most romantic that ever told the story of a nation. It describes a people perfectly primitive and pastoral, and living under institutions as patriarchal as those existing at the time of Lot or Abraham. Transylvania, long annexed to the Austrian monarchy, was in old times looked upon as the rightful prize of the strong hand; and was, by turns, seized and plundered by Turks, Austrians, and Hungarians. For a short time it chose its own princes, who aspired to be kings of Hungary. Their presumption met with the penalty of utter annihilation.

To understand these peasants properly, the reader may, perhaps, be allowed to compare them to the Highland clansmen of Scotland at the same period. Far before any authentic records, a people have dwelt in Transylvania, who knew nothing beyond the deep valleys in which they lived; they held no intercourse with the rest of the world, or even with their neighbors, the other inhabitants of the country; and they formed as many little separate republics as there were valleys. Each clan had, and even still has, its chief, who generally fills, also, the functions of judge and priest. In the morning and the evening they have public prayers; but, although like their lords, they belong to the reformed religion, they have no one among them specially intrusted with the cure of souls. When they marry their daughters, they make great ceremony and feasting, to which all comers are welcome. On these occasions, too, they sometimes pay a visit to the lord of the valley, that he may share in their simple rejoicing; but, at other times, they are shy of strangers, and few of them wander far beyond their native place. The agent, or the lord himself, usually visits them once a year; or, perhaps, more frequently the patriarch of the tribe goes to the lord and tells him of the number of his cattle, and of their increase, of what must be sold and what must be kept. Certain of the peasants leave the depths of their valley toward the end of summer, and drive their flocks and herds into Wallachia, along the banks of the mighty Danube. Here are

found immense forests; and here, in spite of winter, the sheep may glean fresh and plentiful pasturage. The owners of the woods are paid, in return, a certain sum yearly. In the spring, merchants and cattle-dealers come down from Constantinople, who buy their sheep and goats; and it is to this sale that the lords of Transylvania look for the greatest part of their incomes.

Immediately after the shepherds have effected a sale, they dispatch a messenger to their lord who, in his turn, sends a trusty servant to receive the money. There are no bankers, no bills, no checks, no first and second of exchange, no post-office orders; the purchases are paid for in solid and very dirty silver, and it is carried through floods, rain, wind, and weather, to the lord with pastoral honesty and simplicity. All takes place with a good faith and punctuality, and an earnestness of purpose very touching to witness.

Besides this source of revenue, no sooner have the flocks and herds returned to the valley, than the lord sends in wagons to return laden with cheese, the produce of the year. These cheeses are some of them formed like loaves; and some, the most delicate, are pressed into the skins of young lambs, carefully prepared for the purpose by some primitive art. The third, and remaining portion, of a Transylvanian gentleman's income is derived from wool, which is as faithfully and punctually delivered to him as his cheeses, or the cash for his flocks.

There is neither corn nor wine in these valleys, and the dwellers in them live chiefly on a kind of thin paste and a fermented drink, in both of which the milk of sheep forms a very important ingredient. Sometimes they regale themselves with a lamb or a kid; but this is a rare festival. They make their own garments from the wool of their flocks, which they fashion into coarse thick cloths, mighty against snow, and rain, and sun, and wind, but not pretty. Their caps, too, are made of wool; and, with long, shaggy tufts hanging to them, look like weird, uncouth wigs. Their women and children are clothed in the same way, and all live together in caves cut in the mountain side, or formed by nature in the solid rocks.

I paid some of these people a visit, and found, in one of these cavern houses, an Englishman's hat and umbrella. These things interested me, because their possessors had a legend that they had been received from a demon, and I could not help fancying it more likely that they had belonged to some luckless wight, who might have wandered thither and been lost. Into the hat they had forced a cheese; but I fancied I detected a sort of superstitious reverence for the umbrella, and they evidently looked upon its mechanism with great wonder and respect. They asked eagerly for information upon the mysterious subject, and, after I had explained it (which I am now almost sorry I did), I fancy they looked upon me as we, in England, looked upon people who had a tendency for explaining things in the middle ages—as an unbeliever, a student in dark arts, a magician, in league with

the Evil One. But I had an object to answer, and I entered into negotiations for getting the cheese out of the hat, and offered, what Mr. Trapbois calls a "con-si-de-ra-tion," to be allowed to examine both hat and umbrella nearer, to see if I could find any mark or initials, giving a clew to their former owner. For a long time my efforts were useless; the cheese in the hat was intended for the lord, and they were afraid of offending the umbrella by allowing me to take any liberty with it; but a good-temper, and a cheery way, gets on wonderfully with simple folk, and at length they listened to my wish, but refused my gift. I could not, however, find any thing to reward my search.

On returning to Vienna the mystery was cleared up. It appears, that an English traveler making a tour in those parts on foot, had been overtaken by a gaunt man in a strange costume. The uncouth figure addressed him in an unknown tongue; and all presence of mind, for a moment, deserted him. Without pausing to reflect if the greeting were friendly or hostile, he thought to conciliate his gigantic acquaintance (having no money about him) by offering the only things he could dispose of; so, taking off his hat, and resigning his umbrella with it into the hands stretched out in wonder to receive them, the English traveler took to his heels.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE BARDI.

A TRUE OLD TALE.

THE Via Dei Bardi is one of the most ancient streets of Florence. Long, dark, and narrow, it reaches from the extremity of the Ponte Rubaconte to the right of the Ponte Vecchio. Its old houses look decayed and squalid now; but in former days they were magnificent and orderly, full of all the state of those times, being the residences of many of the Florentine nobility. How many struggles of faction, how many scenes of civil war, have these old houses witnessed! for in the period of their splendor, Florence was torn by intestine feuds; from generation to generation, Guelfs and Ghibelines, Bianchi, and Neri, handed down their bitter quarrels, private and personal animosity mingling with public or party spirit, and ending in many a dark and violent deed. These combatants are all sleeping now: the patriot, the banished citizen, the timid, the cruel—all, all are gone, and have left us only tales to read, or lessons to learn if we can but use them. But we are not skilled to teach a lesson; we would rather tell a legend of those times, recalled to mind, especially at present, because it has been chosen as the subject of a fine picture recently finished by a Florentine artist, Benedetto Servolino.

In the Viadei Bardi stood, probably still stands, the house inhabited by the chief of the great and noble family from whom it takes its name—we write of the period of the fiercest struggles between the Guelfs and Ghibelines; and the Bardi were powerful partisans of the latter party. In that house dwelt a young girl of uncom-

mon beauty, and yet more uncommon character. An old writer thus describes her: "To look on her was enchantment; her eyes called you to love her; her smile was like heaven; if you heard her speak, you were conquered. Her whole person was a miracle of beauty, and her deportment had a certain maidenly pride, springing from a pure heart and conscious integrity."

From the troubled scenes she had witnessed, her mind had acquired composure and courage unusual with her sex, and it was of that high stamp that is prone to admire with enthusiasm all generous and self-devoting deeds. Such a being, however apt to inspire love, was not likely to be easily won; accordingly, the crowd of lovers who at first surrounded Dianora gradually dropped off, for they gained no favor. All were received with the same bright and beautiful smile, and a gay, charming grace, which flattered no man's vanity; so they carried their homage to other shrines where it might be more prized, though by an inferior idol. And what felt Dianora when her votaries left her? We are not told; but not long after, you might see, if you walked along the street of the Bardi toward evening, a beautiful woman sitting near a balcony: a frame of embroidery is before her; but her eyes are oftener turned to the street than to the lilies she is working. It is Dianora. But surely it is not idle curiosity that bends her noble brow so often this way, and beams in her bright, speaking eyes, and sweet, kind smile. On whom is it turned, and why does her cheek flush so quickly? A youth of graceful and manly appearance is passing her window; his name is Hyppolito: he has long cherished the image of Dianora as Dante did that of his Beatrice. In loving her, he loved more ardently every thing that is good and noble in the world; he shunned folly and idleness, and strove to make himself worthy of what he believed Dianora to be. At length, one of Cupid's emissaries—whether nurse or friend the chronicle does not tell—aided Hyppolito in meeting Dianora. One meeting succeeded another, till she gave him her heart, as such a true, young heart is given, with entire confidence, and a strength of feeling peculiar to herself. But what could they hope? Hyppolito's family were of the opposite party, and they knew it was vain to expect from them even a patient hearing; nor were the Bardi behind in proper feelings of hatred. What was to be done? There was but one Dianora—but one Hyppolito in the world; so have many wise young people thought of each other both before and since the days of the Ghibelines; but these two might be excused for thinking so, for many who saw them were of the same opinion. To part—what was the world to them if they were parted? Their station, their years, their tastes—so removed from noisy and frivolous pleasures—their virtuous characters, seemed to point out that they were born for each other. What divided them? One only point the adverse political feelings of their families. Shall they sacrifice themselves to these? No

Thus reasoned Hyppolito; but we think the chronicles exaggerate the virtues of Dianora's character; for how many a girl unchronicled by fame has, before the still tribunal of her own sense of duty to God and her parents, sacrificed her dearest hopes rather than offend them; and this, with all her heroism, Dianora did not, but gave up all these dear early claims for her new love.

Delays were needless, for time could do nothing to smoothe their path; so it was determined that Hyppolito should bring a ladder to Dianora's window, and, aided by their friend, they should find their way to a priest prepared to give them his blessing. The night appointed came—still and beautiful as heart could wish; the stars sparkling in the deep blue sky, bright as they may now be seen in that fair clime. Hyppolito has reached the house; he has fixed the ladder of ropes; there is no moon to betray him; in a minute, his light step will have reached the balcony. But there is a noise in the street, and lights approaching; the night-guard is passing; they have seen the ladder, for the street is narrow. Hyppolito is down, and tries to escape—in vain. They seize and drag him to prison. What was he doing there? What can he reply? That he meant to enter the house, to carry something from it, or commit some bad deed, can not be denied. He will not betray Dianora; it would only be to separate them forever, and leave her with a stained name. He yields to his fate; the proofs are irresistible, and, by the severe law of Florence at that period, Hyppolito must die. All Florence is in amazement. So estimable a youth, to all outward appearance, to be in reality addicted to the basest crimes! Who could have believed it? But he confesses; there is no room for doubt. Pardon is implored by his afflicted friends; but no pardon can be granted for so flagrant a crime.

Hyppolito had one consolation—his father never doubted him; if he had, one glance of his son's clear, though sad eye, and candid, open brow, would have reassured him. He saw there was a mystery, but he was sure it involved no guilt on Hyppolito's part. Hyppolito also believed that his good name would one day be cleared, and that his noble Dianora would in due time remove the stain that clouded it. He consented to die, rather than live separated from her. Yet poor Hyppolito was sorry to leave the world so young; and sadly, though calmly, he arranged his small possessions, for the benefit of those he loved, and of the poor, to whom he had always been a friend.

He slept quietly the night preceding the time fixed for his execution, and was early ready to take his place in the sad procession. Did no thought cross Hyppolito's clear mind, that he was throwing away, in weak passion, a life given to him by God for noble ends? We know not; but there he was—calm, firm, and serious. His only request was, that the procession might pass through the street of the Bardi, which some thought was a sign of penitence, an act of humiliation. The sad train moves on. An old

man sitting at a door rises, strains his eyes to catch a last glimpse of Hyppolito, and then covers them in anguish, and sinks down again. This is an old man he had saved from misery and death. Two youths, hand-in-hand, are gazing with sad faces, and tears run down their cheeks. They are orphans: he had clothed and fed them. Hyppolito sees them, and even in that moment remembers it is he who deprives them of a protector: but it is too late to think now; for he is approaching the scene of his fault and the place of his punishment, and other feelings swell in his heart. His brows are contracted; his eyes bent on the house of the Bardi, as if they would pierce the stones of its walls; and now they are cast down, as though he would raise them no more on earth. But he starts, for he hears a loud shriek, a rushing, and an opening of the crowd: they seem to be awed by something that approaches. It is a woman, whose violent gestures defy opposition; she looks like a maniac just escaped from her keepers; she has reached Hyppolito; his fettered arms move as if they would receive her, but in vain. She turns to the crowd, and some among them recognize the modest and beautiful daughter of Bardi. She calls out: "He is innocent of every crime but having loved me. To save me from shame, he has borne all this disgrace. And he is going to death; but you can not kill him now. I tell you he is guiltless; and if he dies, I die with him."

The people stand amazed. At last there is a shout: "It must be true! he is innocent!" The execution is stopped till the truth is ascertained, and Dianora's statement is fully confirmed. And who shall paint the return from death to life of poor Hyppolito? and to such a life! for blazoned as the story of her love had been, Dianora's parents, considering also her firm character, subjected even the spirit of party to the voice of affection and reason; and Hyppolito's family, softened by sorrow, gladly embraced their Ghibeline daughter. Whether in after-life Hyppolito and Dianora were distinguished by the qualities they had shown in youth, and whether the promise of affection was realized by time and intimate acquaintance, no chronicle remains to tell. This short glimpse of both is all that is snatched from oblivion—this alone stands out in bright relief, to show us they once were; the rest is lost in the darkness of time.

The moment chosen by the artist is when Dianora rushes from her house into the midst of the crowd, and reaches Hyppolito, surrounded by priests and soldiers. It is easy to see to what a varied expression of passion and action this point of the story gives rise.

A CURIOSITY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE crustacean class of animals, of which the lobster, crab, and shrimp are familiar examples, have this peculiarity of structure—that their soft bodies are inclosed within a coat-of-mail formed of carbonate and phosphate of lime. In fact, they carry their skeleton outside their

bodies, both for defense of the vital parts within, and for the attachment of the muscles which move their limbs, and every part of their frame. No warrior of old was ever more completely enveloped in his hard coat-of-mail, with its jointed greaves and overlapping scales, than is the lobster in its crustaceous covering; with this exception, that the warrior could at pleasure unbuckle himself from his armor, whereas the body and limbs of the crustacea are completely incased in hollow cylinders, firmly and accurately jointed, from which there is no such ready release. Now, as this shelly integument envelops them from their earliest youth, and as it does not expand and grow, the natural growth of the soft body beneath would be entirely prevented did not nature supply a remedy of a very curious kind—the exuviation, or periodical throwing off of the external crust, and the formation of a larger shell-covering fitted for the increasing growth of the animal. This is a circumstance which has long been familiar to naturalists, and indeed the most ordinary observer must have often remarked in the crabs and lobsters brought to table, appearances indicative of their change of external coverings. In the back of the edible crab, may often be noticed a red membrane lining the inner side of the shell, but so loose as to be readily detached. Along the greater part of its course this membrane has already assumed a half-crustaceous consistence, and is just the preparatory process to the old shell being thrown off by the animal. There is another curious circumstance which has also been long known—that crabs and lobsters can renew lost limbs. Some misconception, however, had existed regarding the manner in which this was effected, until the observations of the late Sir John Dalyell have thrown more accurate light upon the subject.

This most amiable and eminent zoologist, who was lost to science last year, afforded a pleasing illustration of the solace and delight which the pursuit of the study of nature yields to the diligent inquirer into her mysteries. With a feeble constitution and frame of body, which precluded his mingling in the more active pursuits of every day life, this sedentary philosopher collected around him examples of minute and curious beings from the depths of the ocean, from lake and river, and for many long years found the delight of his leisure hours in watching the habits of the animals, and in discovering and describing many singular circumstances in the constitution of their bodies, and the peculiar adaptations of their structure and instincts to their modes of existence. One of his last communications to the public, imparted with all the modesty and simplicity of true genius, at the last meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, was on this subject of the exuviation of the crustacea.

It appears from Sir John's observations that crustaceans begin to throw off their shells at a very early period of their life, even in that embryo state in which they first appear after having left the egg, and before they have yet assumed the real form of their mature state. During

every successive exuviation in this embryo state they assume more and more of their perfect and established form. While the crab is young and rapidly growing, frequent exuviations take place at short intervals, from three to five times in the course of one year. Previous to the change, the animal almost ceases to feed, and becomes rather inactive; the proper time having at length arrived, exuviation is effected in the course of a few hours, body and limbs being alike relieved from their hard covering. Until the new shell acquires firmness and strength, the creature is very shy, and in the state of nature, retires into cavities below rocks or heaps of protecting seaweed. Sir John had kept for some time one of our smaller species of shore-crabs (*Carcinus monas*), of medium size, of a brown color, with one white limb. One summer evening it was put outside the window in a capacious glass-vessel of sea-water. In the morning a form exactly resembling its own, only somewhat larger, lay in the vessel. This was the same animal, which had performed exuviation, and extricated itself from the old shell during the night. The resemblance between both forms was complete—every thing was the same, even the white limb was seen in both. Another specimen kept was of smaller size, the opposite extremities of the limbs being only thirteen lines asunder; its color was green, with three white patches on the back. In the course of little more than a year five exuviations took place at irregular intervals, the new shell and animal becoming larger each time. The third shell came on uniformly green, the white spots being entirely obliterated. On the fourth exuviation, the limbs expanded two inches and a half. From the long slender form of the limbs of crustacea, they are very liable to mutilation. Crabs are also a very pugnacious family, and in their battles limbs are often snapped off. These mutilations, however, are readily repaired; although, contrary to what was the common belief, the restoration takes place only at the next regular period of exuviation.

The full-grown common crab (*Cancer pagurus*) is of a reddish-brown color, the claws tipped black; but some of the young are naturally of the purest white, which remains long unsullied. This does not arise from confinement, which, according to Sir John, has no influence on color. "A young white specimen of the common crab was subjected to observation on 29th September. The body might have been circumscribed in a circle three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and the extended limbs by one and a half inch in diameter. Its first exuviation ensued on 8th November, the second on the 30th of April following, and the shell then produced subsisted till 12th September, when another exuviation took place, introducing a new shell of such transparent white that the interior almost shone through it. All the shells were white, and increased somewhat in size successively. This last shell of 12th September subsisted until 29th March, being 197 days, when it was thrown off during another exuviation."

But what was remarkable, the animal now had only the two large claws, the other eight limbs were deficient. "Resting on its breast as it was, I did not at first discover the fact, that the creature presented a strange and very uncouth aspect. However, it fed readily, and proved very tame, though helpless; often falling on its back, and not being able to recover itself from the deficiency of its limbs. I preserved this mutilated object with uncommon care, watching it almost incessantly day and night: expecting another exuviation which might be attended with interesting consequences, I felt much anxiety for its survivance. My solicitude was not vain. After the defective shell had subsisted eighty-six days, its tenant meantime feeding readily, the desired event took place in a new exuviation on 23d June. On this occasion a new animal came forth, and in the highest perfection, quite entire and symmetrical, with all the ten limbs peculiar to its race, and of the purest and most beautiful white. I could not contemplate such a specimen of nature's energies restoring perfection, and through a process so extraordinary, without admiration. Something yet remained to be established: was this perfection permanent, or was it only temporary? Like its precursor, this specimen was quite tame, healthy and vigorous. In 102 days it underwent exuviation, when it appeared again, perfect as before, with a shell of snowy white, and little red speckling on the limbs. Finally, its shell having subsisted 189 days, was succeeded by another of equal beauty and perfection, the speckling on the legs somewhat increased. As all the shells had gradually augmented, so was this larger than the others. The extended limbs would have occupied a circle of four inches diameter. About a month after this exuviation the animal perished accidentally, having been two years and eight months under examination. It was an interesting specimen, extremely tame and tranquil, always coming to the side of the vessel as I approached, and holding up its little claws as if supplicating food."

The shrimp when in confinement becomes very tame, and readily exuviates. The process is frequent, the integument separates entire, and is almost colorless. In female crustaceans the roe is placed outside the shell to which it adheres. During the period of such adherence, the female crab, so far as observation goes, does not change its shell—a marked provision of nature to preserve the spawn.

We may remark that other classes of animals exuviate in a similar manner to the crustaceans. Thus serpents throw off in entire masses their scaly coverings, even a slough from the eyes; and various insects in their larva state are continually throwing off and renewing their skins.

FROM GOLD TO GRAY.

GOLDEN curls, profusely shed
O'er the lovely childish head—
Sunshine, caught from summer skies,
Surely here entangled lies:

Tossing to the light winds free,
Radiant clusters, what are ye?

Types of Time that ripples now
In bright wavelets o'er the brow—
Of the hopes and feelings blest
Dancing in the guileless breast,
Beautiful in their unrest:
Sparkling joys and willing faith
Rising to love's lightest breath;—
Of the future, seeming fair,
That may darken with the hair.

What are ye, dark waving bands
That, beneath the maiden's hands,
Sweep around her graceful head?
Fold o'er fold of changeful shade
Touch the cheek's contrasted bloom
With the poetry of gloom.

Offerings for a lover's eye;
Emblems of Love's witchery,
Round her heart that richly lies—
Shadows, while it beautifies;
Keepsakes Love delights to give.
Did each friend one tress receive,
Every shining tress were lost,
For the maiden had a host.
Ay! but trouble, stories say,
Locks as rich hath worn away.
What of this? But *friends* grew spare
As the scant and falling hair!

Wherefore send your pallid ray,
Streaks of cold, untimely gray,
Through the locks whose burnish'd hue
Hath but seen of years a few?
Autumn leaves on summer trees
Were less sorrowful than these.

Portions of life's travel-soil;
Footprints left by Grief and Toil;
Relics, too, of watchings late,
When one curl was too much weight
On the hot brows, bending o'er
Some grave book of ancient lore.
'Tis the mourning Nature wears
For the hopes of younger years;
And the scorching breath of care
Thus can fade the brightest hair.

Hail to thee, thou glistening snow!
Full of placid beauty, flow
O'er the furrowed brows that bear
Life's long story, written fair.
'Tis the white foam, cast aside
After Time's receding tide.

Yea, and pleasant types are ye
Of each moonlight memory;
Shining from his far-off prime
To the old man's evening time.
More—ye are reflections shed
From the heaven above his head;
Pale, but still assuring ray,
Of his nearly risen day.
Mortal! may thy hoary hair
E'en such glorious meaning bear,
That its silver threads may be
Messengers of light to thee!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE increased activity of political parties has to some extent supplied the place of the usual interest in public affairs, though it has added little to the record of the events of the month. The meeting of the Democratic Convention for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, has been fixed for the 1st of June, at Baltimore. A meeting of the Whig members of Congress was held at the capital on the 20th of April, to make similar arrangements for the Whig Convention. Senator Mangum, pursuant to a previous election, presided. Resolutions were offered by Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, declaring that the Whig party would maintain the finality of the Compromise Measures. Mr. Stanley of N. C. objected that they were out of order, the meeting having been called for the sole purpose of fixing a time and place for the National Convention. The Chair sustained the objection, and ruled the resolutions out of order. An appeal was taken, and after an animated debate the decision of the Chair was sustained by a vote of 46 to 18. Ten of the Southern Whigs then withdrew. A resolution had been previously adopted calling the National Convention at Baltimore, on the 16th of June. The Southern Whigs who withdrew from the meeting have since published an Address, in which they seek to vindicate their course, on the ground that the decision of Senator Mangum was improper, and that the action they took was necessary to the vindication of Southern rights. They deny that they have any wish to divide or disturb the Whig party, but assert that they can not sustain any candidate, except with the distinct avowal that he is in favor of the Compromise Measures. They express a hope that such ground will be taken at the Whig National Convention.

The debates of Congress have been of considerable interest. In the *Senate* the resolutions on the subject of Non-intervention have been further discussed, but no vote has been taken upon them. On the 5th of April, Senator Mason of Va. spoke against any declaration upon the subject by the Government of the United States, upon the ground that it would be a violation of the policy of neutrality which the country has always adopted and would tend to involve us in the wars of Europe. On the 13th, Senator Bell spoke upon the subject—saying that he attached very little importance to the resolutions, inasmuch as in his judgment their adoption would have no effect upon European affairs. But the present state of Europe involved considerations of great importance in regard to the United States, and to these his speech was wholly devoted. He referred to the condition of the several countries of Europe, to show that absolute power has become more firmly established than ever, and he ascribed this fact to the fears inspired by the movements of Socialists and fanatical reformers. He thought there was great reason to believe that when the Absolute powers of Europe shall have firmly established their authority at home, they will turn their united arms against the United States, and gave at length his reasons for this apprehension. In any such contest he thought England would become the enemy instead of the ally of this country. Any new disturbance in Europe, he thought, would inevitably involve the United States, as opportunities would be constantly sought to bring them into the contest. The reception already given to Kossuth was as marked an insult to Austria and

Russia as one nation could possibly give to another. From these various considerations, he urged the duty of immediately putting our national defenses in such a condition as should enable us to defy the hostility of the world. We ought at once to attend to our financial system, to establish an overland communication with the Pacific, to take measures to secure a revenue in case of war and the consequent stoppage of foreign trade, to allay all sectional strife, and to make very large additions to our military marine. He expressed deep regret that while the future seemed so full of danger, the whole attention of the country should be so absorbed in the strife of contending parties.—On the 6th of April, a petition was presented from Mr. Henry O'Reilly, asking the protection of the Government, by the establishment of military posts, for the establishment of a line of telegraph from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Detached posts of twenty men, at points twenty miles apart, would be quite sufficient.—A communication was also received from the Secretary of the Navy, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, stating that a reconnoissance of the Chinese Seas could be conducted by the American vessels already in the service, at small expense, and to the obvious promotion of important public interests.—An amendment to the apportionment bill, fixing the number of members of the House of Representatives at 234, in order to give California one more member, was adopted in the Senate on the 8th, by a vote of 23 to 15.—On the 14th, a bill granting to the State of Ohio the unsold and the unappropriated public lands within her limits, was ordered to be engrossed, by a vote of 28 to 13.—On the 19th, Senator Gwin introduced a bill to establish a monthly mail between Shanghai, China, and San Francisco, by way of the Sandwich Islands.—A bill which has excited a good deal of interest, making an appropriation of five millions of dollars for the payment of French Spoliation claims, was passed by a vote of 26 to 13. These claims have been pressed upon the attention of Congress for many years.—A bill to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for government service during the last year, having been several days under consideration, Senator Seward on the 27th, spoke in favor of inserting a clause granting further aid to the Collins line of steamers between New York and Liverpool. Under the existing contract with the Government these steamers are to make twenty voyages, out and back, annually, for which they are to receive \$380,000—which is about \$19,000 for each voyage. It is proposed to increase the number of trips to 26, and the pay to \$33,000 each. Mr. Seward urged the passage of the bill mainly on the ground that the maintenance of this line of steamers is essential to the retention by the United States of the commercial supremacy they have already gained. He gave somewhat in detail a sketch of the measures taken by England to secure the control of the seas, and insisted upon the policy of our continuing the effort to gain for ourselves our share of the postal communication of the world, in which we have hitherto been so successful. No vote upon the subject had been taken when our Record closed.

In the *House of Representatives* discussion has mainly turned upon the partisan preparations for the Presidential election. On the 5th of April, Mr. Jackson of Georgia, called up a resolution he had offered a fortnight before, upon the subject of the Compromise Measures. It was as follows :

"Resolved, That we recognize the binding efficacy of the Compromises of the Constitution—and we believe it to be the determination of the people generally, as we hereby declare it to be ours individually, to abide by such Compromises, and to sustain the laws necessary to carry them out—the provision for the delivery of fugitive slaves, and the act of the last Congress for that purpose, included; and that we deprecate all further agitation of the questions growing out of that act of the last Congress, known as the Compromise Act—and, of questions generally connected with the institution of slavery, as useless and dangerous."

To this resolution Mr. Hillyer, also of Georgia, offered the following as an addition:

"Resolved, That the series of acts passed during the first session of the thirty-first Congress, known as Compromises, are regarded as a final adjustment, and a permanent settlement of the questions therein embraced, and should be maintained and executed as such."

Upon the latter the vote stood, ayes 103, noes 74. The first resolution was then also adopted by a vote of 101 to 74—divided as follows:

YEAS.			
Northern Whigs.....	7	Northern Democrats...	35
Southern Whigs.....	20	Southern Democrats...	39
Whigs	27	Democrats	74
Total.....	101.		
NAYS.			
Northern Whigs.....	29	Northern Democrats...	21
Southern Whigs.....	1	Southern Democrats...	10
Whigs	30	Democrats	31
Free-Soilers	3	Total.....	64.

The bill in regard to naval discipline and the one giving a lot of the public lands to each actual settler, have been debated from day to day, but without result. Warm political discussions in regard to Presidential platforms and candidates have been held, while the last bill has been before the House, but they have been too exclusively of personal and temporary interest to merit notice here.

The letter of instructions from the Secretary of State to Com. Aulick, in regard to the Japanese Expedition, has been published. Mr. Webster states that in the opinion of the government, steps should be at once taken to enable our merchants to supply the last link in that great chain of oceanic steam navigation which unites all the nations of the world, by the establishment of a line of steamers between California and China. To facilitate this endeavor, it is desirable that we should obtain, from the Emperor of Japan permission to purchase from his subjects supplies of coal which our steamers may require. The interests of our commerce require that we should make one more effort to obtain from the Japanese Emperor the right of thus purchasing, "not the manufactures of his artisans, or the results of the toil of his husbandmen—but a gift of Providence, deposited by the Creator of all things, in the depth of the Japanese Islands, for the benefit of the human family." Mr. Webster therefore incloses to Commodore Aulick, a letter from the President to the Emperor, which he is to carry to Jeddo, the capital of Japan, in his flag-ship, accompanied by as many vessels under his command as may conveniently be employed in the service. He is also to take with him a number of shipwrecked Japanese sailors recently picked up at sea by an American bark, and to deliver them over to the Emperor, with the assurance that the American government will always treat with kindness, any of the natives of Japan whom misfortune may bring to the shores of

the United States, and that it expects similar treatment of such of its own citizens as may be driven on the coasts of Japan. The Commodore is instructed, if possible, to secure one of the eastern ports of Nippon for purchasing supplies of coal; but if this can not be done, it is suggested that the government may be willing to transport the coal by their own vessels to some neighboring island, whence it may be procured by the American steamers. He is also to impress upon the authorities that the American government has no power over the religion of its own citizens, and that there is, therefore, no cause to apprehend that it will seek to interfere with the religion of other countries. He is empowered to sign a treaty of amity and commerce, and is advised to fix the period for the exchange of ratifications at three years. The expedition promises to be one of no inconsiderable interest and importance.

The New York Legislature adjourned on the 16th of April, after a session of a hundred days, the limit of the term during which, according to the Constitution, the members can draw pay for their services. The most important act of the session was a bill confirming the contracts made under the law of 1851, for the completion of the State canals. Doubt had been thrown upon their validity from the fact that they had not been formally approved by the Canal Board, although they were made under its direction. This law obviates that objection. Their validity is now contested on the ground that the law of 1851 is unconstitutional. The question has been ably argued before the Court of Appeals, but the decision has not yet been pronounced.—A bill forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks within the limits of the State was lost in the Assembly, the vote standing yeas 45, nays 69.

A Whig State Convention in *Virginia* was held at Richmond on the 19th of April, at which resolutions were adopted endorsing the Compromise measures, approving of the Administration of President Fillmore, and expressing their preference for him as a candidate over all others named—desiring an equitable division of the public lands among all the States—sustaining a moderate protective tariff, and appropriations for internal improvement, and declaring in favor of maintaining the policy adopted by Washington for the guidance of our foreign relations. Delegates were appointed from all the Districts to the Whig National Convention.

A State Election was held in Connecticut during the month, which resulted in the election of Seymour, Democrat, Governor, by a majority of 459. He received 31,574 votes: Kendrick, Whig, 28,312; Scattering, 2803. In the Senate are 15 Democrats and 5 Whigs: in the House the Democratic majority is 41.—In Rhode Island, the election resulted in the success of Philip Allen, Democratic candidate, for Governor, by about 400 majority: S. G. Arnold, Whig, has been chosen Lieutenant-Governor. In the House there have been 41 Whigs and 28 Democrats elected; three vacancies to fill. In the Senate, 16 Whigs and 13 Democrats have been chosen, and there are two seats vacant.

Mr. WEBSTER has written a letter to G. A. Travener, Esq., of Virginia, in reply to inquiries as to the proceedings in Congress on the resolution of Mr. Jackson, noticed under our Congressional summary. Mr. Webster reiterates his own entire approbation of the Compromise measures, as necessary and expedient, and of the Fugitive Slave Law, as "entirely constitutional, highly proper, and absolutely essential to the peace of the country." He thinks that the public mind, both North and South, will eventually

come right upon this subject, and does not believe that further agitation can make any considerable progress in the North. He had noticed with regret the proceedings in Congress referred to, and in regard to them, he had only to say, "that gentlemen may not think it necessary or proper that they should be called upon to affirm by resolution that which is already the existing law of the land." He did not believe that any positive movement, to repeal or alter any or all the Compromise measures, would meet with any general encouragement or support. At all events, he adds, "my own sentiments remain, and are likely to remain, quite unchanged. I am in favor of upholding the Constitution in the general, and all its particulars. I am in favor of respecting its authority and obeying its injunctions; and to the end of life shall do all in my power to fulfill, honestly and faithfully, all its provisions. I look upon the Compromise measures as a proper, fair, and final adjustment of the questions to which they relate, and no re-agitation of those questions, no new opening of them, will ever receive from me the least countenance or support, concurrence or approval, at any time, or under any circumstances."

A meeting of the Whig members of the New York Legislature was held at the capital on the 7th, at which resolutions were passed expressing a preference for General Scott as Whig candidate for the Presidency, by a vote of 50 yeas and 1 nay.—The birthday of Henry Clay was celebrated by a public dinner at New York. Senator Jones of Tennessee was present, and made the principal speech.—The Whigs of North Carolina met in State Convention on the 19th of April, and adopted resolutions expressing a decided preference for Mr. Fillmore as candidate for the Presidency, but avowing their willingness to support any nominee of the National Convention who was "beyond doubt in favor of sustaining the Compromise measures." They also opposed the doctrine of intervention, and disapproved the action of Congress by which so large a portion of the public lands is given to new States, or to railroad companies.

Very heavy floods have been experienced in various parts of the country. At Pittsburgh, on the 19th of April, the water in the Ohio began to rise, and on the 21st it had risen thirty feet—submerging a large portion of the lower parts of the city and adjoining villages. Seven lives were reported to have been lost, and property to the amount of very nearly half a million of dollars had been destroyed. Great damage was also done to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. In Western Virginia and Maryland, in parts of Ohio, and in Central Massachusetts, there have been very extensive and destructive freshets.—The month has been marked by numerous and disastrous steamboat explosions and casualties at sea. The steamer *Saluda*, bound for Council Bluffs, burst her boilers at Lexington, Mo., on the 9th of April, and nearly one hundred lives were lost. All her officers, except the first clerk and mate, were killed; many of her passengers were Mormon emigrants, on their way to the Great Salt Lake.—The *Glencoe* burst two of her boilers on the 2d, while attempting to effect a landing at St. Louis, and being driven into the stream by the force of the explosion, immediately took fire. The number of persons killed and missing was sixty-five, and thirty-five more were severely wounded. She had just arrived from New Orleans, and had about a hundred and fifty passengers on board.—On the 3d, the steamer *Redstone*, from Madison, Indiana, for Cincinnati, burst her boilers while backing out from a landing near Carrollton. Ten or twelve persons were killed.—The steamer *Independence*, from New

Orleans, was wrecked on the bar of Matagorda Bay on the 26th of March, with a loss of seven lives.—The steamer *Prairie State*, at Pekin, Ill., on the 25th of March, collapsed her flues while leaving the wharf, scalding and wounding some twenty persons, mostly of the crew or deck passengers.—An English bark, the *Josepha*, from Bristol, went ashore on the 19th of April, off Provincetown, Mass., thirteen of her crew, with two persons who attempted to go from the shore to their rescue, perished.—The schooner *Trumlett*, of Nova Scotia, went ashore on Squam Beach, N. J., on the 28th, three persons being drowned; and the schooner *San Luis* was wrecked on the same beach on the 21st, with the loss of all on board.—This is a fearful list of disasters for a single month.—A letter from Mr. Clay has been published, stating that he had given Governor Kossuth no cause of offense by his remarks at their interview in Washington, and denying that the meeting could properly be considered private or confidential.

Governor Kossuth has returned from his Southern tour, and, having visited New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, was at Boston at the date of our Record. He had a public reception from the Legislature, and on the 31st was honored by a Legislative banquet in Faneuil Hall. His speeches have been devoted to an exposition of the duty of nations to aid each other in their struggles for freedom, and to urging the claims of Hungary upon the people of the United States.

JOHN YOUNG, Ex-Governor of the State of New York, died in this City on the 30th of April, in his fiftieth year. He was born in Vermont in 1802, and removed to Livingston County, New York, while very young. He was admitted to the bar in 1829, and was elected a Member of Assembly in 1830. In 1849 he was elected Member of Congress, and in 1844 went again to the Assembly, where he took a prominent part in promoting the call of a Convention to revise the State Constitution. In 1846 he was elected Governor, and was appointed to the office which he held at the date of his death by President Taylor in 1849. He was a man of great energy of character, of good intellectual faculties, and of amiable disposition and manners. Hon. Luther Bradish has been appointed to succeed him.

Professor B. B. EDWARDS, distinguished as a scholar and a divine, died on the 26th of April at Athens, Georgia, whither he had gone for his health. He was a native of Northampton, Mass., a graduate of Amherst College and Andover Theological Seminary, and first became known as Editor of the Quarterly Register and Biblical Repository. He subsequently became Professor of Biblical Interpretation and Literature at Andover, and conducted the Bibliotheca Sacra. He has also written several works of marked merit upon religious topics, as well as classical books intended for the use of students. He was a scholar of large acquirements, a most estimable man and a devoted Christian.

GEN. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, of New York, distinguished in the last war with England, died at his residence near Albany on the 23d of April, at the age of 78.—Hon. JAMES A. MERIWETHER, of Georgia, died at his residence in that State on the 19th April. Although in the prime of life, he had been a prominent man in the State, and had filled many distinguished stations with credit to himself and honor to the State. He had filled the several offices of State Legislator, Representative in Congress, Judge of the Superior Court, and Speaker of the House of Representatives of Georgia, in all of which he evinced a high order of talent, and a zeal and energy of character which pre-eminently distinguished him among

his associates.—Rev. Dr. ELIJAH HEDDING, the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Poughkeepsie, after a long and painful illness. He has been distinguished for over half a century for extensive learning, for great purity and simplicity of character, and the fervent admiration which he inspired in all who came within his influence.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 5th of April. The aggregate shipments of gold at San Francisco, from the 1st of January to the 1st of April, amounted to \$7,710,932; and two or three millions more were sent out in steamers of the 2d and 5th of April. The Legislature was still in session. The bill allowing long contracts to be made for Coolie labor from China, and for calling a Convention to revise the State Constitution, were still pending. The prevalent floods had entirely subsided, and spring had fully opened. Great activity prevailed at the mines, and their returns continued to be large. New discoveries were constantly made, and every thing promised a season of remarkable success. It would be useless to attempt to give here any detailed notice of the several locations at which rich deposits have been recently found; but from the Nevada placers, the Southern mines, on the Yuba and Feather rivers and their branches, and in the Sonora region, the reports are all in the highest degree encouraging.—At San Francisco matters were quiet, the threatened action of the Vigilance Committee having thoroughly alarmed the rogues. At Mokelumne Hill a Mexican named Eslava was executed for robbery, under sentence of the Vigilance Committee. It is stated that great numbers of Chinese are on their way to California, and that over three thousand were already located in the country. They are industrious, peaceable, and generally successful. The projected establishment of a line of steamers between San Francisco and the coast of China can not fail to exert a most important influence on the affairs of Eastern Asia. The gentlemen attached to the Boundary Commission had left San Francisco for San Diego, preparatory to starting across the plains by the way of the Gila and the Rio Grande, with a view to the completion of their work. The winter in California has been very severe, and business of all kinds in the country districts has been obstructed by heavy falls of snow. Further Indian difficulties have occurred on the Klamath river. An Indian was shot at Happy Camp for stealing a knife, and, in revenge, a miner who was supposed to have killed him, was shot by the Indians. The whites soon after collected a large company, and on the 12th surrounded all the Indian lodges at the Indian ferry, and shot all the men, with several squaws, and destroyed the rancho. A similar scene occurred two miles above. About thirty or forty Indians were killed.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We have news from Honolulu to the 13th of March. An act has been passed by the Hawaiian Parliament admitting all flour, fish, coal, lumber, staves and heading from the United States, into the Islands free of all duty, provided the government of the United States will admit the sugar, syrup, molasses, and coffee of the Hawaiian Kingdom into all United States ports on the same terms. The volcano of Mauna Loa is in a state of renewed activity. The eruption is described as one of the finest ever witnessed. A jet of molten lava, a hundred feet in diameter, is hurled five hundred feet into the air, and on falling, sweeps its fiery course toward the sea. The stream has filled up ravines, and swept away

forests. The altitude of the present eruption is about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The news of the downfall of Rosas is fully confirmed, and the dethroned despot had reached Great Britain. We have further details of the decisive battle at Santos Lugares, which was far less bloody than was originally represented. Rosas had collected in the intrenched camp there about 20,000 men, of whom the great majority were entirely inefficient, and none were under proper organization. The vanguard composed of 5000 men under General Pacheco was dispersed and driven back by Urquiza upon the intrenchments, and three days after, the whole army of Urquiza offered battle in front of the fortifications. The two armies were about equal in numbers—the attack being general throughout the whole line, which extended over six miles. Rosas, finding that there was very great disaffection among his own troops, seems to have abandoned the contest at an early stage, and to have sought personal safety in flight. He left the centre of his line, composed of picked infantry and artillery, under the command of Chilavert, a deserter from Urquiza's army, but a man of undaunted courage. This was the only part of Rosas's army which maintained the fight. When it was routed, Chilavert was taken prisoner and immediately shot as a deserter. The news of the result had been received with unusual satisfaction. One of the earliest acts of the new Government was to appoint new justices of the peace, both for Buenos Ayres and for the country districts. A general amnesty had been proclaimed. Decrees had been issued restoring to their owners, houses and other property which Rosas had confiscated. Passports, which Rosas had required for traveling from one part of Buenos Ayres to another, had been abolished. The property of Rosas had been declared to belong to the State. Public affairs wore an appearance of encouraging tranquillity.

From ECUADOR we have news of the progress of the invading force under Gen. Flores. He had reached the Island of Puna, in the river a few miles below the city of Guayaquil, and had taken possession of it. He had under his command a large man-of-war and three other vessels, transports, for conveying his troops. He had anchored off the island, waiting for expected reinforcements. The Government of Ecuador had a force of about 4000, with which it was preparing to resist his invasion. It had addressed a circular to all the representatives of foreign powers, threatening to treat as pirates all who should aid him. The pretext for his attack grows out of proceedings while he was President of Ecuador, an office which he held for two years. He then packed a convention, caused a new constitution to be adopted, and had himself proclaimed President for eight years longer. These proceedings caused a revolution which drove him out of the country, first making an agreement with the leaders of the revolution that they should pay him \$70,000 and an annual salary, with military pensions for his officers, as the condition of his leaving. The present Government does not feel bound to fulfill these stipulations, and has refused to pay him his salary. The ostensible object of his expedition is to enforce its payment; but its success would of course place the government in his hands. He has no party of adherents in the country. It is stated that the American ship *Lyons* had left Valparaiso with 350 men and large supplies of ammunition to join him.

MEXICO.

The Tehuantepec treaty with the United States

has been rejected by the Mexican Congress. The details of this action, which can not fail to be considered as highly important to this country, have not reached us.—From the city of Mexico we have dates directly only to the 5th of March. The ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States have addressed a remonstrance to the Mexican government against the unfairness of the custom-house regulations in Mexico. The Mexican Secretary has replied, that the matter is before Congress, and that it does not call for any interference on the part of foreign ministers. Tuspan has been made a port of entry.—A contract has been entered into by the King of Belgium and the Mexican Government, for transporting 50,000 Belgians to the interior of Mexico, where they are to receive lands to settle on, or work for Mexican landholders, on certain stipulated conditions.—A bill has been introduced into Congress repealing the stringent laws concerning foreigners, and imposing the penalty of banishment on any foreigner who may be judicially convicted of taking part in any revolutionary government, of having abused the liberty of the press, or of smuggling. At present foreigners may be expelled simply on suspicion, and without any judicial inquiry whatever.—A letter from Louis Napoleon, announcing the change in the government of France, to his "great and good friend," the President of the Mexican Republic, is published in the Mexican papers.—Complaints are constantly made against the Mexican authorities at Acapulco, of maltreatment of Americans, and insults to the American flag. Great numbers of emigrants to California have been driven into Acapulco by wreck and other causes, and they very frequently come into conflict with the local officers. Two or three instances are mentioned in which Americans have been imprisoned on the most frivolous pretexts, and the remonstrances of the U. S. consul treated with contempt.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The news of the month from England, as from all parts of Europe, is unusually destitute of interest and importance. The new Ministers resist every endeavor to elicit from them any definite information as to the policy they intend to pursue. In the House of Commons repeated attempts have been made to procure some declaration of the intentions of Government upon the financial policy of the country, but without effect. Ministers avow their readiness to go to the people, but upon what issues they do not distinctly state. The Earl of Derby denies that there is any more necessity for settling the corn question now than there has been hitherto, but declares his readiness to meet it whenever it shall come up. Lord Brougham has introduced a bill to shorten the time within which Parliament may meet after a dissolution, fixing it at not less than thirty-five nor more than fifty days. The general expectation is that the dissolution will take place in July or August. Preparations, meantime, are made in various parts of the kingdom, for new elections, and no inconsiderable share of the public attention is absorbed in the various movements which these respective events involve. The new Ministers, who resigned their seats in Parliament upon taking office, have all been re-elected without opposition by their previous constituencies, except Lord Naas, who has been succeeded in the county of Kildare by a staunch supporter of Free Trade. This result might seem like an indication of popularity on the part of the new Cabinet, but for the fact that eight of its members have been re-elected by constituencies numbering in the aggregate only 4,804 electors, which is only a

fifth of the number represented by Lord John Russell, and an eighth of that represented by Mr. Cobden. In the House of Lords, on the 12th, Lord Lyndhurst protested warmly against the agitation which was carried on to force an early dissolution of Parliament, as injurious to the country; and he took occasion to pledge the new Ministry to carry out nearly all the measures of law reform of which the late administration had given notice. His assurances on this subject were pronounced satisfactory by Lord Brougham. On the 15th, Lord Beaumont asked Lord Derby to declare distinctly whether it was, or was not, the intention of the Government to recommend an alteration of the present policy in regard to the importation of corn, at the opening of the new Parliament. In reply, Lord Derby denied that there was any greater necessity for the solution of the free-trade question now than before the accession to power of the present Government. He thought that the appeal to the people should be made as speedily as was consistent with the great interests of the country, but said that "neither taunts, nor calumnies, nor mortifications would induce him to recommend a dissolution one moment sooner than he thought it expedient." He denounced the operations of the anti-corn-law league, and complained warmly of the attempts which recently had been made by Lord John Russell to organize an opposition to his government, and thus force a dissolution. He denied the right of Parliament to put, and declined to answer categorical questions as to the precise future course of the Government; but he would say that he would never attempt, by a mere majority of votes, to force upon the country a measure distasteful to the great body of the people. Similar questions in the House of Commons have been met by similar answers from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other members of the Government. Mr. Disraeli announced the intention of Government to advise a dissolution so soon as measures deemed necessary for the security of the country should be passed. In a debate upon the Army Estimates, Lord John Russell contended very earnestly that it was unconstitutional and entirely unprecedented for a Government, which was notoriously in a minority in the House of Commons, to set up a claim to administer the affairs of the country for a period of many months, without any declaration of its policy, and without bringing forward any of the measures it had advocated while in opposition, and without an immediate appeal to the country. Subsequently Lord John said that the declarations of Lord Derby concerning the intended dissolution were so far satisfactory, that he should make no further opposition to immediate action upon necessary measures.—On the 5th of April, during an incidental discussion on the Austrian dispatches concerning political refugees in England, the Earl of Malmsbury declared that Great Britain would continue to be an asylum for all exiles who wished to avail themselves of it. In the Commons, a proposition to establish voting by ballot was rejected—there being in its favor 89 votes, and against it 244. On the 6th, in reply to inquiries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that Sir C. Hotham would immediately proceed to Rio Janeiro on a mission, in connection with a French ambassador, to place the commercial relations of France and England with the countries on the River Plate, on a more satisfactory footing.—Parliament adjourned over the Easter holidays until April 19th.

The usual Mansion House banquet, given on Easter Monday, was signalized by a speech from Lord Derby, in which he urged the great importance of the

confidence of the country to any Ministry which hoped to administer its affairs with success. Mr. F. Peel, on the 12th, addressed a large meeting of the electors of Bury, in Lancashire, and took occasion to insist very strongly on the necessity of resisting to the utmost every attempt to restore high duties upon articles which enter largely into the consumption of the masses of the people. Considerable importance has been attached to a declaration made by Sir R. Inglis, the new Solicitor-General for Scotland, who said, in a recent address to his constituents, that he was not prepared to vote for any measure calculated to promote mere class interests, at the expense of the general welfare of the country; and that while he was "very sensible of the great pressure under which agriculture was suffering, he was satisfied that the evil might be greatly lessened, if not removed, without the necessity of reimposing a tax on the people's food."—A most painful sensation has been produced by the wreck of the steam troop-ship *Birkenhead*, on her way to the Cape of Good Hope, on the night of the 26th of February, attended by an immense loss of life. In order to save distance, the captain had run very close in to shore; and at a few minutes past midnight, while running eight and a half knots an hour, off Point Danger, the steamer struck a sunken rock, which penetrated her bottom just aft the foremast, and in less than half an hour the steamer had thoroughly gone to pieces. Out of 638 persons on board, only 184 survived. The rush of water into the ship was so sudden that most of the men were drowned in their hammocks. The rest of the men were called upon deck, and marshaled under their proper officers. The cutter was launched with the women and children. The large boat in the centre of the ship could not be got at. Very soon after, the ship broke in two in the middle, and two or three hundred persons struggling upon drift wood in the water were all that remained. They were then a mile or two from the shore—the water between was full of sea-weed and sharks, and but few reached the land. Nine officers and 349 men perished. The good order and discipline maintained on board after the wreck are spoken of in the highest terms of admiration. Just as the vessel was going down, the commander called out for all that could swim to jump overboard and make for the boats. Two or three of the officers urged them not to do so, as it would inevitably swamp the boats, in which were the women and children: it is added that only three made the attempt.—Strenuous efforts are still made to prevent the Crystal Palace from being removed, but with slight prospects of success. On the 3d of April it was thrown open for a grand promenade, and was visited by over 80,000 people. A public meeting was subsequently held to urge upon Parliament the propriety of taking steps to preserve it.—The penny subscription for a monument to Sir Robert Peel has been closed, and is found to have yielded over £1737, which has been placed in the hands of trustees.—A good deal of interest has been excited by the report that on the 20th of April, 1851, the captain, mate, and others on board the ship *Renovation*, on her way from Shields to Quebec, saw *two vessels* imbedded in a large iceberg, about thirty miles from Cape Race, the southern point of Newfoundland. The captain of the ship has not been heard from in regard to it; but two or three persons distinctly testify to having heard him relate the facts; while the mate, a sailor who was at the helm, and a passenger on board, concur in saying that they saw the ships. Mr. Simpson, the mate, examined them with a glass, and describes them as having been three-masted ships, with their

masts struck and yards down, and all made snug. They were near each other—one upright, and the other with a slight inclination. The captain was sick at the time, and no pains were taken to examine the ships more closely. The Admiralty has pursued its inquiries into the accuracy of the statement, under the supposition that the vessels seen may have been the ships of Sir John Franklin; but no reliable conclusion can as yet be formed upon the subject.—A new and well-appointed searching Expedition, under Captain Belcher, set out for the Arctic Seas on the 15th of April.

Very remarkable accounts reach England of the abundance of gold in Australia. According to a careful return, compiled from reliable sources, it is stated that from the 29th of September, the date of the discovery of the gold field, to the 17th of December, there had been taken out gold valued at £730,242. The papers report that the field seems to be unlimited—the indications of gold extending over scores of miles, and each new deposit apparently surpassing all others in richness.

FRANCE.

The opening of the new Senate and Legislative body took place on the 29th of March. In his speech on that occasion the President briefly rehearses the reasons which made his usurpation necessary, and cites the readiness with which the people have submitted to a temporary abridgment of their liberties as proof of their conviction that they had been abused. He says, with regard to the rumors that he intends to make himself Emperor, that he has had the opportunity to do so on three occasions if he had been so disposed, and he refers to his forbearance then as evidence of the falsehood of the reports. He declares that he is firmly resolved to maintain the government in its present form, unless the machinations of the disaffected shall compel him to claim greater powers. He repeats his assurances of peace, and declares that he will restore popular freedom and rights as rapidly as the security of the country will permit.—The ceremony of opening the chambers was brilliant and imposing. General Cavaignac refused to take his seat, as he could not take the oath required. Previous to the opening of the session the President issued a decree regulating the mode of doing business in the Senate, Council of State, and the Legislative Corps. No member of the latter can publish his speech without having obtained the authority of the Assembly, and any unauthorized publication subjects the offender to heavy fines.—It was generally supposed that fixing the budget, or making appropriations for the civil list, for the current year, would be left to the Legislature; but just before the meeting of that body the President established this also by a simple decree. The expenses of the year are estimated 1,503,398,861 francs—the receipts at 1,449,413,404. There are some extra resources from the reduction of interest on the national debt, from the Paris and Lyons railroad, and from the alienation of the national forests. The salaries of the Ministers are to be 100,000 francs a year, except the Minister of War and of Foreign Affairs, who will have each 130,000. The President's civil list has been fixed at twelve millions.—On the evening of April 4th, the highest judicial authorities of the state attended at the Elysée to take the oaths prescribed by the Constitution in presence of Louis Napoleon, who received them surrounded by his Ministers. A complimentary speech was made to him on behalf of the judges. In his reply the President used strong expressions concerning the basis of his right to the office he holds. He

said: ' Since the day on which the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people replaced that of divine right, it may be affirmed with truth that no government has been as legitimate as mine. In 1804, four millions of votes, in proclaiming the power to be *hereditary in my family*, designated me as heir to the empire. In 1848, nearly six millions called me to the head of the Republic. In 1851 nearly eight millions maintained me there. Consequently, in taking the oath to me, it is not merely to a man that you swear to be faithful, but to a principle—to a cause—to the national will itself.' These expressions have been generally considered as indicative of hereditary imperial pretensions, to be made good at the earliest convenient opportunity. Public rumor, indeed, had assigned the 5th of May, the occasion of a grand review of troops, as the day when the Empire would be proclaimed.—A circular had been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the prefects of the departments, concerning the organization of the new National Guard. Its chief peculiarities are that the Government is to determine the exact number of citizens which is to compose the service, and on what occasions they are to be called out; and that they are to be selected (by a special committee appointed by the Government in each district) from those persons between the ages of 25 and 50, who are best known for their devotedness to the cause of order, as understood by Louis Napoleon.

A decree has appeared reconstituting the University of France. In accordance with its provisions MM. Michelet, Quinet, and Mickiewitz are deprived of their professorships. Both MM. Michelet and Quinet had been suspended by the Government of Louis Philippe, but it is only since the decree of the 9th of March that the Government has the power of depriving professors of their honorary rank. They are dismissed, asserts the Government, for having abused their chairs to infuse violent political sentiments into the minds of the rising youth, and for having converted their lectures into violent Republican harangues.—The estates of Neuilly and Monceaux, formerly belonging to the Orleans family, and confiscated to the state by the decree of January 22, have been taken possession of by the administration of the domain of the state.

The Swiss question has received further elucidation. In our last Record we gave the text of a French note dated January 24, and demanding in peremptory terms the right of designating refugees in Switzerland obnoxious to the French Government, and requiring their immediate expulsion. The *Paris Debats* publishes the reply of the Swiss Government to this demand. It is dated the 9th of February, and after declaring that the Swiss Government had hitherto exerted, and would continue to exert all legal means at its disposal to suppress or prevent all hostile movement among the refugees within its borders against the peace of neighboring nations, it positively refuses to accede to the demands of the French Minister to be allowed to point out for instant expulsion from Switzerland such refugees as he in his discretion might consider most dangerous to France. The honor and independence of the Swiss Confederation permit no other answer to be given to the French note. The law of nations sustains Switzerland in the position taken, and from this position,

declares the Council, in conclusion, the threats of France will not avail to drive her. The reply to this note has not been published; but it is generally understood that the assurances which it contains of increased vigilance against attempts among the refugees against the peace of other powers, had been accepted as satisfactory.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

In AUSTRIA the sudden death of the Prime Minister, Prince Schwarzenberg, which occurred from apoplexy on the 7th of April, is the only event of interest during the month. The Prince was a man of energy, ability, and political hardihood, and was the author of the severe policy which Austria has lately pursued toward Hungary. He is succeeded by Count Buol Schauenstein, who has been for some time Austrian Minister in England. An official announcement has been made by the Austrian Government that no change in policy will follow this change of Ministry.—Count Batthyani's estates have been seized by the High Court of Hungary.

In PRUSSIA public attention is largely absorbed in measures for relief to the inhabitants of the eastern districts, who are suffering from famine. The corn harvest and potato crop have almost entirely failed in Eastern Prussia and Silesia.—The first Chamber has ratified a resolution in favor of voting the supplies for the ordinary budget of the State for a period of three years, instead of annually, as at present. Another resolution enables the Chamber to discuss the items of the budget, which now can only be accepted or rejected as a whole. The Prince of Prussia congratulated a deputation from the first Chamber upon their recent reactionary votes, and impressed on them the necessity of increasing the army.

In SPAIN the summary dismissal of Gen. Concha, as Captain-General of Cuba, excites a good deal of interest. The Government has given no reasons for the act. His brother declares that he has fallen a victim to his desire to reform certain inveterate abuses in the administration. General Caredo left Cadiz, March 20th, as his successor.—Severe measures have been taken by the Government to restrain the freedom of the press. Very heavy fines have been imposed upon several journals for their strictures on the Government.—A squadron is to be fitted out to cruise in the Mediterranean as a practical school for Spanish sailors.

In TURKEY Reschid Pacha has been reinstated as Prime Minister. His dismissal was the result of a court intrigue, and did not indicate any abandonment of the reform policy which he has established.—A new tax has been decreed—not upon foreign imports, but upon the domestic productions of the country.—Gen. Perczel, who distinguished himself during the Hungarian war, and subsequently was detained in Turkey, has left for the United States.

In GREECE a good deal of interest has been excited by the trial, conviction, and banishment of Rev. Dr. King, who has been for several years a zealous American Missionary at Athens. He was accused of reproaching the established religion, tried by the Areopagus, and, without being allowed to speak in his own defense, adjudged guilty. He was allowed fourteen days to leave the country.

Editor's Table.

WHAT IS EDUCATION? On this question every man feels at home, and we know not, therefore, why it may not be made the subject of some brief remarks in our Editorial Table. The answers are almost innumerable—education is useful knowledge—it is practical training for all pursuits in life—it is culture—it is growth—it is discipline—it is learning to think—it is learning to act—it is *educing* the statue from the block of marble—it is development—the development of the mind—the development of the mind and body—the development of the whole man, physically, mentally, morally—it is a preparation for business, for success in life, for working out the problem of humanity, &c., &c., &c. May we not find one term that will embrace whatever of truth there is in these metaphors, and yet exclude the error which may be regarded as attaching, more or less, to each one of them. Perhaps the safest guide here to right thinking may be found in following out that analogy which Providence has established between our spiritual and our material organization. What is the highest good of the body considered in itself, and without reference to any more ultimate bearing upon the well-being of the soul. **HEALTH**, is at once the answer. If man were all body (could such a case be conceivable), that state or organization of it we call its *health*, would be the highest end of human existence.

We need not stop to define this prime excellence or *well-being* of our corporeal organism. It is sufficient for our argument that there is such a state, better than all others, and therefore most desirable. The necessary assumption of the fact is enough to show the absurdity of that view which would regard this state as a *means* to bodily utilities lower than itself, or to any thing else as an end which is not the transcending good of the spirit. Why is bodily health desirable? What is the measure of its value? Suppose the answer to be—We want it, and we take care of it, as an excellent help to making money, or to fit us for business, or in general, as a *means* of acquiring the *means* for the gratification of those ends which are not only lower than the good of health, but, in many cases, actually destructive of it when attained. Would not the least reflecting mind be struck with the absurdity. It is making that which is itself an *end*, a *means* to other things having all their value from their relation to that very thing whose position is so irrationally reversed.

In how much higher a sense does the analogy hold good in respect to our spiritual organization? Education, then, aims at the **HEALTH OF THE SOUL**, the production of a *sound mind*. Without now going into any analysis of that in which this health consists, it is enough for us at present that there is such a state, most real as well as most desirable. There is such a *sound mind*—a good thing in itself, irrespective of any use to which it may be applied. The certainty of its reality furnishes the true answer to our question, lifting it, at once, above those views which would regard education solely as a means to some other and lower thing than could be rationally included in this essential idea of the spiritual hygieia.

Let us make clear our meaning by a well-known popular illustration. The famous pugilists, Hyer and Sullivan, as we were told by the Newspapers, went through a course of most careful training or education of the body. Its appetites, its affections, its faculties were all brought under proper regulation.

They were made to practice the strictest temperance; the nicest discrimination was employed in respect to healthful and strengthening nourishment—in a word, the utmost attention was paid to the development of their corporeal powers. Now, had all this been for the promotion of the bodily health as an end (even in itself considered), it would have commanded respect as a noble, though not the noblest motive. But how are the reason and the conscience both shocked at the thought, that all this seeming care of the bodily well-being was intended only as a *means* to the brutal contests of the ring, and these a *means* to the still more beastly ends of the vile gamblers who had superintended this whole course of corporeal education. Do we not feel, instinctively, that the lowest intemperance is less degrading than such a use of the body and the body's health? And why should not even a deeper condemnation be visited on that kindred view which would regard the spiritual training in a similar light—which would look upon the soul's education only, or mainly, as subservient to what is called success in business, or the ends of political ambition, oft-times as deeply defiled with the base gambling spirit as any of the parties on the race course or the boxing ground, or, in short, to any object which, though better than these has no value in itself except as a means to that very thing which is so degraded from its proper ultimate rank.

Let this then be our general answer to the question—What is education? We would carry it through all departments, the nursery, the family, the common school, the high school, the academy, the college, the university. It is every where the *spirit's health*, as a good *per se*, as something even higher, and better, and, therefore, more desirable than happiness, or “pleasing sensations”—as, in fact, a true end in itself, irrespective of any thing else to which it may contribute any incidental aid or utility. Take away wholly this idea, and its incidental benefits must ultimately perish. It will cease to be useful, it will, in the end, cease to stimulate thought, or to call out that enthusiasm which quickens invention, when it is degraded from the high position that gives it all its truly useful power. Its intrinsic beauty is the source of its utility, its dignity of its value, its glory of its strength.

When we have settled what this health of the soul is, both intellectually and morally, then whatever contributes to such an end is education. Whatever tends to some other end is not education. It may be very useful as a means of training to certain particular pursuits, but it is not education. In any other use of the term we not only burst the bounds of any practicable definition, but are estopped from denying the claim of any other profession, trade, or business, to a like inclusion.

The true idea, then, of education is catholic, in distinction from what is partial in human pursuit. It is that which pertains to man, *as man*, in distinction from what belongs to him as a farmer, a mechanic, a lawyer, an engineer, or a merchant. It embraces not the trades, the businesses, but the *humanities*. Let the word be properly qualified, and there is then no serious objection to applying it in this partial and sectional way. We may thus have mercantile education, mechanical education, professional education. To prevent confusion, some other word would doubtless be better here, such as training, or apprentice-

ship, but when we speak of education in general, and of the schools in which it is to be obtained, the catholic idea must be preserved, or all ideas are lost, and we are declaiming on a matter to which there are no possible bounds except such as are imposed by each man's arbitrary conception.

We may at some other time follow out this idea into some of its particular modifications. At present, however, we would take it, in its most general aspect, as the guiding thought in the exposition of some of the more common fallacies. Tried by this test, all education is the same in idea, the same in quality, and differing only in the quantity, or the extent to which that idea is carried out. There is a unity pervading all, from the common school to the university. The philology, the mathematics, the belles-lettres, the philosophy of the one, are the expansion of the grammar, the arithmetic, the reading lesson, the catechism of the other. In the light of this thought we see at once the hollowness of that declamation which would represent these departments as opposed to each other—which would set forth the support of the one as the peculiar duty of the State, while all aid given to the other is denounced as aristocratic, impolitic, and unjust.

It is sometimes dangerous reasoning from a metaphor. It frequently presents but one aspect of a truth, and the changing or inverting that aspect may invert the whole argument built upon it. It is very common, for example, to compare knowledge to heat. We lately read what the speaker doubtless regarded as a very imposing argument, grounded wholly upon such a simile. He was contending, with the greatest moral courage, that our common schools should receive the most liberal patronage of the State, while the colleges should be "left to themselves." "Knowledge," says the undaunted advocate of this very unpopular doctrine, "knowledge will no more descend than heat will descend. If you wished to warm the lower stratum of air, would you heat the upper stratum first? No, sir! Warm the lower stratum, and then you can not keep the upper cold." We know not which to admire most here, the science or the logic. A pretty good argument in favor of a higher education for legislators might be deduced from it, but not in such a way, perhaps, as the orator imagined. Knowledge then is heat. Heat ascends. Ergo, the common schools are the foundation and, therefore, keeping the stove well supplied below is certainly the best means of warming the dummy above.

Admirably argued. But let us now change the metaphor. Knowledge is *light*. This must strike most minds as being, to say the least, quite as appropriate a simile as the other. Knowledge is light, and light comes down. Its native seat is in the upper region. Where now is our metaphorical argument? Turned upside down, and every inference pointed like a battery against the very positions it was intended to support. With the change of a very few terms all that follows becomes a parody on the former meaning. "If you wish to *enlighten* the lower stratum, keep clear the atmosphere above, and thus will the colleges give the common schools their clearest support. Take care of the former, and they will take care of the latter," &c., &c. This is hardly better than another argument, employed by the same reasoner in favor of what he calls "practical knowledge." "Our five later Presidents," he says, "were men who were never taught to chop logic *secundum artem*, nor to play shuttlecock with abstractions in college halls." Now it is well known that the four early Presidents who preceded them were not only men of liberal education, but eminent for learning

and the highest mental culture. They *had* learned to deal with abstractions, and to reason *secundum artem* in college halls. To which side of the scale the real force of this argument inclines, we believe our intelligent readers of all parties may well be trusted to decide.

If we must have a metaphor, the common school, we may say, is the digging for the foundation, but not the foundation itself. It is the gathering of some of the materials, but is neither the main, nor the supporting part, of the great structure of national education. We have no wish to underrate its importance—its very great importance—and for this very reason do we attempt to expose those fallacies which, in aiming at the depreciation of the higher, would infallibly injure the lower and dependent interest. The best argument is simply an appeal to facts. All this inane declamation flies at once before it. In what States of our Union are common schools most flourishing? Precisely those, we answer, in which the best support is given to the higher institutions of learning. Who will venture to charge the Pilgrim Fathers with anti-popular tendencies? and yet, in laying the foundation of a system of national education, they began with the college. The leading institution of the kind was founded before the birth of one generation, and only eighteen years after they first broke the silence of the wilderness. How much of that leaven of a *sound mind* which has characterized New England may be traced to this one source?

Again—let any thoughtful man look over the face of our own State of New York. Millions and millions have been given for the cause of popular education; and this is as it should be, as far as money is concerned. But will such means alone secure the desired result? No man at all acquainted with the facts can fail to see, that just in proportion as there is to be found in any town or locality in our State that higher intelligence which is the offspring of the higher institutions of learning, there the common school has ever had its best support, its best teachers, its most sound, and elevated, and healthful system of instruction. From thence, too, have been sent forth in return the best candidates for our colleges, or, to get up our metaphor again, the best supplies for those distributing reservoirs, of whose light and heat they had so liberally partaken. Wherever, on the other hand, there has been no such leaven of a higher intelligence, the funds so lavishly bestowed have left the common mind very much as they found it. The stream has failed to rise above its fountain. Light has failed to act contrary to its own law, in ascending out of darkness; and if there has been any "*heat*," it has only been the fermentation of ignorance, or of crude smatterings of knowledge, more mischievous, perhaps, than ignorance itself. Any process, or public provision, by which our best colleges (and by such we mean those which have the least lowered their own standard in obedience to popular clamor) should be enabled to plant each year one of its most intelligent graduates in every county in the State, would do more to promote common school education than all the money that has been thrown broad-cast over the land for the past quarter of a century.

Some seem to think that the only thing necessary is to distribute money over a certain space, and the work is done. "The great object," says the authority we have quoted, "is to endow the masses with sound minds and discriminating judgments." A most noble undertaking, truly! But how is it to be done? Will the mere insertion of an item in the supply-bill create this magical power? It is very plain to one who

thinks at all, that this "endowment of the masses with sound minds, &c.," must be somehow under the management of those who already possess "sound minds and discriminating intelligence," and this is something far more than a knowledge barely on a level with the instruction itself to be imparted within the walls of a district school. Something higher, too, is required than Normal institutions, supplying candidates more or less thoroughly instructed in the particular branches they are to teach, and thus placing them just in advance of their future pupils. No man is qualified to teach at all, unless his knowledge is much beyond that range of science to which his actual teaching is confined. There must be something higher than this—something more, even, than an acquaintance with particular branches far transcending that line. There must be an initiation, at least, into what we have called the *science of sciences*—the knowledge of knowledges. All this is necessary to make "*sound minds* and discriminating judgments," capable of distinguishing in respect not only to the *quantity* but the *quality* of different kinds of knowledge—of determining what truly enter into the idea of education, and what belong to the partial, the sectional, or the ephemeral. Thus viewed as leavening the community with minds of broad and liberal culture, the college becomes not only the "foundation," but the elevator of the common school. It is just such a class of minds as are now most needed in this country—a class of *thinkers* in distinction from your men of *action*, your noisy demagogues, your self-styled *practical men*, of whom we have at present so great an overstock. We want a class of minds who shall gradually create a philosophical and learned interest, thus causing, if we may use here the language of political economy, a steadily increasing demand for the article they represent—elevating the profession of the teacher, and in this way the whole national mind, to react again in a more liberal and fraternal support of all our institutions, the highest as well as the lowest.

But our present editorial musings must be confined mainly to education in connection with the common school. And here there is one application of our leading thought on which we would briefly dwell. There are those who might admit the general correctness of our principle, and yet contend for some deviation from it in these primary departments. Here, they would say, knowledge should be practical, predominantly physical, mainly connected with the outer world, and those partial pursuits that are afterward to occupy the active every-day life. The other view may belong, more or less, to the college and the university; but this brief period should not be wasted upon any thing except immediate practical utilities. We can not think so. The question still remains—What is the truest utility? and a proper settlement of this may lead to the conclusion that education in the common school should be even more catholic, in its idea, than that of the higher institutions. In some of the later periods of the college course, there may be some propriety in giving the studies a direction toward professional or partial pursuits. In the earlier stages this can only be done at the expense of that which is of far more value in itself, and which, if not then attained, can never afterward be secured.

This thought is so practical that it is wonderful how it escapes the notice of those who claim to be pre-eminently our practical men. Professional knowledge, mechanical knowledge, almost any branch of natural history, almost any modern language, may be obtained in after life. One who has laid a good

foundation may at any time stoop down and pick them up when he has need of them. But there are other branches (although we can not now stop to specify them) in respect to which this is not the case. There is the knowledge, or the culture through which all other knowledge is acquired. It is the knowledge which, to a greater or less extent, is for all men, as men, for all ages, yea, for all *worlds* of rational beings. Each particular world in the universe may be supposed to have its own botany, its own geology, its own mineralogy, its own natural history; but a spiritual necessity, a behest of the reason compels us to say, that in all worlds there *must* be the same logic, the same grammar or universal laws of language, whether by sounds or signs, the same laws of thinking, the same geometry, the same pure mathematics, the same ultimate rules of taste, the same principles of art, the same elements of the beautiful, the same æsthetic and moral philosophy. In other words, the good, the beautiful, the true in themselves must be essentially the same for all rational souls, and can not even be conceived of as having a diversity for different parts of the universe.

Now, we contend that that is the most truly practical view of education which makes this the pervading idea even for the common school. Any youth of good ordinary intelligence may be made to understand its practical application to what we have called the spirit's health; and when once truly seen, this single idea may be of more practical value in guiding and elevating all his after thinking, than all the smattering of mineralogy, and zoology, and French, and agricultural chemistry, and civil engineering, and phrenology, too, which are now so much the rage. There are branches of natural science exceedingly valuable, even in connection with that idea of education which we are maintaining. We would underrate none of them when they can be pursued as they ought to be. But this can only be in one of two ways. It must be either *philosophically*, that is, in their seen connections with every other department of thought—and here we have the ground on which they would come into the general college course—or *scientifically*, that is, as they are studied by those whose minds have been peculiarly drawn to them, and from whom they exact the enthusiastic devotion of a life. If neither can be done, it is the most really practical and useful way to be content with giving, as empirical knowledge, those *results* which have been elaborated by the truly scientific, rather than foolishly attempt to render each boy in our schools his own chemist, his own botanist, and his own engineer, any more than his own clergyman, his own lawyer, or his own physician.

And here comes up a distinction proceeding directly from that wise providential analogy of soul and body to which we first alluded. Our bodily food may be divided into two classes. One kind, besides pleasing the palate, may be useful in giving a temporary refreshment, or a temporary stimulus, which may be employed for various practical ends. But this is all of it. It passes off, leaving the system as it was, if not sometimes in a worse condition than it found it. Again, there is other food which not only imparts vigor for a time, and for a particular purpose, but actually enters into the physical system, and becomes a part of it, constituting the elements of its growth, yea, of its very life. So it is with knowledge. Some kinds lodge only in the memory; they have their abode on the surface of the soul; they have no inward hold. Hence they are easily effaced, and when their outward scientific

details are lost from the memory, they are lost entirely. There are other kinds that not only become assimilated to, but enter into the soul itself, into its very spiritual constitution. When the outward facts are forgotten, they still remain. The soul has grown by them, and out of them. In one sense it may be said to be made of them.

If there be good grounds for this, how important the distinction! It is but little we can know at the utmost. It becomes, therefore, even in the highest and widest education, a question of selection and discrimination. How important, then, the choice in respect to the shorter period of common school instruction. If this precious season is so very brief, if so little can be learned, surely that small *quantity* should be of the choicest *quality*, and the highest considerations connected with the soul, intellectual and moral health, should be taken into the estimate of its nature and its value. In making such estimate more regard should be had to what enters into the future *thinking*, than to what will enter into the future *action*, to the knowledge that assimilates itself to the very being of the soul rather than to that which belongs to particular and ever-changing circumstances. In other words, the preference should be given to that instruction which forms the law of the thoughts, which refines the taste, which elevates the affections, which gives a stock of ideas, precious though small, and ever in demand as the spirit's daily food amid the drudgery and worldliness of the coming life, rather than to those outward facts of science which must be to a great extent empirical for the brief primary school, and, in their best form for the college or the university, have but little hold upon the inner life.

To make the practical application of this, let us suppose that two or three years are all that can be given, in some places, to common-school education. A part of this time is necessarily occupied with the very elements of knowledge, reading, writing, and numbers. How shall we best employ the residue? One plan is to give it up wholly to practical knowledge, as it is called, or what is supposed to have an immediate connection with the active business of life, although greatly overrated even in this respect. Another would devote it to as good an acquaintance as can be formed with the best things in the best English classics—and this by a course of well-directed reading, or, as the Greek boys were required to do in respect to their poets, by committing largely to memory. It would be well if time could be given to both. But this, we will suppose, can not be done, and we are to decide between the rival claims. Can there be a doubt as to who is likely to be the useful man, the healthy-souled man, the *sound* man, in the best sense of the terms? Can we doubt as to who will have the richest store laid up for that future thinking and future feeling which is the true life of the soul—the boy whose precious time has been given to a little physiology, a little natural history, a little of that trash which sometimes goes under the name of meteorology, all forgotten as soon as learned, because never learned either philosophically or scientifically—or he whose mind has been brought in as close communion as possible with the richest, the most elevated, the most beautiful thinking in English literature—with Milton, with Shakespeare, with Young, with Addison, with Johnson, with Cowper, with Irving, with Wordsworth, and, above all, that “well of English undefiled,” as well as mine of thought unfathomable—The Holy Scriptures?

But we can not pursue this train of thought farther at present. At some other period we may attempt

to fill up these outline ideas with some more particular and varied illustrations. We should like, especially, to call attention to the subject of school-books for our primary institutions. It may strike some as rather a humble theme, and yet there are but few of higher practical importance.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF ever, in the chronicle of any year, the old Georgic averment of “*semper imbres*” might be written truthfully, it certainly must belong to that weeping April which made the middle of our slow-coming spring.

Forty days of rain were once reckoned a drowning punishment for a sinning world; and if equal dampness is any test of our present demerit, there was never a wickeder world than ours.

It is easy, in our office-chair, to talk humorsomely of the floods which, since our last writing, have carried off the last white stains of winter. But a bit-terer truthfulness lies in the woes and losses that the rains have showered upon thousands of the poor than we are wont to take cognizance of.

It is a pretty thing to see—as we have seen—the mountain rivulets growing white and angry, and swelling into great torrents that run writhing around the heel of mossy rocks, and start the mouldering logs that bridged them, into sharp-flung javelins that twist and dash along the growing tide; and it is grand to see the lithe saplings that border such maddened streamlet, dipping their sappy limbs, and struggling, and torn away by the chafing waters; and it is like a poem—richer than any tame pastoral—to listen to the rush and whirl bearing down scathed tree-trunks, and mossy boulders, and loitering with a hissing laziness in some spreading eddy at the foot of a mountain-slope: but it is terrible, when the rush of a thousand such streams has doubled the volume of a river, and drowned the sweet spring banks, and borne off struggling flocks, and rose to the level of firesides—deluging gardens and families—spreading through the streets of a town like a reeling monster of a thousand heads, lifting its yellow ghastliness into chambers, and rocking from their foundations rural homes, and swaying the topmost limbs of fruit-trees that shadow the roof.

All this, it has been our lot, once in our life to see;—when panic seized the strongest-minded, and fathers crowded their crying households into tottering skiffs that went rocking and doubtful over the swift eddies among bent forest trees—bearing within them the poor remnant of the husbandman's estate. And just such scenes, if report speak true, have startled the men and women of Western Pennsylvania, and have made this year of 1852 a sad epoch in their history.

But we turn from this gladly to the bursting summer, which, with Minerva's suddenness, has leaped from the cleft skull of winter. In a week the flower-trees have put on bloom, and the grass caught its cloak of greenness. Why is it, that thus far we have no Virgil, or no prose pastoral to tell of the wondrous things which adorn the American spring and summer? If quick and gorgeous contrasts be any item in the sum of what makes up the beauty of a country, we have no rivals in the world; and we can show the gorgeous glassiness of ice, as wondrous in its adornments as are the silvan graces of our prairie wood. The time will come, by-and-by

when the ocean-crossing shall be a matter counted by hours instead of days, when the searchers after the wonderful will gaze upon the ice-beauties of Niagara as they now feast on its summer.

Schaffhausen, and Handek, and Terni, and the Clyde never wear those crystal robes and trimmings which deck, bridally, the bass-toned pipes of our great organ of Erie. The gush and the flow of sparkling water are all that lend grandeur or beauty to the great cataracts of Europe. And if summertime do not steep them in warm mists that catch the sunshine in "bounteous colors three," the autumn only hangs heavy and cold—spitting catarrhal spray, and no winter is keen enough to set the edge of the torrents in sharpened icicles, and to sheet the nearby wood with silver.

But Niagara—in such winter as has hung its lengthened pall upon our hoping hearts—dresses itself bridally; the rocks, loosened from the base, are sheathed in pearly casements, that rise with every morning's light, and comb over right and left, and climb in the very eye of the waters—breasting the spray, that clings ever, with new-added pearls, and cumulates into a mounded miracle of beauty.

The near trees, too, catch the dampened air, day after day, and wear it in fleecy vestments, that bow them down, till their limbs touch the icy ground, and the visitor roams in fairy bowers of ice, and looks upon the spanning bow from the interstices of a crystal forest. Far away along shore the dripping boughs wear silvery coats, and glisten in the January sun, like trees of glass. The eddies below whirl crashing fragments, that come over the sounding precipice, like atoms playing in the sunbeams; the foam plays round the ice-cakes, like whipt cream around transparent jellies; and the blue of the unfathomed depths gleams to the light, like a sky, relieving the sparkle of a starry "milky way."

Beyond this, streaming from bank to bank, like the gossamer web, which a dewy morning of June shows—stretching from grass-tip to grass-tip—the wire bridge spans the fretted chasm, and shakes, as summer webs shake, in the growing breath of a summer's day.

Nor is foliage wanting; for firs, green as those of Norway, lie black against the carpeting snows, and black against the light clouds that the spray drifts along the wintry sky. And from amid the iciness, and the clearness, and the silvered woods the roar raises its organ-notes, pealing through the ice-haunted boughs, and dying upon the stillness of winter!

But we are forgetting ourselves and our season. The violets are up and fragrant; the butter-cups are lying golden upon the hills, where we may not go; and the sweet haze of summer is stretching toward us from the country its alluring spell. Happy the man who can cast off the city dust, and loiter by pleasant streams with books of old rhyme, or with rod and angle! A murrain on those who laugh at such enjoyment as this; and who cluster their withered comforts, from year's end to year's end, within the close-pent alleys of our city!

And this mood of speech, into which the soft sun slanting upon our window has decoyed us easily, tempts us to lift a pleading voice, once more, for that park and wood, which seems to drift before our scheming lawgivers like a good thing—never to be caught. If only, when this Easy-Chair-writing were done, we could wear the hope of a stroll under trees, where country silence reigned, and where wayside flowers lifted their mild eyes, to wean us from the perplexities of toil, with what richer relish would we not pursue our task; and with what heartier prayer

would we not thank God for our daily walk—as for our "daily bread!"

Look to it, you scheming rulers of our city, that you do not worry tender-heartedness into city hardness, and cramp, by your misplaced economy, the better instincts of our nature, into that careless and wiry spirit, which acts without love, and which works without feeling.

That charity which honors wealth can find no better play than in spreading before the eyes, and the weakened feet of the poor, those paths of greenness, which bless with Heaven's own refreshment.

Two arrivals of the spring are in people's mouths—Kossuth and Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

KOSSUTH comes pleading with his old eloquence, not a whit diminished by the labors of his long journeyings, and even sharpened by the approaching farewell into a more plaintive earnestness. Reformers of every creed would do well to study, and emulate the sincerity and fervor with which he presses his claims. The same devotion, and the same tongue—tuned to such harmony as belongs to this extraordinary Hungarian, would carry triumphantly to their issues a hundred halting causes of philanthropy, and of Christian endeavor.

It is not our province to speak of the weight of the Hungarian claim, or to rebuke or foster the spirit which his ardor must enkindle. Only be it said—in our easy way—that whatever national action may be, as a government, national sympathy will lie largely on the side of such struggling nation; and the redemption of Hungary from Austrian bonds would be welcomed with such heart-felt greeting, as no other nation would bestow.

But, as we have hinted in our former careless *on dits*, sympathy is but a flimsy weapon to parry bayonet thrusts; and the destiny of suffering European nations lies more nearly (under Providence) in their own resolve, and steadfastness, and manly growth, than in the pleas of demagogues, or the contributed thousands of well-wishing Americans.

As for JENNY—(we write before her farewell song is sung)—she will have a grouping at her bridal concert, that may well add to her bridal joy. But we warn the fortunate bridegroom that he will meet critical and captious gazers; and that the world which has so long cherished his Jenny, as a bride of its own, will not give up its claim without a sparkling of jealousy. Let him wear his honor modestly, or he will kindle these sparkles into a blaze of burning rebuke.

Poor Jenny!—that she should have gone the way of all the world, is not a little saddening! That her angel habit of song and charity should not have lifted her forever into a sphere, above the weaknesses of human attachments, may point the moral of a ditty! The issue only shows how human are the best; and that life, however lorded over by triumphant souls, yet drags us down to the bonds of that frail mortality, which lives and thrives by propping on mortality as frail as we, and which in its best estate is strong—not alone of ourselves—but through the aids and sympathies of others!

As usual at this season, the talk of the town is running upon the prospective enjoyments of the summer. And it is not a little curious to note, how, as the means of communication multiply and extend, our summer rambles take in a wider and wider circumference.

Years ago, and a sight of those mountain glories, which in grim stateliness, and darkened shadows,

frown upon the Hudson, was the limit of a summer jaunt. But now, even a trip beyond the Alleghanies is not a thing of moment; and there are families who plot a season's festivity upon the upper Mississippi.

Indeed, if beauty of scenery is the attracting cause, we know of no more glowing outline of shore and mountain than hems the summer traveler, over the Alleghanies and along the rich wooded banks of the Ohio. Western Pennsylvania, with its Juniata, and its heavy-forested mountains, has no rival in the world of silvan beauty. The heights are sharp, and bold; the torrents are foamy, and wreathed into combing waterfalls, that drip, to the eye, through bowers of green. You see below you tops of woods, and forests that seem bandlets of shrubbery, and great rivers that are ribbons of silver. You see around you climbing heights, in all the sullenness of undisturbed nature—rich with every tree that grows, and echoing the shrill sounds of wild birds, and catching, with four-fold echoes, the sharp whistle of your groaning and puffing engine. You run along the edge of cliffs, with a nearness and a speed that would shock you to fear, did not the amazing grandeur sublime all sense of danger, and hand over your admiring sense into the guardianship of that Providence which rears the mountains, and plumbs the depths.

And when the mountains are past, there is no low-lying fat Bedford level, to fatigue the eye; but the country is rounded into sweeping, irregular hillocks of green, whose sides are hoary with old wood, or verdant with the richest of springing grain crops. And in the bosoms of such hills, where the flow of water finds outlet, bright brooks silver the rounded mountains, and cover the earth into fragmentary lapses of meadow that tax the mower with the luxuriance of their grasses.

If the reader has ever loitered among the green hill-slopes of Northern Devonshire, he may form therefrom a just, though a miniature idea of those green billows of land, which drop the Alleghany heights to the borders of the Ohio.

And as for that far-western stream, which the French called, with a fitness of calling which we rarely cherish, *la belle rivière*—its banks are all a wonder, and its islands floating wonders. The time is not far away when the loiterers of the civilized world who have not drank in the beauties that hedge the Ohio banks, and mirror themselves in the placid Ohio water, will be behind their profession.

The Rhine and the Hudson have each their beauties; and so has Lake George, with its black mountain lying gaunt upon the water: but the Ohio, with its bordering hills, fat and fertile to their very summits—various in outline as are summer shadows—and with its rich drooping foliage, touching the water, and its islands seeming to float in the stillness—and its bordering towns of modest houses sprinkling the banks and dotting the alluvial edge, and all mirrored, as clearly as your face in your morning glass, upon the bright steel surface that shines through a thousand miles of country—is worthy of as honorable mention as any river that flows.

We see, in no very distant future, the time when Pittsburgh packets will show companies of pleasure-seekers, who will luxuriate in the picturesqueness of the Kentucky and Ohio shores, as they now luxuriate along the Hudson or the Rhine.

The time is coming, too—gliding now upon our clairvoyant vision, as we sit in our office solitude—when legends of early war, and Indian chieftain, and poor Blennerhasset, and border settlements, shall spring up under artist pen, and crown the graceful

mountains, that swoop right and left from the Ohio voyager, with charming historic beauty.

WE have forgotten thus far that foreign chit-chat, which has usually fallen under our pen. Yet, with what spirit, can we speak of foreign gayety when the scheming tyrant of the day is forcing even festivity under the prick of his army bayonets, and winning willingness to his power, by debauching thought, and making joy drunk with lewdness?

The honest American is no way bound keep temper with such action as assails the principles he holds most dear—least of all at the hands of a man who gains his force by no poor right of prescription or inheritance, but only by usurpation.

Belgium, they tell us, is full of runaways from the autocrat of the army; and a poor exiled gayety makes glad the hearts of thousands of refugees.

Among these, in this day of proscription, is the man of a hundred romances—Alexandre Dumas. Busy, as in the old time, he now gleans from the outcasts around him, the material for his versatile pen.

Madame Hugo, he tells us, has latterly contrived a scheme for the relief of the neediest of suffering exiles, which does equal honor to her heart and to her cleverness. It was nothing more than the sale of valuable autographs, which were furnished at the mere cost of a few pen-strokes by well-wishers to the scheme.

Dumas tells us that the collection was most rich, not consisting merely of simple names, but such bits of thought added, as seemed to belong to the occasion, and as gave value to the writing. It is, we believe, the first instance on record where the barbarous hunt for autographs has been turned to a profitable and charitable account.

We hope the hint will not be lost upon the benevolent intentioned of our own city; and when next some Hague-street catastrophe shall call for deeds of kindness, let those whose "handwriting" is worth a dime, contribute their mite to the hospitable fund.

Who would not bid high for some kind and sympathetic expression in the ink, and from the pen of Henry Clay? What up-town lady, spending her eagles for Peyser's crewels, would not willingly transmute a few of them for the purchase of some benevolent thought, set down in the ink-lines of an Irving or a Bryant? At least, the hint is worthy of consideration, and we dash it down for what it may count.

DUMAS always finds incident, let him go where he will; and it was to record something of the sort, that he has introduced his mention of Madame Hugo's autograph lottery. The assemblage, he says, was the gayest possible; the distinguished men of Belgium, of France, and of England, honored the occasion.

But, continues our romancer (and we only hope to catch an outline of his story), I was compelled to leave the charming scene at an early hour. The night was stormy, the streets wet, and the sky dismally dark. I congratulated myself on having secured a cabriolet—a thing, by-the-by, which I always do. Every cabman of Paris knows me; every cabman of Brussels will know me shortly. (By way of parenthesis, we must interpolate the fear, that the cabmen may possibly know Dumas as a bad paymaster.)

Well, continues our veteran romancer, I made my way to my coach. At the moment a gentleman was claiming possession. I remonstrated. He represented that a young lady, his sister, had been promised attendance at a ball in the neighborhood. He desired the coach for her conveyance. None other was to be had. It was her first ball.

In short, says he, I was constrained to allow him the carriage, bargaining only that I should be set down at the Ambassador's of —

The face of the young man struck me familiarly. I had seen him before. We compared notes. I had met him in Italy, and again in Algiers. He was involved in the affair of May, 1848. He was an earnest worthy young fellow of fortune. He was in high favor at the Revolution of 1848, and by singular good luck, saved his property from the great commercial wreck of that period. Afterward he lost ground was subject to constant espionage—was driven from the country, and on his return was imprisoned.

He had no relatives in the world, save only this younger sister. One day, as he mused despondingly in his casemate, he was told that a lady desired to speak with him. It was his sister. She had learned of his imprisonment, and desired to share his solitude. Her request was granted.

After some months he was offered freedom, provided he should quit France with his sister forever. He accepted the conditions, and emaciated, impoverished, despairing, he repaired to Brussels. A few friends contributed to his support. His sister, a most estimable young girl, had won her way, by her attractions, no less than by her many virtues.

It was at this epoch I met him; he confided his griefs to me. I gave him what encouragement I could.

A week after I met him again; his face was glowing with satisfaction. He put in my hands a letter from a distinguished gentleman of the country, of large fortune and of high character. It ran thus:

"Sir—I have seen and love your sister, and have the honor to ask your assent to my continued and serious attentions,
Yours, &c.

"And your sister?" said I.

"Is as happy as I."

Fortune comes in a flood, continues Dumas, for the next day my young friend found an advantageous place, with fifteen thousand francs a year.

The story shows how French fortunes are the matter of the hour; it shows how marriage is a thing of French anxiety, and of commercial importance; it shows how fate plays pranks with French mortality, and it shows how Dumas can twist a story out of trifles, and weave a tender romance from a quarrel at a cab-stand!

And here we bid Dumas, and French trifles, and Ohio scenery, and the bursting season of new-come summer, our monthly adieu!

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S LETTER.

"THE BRIDE OF LANDECK."

INDEED, my dear sir, I can not write any thing worth reading. You are very kind—very flattering, when you would persuade me that, at the end of a long life, I can amuse the public, through the pages of your New Monthly Magazine, preoccupied as the great literary stage is with writers of reputation. If I attempt a tale, there are Bulwer, and James, and Dickens, and Hawthorne. If I write a History, there is Macaulay; if an essay, there is Legien. However, I will do my best, and tell you the story of "The Bride of Landeck," that you may make the experiment. Only remember it is none of my seeking. I am like, in one respect, the great statesman of whom my friend, Judge R——, in the character of a cockney, wrote:

"He never sought for no prefarment,
Instead of that,
He turned a rat,
To prove that he died varmint."

The great difficulty with an inexperienced person is where to begin—whether, with Horace, in the middle—with Count Antoine Hamilton, at the beginning—or, with the late Lord Stowell, at the end? The latter gentleman, by the way, was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with—full of something more than talent—of genius of the highest order, and, to my mind, far superior in intellect to his more celebrated brother, the Earl of Eldon. His judgments are more elaborately beautiful and eloquent than any that I know, and when interested in a subject, his language was rich, flowing, and easy, beyond that of any man I ever heard speak. Yet I remember his telling me once, that he would rather deliver a judgment, which occupied three whole days—such as that in the Iron Coffin case—than speak five sentences to return thanks for his health being drank after dinner. I will go on with my tale in a moment; but one point in Sir William Scott's (Lord Stowell's) character is interesting. With all his vast erudition and powers of intellect, he was in some respects as simple as a child, and had an uncontrollable passion for curious sights. I remember quite well, when I was in London, more than thirty years ago, walking down the Strand, and seeing the carriage of Lord Stowell, then Sir William Scott, dashing rapidly up toward Charing Cross. I bowed to him, and, on perceiving me, he stretched out his hand, and pulled what is called the check-string, vehemently, as an indication for his coachman to stop. The man pulled up, and he beckoned to me eagerly, as if he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. I went up at once to the window, when to my surprise and disappointment, I must acknowledge, he inquired, "Have you seen the Bonassus?"—"No!"—"See him—see him! He is right in your way by Exeter Change. A very curious fellow, a very curious fellow indeed!"

Some years afterward, it so happened, his papers were placed in my hands for examination. In the top of each of the multitudinous tin cases which contained them, was written an injunction in his own hand, to take no copies of any of the documents within. I do not, however, think it any violation of his injunction, to show how far back this passion for any thing that is curious or extraordinary could be traced. Among other papers was the memorandum-book of his expenses, when studying at Oxford, and two of the items were curious. One was, "Paid one shilling to see Mr. — conjure" (I forget the man's name). Then followed the observation, "Very marvelous indeed!" Some way down on the succeeding page was written, "Paid one guinea to Mr. — for teaching me to conjure."

He conjured, indeed, to some purpose; for he left a very large fortune; and that brings to my mind an anecdote regarding his brother John, which may have been told over and over again, for aught I know; but I myself had it from a near relation of both brothers. While John Scott, Lord Eldon, was Chancellor, his brother, Lord Stowell, proposed to purchase an estate with some one or two hundred thousand pounds which he had saved. Some delay occurred in perfecting the title, and Lord Stowell, uneasy at having so large a sum in the house, was hurrying to deposit it with a banker of good reputation, when he was met in the street by his brother, who asked him to come into his chambers and breakfast with him. The great civilian declined, telling his errand, and alleging the importance of disencumbering his person of the large amount he carried about him. The Chancellor persisted, and almost dragged his brother into his chambers by main force. He then argued with the other most vehe-

mently upon the imprudence of trusting his whole fortune to any private banking-house, urging him to lodge the sum in the Bank of England. Lord Stowell was obstinate, and the dispute lasted till ten o'clock, when some papers were brought in for the Chancellor's signature. He took a pen and wrote his name, and then, for the first time, informed his brother that the house with whom he had been about to trust his money was bankrupt. He had that moment signed the fiat.

I must not quit the subject of the memorandum-book, however, without mentioning that it contained many a proof of kindness of heart and generosity of character, which showed that Lord Stowell possessed other, and perhaps higher qualities than those which recommended him to high station, or led him to wealth.

Among many interesting papers which those tin cases contained, were various records of his life at the University of Oxford; and one packet I especially noticed, containing his lectures, famous at the time, but never printed, upon the civil polity of the Athenians. His situation in life when he matriculated at the University, was not very brilliant, and the early history both of himself and his brother was rendered the more obscure by a curious mistake. His name, I was told by his daughter, appears upon the books of the College, as the son of a fiddler, which he certainly was not. She explained the error thus: When he arrived at Oxford, William Scott spoke with a somewhat strong Northumbrian accent, and after having given his own name, and that of his father, was asked what his father's occupation was, to which he replied, "Oh, just a Fitter." The recording angel of the University had no conception of what a Fitter was; and between his own want of knowledge, and the young man's indistinctness of speech, wrote the word "Fiddler" after the father's name. Now, a Fitter, in Northumbrian parlance, means a sort of intermediate merchant, or middle-man, between the owner of a coal mine and the shipper of the coals.

It is well known that Sir William Scott was for many years greatly neglected by government, and his abilities even underrated by men very much inferior to himself. The cause of this was probably his reluctance to mingle much in political affairs, and the absence of political position. A well known pun of the celebrated Jekyl, having reference to Lord Stowell, loses half its point as it is usually told. The real circumstances were these. On the very day that saw Sir William Scott created Lord Stowell, after long years of arduous services, he was invited to dine with a lady who had a house in Hamilton Place, London, and a house also at Richmond. When the note of invitation was written, the family were at Richmond, and Sir William did not remark, or did not remember, amidst the hurry of events and of honors conferred upon him, that the place appointed for the dinner, was London. He was usually exceedingly punctual, often before his time; and he drove down to Richmond so as to arrive there a few minutes before the dinner hour. To his surprise, he found the family had removed to Hamilton Place, but good-humoredly observing, "I dare say, I shall be in time, after all," he drove back with all speed to London. The whole party had waited for him, and some jesting observations had passed in regard to his giving himself airs upon his new title, though nobody really believed such a thing for a moment.

"Say something smart to him, Mr. Jekyl," said the lady of the house, as soon as the doors were thrown open to give Lord Stowell admission; and Jekyl instantly advancing, took his friend by the hand, exclaiming, "I am glad to see the late Sir

William Scott { ^{appear} _{a peer} } at last."

I have been told, but upon no very good authority, that Lord Stowell used to account for the difference between his own rapid and unhesitating decision of cases brought before him, and his brother's slow and doubtful habits, by saying, "I try to see every side of a question at once; John likes to look at them all in turn—and then to begin again."

Even after his death, some men, themselves of considerable abilities, were inclined, without denying his merit, to place him, I think mistakenly, far below his brother. I remember once at the house of the late Sir Robert Peel, conversing with that gentleman on the characters of the two brothers, as we stood before their pictures. He differed greatly in his views from myself, and expressed his opinion of the superiority of Lord Eldon in a very decisive, perhaps, I might say, somewhat dogmatical manner. My own views, however, were afterward approved and confirmed by a greater man than any of the three. I had the good fortune, however, to agree with Sir Robert upon the merits of pictures better than upon the merits of men. After looking at the pictures of Eldon and Stowell, we turned to the full length portrait of Canning, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and he asked me what I thought of it—mark, of the picture, not of the statesman. It represents Canning with the right arm raised, declaiming violently.

"I do not like it," I said.

"Nor I either," replied Peel.

"He looks like an actor," I added.

I shall never forget the tone in which he answered. "And so he does." There was a cutting bitterness in it which seemed to imply more than he thought fit to utter.

I have remarked through life that all men of cold and unimpassioned natures, imagine that those who show any touch of enthusiasm, are acting; yet every man has enthusiasm of some kind, and though but very slightly acquainted with Sir Robert Peel, one of the least impassioned men that ever lived, I have remarked him display, when speaking on subjects of art, a spark of that light divine, which, to be really serviceable to man, should be merely as a lamp in the hand of Reason.

I am truly ashamed to find how far I have wandered from the point. I intended to write of quite different matters, and have been led into a number of collateral anecdotes by merely having mentioned Lord Stowell's name, in order to show the difficulty of choosing among the different ways, of beginning either to write, or read a story. I believe I did not even finish my illustration; so let me say, before I proceed farther, that the noble Judge, I have alluded to, was accustomed always to begin a romance at the end; justifying it on legal grounds. He seemed to consider an author as an offender; and said that, as it was absolutely necessary an act should be committed, before a man could be tried for it, the only way of arriving at truth, was, to begin at the catastrophe, and trace it back to its causes. There was a quiet, pleasant smile upon his face when he assigned this motive for his way of reading a book of interest, which indicated a good-humored jest at himself and at the public. But there can be no doubt that he always liked to begin a romance at the latter end. I find myself now at the close of my sheet, and therefore must put off to another occasion, the extraordinary story I set out to tell you, of "The Bride of Landeck." I dare say, I can finish it in one letter, if my mind can ever be brought to pursue one straightforward course, without being called off into collateral paths. But the

proverbial garrulity of old age would not be half so bad without its discursiveness. The child hunts every butterfly, and turns aside to catch every wild flower; the second child pursues the butterflies, and culls the weeds of the mind. I recollect being in company for an hour with Coleridge, a few years before his death, and in that short period, he discoursed upon seven-and-thirty different subjects. But, on my life, I am beginning to tell you another anecdote; and yet I have only space to say,

I am yours truly,

P.

P. S. I will send you the story of "The Bride of Landeck," in my next. It will not occupy more than ten lines; but it is wonderfully interesting. I remember once— But I can not begin another sheet, so good-by.

Editor's Drawer.

SOME years ago an English wag thus quizzed the style of Legal Examinations. The questions, it must be understood, open with "leading" or "introductory" queries, and then go on to "bankruptcy."

Question.—"Have you attended any, and, if any, what Law Lectures?"

Answer.—"I have attended to many legal lectures, where I have been admonished by police-magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off handles of door-bells, knockers, &c."

COMMON LAW.

Question.—"What is a real action?"

Answer.—"An action brought in earnest, and not by way of a joke."

Question.—"What are original writs?"

Answer.—"Pot-hooks, hangers, and trammels."

EQUITY AND CONVEYANCING.

Question.—"What are a Bill and Answer?"

Answer.—"Ask my tailor."

Question.—"How would you file a Bill?"

Answer.—"I don't know; but I would lay a case before a blacksmith."

Question.—"What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction?"

Answer.—"I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it had melted."

Question.—"What are post-nuptial articles?"

Answer.—"Children."

CRIMINAL LAW AND BANKRUPTCY.

Question.—"What is Simple Larceny?"

Answer.—"Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse of money behind."

Question.—"What is Grand Larceny?"

Answer.—"The Income Tax."

Question.—"How would you proceed to make a man a bankrupt?"

Answer.—"Induce him to take one of the theatres."

Question.—"How is the property of a bankrupt disposed of?"

Answer.—"The solicitors and other legal functionaries divide it among themselves!"

There is not only a good deal of humor, but some salutary satire in this burlesque examination. Many a victim can testify, for example, to the truth of the last answer. After all he was not so far wrong who said, that "LAW was like a magical stream; once wet your foot in it, and you must needs walk on, until you are overwhelmed in the endless stormy waters."

THE history of BEAU BRUMMELL is a fruitful one. There can hardly be a better lesson taught of the consequences of a *useless life*, than is taught by his

brilliant yet melancholy career. His impudence was inimitable—it was appalling. His sayings were delivered in a way that was so deliberate, so imperturbably cool, that no person could do justice to it. And yet people of the first class, nobles of the realm, nay, royalty itself, "put up" with his sarcastic says, his impudent comments, without either retort or remonstrance. Here are a couple of specimens of his impudence, recorded by one who knew him well:

"Dining one day at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the Champagne was far from being good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then condemned it by raising his glass, and saying, in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one at the table:

"John, bring me some more of that wild cider."

"Brummell," said one of his club friends, on one occasion, 'you were not here yesterday; where did you dine?'

"Dine!" he replied; 'why, with a person of the name of R—. I believe he wishes me to notice him; hence the dinner: but to give the devil his due he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked A—, M—, P—, and a few others, and I assure you, the affair turned off quite uniquely. There was every delicacy in or out of season. The Sillery was perfect; and not a wish remained ungratified. But my dear fellow,' continued Brummell, musing, 'conceive my astonishment, when I tell you that R— himself had the assurance to sit down and dine with us!'

The nonchalance, the total indifference which he could at any time assume, is well illustrated in the following anecdote:

"An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he had made in the north of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener, which of the lakes he preferred?

"Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly toward his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said,

"Robinson!"

"Sir."

"Which of the lakes do I admire?"

"Windermere, sir," replied that distinguished individual.

"Ah, yes—Windermere," replied Brummell; so it is—yes; Windermere!"

An anecdote of him which is somewhat more familiar, but which possesses the same characteristics with the above, is one which represents him as saying, in reply to the remark of a lady, who, observing that at a dinner where they met, the great beau took no vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he *never* ate any.

"Yes, my dear madam," he replied, "I once ate a pea!"

But the best thing told of Brummell, in this kind, is one which does not appear in Captain Jesse's "Life" of him, nor, to our knowledge, has it appeared in print. But it is undoubtedly authentic. It runs in this wise.

Being one day seated at one of the tables of his favorite club-house, near the fire-place, he was enjoying the perusal of the *Times* newspaper, when a stout, burly member entered, and walking up to the fire-place, turned his back to the grateful warmth, parted his coat-tails, and stood before the beau in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes. Presently he began to sneeze. Brummell looked up imploringly, and with a gesture indicating great annoyance, removed a little further off.

Scarcely had he taken his new seat, before another burst of sneezing, louder than before, startled him from his temporary repose. He was looking reproachfully, but "more in sorrow than in anger," when a third explosion of sternutation, "mist" from the effects of which reached to where he sat, brought him to his feet: "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed; "we can't stand this! Waiter, it is raining! Bring us an umbrella!"

But this man, who was the very pattern in manners and dress of his time, who could even bully and satirize princes of the royal line with impunity, this example of an aimless life, met with a sad fate at last. His dissolute habits and enormous debts compelled him to flee from England, in the night, to a small town on the French coast, where, after being appointed, for a time, to the indifferent British consulate, he became again involved, by reason of his expensive habits and over-delicate tastes, and was at last confined in prison for debt. Just before he was incarcerated, the following anecdote is related of him:

"While promenading one day on the pier, an old associate of his, who had just arrived by the packet from England, met him unexpectedly in the street, and cordially shaking hands with him, said:

"My dear Brummell, I am delighted to see you! Do you know we thought in London that you were dead! The report, I assure you, was in very general circulation when I left."

"Mere stock-jobbing, mere stock-jobbing!" was the beau's reply."

Stock-jobbing on such a profitless subject as a decayed, penniless dandy! The farce of brazen impudence and assurance could no farther go.

Not long after this, Brummell became partially insane; and the great inventor of STARCH was last seen shrieking from between his prison bars in the asylum, complaining that the pigeon given him for his dinner was "a skeleton;" that his mutton chops were "not larger than a penny-piece;" that his biscuits were "like a bad half-penny;" that he had "but six potatoes;" and that the cherries sent for his dessert were "positively unripe."

And so he continued to the very last. He had a horror of sealing his insane notes with a wafer; he babbled of primrose-colored gloves, eau-de-Cologne, and oil for his wigs, and patent-blackening for his boots.

But at last he died. Some charitable Englishman tried to get him into a private asylum, but no such institution would receive him. This good Samaritan was obliged to pay a person to be with him night and day; but still he, the refined, the *recherché* Beau Brummell, the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," the "observed of all observers," the companion and pet of royalty and the nobility, could not even be kept clean. He drew his last breath upon a straw mattress, rising occasionally from his humble pallet to welcome an imaginary prince, or noble earl, or stately duchess, to his wretched apartment, with no diminution of his mocking grace and studied courtesy of manner. Dandled, dreaded, deserted, doomed, demented, dying dandy!

"MANY men of many minds," is a proverb somewhat musty, as many a youngster learning to write can bear witness; and for and against the "use of the weed" it is perhaps more applicable than to any one thing else. Many a reader of the "Drawer" will take a high-flavored Havana between his lips, press and draw it satisfactorily, while he peruses the following—while many a staid matron and careful house-keeper will regard the lines with great favor;

bearing in mind all the time the smell of tobacco-smoke in the curtains, and in the clothes of their husbands, or their husbands' friends. But whether for or against, read

THE DISGUSTED WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

"You promised to leave off your smoking,
The day I consented to wed;
How little I thought you were joking,
How fondly believed what you said!
Then alas! how completely you sold me,
With blandishments artful and vain;
When you emptied your snuff-box, and told me
You never would fill it again!

"Those fumes so oppressive from puffing,
Say, what is the solace that flows?
And whence the enjoyment of stuffing
A parcel of dust in your nose?
By the habits you thus are pursuing,
There *can* be no pleasure conferred;
How irrational, then, is so doing—
Now, *isn't* it very absurd?

"Cigars come to threepence each, nearly,
And sixpence an ounce is your snuff;
Consider how much, then, you yearly
Must waste on that horrible stuff!
Why the sums in tobacco you spend, love,
The wealth in your snuff-box you sink,
Would procure me of dresses no end, love,
And keep me in gloves—only think!

"What's worse, for your person I tremble—
'Tis going as fast as it can;
Oh! how should you like to resemble
A smoky and snuffy old man?
Then resign, at the call of affection,
The habits I can not endure;
Or you'll spoil both your nose and complexion,
And ruin your teeth, I am sure!"

Whatever may be said of smoking, it must be admitted to have been the cause of much pleasant writing; nor has it failed to be turned to profitable instruction in verse; as witness the lines on a pipe:

"The pipe that is so lily white,
In which so many take delight,
'Tis broke by the touch,
Man's life is but such—

Think of this when you're smoking tobacco!"

How admirably was this verse sung by the poor soldier in "St. Patrick's Eve," when he supposes he is smoking his last pipe!

THERE was an amusing account given some twenty years ago in an English periodical, of a footman to a gentleman in a provincial town (which was crowded with strangers on some week of rejoicing, or of some convention or other), being sent, as a favor, to cut the hair of a friend of his master's, who had "put up" at a neighboring inn. He had tried to shave a person once before, on an emergency, and cut his own thumb half-off through his cheek. His experience in hair-cutting was not much more fortunate; but let him tell his own story:

"The first sight of my new 'patient' set my nerves dancing in all directions. He was a large, tall, brawny, red-hot Irishman, with a head of hair bright orange, and curly as the wool of a negro.

"Cut my hair!" he said, in a voice like the grating of wagon-wheels; 'and, you spalpeen, be handy wid ye, for it's these twenty-four hours that I'm after waiting for ye.'

"The stranger's hair was stiff as wire; of an inveterate tight round curl; and bushy to absolute frightfulness from excess of luxuriant growth. He had started from London with it rather too long; worn it uncombed on a three months' journey through Wales; and was waiting until he could arrive at

some town where he could have it cut in the fashion.

"*Cut my hair!* I say, you devil's baby!" said the collicking, roystering Irishman, imbibing at the same time a large draught from a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which he was consuming while he dressed, and recommencing, in a horrible voice, to sing 'The Lads of Shillelagh,' a measure which my entrance had for a moment interrupted.

"I obeyed, but with a trembling hand. The very first sight of his head had discomposed all my faculties. I plunged into the operation of adjusting it as into a voyage over sea, without rudder or compass. I cut a bit here and a bit there, taking off very little at a time, for fear of losing my way; but the detestable round curl, rolling itself up at the very moment I let go the end, defeated every hope, every chance of regularity.

"*'Thin the rest!'* blasphemed the sufferer, 'for I'll not wait. Thin it, and leave it.'

"This command put the finishing stroke to my perplexity. 'Thinning' was a process entirely beyond my skill; but a fresh execration, interrupting, 'The Lads of Shillelagh,' left me no longer any power of thought. I had seen the business of 'thinning' performed, although I did not at all comprehend it. I knew that the scissors were to be run through the hair from one side to another with a sort of snip—snip—snip, all the way, so I dashed on; snip—snip—snip—through the close, round, red curls, quite surprised at my own dexterity, for about a minute and a half; and then, taking up my comb, to collect the proceeds of the operation, more than three-fourths of the man's hair came off in my hands!

"What followed I have never exactly been clear in remembering. I think my victim must have felt the sudden chill occasioned by the departure of the thick-set hedge that constituted his head-gear. At all events, he put his hand to his head, and motioned as if he 'did address himself to rise.' I made a rush for the door, muttering something about being obliged to 'go for the heating-irons;' but as I turned round for a parting glance 'at that misguided man,' I saw *discovery* in his eye. Indeed, I see him in my mind's eye even now, with a countenance more in amazement than in anger, standing paralyzed, beside the chair upon which he had been sitting, and rubbing his head with the left hand, as if doubting whether his right hand had not misinformed him; but at the moment when the thing occurred, I thought only of escape."

That extempore friseur was never caught afterward with a pair of "thinning-scissors" in his hand!

As we are nigh upon the season of immature fruits, it may not be amiss to give, as a "solemn warning," the following touching

SONNET

ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE
FRUIT-PIE.

Currants have checked the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare:
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, but 'tis a lesson good:
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin-washed ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not, as it lies upon my clay;
But in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey;
Rehearses I was fruit-full to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away!

It will make any "Christian" laugh to read the account which follows, of the manner in which Eastern superstition was, on one occasion, overcome by a stubborn, matter-of-fact clock-maker, who was employed to repair the great clock in the tower of the Mosque at Tangier. He was from Genoa, and a Christian. How could the faithful followers of the Prophet manage to employ him? The clock was fixed in the wall of the tower, and it was of course a thing impossible to allow the "Kaffer" to defile God's house of prayer by his sacrilegious steps. One proposed to abandon the clock altogether; another suggested the laying down of boards, over which the infidel might pass, without touching the sacred floor; but this was not held to be a sufficient safeguard; and it was finally decided to pull up that part of the pavement on which the "Kaffer" trod, and whitewash the walls over which he passed.

The Christian was now sent for, and was told what was required of him; and he was expressly commanded to take off his shoes and stockings, on entering the mosque.

"I shan't do it!" said the stout little watch-maker; "I never take them off when I enter the chapel of the most Holy Virgin, and I won't take them off in the house of your Prophet!"

They cursed in their hearts the watch-maker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The "wise men" had met early in the morning: it was already noon, and yet, so far from having got over their difficulty, they were, in fact, exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a gray-haired muezzin, or priest, who had hitherto been silent, claimed permission to speak:

"If," said the venerable priest, "the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior, for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads, and do they not enter with their shoes on?"

"You speak truly," was the general reply.

"And does the donkey," resumed the muezzin, "believe in the One God, or in Mohammed, the Prophet of God?"

"No, in truth—no," all replied.

"Then," said the muezzin, "*let the Christian go in shod, as a donkey would do, and come out as a donkey!*"

The argument of the muezzin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the great Mohammedan temple!

THAT was a capital burlesque which appeared in "Punch," about the time that Prince de Joinville bombarded Algiers, in the shape of a letter from a French soldier to his mother in Paris. It is brim-full of good puns:

"Your kind letter, strange to say, found me alive. You ask me to send you an account of our Model Farm. The farm is surrounded by a stockade, and we mount not less than fifty forty-two pounders. These are constantly double-loaded with grape of the very best vintage. Thus our guns bear upon our fields, if nothing else does. Indeed, every thing about us may be said to be shooting, except the crops. Still, I do not despair. Two months ago we plowed two hundred Arabs into a field of four acres, and now find that they are coming up very nicely in turnips. The agricultural glory there is rotting like bone-dust.

"It is amazing to see how glory blesses us in this country. We feed the Gallic cock upon small-shot; and, strange to say, the hens lay nothing but bullets. Indeed, such is the violence of the Arabs, that we are compelled to stand to our guns at milking-time,

and feed the pigs with fixed bayonets. We are, however, exercising the milk-maids in platoon-firing, and trust they are quite able to take the field with the cows, now that the guns, which they are to carry, have been provided us.

"We yesterday held a court-martial on the sentinel who mounted guard at the ducks' house; a party of the enemy having scaled the wall at night, and carried off our only brood of ducklings. The drake and duck were found with their throats cut! Were there ever such barbarous villains as these Arabs? The sentinel was shot at six this morning, with all the honors. Although the villains stole our ducks, they fortunately missed the onions: I say fortunately, for they might have found at least a rope apiece.

"We are, however, preparing for a grand operation. We have deposited an immense quantity of gunpowder under the dunghill. We purpose to appear off our guard—shall suffer the enemy to scale our stockade, plant their banners on our dunghill, and then—as they think, in the moment of victory—blow them to atoms! Thus may true glory be obtained, like mushrooms, even from a dunghill!

"You will, from the above, judge of the delightful employment of cultivating beet-root and laurels in the same field.

"But I am called away. Our shepherd has returned without his nose and ears. Our two sheep are carried off! We hasten to make a *sortie*, to avenge the honor of outraged France! *'Vive la France!'*"

THEY are building a railroad in Egypt; and late accounts from Alexandria tell us that nine or ten thousand workmen are actively engaged upon it. Think of that! Crossing the desert after a locomotive! Good-by to camels and dromedaries! Farewell to tents beneath the spacious blue firmament over-head! A "long farewell" to Arab guides and Arab extortions! Railroads and steamboats will yet thread through Palestine, and paddle the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea! Now look for trade in "pots and pearls," made from the "ash-apples" on "the Dead Sea's shore." Sing the following, on the twenty-sixth page, "irregular metre." Air: "Go ahead!"

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand;
A steamer brave
Is on the wave,
Bound positively for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Boulogne and thou
Richard, Lion-hearted King,
Candidly inform us now,
Did you ever
No, you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations
Entered your imaginations
As the ensuing:

———"Ease her! stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"Mascus, Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir;"
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her! ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem, 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo!"
"Back her! stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady's for the Nile?"
"Or Pyramids?" "Thebes, Thebes, sir, steady!"
"Now, where's that party for Engeddi?"

Pilgrims, holy Red-Cross knights,
Had you e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam-trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say:
"Omnibus to Jericho,
Only sixpence all the way?"
Cabs in Jerusalem may ply:
'Tis not an unlikely tale;
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by rail.

A DISTINGUISHED traveler mentions that in some instances in China, the "outside barbarians," are sometimes looked upon as gods, and at others as devils; and he mentions an absurd and very amusing story which goes to show the fear with which strangers are looked upon by this superstitious race:

"After my friend had visited the Porcelain Tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. The gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket. This operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and skillfully executed, the barber seeming to be delighted with the honor of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of his simple process. No sooner, however, had the barber turned round, and observed him whom he had so lately cleaned of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure that he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out that he was visited by the devil!

"No entreaties could induce him to return, until every 'outside barbarian' had left the neighborhood; so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods and demons in the Buddhist calendar!"

HERE are a few "*Hints on Popping the Question*," which may be commended to the bashful, the hesitating, and the ignorant, as well as to the "instructor" of the lady-readers of "The Drawer."

"If you call on the 'loved one,' and observe that she blushes as you approach, give her hand a gentle squeeze, and if she returns it, 'all right.' 'Get the parents out of the room; sit down on the sofa beside the most adorable of her sex,' and talk of the 'joys of wedded life.' If she appears pleased, rise, seem excited, and at once ask her to say the important, the life-or-death-deciding, the suicide-or-happiness-settling question. If she pulls out her cambric, be sure you are accepted. Call her 'My darling Fanny,' and 'my own dear creature,' and this completes the scene. Ask her to name the blessed day, and fancy yourself already in Paradise.

"A good plan is, to call on the 'object of your affections' in the forenoon; propose a walk; mamma consents, in the hope you will declare your intentions. Wander through the green fields; talk of 'love in a cottage,' 'requited attachment,' and 'rural felicity.' If a child happens to pass, of course intimate your fondness for the 'dear little creatures: this will be a splendid hit. If the coast is clear down you must fall on your knee, right or left, for there is no rule as to this, and swear never to rise till she agrees to take you 'for better or for worse.'

If, however, the grass is wet, and you have white pantaloons on, or if your trowsers are tightly made, of course you must pursue another plan: say, vow, you will blow your brains out, or swallow arsenic, or drown yourself, if she won't say yes.

"If you are at a ball, and your charmer is there, captivating all around her, get her into a corner, and 'pop the question.' Some delay until after supper, but 'Delays are dangerous'—Round-hand copy.

"A young lady's 'tears,' when accepting you, mean only, 'I am too happy to speak.' The dumb-show of staring into each other's faces, squeezing fingers, and sighing, originated, we have reason to believe, with the ancient Romans. It is much practiced nowadays, as saving breath, and being much more lover-like than talking."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

OUR city readers will doubtless recollect the public exhibition, at Niblo's Garden, a few years since, of a magnificent specimen of the American Century Plant in full bloom.

A certain worthy citizen, of considerable social distinction, but not remarkably famous for clearness or strength of intellectual vision, happened to be one morning at the period in question, describing to a fellow passenger in an omnibus "downward bound" the marvelous production of nature, which he had just been visiting. The description, although more immediately addressed to his companion, was (omnibus orators are not uncommon) leveled at the ten additional sixpences whom fate had thrown together in the same vehicle. Among the most earnest listeners, was a meek little man, who ventured, at the conclusion of our friend's account, to inquire mildly, "if the plant belonged to the family of the cactuses?"

"Not at all," replied the dignified narrator, with evident compassion for the ignorance of the questioner, "it belongs to the family of the Van Rensselaers!"

SHORTLY after the French Revolution of 1848, at a diplomatic party in London, the conversation happened to turn upon the extraordinary inconsistencies of Lamartine's political career, and more particularly upon the singularity of the conservative position he then occupied, when contrasted with his revolutionary activity a short time before.

"How does it strike you, Lady M——?" inquired in French an attaché from one of the continental courts, of a lady not less known as a literary celebrity, than as a witty conversationalist.

"Monsieur," she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "*il me fait l'effet d'un incendiaire devenu pompier*"—"Sir, he reminds me of an incendiary turned fireman."

SPEAKING of Lamartine, reminds us of a bitter taunt of M. Guizot's addressed to that gentleman some years before the last overthrow of the monarchy. It is well known that Lamartine entered public life as a stanch conservative, and gradually became almost an ultra-radical, changing, step by step, his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, from the extreme right to the extreme left. It is equally well known that many years ago, he made a sort of princely pilgrimage through certain sections of the East, and published an account of his travels, the statements in which are reputed to be more or less apocryphal.

Upon the occasion to which we allude, M. Guizot in reply to a violent attack upon the government by the poetical orator, addressed him ironically as "*Pil-*

lustre voyageur," the illustrious traveler, a title indifferently applicable to his adversary's Oriental wanderings, or to his more limited Bedouinism within the four walls of the hall of legislation.

WE should be unwilling to particularize how long since, but at a time when we were considerably more verdant than at present, we happened to be traveling in Ireland, that land whence so many travelers come, but to which so few go. Having one day an invitation to dine with a gentleman who lived a few miles from one of the second-rate towns, we engaged a nondescript vehicle and an equally nondescript driver, to take us to the residence of our friend. Paddy, with an independence as decided as if it had been nurtured under the stars and stripes, continued for a good part of the journey smoking villainous tobacco through a blackened pipe-stump, occasionally relieving his feelings by howling out some catch of a native melody *not* idealized by Moore. To us he did not condescend to address any conversation whatsoever, until suddenly at a turn of the road we found ourselves passing a grave-yard, *i. e. Anglice*, church-yard, thickly studded with monuments.

Jehu, turning toward us, rather startled us by the statement that "only the blind were buried in that spot." Noticing a fine mansion a short distance beyond, on the same side of the road, we modestly suggested that probably the imposing building before us was an institution for the blind.

"Not at all, yer honor," answered Paddy.

"But how then does it happen," we replied, "that this burying-ground is exclusively for the blind?"

"Why, d'ye see, yer honor," quickly answered the malicious Milesian (we were a nice young man then, and thought all jokes at our expense malicious), "we're not in the habit in Ireland of burying people *until they can no longer see*!"

We had no pipe of our own, not even a stump—so that we could not, if requested, have put *that* into it and smoked it.

SOME time last summer, a gentleman of Massachusetts, who takes great interest in the subject of public instruction, and who, if we mistake not, has some official connection with the public schools of that State, visited, with an English friend, the Shaker settlement at New Lebanon. The worthy fraternity have a school of their own, which during the summer months is open for girls only, the boys taking their turn in the winter. Strangers are courteously permitted to visit the establishment, and to examine the scholars. Our two excursionists accordingly made the school the special object of their first visit to the village. At the instance of the head instructress our Eastern friend called out a little girl who possessed a face indicative of more than ordinary intelligence, to go through her paces in spelling.

"Will you oblige me by spelling the word *feeling*?" was the first question.

"*F-two-e-l-i-n-g*," replied the child, without a moment's hesitation.

"Try again, my dear," answered the examiner, with a shake of the head.

The pupil spelled the word over again, in precisely the same manner as at first.

With a dissatisfied expression of countenance the disappointed visitor was about calling for the "next," when, before he could do so, the instructress interposed with,

"Nay, friend, perhaps our system of spelling is not familiar to thee. Under no circumstances do we consent to *doubling any thing here*."

It is a singular sensation when on going abroad one for the first time finds oneself a foreigner. This is perhaps peculiarly the case with Americans, for several reasons which we will not trouble the reader with developing. We get into the habit at home of considering our national type the standard, a variation from which in any respect is an evidence of oddness and eccentricity. In ourselves we find nothing peculiar, and we can not conceive for a moment that in a strange land, our nationality can at once be detected by signs palpable and impalpable, but always appreciable to an intelligent eye and ear.

An American freshly arrived in Paris, whether Yankee or Southron, is certainly occasionally guilty of a class of absurdities, into which none but a citizen of the Great Republic, would by any accident fall. The lumber-room of our memory supplies us with an instance in point.

In one of the early years of the last decade, a friend of ours, an old "*flaneur*" in the Boulevards, met accidentally at Meurice's Hotel, an acquaintance just come over from one of the great commercial emporiums of the Union. "The acquaintance" was a personage of standing "on Change," but not over practiced in some of the conventionalities of artificial life. After a cordial greeting on both sides, the new comer put himself into the hands of his more experienced companion, to be initiated into the mysteries of Paris. Now the first wants that an American feels in the great metropolis are material wants; the right place to dine, before the Louvre; a tailor, before Notre-Dame; and a boot-maker, before the Palais de Justice. It is no small matter to carry a man through these necessities satisfactorily, and after all this had been done in the case in question, another want presented itself; some "*lingerie*" must be procured, such as pocket-handkerchiefs, &c.

Our man about town at once directed his steps to Doucet's magnificent establishment in the Rue de la Paix. When they entered the shop, M. Doucet was in a back room, and the two friends had ample time to examine and admire various marvelous dressing-gowns, cravats, &c., which lay broadcast upon the counters and chairs. Among the articles, was a lot of superlative pocket-handkerchiefs embroidered in the corner with a ducal coronet, and the initials of the owner underneath.

"These are uncommonly pretty," exclaimed our novice to his companion, "I should like wonderfully well to have some for myself embroidered in the same way."

"But, my dear fellow," replied the other, "these belong to some man of rank, and of course you would never think of having a coronet upon your handkerchiefs."

"And why not?" resumed his friend. "I take it, that it is only an ornament, I don't believe it means any thing, and I don't see why I should not make use of the same thing, if I like it."

Just then, to the horror of the man of the world, M. Doucet entered, all smiles and salutations.

"To whom do these pocket-handkerchiefs belong?" inquired our would-be fashionable friend of M. Doucet, who, by-the-bye, understood and spoke English.

"To the Duke d'O——, a Spanish nobleman," answered the shopkeeper.

"Could I not have a half-dozen, the exact counterpart of these, excepting the initials?" asked the customer.

"Undoubtedly, sir," answered Doucet, without the slightest indication of a smile upon his features.

At this point the unfortunate friend and introducer, who had already fidgeted his gloves on and off several times during the progress of the above short dialogue, interposed, and, in the most positive terms, protested against his companion's being guilty of such an absurdity.

The companion after a moment's dejection in consequence of the decided manner in which his Mentor had interposed to defeat the little gratification which he proposed to his vanity, suddenly turning once more to the expectant master of the establishment, exclaimed,

"But, M. Doucet, at least you can embroider an *American Eagle* in the corner of my handkerchiefs?"

This time, M. Doucet *did* smile, but after an instant he replied, with perfect seriousness,

"There can be no difficulty, sir, in embroidering an *Eagle*, but I am quite ignorant of the distinguishing peculiarities of your national bird."

"Oh, I can soon remedy that," rejoined the now well-pleased customer, and taking a half-dollar from his pocket, he handed it over as a sample of what he desired.

In due time, the handkerchiefs were embroidered and delivered. We are quite sure, however, that our friend, who was up to the proprieties of Paris life, never again voluntarily placed himself in a position in which his national pride could be mortified by the ignorance and vanity of a fellow-countryman.

SOME time ago, there flourished, in one of the northern counties of this State, a Scotch divine who rejoiced in the name of "Caw," and who was particularly eager to ingratiate himself into the good opinions of his parishioners and his neighbors. As one means of accomplishing this, he became violently patriotic in his feelings toward his adopted country, and never omitted upon every possible occasion to throw overboard the Scotchman and to assume the American as much as possible.

In the process of time, the worthy doctor built him a house. The contractor was a shrewd Yankee, who had more respect for the doctor's dollars than he had for his theology or his transferred patriotism. One day as the two stood together in front of the nearly finished parsonage, the minister, turning to his companion, asked,

"Dinna ye think, Mister Doolittle, it would produce an uncommonly good effect, if ye should put up a carved eagle with spread wings over the entrance door?"

"You had better put a *crow* there, Mister Caw," was the prompt but not very civil reply.

WE recollect a Scotch blacksmith who used to live, and very likely continues to do so, on the west side of Church-street in this city. His establishment was at the farther extremity of an alley-way, and over the street entrance the following sign attracted the eye of the passer by:

"Sinclair Lithgow, horse-shoeing smith,
Warks up this close wi' a' his pith;
He does his wark baith weel and soon,
But likes the siller when 'tis done!"

How thoroughly *canny* is this, particularly the allusion to the "siller."

Mr. Lithgow, however, deserves a fortune for his wit.

Literary Notices.

One of the most valuable publications of the month is *The Life and Correspondence of Niebuhr*, the celebrated Roman historian, containing a sketch of his biography, with copious selections from his familiar letters on a great variety of literary and personal topics. The character of Niebuhr is adapted to awaken a deep interest. He reveals his inner being with remarkable frankness in this correspondence. His private feelings, his studies, his literary projects, his plans of life, are all described without reserve. Rugged, unyielding, opinionated, but singularly honest and benevolent withal, with a decided infusion of the domestic and friendly element, Niebuhr was a fine model of Teutonic integrity. His writings are in keeping with his character. These volumes, moreover, are rich in sketches of contemporary literary men and politicians, presenting, in fact, a lucid commentary on the development of German culture during the last half century. (Harper and Brothers.)

Romance of Natural History, by C. W. WEBBER (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is the title of a recent contribution to the illustration of American forest life, from the pen of a writer admirably qualified to do justice to the subject, both by his wide personal experience of romantic adventures on the frontier, and his uncommon power of bold and graphic description. The volume is composed of studies in natural history, narratives of remarkable incidents, pictures of silvan scenery, and sketches of the biography of celebrated pioneers and woodsmen. In addition to the personal reminiscences of the author, the work contains numerous striking selections from other writers, who have described the habits of animals, and scenes in the hunter's life. Books of this character must always be read with avidity. They bring us near to the heart of nature. Their influence, though singularly exciting, is pure and wholesome. The scenes which they depict present a refreshing contrast to the artificial life of cities, and open an impressive view of the wonders and glories of creation. Mr. Webber has won a high rank as a descriptive writer, by his previous productions. In this department of composition, he exhibits no less vigor than facility. The present volume is not unworthy of his reputation. Although occasionally prolix, its narratives, for the most part, are distinguished for their vivacity, reproducing the strange experiences of the wilderness with great freshness and brilliancy of coloring.

Ivar: or, The Skjuts-Boy, by Miss CARLEN. (Harper and Brothers.) A translation of a Swedish novel, by Professor KRAUSE. The writer, Miss Carlen, is a universal favorite in her native country, where she is said to sustain even a higher literary reputation than her gifted contemporary, Fredrika Bremer. She is not only known in the higher walks of society; but has won a cherished place in the cottages of the peasantry. She excels in the delineation of female character; her sketches in this kind combining an exquisite grace and beauty, with sculpture-like fidelity to nature. Her warmest sympathies are with the people, and in Sweden, her name is only spoken by their lips with grateful reverence. The present story abounds in pictures of Swedish social life—with a great variety of character and incident—embodied in a cordial, racy style, to which the translator seems to have done eminent justice.

A new venture in fictitious composition, by the

successful authoress of "The Wide, Wide World," is issued by G. P. Putnam, bearing the harsh guttural appellation of *Queechy*. It is similar in construction and tone to the former work, presenting a series of lively portraiture of country life, and a fine specimen of character-drawing in the person of its heroine. Without claiming a conspicuous rank as a work of literary art, this novel shows great freshness of feeling, a high religious aim, and a genuine love of nature, combined with a quiet lurking humor, which serves to explain, in part, at least, the wide popularity of the young authoress. She has the elements of a still more enviable success, and if she would cherish a greater loyalty to the principles of dramatic harmony, and bear in mind the old dictum of Hesiod, that "the half is better than the whole," she would be able to leave this production quite in the background.

The Daltons, by CHARLES LEVER (published by Harper and Brothers), is the last novel of that popular author, displaying his usual dramatic force of representation with an unwonted vein of earnest reflection. In brilliancy of portraiture and vivacity of dialogue, it is not surpassed by any of his former productions, while in vigor of thought and high moral purpose it is greatly their superior.

Hungary in 1851, by C. L. BRACE (published by Charles Scribner), records the adventures of the author in a tour through Hungary, after the Revolution, where, among other novelties, he gets a taste of the inside of an Austrian prison. The volume describes the domestic manners of the Hungarians, in a simple and unpretending narrative, giving us a highly favorable impression of the Magyar character, and of the excellent heart and modest enthusiasm of the author as well.

Pequinillo is the title of another story (published by Harper and Brothers), by G. P. R. JAMES, written in a style of playful gayety, with frequent touches of sarcastic humor, and many felicitous delineations of character. We find no shadow of falling off in the productions of this inexhaustible author, and we trust he will live to see as many native Americans among the offspring of his genius, as he has before counted legitimate subjects of the "fast-anchored isle."

A new edition of *English Synonyms*, edited by Archbishop Whately, has been published by James Munroe and Co. It will be welcome to the lovers of nice philological distinctions. Without dealing in hair-splitting subtleties of discussion, it presents a variety of acute verbal analyses, which are no less adapted to promote accuracy of thought, than correctness of diction. It may be said that the noblest operations of the mind refuse to submit to such minute verbal legislation; and if we admit that the language of passion and imagination must ever be a law to itself, it is also certain that the processes of pure thought can not be served by too refined and delicate instruments; and accordingly, every successful attempt to fix and distinguish the meaning of words is a valuable service to clearness and efficiency of intellect. The definitions in this little volume may not always be accepted; in some instances, they would seem to rest on an arbitrary basis; but, as a whole, they are marked by good sense, as well as by critical acumen; and, rich as they are in suggestions, even to the most accomplished word-fancier, they can not be studied without advantage.

Thomas, Cowperthwait, and Co. have published *The Standard Speaker*, by EPES SARGENT, containing a selection of pieces adapted to declamation, from the great masters of American and British eloquence and poetry. It is also enriched with a number of original translations from the classics, and from eminent modern orators in France. The work is arranged in a convenient and natural order; excellent taste is displayed in the selection of matter; and the translations are spirited and faithful. It will undoubtedly prove a favorite manual of elocution for the use of schools. Nor is this its only merit. The editor is a poet himself, and a man of various accomplishments. His fine culture is every where betrayed in his volume, making it, in fact, a choice collection of the gems of elegant literature. Hence, it is no less adapted for family reading, than for seminaries of learning. Mr. Sargent is entitled to the thanks of all friends of good letters for the zeal, fidelity, and judgment with which he has performed his task.

The Glory of Christ, by Rev. GARDINER SPRING, published in two volumes by M. W. Dodd, is a profound theological treatise, combining extensive research, great knowledge of the Scriptures, and practised skill in argument, with a chaste and animated style, which often rises into the sphere of vigorous popular eloquence. Dr. Spring discusses the principal offices in the mission of the Saviour, the glories of his divine and human natures, and the certain ultimate triumphs of his kingdom on earth. He treats the subject in an exhaustive method—leaving little to be said on the same topics—and blending the austere fervors of the Puritanic age, with the freer and more practical tendencies of modern times.

A Manual of Grecian Antiquities, by Professor CHARLES ANTHON, is issued by Harper and Brothers, forming a companion volume to the recent work on Roman Antiquities by the same author. It is prepared chiefly from materials furnished by Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Bojesen's Hand-Book, and Hase's admirable treatise on the Public and Private Life of the Greeks. The convenience of the arrangement, the completeness of the information, and the condensation of space in this volume make it a most valuable work of reference, and it will soon be found on the table of every student of Greek History or Literature.

The Works of the late President Olin, in two volumes, have been published by Harper and Brothers, comprising a selection from his pulpit Discourses, his Lectures on Christian and University Education, and a variety of Missionary and other Addresses and Essays. This work is a valuable gift to the Christian community in general, and will be received with a grateful welcome especially by the religious connection, of which the author was a prominent and beloved member. Those who knew and honored Dr. Olin in life will cherish these volumes as an appropriate and expressive memorial of his admirable character and his abundant labors. The Sermons here given to the public, though not intended for the press, are models of profound religious thought, and present numerous specimens of chaste and effective pulpit eloquence. The Lectures on Education are filled with weighty suggestions; they exhibit the results of ripened wisdom; showing an equal knowledge of human nature and sound learning; and in a style of remarkable sobriety, force, directness, and point.

Thorpe, A Quiet English Town, by WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, is a vague, dreamy story of humble English life, mystical in its tone, and languid in its movement—with little interest in its plot, though

presenting some delicate portraiture of character—displaying less strength than beauty—and pervaded with a streak of tender sentiment, which sometimes borders on effeminacy. As an imaginative work, it has slight pretensions; its lady-like softness and grace are not relieved by any masculine energy; but its purity of tone and its frequent exquisite beauty of language reveal a refined and elegant mind, and will recommend it to cultivated readers. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

Harper and Brothers have just issued the second volume of *The Life of Burns*, by ROBERT CHAMBERS. The correspondence in this volume increases in interest, showing the character of the impulsive poet in some of its most extraordinary phases of strength and weakness. His letters, to Clarinda especially, present an odd experience in the life of a fair devotee of Scotch Presbyterianism. The circumstances connected with Burns's marriage to Jean Armour are detailed at length by the biographer.

Fancies of a Whimsical Man, by the author of "Musings of an Invalid." (Published by John S. Taylor.) There is meat in this book—not always strong, nor savory—but often spiced with piquant provocatives, and seldom insipid or flat. The tone of satire prevails throughout the volume; no one can complain of the author for taking things too easy; he is a grumbler by profession; he lays about him on the right hand and left with a certain spasmodic violence; but his weapons lack the curious temper and polished keenness of edge, without which satire is a mere bludgeon. It may serve to fell an ox, but it can not take off a man's head so deftly that the beguiled victim is for the moment unconscious of his loss. Still, this book is out of the common track, and is well worth reading. It indicates the possession of more power than was used in its composition.

Lyra and other Poems, by ALICE CAREY (published by Redfield), is a neat volume, containing a selection from the author's poetical writings, which have been already widely circulated in the public journals. They include her most characteristic productions, and are well suited to legitimate her claims to a high rank among our native poets. Though not distinguished for striking originality, or deep bursts of passion, they display a rare susceptibility to poetical impressions, and a flowing sweetness of versification which give them a peculiar charm, in spite of the uniform sadness of their tone. Several of the pieces are effusions of melting pathos, clothed in language of great terseness and simplicity—but the same theme too often recurs, producing the effect of a long-drawn plaintive wail. Miss Carey has a quick and accurate eye for nature; her fancy swarms with a profusion of rural images; the humblest forms of domestic life supply her with the materials of poetry; and with uncommon facility of expression, she finds the way to the heart by the true feeling and quiet tenderness of her verse. The most elaborate piece in this volume is entitled "Lyra, a Lament," and we presume is a favorite with Miss Carey's more enthusiastic admirers. It displays a rich luxuriance of imagery; all the flowers of the seasons are woven into the elegiac wreath; but it is too artificial, too curiously wrought for the subject; it seems more like an experiment in poetry, than the sincere outpouring of grief; it has an antique Miltonic flavor, instead of the freshness of native fruit; and, for our part, we much prefer the more simple poems, "Jessie Carol," "Annie Clayville," "Lily Lee," "Annuraries," "The Shepherdess," and the like, which are tender and tearful without pretension.

Hand-Book of Wines, by THOMAS McMULLEN.

(Published by Appleton and Co.) Some will regard this work as a Natural History of Poisons, under a different name; others, as a Treatise on one of the branches of the Art of Enjoying Life. Both will find it to be a complete mine of knowledge on the subjects of which it treats. That portion of its contents which addresses itself to practical men, whether as physicians, dealers, or judicious consumers, is carefully and critically compiled from the most distinguished foreign authors, to whose observations Mr. McMullen's own long and extensive experience gives weight and sanction. His chapter on the "Purchasing of Wines" is replete with good sense and will open the eyes of many who think themselves connoisseurs. We believe that the conclusion at which he arrives is the true one, namely, that "the only security against being imposed upon, and the secret of procuring good wine, is to purchase from honorable and respectable merchants, whose character and judgment can be relied upon, and to whom a reputation for selling fine wines is of ten times more importance than any thing they could expect to make by adulteration."

Another chapter, entitled "Of the Art of Drinking Wine," appears to us likely to prove highly useful to such youthful or inexperienced hosts as may wish to dispense the bounties of their hospitality with the most approved elegance, yet somewhat doubt their own judgment on such points, or their acquaintance with established precedent.

To ourselves, Rechabites in principle if not in name, the work was attractive chiefly from its descriptions of the lands whence "the sweet poison of misused wine" is procured.

Having ourselves wandered through most of them, we could the better test the accuracy of our author, and we can assure our readers, both those who have trodden those fertile soils, where the amber and the purple grape yield such goodly produce, and those fire-side travelers who would fain learn what Nature has done for other lands, that under Mr. McMullen's guidance they will make a pleasant and profitable tour, and on their return find themselves in their easy chairs, edified in mind and not fatigued in body.

A book which will delight many readers, the life of the veteran entomologist and Christian philosopher, Mr. KIRBY, is announced for publication. It is drawn up chiefly from his own letters and journals, by the Rev. John Freeman, M.A., clergyman of a parish not far from that of which Mr. Kirby was long the rector. William Spence, whose name is ever associated with the subject of the memoir, supplies a "sketch of the history of his forty-five years' friendship with Mr. Kirby, and of the origin and progress of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' with numerous extracts from Mr. Kirby's letters to him." This will be not the least valuable portion of a volume to which we look forward with much interest.

Among other works announced for speedy publication by Messrs. Longman and Co. we observe a new book of travels, by Mr. SAMUEL LAING, *Notes on the Political and Social State of Denmark and the Duchies of Holstein and Sleswick*; also, *Count Arenberg*, a story of the times of Martin Luther, by Mr. SOR-TAINE, whose tale of *Hildebrand and the Emperor* was favorably received by the public. In the Traveler's Library, a translation is to appear from the German, of an *Expedition from Sennar to Taka, Basa, and Beni-Ameer*, by FREDERIC WERNE, author of the 'Expedition to the Sources of the White Nile.'

The *Life and Correspondence of the late Lord Langdale*, is in progress, and will be published by Mr. Bentley, who announces likewise two series of biographies that promise ample material of interest—1. *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*; 2. *Lives of the Prime Ministers of England*.

The Duke of WELLINGTON, it recently transpired, has appointed the well known historical writer, Lord MAHON, to be his literary executor, and as his Lordship stands in the same relation to the late Sir ROBERT PEEL, he will have enough to do.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. PYE SMITH is in preparation: also the publication, nearly ready, of the course of lectures on Christian Theology, prepared by that divine for the students in Homerton College; they have undergone revision, and will be edited by the Rev. WILLIAM FARREN, Librarian of New College.

MARY HOWITT, who has already endeared herself to the hearts of all children by her many fascinating and interesting publications for the young, is about to undertake the editorship of a new juvenile magazine the first number of which was expected to appear in June.

The lectures of NIEBUHR on Ancient History, translated from the German, with additions and corrections, by Dr. L. SCHMITZ, once a pupil of the historian, will shortly be published. The work consists of three volumes, comprising the history of all the nations of antiquity, with the exception of that of Rome. In his account of the Asiatic Empires and of Egypt, Niebuhr is reported to have foretold, more than twenty years ago, the splendid discoveries which have been made in our days by Mr. Layard and by others. By far the greater portion of the work is devoted to the history of the Greeks and Macedonians.

A translation has appeared, by LEONORA and JOANNA HORNER, of HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED'S *Soul of Nature*. Professor Oersted died last year at the age of seventy-four, a few months after a jubilee was held in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his eminent services at the University of Copenhagen. In 1836 he attended the British Association at Southampton, at the closing general meeting of which Sir John Herschell pronounced a high eulogy of the Danish philosopher, and described the new fields of research which he had opened up, including that important discovery which has led to the invention of the electric telegraph. A brief memoir of Oersted's life and labors is prefixed to the volume. Few men have so combined the patience and labor of experimental research with the genius and boldness of philosophical speculation. The writings of Oersted are eminently suggestive as well as instructive; and with the researches on electricity, magnetism, and other branches of natural science, there are interspersed many wonderful discourses on the relation of the material and the spiritual, of the body and "the soul in nature."

Of English literary gossip we have two or three stray fragments worth setting down. The one is, that TENNYSON is busy with a new poem, of a totally different order from any he has yet published, unless the fragment of the *Morte d'Arthur* be counted; another is, that the gay and brilliant author of *The Bachelor of the Albany* has nearly completed a new

novel of a philosophical and satirical turn. THACKERAY, whose historical novel was to have been published last Christmas, has not finished much more than half of his work.

JOHANNES RONGE, resident in England, announces as in preparation, a new work, to be published by subscription, on *The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century, or the Religion of Humanity*—a subject, tasking the highest powers.

The London journals announce the resignation of his chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh by Prof. WILSON. The cause assigned by the veteran poet and critic is ill health.

The Americans, says *The London Athenæum*, are becoming a race of book-buyers. Every purchaser of old books—the literature of the period between Gower and Milton—has found by experience how much the demand which has sprung up within these dozen years across the Atlantic for such works has tended to enhance their value in this country. Every few days, too, we hear of some famous library, museum, or historical collection being swept off to the "New World." This week supplies two notable examples:—the Prince of Canino's valuable museum of natural history, his library, and his gallery of Art have all been purchased by a private American gentleman; and the library of Neander has been bought by the Senate of Rochester University in the State of New York. Neander's books constitute one of the best collections on theology in Germany.

Our cousin John across the water is "nothing if not critical." His notices of American books are exceedingly curious specimens in their kind, usually remarkable for their self-complacent insolence. "The Howadji in Syria," however, seems to have won golden opinions, as witness the following from *The Morning Herald*:

"Even those of our readers who have taken up Mr. Curtis's 'Nile Notes,' and have been unable to lay them down again till the last page too soon presented itself, can hardly conceive the fascination which his 'Wanderings in Syria,' just published, will be sure to exercise over their senses. Arabian poets have celebrated the beauty of Cairo and of Damascus, 'the pearl of the East,' and modern travelers have put forth all their powers of description, and have invoked fancy to aid them in their praise; but none of these latter have ever caught and been kindled by the Oriental charm in an equal degree with Mr. Curtis. His work is a perfect gem—a luxury of beauty, and grace, and poetry, which all must read, and none can ever forget."

The notice of the same work in *The Examiner*, bestows reluctant praise:

"Another book has also appeared on the East by a lively foreign visitor, an American, who sought only pleasure and adventure there, and of course found both. 'The Wanderer in Syria,' by Mr. George William Curtis, is a volume supplementary to his 'Nile Notes,' formerly published. The subjects are the Desert, Jerusalem, and Damascus; but the writer's manner and intention are less to describe what any other person may see in those places, and in eastern circumstances, than to tell us what thoughts and fancies, whimsical, poetical, fanciful, they suggested to him, the writer. His fault is to betray something too much of an effort both in his gravities and gayeties; but on the other hand the effort is not

always unsuccessful. He is often undeniably gay, and as often says grave things worth listening to. We do not like him the worse for his love of America and occasional supercilious sneers at Cockneyism.

The following passage from a letter written recently by LEIGH HUNT will excite much sympathy and regret:—"I have not been out of my house (by medical advice) for these two months; for a considerable time past, I have not been able to visit my nearest connections, even by day; and last year I was not able to indulge myself with a sight of what all the world were seeing, though for the greater part of its existence I was living not a mile from the spot. To complete this piece of confidence, into which your making me of so much importance to myself has led me, and not leave my friends with a more serious impression of the state of my health than I can help, I have reason to believe that the coming spring will be more gracious to me than the last; and many are the apparent overthrows from which I have recovered in the course of my life. But age warns me that I must take no more liberties with times and seasons."

Lady MORGAN has addressed a letter to one of the auditors of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, proposing that a monument to MOORE should be raised in the poet's native city. She says: "The name of Ireland's greatest poet suggests an idea which perhaps is already more ably anticipated, that some monumental testimony to his honor should be raised in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; for Westminster might well deny such a distinction to the Irish bard as was refused to the remains of England's greatest poet since the time of Shakspeare and Milton—Byron. Nowhere could the monument of Moore be more appropriately placed than near that of Swift."

THOMAS HICKS, the artist, exhibits this year at the National Academy, a full-length portrait of ex-Governor FISH, which is the picture of the exhibition. Mr. HICKS is the first of our artists. In just conception—splendor of color—vigor and accuracy of drawing—poetic imagination and living reality of impression, he has no master this side the sea.

A portion of Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S Essays has been translated and published in Paris, by M. Emile Montegut. An interesting review of this volume has appeared in the *Pays*. The writer says that, "by a strange anomaly, in the classic land of daring and of novelty, all literary productions bear the same evidences of imitation; all are more or less remarkable for their close adherence to the style of some foreign model." Then he declares Cooper to be a disciple of Walter Scott, but at the same time much more American than Washington Irving, who is the faithful copier of Robertson and Addison.

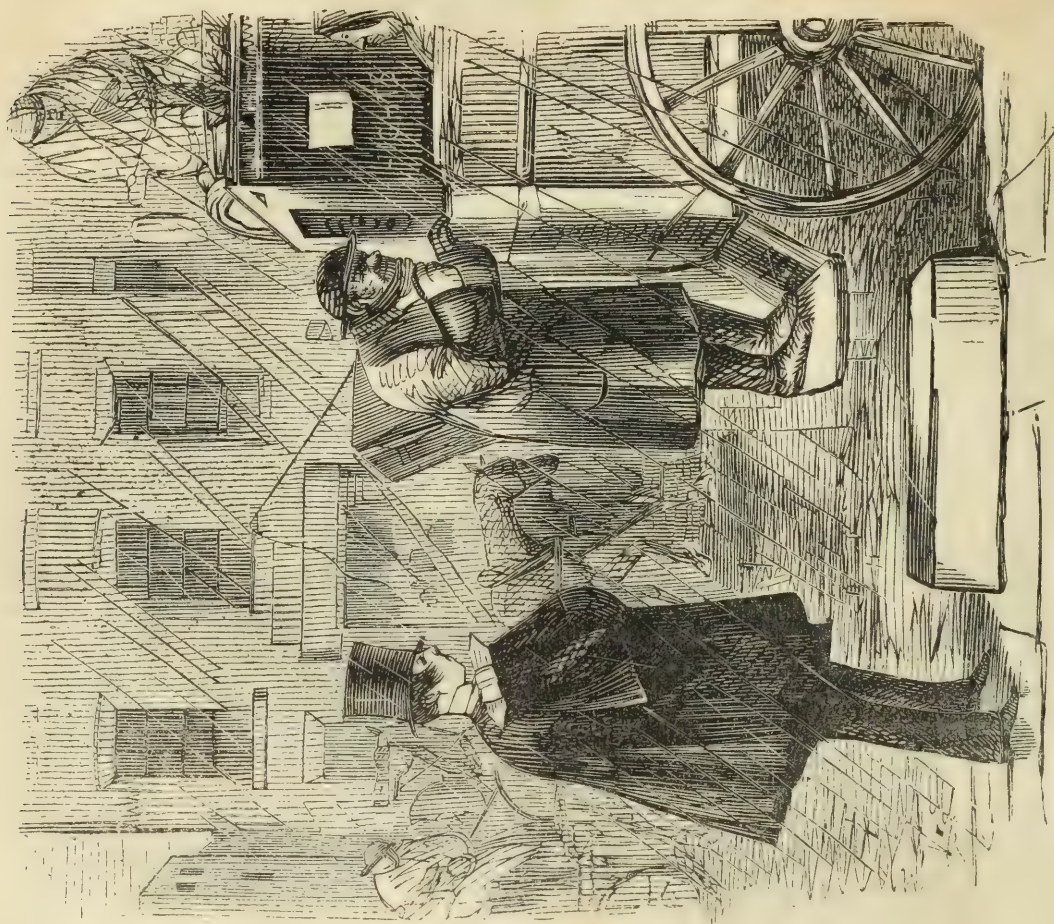
M. de Bacourt, one of the executors of the late Prince de Talleyrand, has written a letter to the public journals stating that frauds similar to those lately discovered in England relative to Shelley's letters, have been attempted in France with letters falsely stated to have been written by the late prince. "I have in my possession at present," says M. de Bacourt, "a certain number of those letters, imitating exceedingly well the writing of the deceased Prince—but which have been declared by the persons intimate with the deceased, such as M. Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, Count Molé, Duke Pasquier, &c., to be forgeries."

A Leaf from Punch.



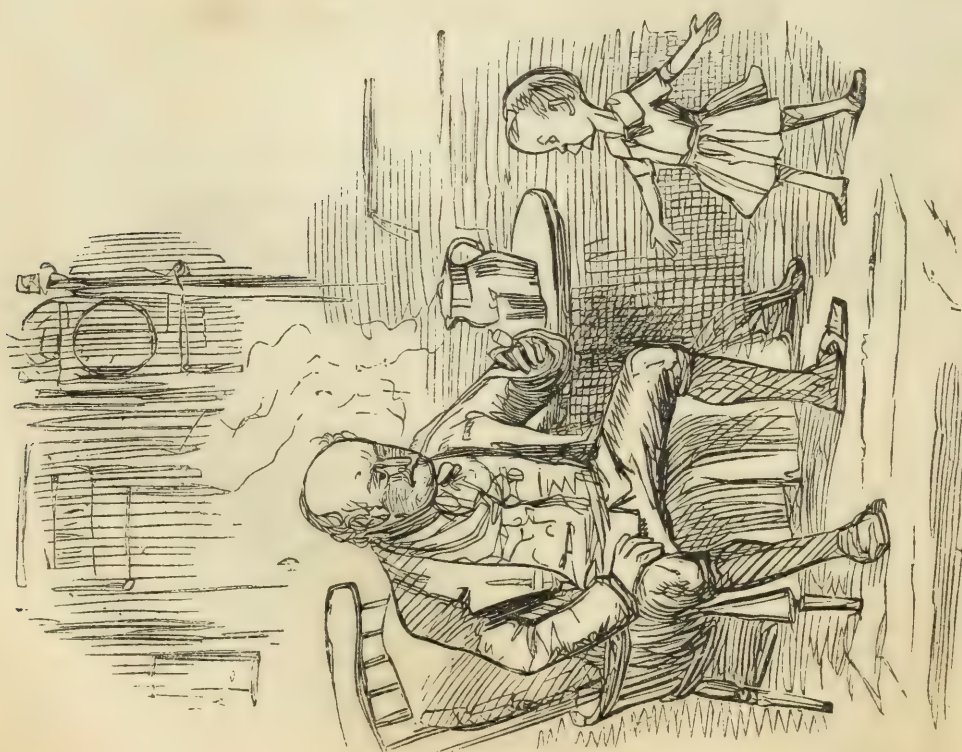
RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—"You'd better not smoke, sir!"
TRAVELER.—"That's what my friends say."
OFFICIAL.—"But you *mustn't* smoke, sir!"

TRAVELER.—"So my Doctor tells me."
OFFICIAL (indignantly).—"But you *shan't* smoke sir!"
TRAVELER.—"Ah! just what my wife says."



DEFERENCE TO THE SEX.

"Will any Lady have the Politeness to ride outside, to accommodate a Young Gentleman?"



THE CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT

GRANDPAPA.—"But for Seventy Years, my Child, I have found that the moderate use of the Good Things of this Life has done me good."
YOUNG HOPEFUL TEETOTALLER.—"All a mistake, Grandpa'. Total Abstinence is the thing. Look at me! I've not tasted Wine or Beer for years!"

Fashions for Early Summer.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—BALL COSTUMES AND COIFFURES.

WE confine our illustrations of the Fashions for the month of June to in-door costumes, since, in our variable and uncertain climate, the general out-door costumes appropriate to the closing month of spring are equally adopted for the opening summer month. The three styles of coiffure, which we present, though very different in general effect, as well as in detail, are each strikingly elegant and beautiful.

FIGURE 1 represents a very elegant BALL DRESS. Two *pattes* spring from the top of the head to the right and the left of the parting; they descend to the broad *bandeaux*, and are each entwined with a lock of the hair. The *coiffure* is ornamented with a wreath of reed-leaves, in velvet and gold, with here and there small golden reeds. The leaves, small in the middle, increase in size at the sides, where they are intermingled with two white plumes, gracefully curved. The robe is of taffeta, trimmed with velvet. The body is low in the neck, having two *berthes* of taffeta, which form the point in front, and rise to the shoulders, so as to form the *châle* behind. These *berthes* are not gathered. They are fastened to the body in front by three jeweled clasps. The body is some-

what pointed at the waist. The sleeves are close and short. The skirt is double. The lower one has two flounces; the upper one is held up on the left side by a bunch of white feathers, with a *cordon* of reed-leaves, similar to those of the *coiffure*. The lower flounce, of twelve inches in depth, has a ruby-colored velvet of three inches; the upper flounce, of ten inches, has a velvet of two and a half inches; and the tunic, one of two inches. These are all placed about an inch from the edge. The velvet upon the *berthe* and sleeves, is not more than an inch and a quarter.

FIGURE 2.—*Coiffure à la Jolie Femme*.—The hair is knotted somewhat low behind, and retained by a jeweled comb; the *bandeaux* are very much waved; the hair, from the front parting, is somewhat raised. The robe is low, with very short sleeves; the skirt very elegant, with large folds. The body is sown with little bouquets of variegated roses, small at the waist, but growing larger toward the bottom. These flowers, which are painted, are apparently fastened by a rich ribbon which ties them together, and which is embroidered upon the silk in shaded white. The flowers are apparently suspended by strings of

pearls, also produced by embroidering. This robe, of *moir antique*, is very rich. A lace pelerine, forming the circle behind, ornaments the body. This lace has a very light pattern upon the edge. It forms the point in front, and is ornamented all around with a lace *volant*, very slightly gathered. Lace sleeves, straight and rather short, leave the whole arm visible through them. A bunch of rose-leaves and rose-buds adorns the whole front of the body. This bunch is flattened at the bottom so as not to enlarge the waist. A long and elegant chain of gold, flung over the shoulders, falls down upon the skirt.



FIG. 3.—FULL DRESS FOR EVENING.

The hair is ornamented with diamonds. Two plats beginning at each side of the centre parting of the forehead, are raised, and tied in the middle; they then descend at the sides, where they are enveloped by curls thrown backward. Behind, the hair twisted in a cord, forms four circles. The *tor-sades* are fastened by a jeweled comb. In that part which constitutes the *bandeaux* are three mounted *agrafes* on each side. The skirt is of white taffeta, with a lace flounce, of twelve inches in depth. Tunic-robe of white *moir antique*. The body is open in front, and trimmed with a pointed *berthe*, slit up at the shoulders. This *berthe* is decorated, at a distance of about half an inch from the edge, with a gold band of nearly an inch in width, fastened by a gold cord, passing through seven eylet-holes. It is the same at the slit on the shoulders, only in these places the cords terminate in gold tassels hanging down. The edge of the tunic is ornamented with gold galloon, the lower galloon is one and a quarter inches wide, the second three-fourths of an inch, the third three-eighths. The first of these galloons is three-fourths of an inch from the edge, and the distance between them is half an inch, so that from the edge to the top of the last galloon the depth is about four inches. Each opening of the tunic has a conical shape; the corners are rounded. The

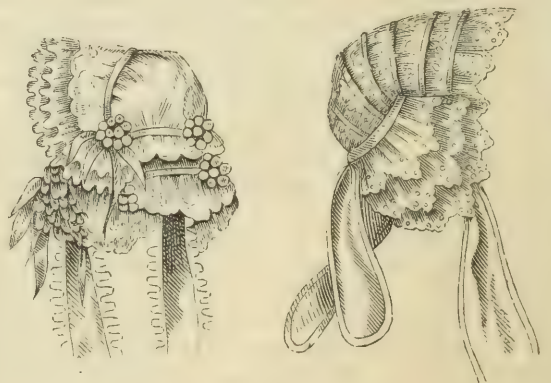
sleeves are round, and edged with galloon. The chemisette, which reaches above the low front of the body, is composed of lace like the flounce, and forms fan-shaped fluted plaits, confined by a thread passing through, and supported by the lacing of the front.

The two following out-door costumes are decidedly pretty:

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—*Jupe* of lilac silk, with three deep flounces; there is a figured band at the edge of each flounce woven in the material; body *à la veste* of purple velvet fitting close; it is open in the front, and has a small collar and lapel. The sleeves are wide; they have a broad cuff which turns back *à mousquetaire*. Waistcoat of white *moir antique*; it is closed at the throat and waist, it is then left open to show the frill of the habit-shirt. Transparent bonnet of light green *crêpe*, trimmed with white *blonde*: the brim is lined with a broad *blonde* with a deep vandyked edge, the points of which come to the edge of the brim: inside trimmings and strings of shaded ribbon, long shaded feather drooping on the right side.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—Silk dress, the skirt with three flounces: a rich *chinée* pattern is woven at the edge of each flounce, the last being headed by a band of the same. The body is plain, opens in the front nearly to the waist; the sleeves are wide, three-quarter length, and like the *corsage*, are finished to correspond with the flounces. *Manteau à la valerie*: this *manteau* takes the form of the waist, and is rounded gracefully at the back; it is embroidered and trimmed with a rich fringe *en groupes*: the fringe with which the cape is trimmed, reaches nearly to the waist: the ends, which are square in front, have a double row of fringe and embroidery. The bonnet is a mixture of white *crêpe* and fine straw; the strings shaded, to correspond: placed low at each side are feather rosettes shaded pink and white.

In the materials, we must call the attention of our fair readers to the *unique* and beautiful silks for dresses; besides the elegant designs woven at the edge of the flounce, there are patterns woven for each part of the dress—the sleeves, corsage, and *basquine*.

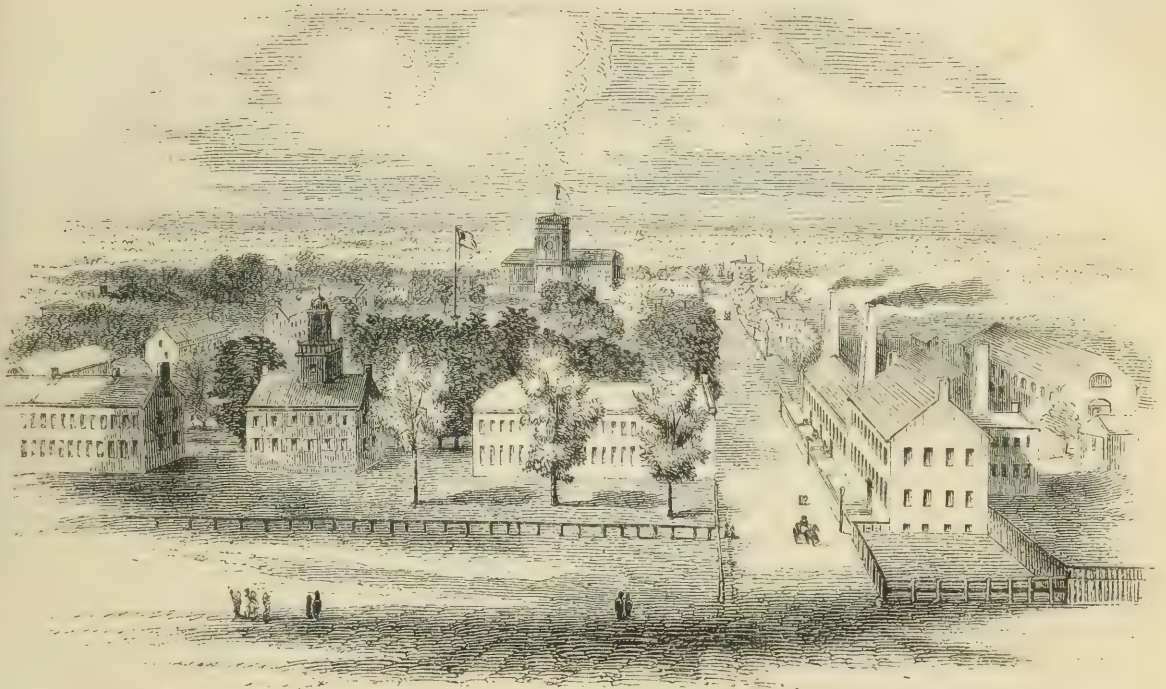


FIGURES 4 AND 5.—CAPS.

We give plates of two very elegant caps, which have made their appearance. Figure 4 is a dress cap, of *tulle* and *blonde*, trimmed with ribbon and small banches of flowers. Figure 5 is a morning cap, entirely of lace insertion, and between each row is a narrow gauze ribbon, rolled or twisted. The borders of rich lace.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XXVI.—JULY, 1852.—VOL. V.



GENERAL VIEW.

THE ARMORY AT SPRINGFIELD BY JACOB ABBOTT

SPRINGFIELD

THE Connecticut river flows through the State of Massachusetts, from north to south, on a line about half way between the middle of the State and its western boundary. The valley through which the river flows, which perhaps the stream itself has formed, is broad and fertile, and it presents, in the summer months of the year, one widely extended scene of inexpressible verdure and beauty. The river meanders through a region of broad and luxuriant meadows which are overflowed and enriched by an annual inundation. These meadows extend sometimes for miles on either side of the stream, and are adorned here and there with rural villages, built wherever there is a little elevation of land—sufficient to render human habitations secure. The broad and beautiful valley is bounded on either hand by an elevated and undulating country, with streams, mills, farms, villages, forests, and now and then a towering mountain, to vary and embellish the landscape. In some cases a sort of spur or projection from the upland country projects into the valley, forming a mountain summit there, from which the most magnificent

views are obtained of the beauty and fertility of the surrounding scene.

There are three principal towns upon the banks of the Connecticut within the Massachusetts lines—Greenfield on the north—where the river enters into Massachusetts from between New Hampshire and Vermont—Northampton at the centre, and Springfield on the south. These towns are all built at points where the upland approaches near to the river. Thus at Springfield the land rises by a gentle ascent from near the bank of the stream to a spacious and beautiful plain which overlooks the valley. The town is built upon this declivity. It is so enveloped in trees that from a distance it appears simply like a grove with cupolas and spires rising above the masses of forest foliage; but to one within it, it presents every where most enchanting pictures of rural elegance and beauty. The streets are avenues of trees. The houses are surrounded by gardens, and so enveloped in shrubbery that in many cases they reveal themselves to the passer-by only by the glimpse that he obtains of a colonnade or a piazza, through some little vista which opens for a moment and then closes again as he passes along. At one point, in ascending from the river to the plain above, the tourist stops involuntarily to admire the view

which opens on either side, along a winding and beautiful street which here crosses his way. It is called Chestnut-street on the right hand, and Maple-street on the left—the two portions receiving their several names from the trees with which they are respectively adorned. The branches of the trees meet in a dense and unbroken mass of foliage over the middle of the street, and the sidewalk presents very precisely the appearance and expression of an alley in the gardens of Versailles.

THE ARMORY GROUNDS.

On reaching the summit of the ascent, the visitor finds himself upon an extended plain, with streets of beautiful rural residences on every hand, and in the centre a vast public square occupied and surrounded by the buildings of the Armory. These buildings are spacious and elegant in their construction, and are arranged in a very picturesque and symmetrical manner within the square, and along the streets that surround it. The grounds are shaded with trees; the dwellings are adorned with gardens and shrubbery. Broad and neatly-kept walks, some graveled, others paved, extend across the green or along the line of the buildings, opening charming vistas in every direction. All is quiet and still. Here and there a solitary pedestrian is seen moving at a distance upon the sidewalk, or disappearing among the trees at the end of an avenue; and perhaps the carriage of some party of strangers stands waiting at a gate. The visitor who comes upon this scene on a calm summer morning, is enchanted by the rural beauty that surrounds him, and by the air of silence and repose which reigns over it all. He hears the distant barking of a dog, the voices of children at play, or the subdued thundering of the railway-train crossing the river over its wooden viaduct, far down the valley—and other similar rural sounds coming from a distance through the calm morning air—but all around him and near him is still. Can it be possible, he asks, that such a scene of tranquillity and loveliness can be the outward form and embodiment of a vast machinery incessantly employed in the production of engines of carnage and death?

It is, however, after all, perhaps scarcely proper to call the arms that are manufactured by the American government, and stored in their various arsenals, as engines of carnage and destruction. They ought, perhaps, to be considered rather as instruments of security and peace; for their destination is, as it would seem, not to be employed in active service in the performance of the function for which they are so carefully prepared; but to be consigned, when once finished, to eternal quiescence and repose. They protect by their existence, and not by their action; but in order that this, their simple existence, should be efficient as protection, it is necessary that the instruments themselves should be fitted for their work in the surest and most perfect manner. And thus we have the very singular and extraordinary operation going on, of manufacturing with the greatest care, and with the highest pos-

sible degree of scientific and mechanical skill, a vast system of machinery, which, when completed, all parties concerned most sincerely hope and believe will, in a great majority of cases, remain in their depositories undisturbed forever. They fulfill their vast function by their simple existence—and thus, though in the highest degree useful, are never to be used.

THE BUILDINGS.

The general appearance of the buildings of the Armory is represented in the engraving placed at the head of this article. The point from which the view is taken, is on the eastern side of the square—that is, the side most remote from the town. The level and extended landscape seen in the distance, over the tops of the buildings, is the Connecticut valley—the town of Springfield lying concealed on the slope of the hill, between the buildings and the river. The river itself, too, is concealed from view at this point by the masses of foliage which clothe its banks, and by the configuration of the land.

The middle building in the foreground, marked by the cupola upon the top of it, is called the Office. It contains the various counting-rooms necessary for transacting the general business of the Armory, and is, as it were, the seat and centre of the power by which the whole machinery of the establishment is regulated. North and south of it, and in a line with it, are two shops, called the North and South Filing Shops, where, in the several stories, long ranges of workmen are found, each at his own bench, and before his own window, at work upon the special operation, whatever it may be, which is assigned to him. On the left of the picture is a building with the end toward the observer, two stories high in one part, and one story in the other part. The higher portion—which in the view is the portion nearest the observer—forms the Stocking Shop, as it is called; that is the shop where the stocks are made for the muskets, and fitted to the locks and barrels. The lower portion is the Blacksmith's Shop. The Blacksmith's Shop is filled with small forges, at which the parts of the lock are forged. Beyond the Blacksmith's Shop, and in a line with it, and forming, together with the Stocking Shop and the Blacksmith's Shop, the northern side of the square, are several dwelling-houses, occupied as the quarters of certain officers of the Armory. The residence of the Commanding Officer, however, is not among them. His house stands on the west side of the square, opposite to the end of the avenue which is seen opening directly before the observer in the view. It occupies a very delightful and commanding situation on the brow of the hill, having a view of the Armory buildings and grounds upon one side, and overlooking the town and the valley of the Connecticut on the other.

A little to the south of the entrance to the Commanding Officer's house, stands a large edifice, called the New Arsenal. It is the building with the large square tower—seen in the view in the middle distance, and near the centre of the

picture. This building is used for the storage of the muskets during the interval that elapses from the finishing of them to the time when they are sent away to the various permanent arsenals established by government in different parts of the country, or issued to the troops. Besides this new edifice there are two or three other buildings which are used for the storage of finished muskets, called the Old Arsenals. They stand in a line on the south side of the square, and may be seen on the left hand, in the view. These buildings, all together, will contain about five hundred thousand muskets. The New Arsenal, alone, is intended to contain three hundred thousand.

THE WATER SHOPS.

Such is the general arrangement of the Arsenal buildings, "on the hill." But it is only the lighter work that is done here. The heavy operations, such as rolling, welding, grinding, &c., are all performed by water-power. The stream which the Ordnance Department of the United States has pressed into its service to do this work, is a rivulet that meanders through a winding and romantic valley, about half a mile south of the town. On this stream are three falls, situated at a distance perhaps of half a mile from each other. At each of these falls there is a dam, a bridge, and a group of shops. They are called respectively the Upper, Middle, and Low-



THE MIDDLE WATER SHOPS.

er Water Shops. The valley in which these establishments are situated is extremely verdant and beautiful. The banks of the stream are adorned sometimes with green, grassy slopes, and sometimes with masses of shrubbery and foliage, descending to the water. The road winds gracefully from one point of view to another, opening at every turn some new and attractive prospect. The shops and all the hydraulic works are very neatly and very substantially constructed, and are kept in the most perfect order: so that the scene, as it presents itself to the party of visitors, as they ride slowly up or down the road in their carriage, or saunter along upon the banks of the stream on foot, forms a very attractive picture.

THE MUSKET BARREL.

The fundamental, and altogether the most important operation in the manufacture of the musket, is the formation of the barrel; for it is obvious, that on the strength and perfection of the barrel, the whole value and efficiency of the weapon when completed depends. One would suppose, that the fabrication of so simple a thing

as a plain and smooth hollow tube of iron, would be a very easy process; but the fact is, that so numerous are the obstacles and difficulties that are in the way, and so various are the faults, latent and open, into which the workman may allow his work to run, that the forming of the barrel is not only the most important, but by far the most difficult of the operations at the Armory—one which requires the most constant vigilance and attention on the part of the workman, during the process of fabrication, and the application of multiplied tests to prove the accuracy and correctness of the work at every step of the progress of it, from beginning to end.

The barrels are made from plates of iron, of suitable form and size, called *scalps* or barrel plates. These scalps are a little more than two feet long, and about three inches wide. The barrel when completed, is about three feet six inches long, the additional length being gained by the elongating of the scalp under the hammer during the process of welding. The scalps are heated, and then rolled up over an iron rod, and the edges being lapped are welded togeth-

er, so as to form a tube of the requisite dimensions—the solid rod serving to preserve the cavity within of the proper form. This welding of the barrels is performed at a building among the Middle Water Shops. A range of tilt hammers extend up and down the room, with forges in the centre of the room, one opposite to each

exposed at last, to the mortification and loss of the workman, in the form of a great gaping rent, which is brought out from it under the inexorable severity of the test to which the work has finally to be subjected.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WORKMEN.

We say to the *loss* as well as to the mortification of the workman, for it is a principle that pervades the whole administration of this establishment, though for special reasons the principle is somewhat modified in its application to the welder, as will hereafter be explained, that each workman bears the whole loss that is occasioned by the failure of his work to stand its trial, from whatever cause the failure may arise. As a general rule each workman stamps every piece of work that passes through his hands with his own mark—a mark made indelible too—so that even after the musket is finished, the history of its construction can be precisely traced, and every operation performed upon it, of whatever kind, can be carried home to the identical workman who performed it. The various parts thus marked are subject to very close inspection, and to



THE WELDING ROOM

hammer, for heating the iron. The tilt hammers are driven by immense water-wheels, placed beneath the building—there being an arrangement of machinery by which each hammer may be connected with its moving power, or disconnected from it, at any moment, at the pleasure of the workman. Underneath the hammer is an anvil. This anvil contains a die, the upper surface of which, as well as the under surface of a similar die inserted in the hammer, is formed with a semi-cylindrical groove, so that when the two surfaces come together a complete cylindrical cavity is formed, which is of the proper size to receive the barrel that is to be forged. The workman heats a small portion of his work in his forge, and then standing directly before the hammer, he places the barrel in its bed upon the anvil, and sets his hammer in motion, turning the barrel round and round continually under the blows. Only a small portion of the seam is closed at one heat, *eleven* heats being required to complete the work. To effect by this operation a perfect junction of the iron, in the overlapping portions, so that the substance of iron shall be continuous and homogeneous throughout, the same at the junction as in every other part, without any, the least, flaw, or seam, or crevice, open or concealed, requires not only great experience and skill, but also most unremitting and constant attention during the performance of the work. Should there be any such flaw, however deeply it may be concealed, and however completely all indications of it may be smoothed over and covered up by a superficial finishing, it is sure to be

very rigid tests, at different periods, and whenever any failure occurs, the person who is found to be responsible for it is charged with the loss. He loses not only his own pay for the work which he performed upon the piece in question, but for the whole value of the piece at the time that the defect is discovered. That is, he has not only to lose his own labor, but he must also pay for all the other labor expended upon the piece, which through the fault of his work becomes useless. For example, in the case of the barrel, there is a certain amount of labor expended upon the iron, to form it into scalps, before it comes into the welder's hands. Then after it is welded it must be bored and turned, and subjected to some other minor operations before the strength of the welding can be proved. If now, under the test that is applied to prove this strength—a test which will be explained fully in the sequel—the work gives way, and if, on examination of the rent, it proves to have been caused by imperfection in the welding, and not by any original defect in the iron, the welder, according to the general principle which governs in this respect all the operations of the establishment, would have to lose not only the value of his own labor, in welding the barrel, but that of all the other operations which had been performed upon it, and which were rendered worthless by his agency. It is immaterial whether the misfortune in such cases is occasioned by accident, or carelessness, or want of skill. In either case the workman is responsible. This rule is somewhat

relaxed in the case of the welder, on whom it would, perhaps, if rigidly enforced, bear somewhat too heavily. In fact many persons might regard it as a somewhat severe and rigid rule in any case—and it would, perhaps, very properly be so considered, were it not that this responsibility is taken into the account in fixing the rate of wages; and the workmen being abundantly able to sustain such a responsibility do not complain of it. The system operates on the whole in the most salutary manner, introducing, as it does, into every department of the Armory, a spirit of attention, skill, and fidelity, which marks even the countenances and manners of the workmen, and is often noticed and spoken of by visitors. In fact none but workmen of a very high character for intelligence, capacity, and skill could gain admission to the Armory—or if admitted could long maintain a footing there.

The welders are charged one dollar for every barrel lost through the fault of their work. They earn, by welding, twelve cents for each barrel; so that by spoiling one, they lose the labor which they expend upon eight. Being thus rigidly accountable for the perfection of their work, they find that their undivided attention is required while they are performing it; and, fortunately perhaps for them, there is nothing that can well divert their attention while they are engaged at their forges, for such is the incessant and intolerable clangor and din produced by the eighteen tilt hammers, which are continually breaking out in all parts of the room, into their sudden paroxysms of activity, that every thing like conversation in the apartment is almost utterly excluded. The blows of the hammers, when the white-hot iron is first passed under them and the pull of the lever sets them in motion, are inconceivably rapid, and the deafening noise which they make, and the showers of sparks which they scatter in every direction around, produce a scene which quite appalls many a lady visitor when she first enters upon it, and makes her shrink back at the door, as if she were coming into some imminent danger. The hammers strike more than six hundred blows in a minute, that is more than *ten in every second*; and the noise produced is a sort of rattling thunder, so overpowering when any of the hammers are in operation near to the observer, that the loudest vociferation uttered close to the ear, is wholly inaudible. Some visitors linger long in the apartment, pleased with the splendor and impressiveness of the scene. Others consider it frightful, and hasten away.

FINISHING OPERATIONS.—BORING.

From the Middle Water Shops, where this welding is done, the barrels are conveyed to the Upper Shops, where the operations of turning, boring and grinding are performed. Of course the barrel when first welded is left much larger in its outer circumference, and smaller in its bore, than it is intended to be when finished, in order to allow for the loss of metal in the various finishing operations. When it comes from the welder the barrel weighs over seven pounds:

when completely finished it weighs but about four and a half pounds, so that nearly one half of the metal originally used, is cut away by the subsequent processes.

The first of these processes is the boring out of the interior. The boring is performed in certain machines called boring banks. They consist of square and very solid frames of iron, in which, as in a bed, the barrel is fixed, and there is bored out by a succession of operations performed by means of certain tools which are called augers, though they bear very little resemblance to the carpenter's instrument so named. These augers are short square bars of steel, highly polished, and sharp at the edges—and placed at the ends of long iron rods, so that they may pass entirely through the barrel to be bored by them, from end to end. The boring parts of these instruments, though they are in appearance only plain bars of steel with straight and parallel sides, are really somewhat smaller at the outer than at the inner end, so that, speaking mathematically, they are truncated pyramids, of four sides, though differing very slightly in the diameters of the lower and upper sections.

The barrels being fixed in the boring bank, as above described, the end of the shank of the auger is inserted into the centre of a wheel placed at one end of the bank, where, by means of machinery, a slow rotary motion is given to the auger, and a still slower progressive motion at the same time. By this means the auger gradually enters the hollow of the barrel, boring its way, or rather enlarging its way by its boring, as it advances. After it has passed through it is withdrawn, and another auger, a very little larger than the first is substituted in its place; and thus the calibre of the barrel is gradually enlarged, *almost* to the required dimensions.

Almost, but not quite; for in the course of the various operations which are subsequent to the boring, the form of the interior of the work is liable to be slightly disturbed, and this makes it necessary to reserve a portion of the surplus metal within, for a final operation. In fact the borings to which the barrel are subject, alternate in more instances than one with other operations, the whole forming a system far too nice and complicated to be described fully within the limits to which we are necessarily confined in such an article as this. It is a general principle however that the inside work is kept always in advance of the outside, as it is the custom with all machinists and turners to adopt the rule that is so indispensable and excellent in morals, namely, to make all right first within, and then to attend to the exterior. Thus in the case of the musket barrel the bore is first made correct. Then the outer surface of the work is turned and ground down to a correspondence with it. The reverse of this process, that is first shaping the outside of it, and then boring it out within, so as to make the inner and outer surfaces to correspond, and the metal every where to be of equal thickness, would be all but impossible.

TURNING.

After the boring, then, of the barrel, comes the turning of the outside of it. The piece is supported in the lathe by means of mandrels inserted into the two ends of it, and there it slowly revolves, bringing all parts of its surface successively under the action of a tool fixed firmly in the right position for cutting the work to its proper form. Of course the barrel has a slow progressive as well as rotary motion during this process, and the tool itself, with the rest in which it is firmly screwed, advances or recedes very regularly and gradually, in respect to the work, as the process goes on, in order to form the proper taper of the barrel in proceeding from the breech to the muzzle. The main work however in this turning process is performed by the rotation of the barrel. The workman thus treats his material and his tools with strict impartiality. In the *boring*, the piece remains at rest, and the tool does its work by revolving. In the *turning*, on the other hand, the *piece* must take its part in active duty, being required to revolve against the tool, while the tool itself remains fixed in its position in the rest.

Among the readers of this article there will probably be many thousands who have never had the opportunity to witness the process of turning or boring iron, and to them it may seem surprising that any tool can be made with an edge sufficiently enduring to stand in such a service. And it is indeed true that a cutting edge destined to maintain itself against iron must be of very excellent temper, and moreover it must have a peculiar construction and form, such that when set in its proper position for service, the cutting part shall be well supported, so to speak, in entering the metal, by the mass of the steel behind it. It is necessary, too, to keep the work cool by a small stream of water constantly falling upon the point of action. The piece to be turned, moreover, when of iron, must revolve very slowly; the process will not go on successfully at a rapid rate; though in the case of wood the higher the speed at which the machinery works, within certain limits, the more perfect the operation. In all these points the process of turning iron requires a very nice adjustment; but when the conditions necessary to success are all properly fulfilled, the work goes on in the most perfect manner, and the observer who is unaccustomed to witness the process is surprised to see the curling and continuous shaving of iron issuing from the point where the tool is applied, being cut out there as smoothly and apparently as easily as if the material were lead.

THE STRAIGHTENING.

One of the most interesting and curious parts of the process of the manufacture of the barrel, is the straightening of it. We ought, perhaps, rather to say the straightenings, for it is found necessary that the operation should be several times perform-

ed. For example, the barrel must be straightened before it is turned, and then, inasmuch as in the process of turning it generally gets more or less *sprung*, it must be straightened again afterward. In fact, every important operation performed upon the barrel is likely to cause some deflection in it, which requires to be subsequently corrected, so that the process must be repeated several times. The actual work of straightening, that is the mechanical act that is performed, is very simple—consisting as it does of merely striking a blow. The whole difficulty lies in determining when and where the correction is required. In other words, the *making straight* is very easily and quickly done; the thing attended with difficulty is to find out when and where the work is crooked; for the deflections which it is thus required to remedy, are so extremely slight, that all ordinary modes of examination would fail wholly to detect them; while yet they are sufficiently great to disturb very essentially the range and direction of the ball which should issue from the barrel, affected by them.



STRAIGHTENING THE BARRELS.

The above engraving represents the workman in the act of examining the interior of a barrel with a view to ascertaining whether it be straight. On the floor, in the direction toward which the barrel is pointed, is a small mirror, in which the workman sees, through the tube, a reflection of a certain pane of glass in the window. The pane in question is marked by a diagonal line, which may be seen upon it, in the view, passing from one corner to the other. This diagonal line now is reflected by the mirror into the bore of the barrel, and then it is reflected again to the eye of the observer; for the surface of the iron on the inside of the barrel is left in a most brilliantly polished condition, by the boring and the operations connected therewith. Now the

workman, in some mysterious way or other, detects the slightest deviation from straightness in the barrel, by the appearance which this reflection presents to his eye, as he looks through the bore in the manner represented in the drawing. He is always ready to explain very politely to his visitor exactly how this is done, and to allow the lady to look through the tube and see for herself. All that she is able to see, however, in such cases is a very resplendent congeries of concentric rings, forming a spectacle of very dazzling brilliancy, which pleases and delights her, though the mystery of the reflected line generally remains as profound a mystery after the observation as before. This is, in fact, the result which might have been expected, since it is generally found that all demonstrations and explanations relating to the science of optics and light, addressed to the uninitiated, end in plunging them into greater darkness than ever.

The only object which the mirror upon the floor serves, in the operation, is to save the workman from the fatigue of holding up the barrel, which it would be necessary for him to do at each observation, if he were to look at the window pane directly. By having a reflecting surface at the floor he can point the barrel downward, when he wishes to look through it, and this greatly facilitates the manipulation. There is a rest, too, provided for the barrel, to support it while the operator is looking through. He plants the end of the tube in this rest, with a peculiar grace and dexterity, and then, turning it round and round, in order to bring every part of the inner surface to the test of the reflection, he accomplishes the object of his scrutiny in a moment, and then recovering the barrel, he lays it across a sort of anvil which stands by his side, and strikes a gentle blow upon it wherever a correction was found to be required. Thus the operation, though it often seems a very difficult one for the visitor to understand, proves a very easy one for the workman to perform.

OLD MODE OF STRAIGHTENING.

In former times a mode altogether different from this was adopted to test the interior rectitude of the barrel. A very slender line, formed of a hair or some similar substance, was passed through the barrel—*dropped* through, in fact, by means of a small weight attached to the end of it. This line was then drawn tight, and the workman looking through, turned the barrel round so as to bring the line into coincidence successively with every portion of the inner surface. If now there existed any concavity in any part of this surface, the line would show it by the distance which would there appear between the line itself and its reflection in the metal. The present method, however, which has now been in use about thirty years, is found to be far superior to the old one; so much so in fact that all the muskets manufactured before that period have since been condemned as unfit for use, on account mainly of the crookedness of the barrels. When we consider, however, that the calculation is that in ordinary engagements less than one out

of every hundred of the balls that are discharged take effect; that is, that ninety-nine out of every hundred go wide of the mark for which they are intended, from causes that must be wholly independent of any want of accuracy in the aiming, it would seem to those who know little of such subjects, that to condemn muskets for deviating from perfect straightness by less than a hair, must be quite an unnecessary nicety. The truth is, however, that all concerned in the establishment at Springfield, seem to be animated by a common determination, that whatever may be the use that is ultimately to be made of their work, the instrument itself, as it comes from their hands, shall be absolutely perfect; and whoever looks at the result, as they now attain it, will admit that they carry out their determination in a very successful manner.

CINDER HOLES.

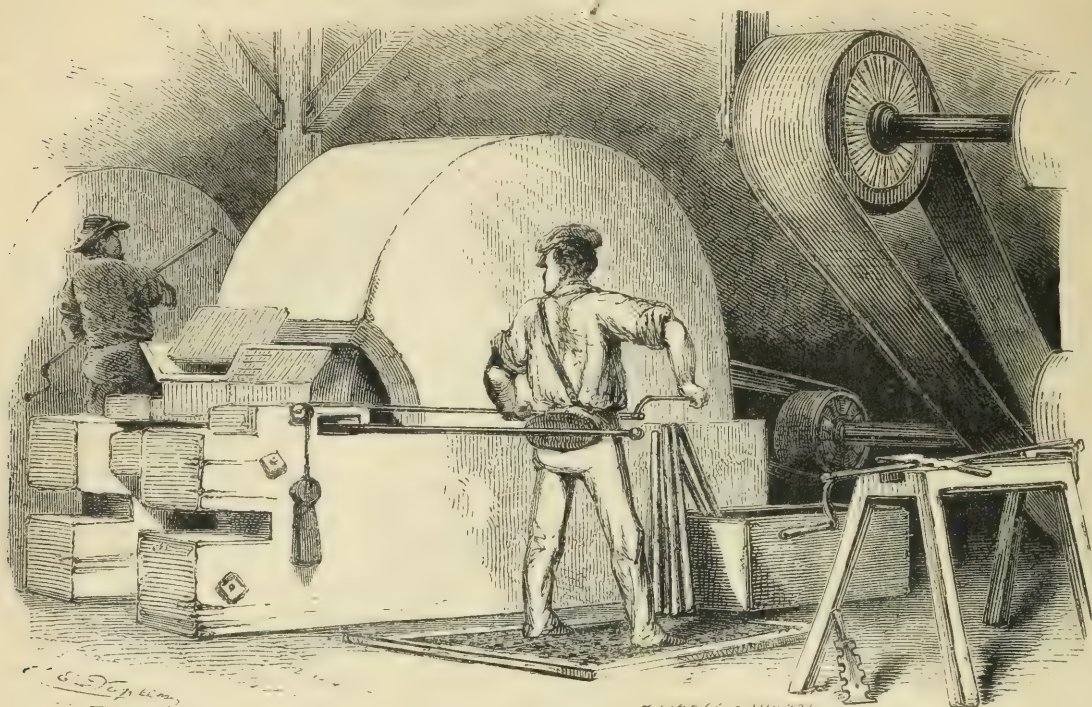
Various other improvements have been made from time to time in the mode of manufacturing and finishing the musket, which have led to the condemnation or alteration of those made before the improvements were introduced. A striking illustration of this is afforded by the case of what are called *cinder holes*. A cinder hole is a small cavity left in the iron at the time of the manufacture of it—the effect, doubtless, of some small development of gas forming a bubble in the substance of the iron. If the bubble is near the inner surface of the barrel when it is welded, the process of boring and finishing brings it into view, in the form of a small blemish seen in the side of the bore. At a former period in the history of the Armory, defects of this kind were not considered essential, so long as they were so small as not to weaken the barrel. It was found, however, at length that such cavities, by retaining the moisture and other products of combustion resulting from the discharge of the piece, were subject to corrosion, and gradual enlargement, so as finally to weaken the barrel in a fatal manner. It was decided therefore that the existence of cinder holes in a barrel should thenceforth be a sufficient cause for its rejection, and all the muskets manufactured before that time have since been condemned and sold; the design of the department being to retain in the public arsenals only arms of the most perfect and unexceptionable character.

At the present time, in the process of manufacturing the barrels, it is not always found necessary to reject a barrel absolutely in every case where a cinder hole appears. Sometimes the iron may be forced in, by a blow upon the outside, sufficiently to enable the workman to bore the cinder hole out entirely. This course is always adopted where the thickness of the iron will allow it, and in such cases the barrel is saved. Where this can not be done, the part affected is sometimes cut off, and a short barrel is made, for an arm called a musketoon.

THE GRINDING.

After the barrel is turned to nearly its proper size it is next to be ground, for the purpose of removing the marks left by the tool in turning,

and of still further perfecting its form. For this operation immense grindstones, carried by machinery, are used, as seen in the engraving. These stones, when in use, are made to revolve



GRINDING.

with great rapidity—usually about *four hundred times in a minute*—and as a constant stream of water is kept pouring upon the part where the barrel is applied in the grinding, it is necessary to cover them entirely with a wooden case, as seen in the engraving, to catch and confine the water, which would otherwise be thrown with great force about the room. The direct action therefore of the stone upon the barrel in the process of grinding is concealed from view.

The workman has an iron rod with a sort of crank-like handle at the end of it, and this rod he inserts into the bore of the barrel which he has in hand. The rod fits into the barrel closely, and is held firmly by the friction, so that by means of the handle to the rod, the workman can turn the barrel round and round continually while he is grinding it, and thus bring the action of the stone to bear equally upon every part, and so finish the work in a true cylindrical form. One of these rods, with its handle, may be seen lying free upon the stand on the right of the picture. The workman is also provided with gauges which he applies frequently to the barrel at different points along its length, as the work goes on, in order to form it to the true size and to the proper taper. In the act of grinding he inserts the barrel into a small hole in the case, in front of the stone, and then presses it hard against the surface of the stone by means of the iron lever behind him. By leaning against this lever with greater or less exertion he can regulate the pressure of the barrel against the stone at pleasure. In order to increase his power over this lever he stands upon a plate of iron which is placed upon the floor beneath him, with projections cast upon it to hold his feet by their friction; the moment that he ceases to lean against

the lever, the inner end of it is drawn back by the action of the weight seen hanging down by the side of it, and the barrel is immediately released.

The workman *turns* the barrel continually, during the process of grinding, by means of the handle, as seen in the drawing, and as the stone itself is revolving all the time with prodigious velocity, the work is very rapidly, and at the same time very smoothly and correctly performed.

DANGER.

It would seem too, at first thought, that this operation of grinding must be a very safe as well as a simple one; but it is far otherwise. This grinding room is the dangerous room—the only dangerous room, in fact, in the whole establishment. In the first place, the work itself is often very injurious to the health. The premises are always drenched with water, and this makes the atmosphere damp and unwholesome. Then there is a fine powder, which, notwithstanding every precaution, will escape from the stone, and contaminate the air, producing very serious tendencies to disease in the lungs of persons who breathe it for any long period. In former times it was customary to grind bayonets as well as barrels; and this required that the face of the stone should be fluted, that is cut into grooves of a form suitable to receive the bayonet. This fluting of the stone, which of course it was necessary continually to renew, was found to be an exceedingly unhealthy operation, and in the process of grinding, moreover, in the case of bayonets, the workman was much more exposed than in grinding barrels, as it was necessary that a portion of the stone should be open before him and that he should apply the piece in hand directly to the surface of it. From these causes it resulted,

under the old system, that bayonets, whatever might have been their destination in respect to actual service against an enemy on the field, were pretty sure to be the death of all who were concerned in making them.

The system, however, so far as relates to the bayonet is now changed. Bayonets are now "milled," instead of being ground; that is, they are finished by means of cutters formed upon the circumference of a wheel, and so arranged that by the revolution of the wheel, and by the motion of the bayonet in passing slowly under it, secured in a very solid manner to a solid bed, the superfluous metal is cut away and the piece fashioned at once to its proper form, or at least brought so near to it by the machine, as to require afterward only a very little finishing. This operation is cheaper than the other, and also more perfect in its result; while at the same time it is entirely free from danger to the workman.

No mode, however, has yet been devised for dispensing with the operation of grinding in the case of the barrel; though the injury to the health is much less in this case than in the other.

BURSTING OF GRINDSTONES.

There is another very formidable danger connected with the process of grinding besides the insalubrity of the work; and that is the danger of the bursting of the stones in consequence of their enormous weight and the immense velocity with which they are made to revolve. Some years since a new method of clamping the stone, that is of attaching it and securing it to its axis, was adopted, by means of which the danger of bursting is much diminished. But by the mode formerly practiced—the mode which in fact still prevails in many manufacturing establishments where large grindstones are employed—the danger was very great, and the most frightful accidents often occurred. In securing the stone to its axis it was customary to cut a square hole through the centre of the stone, and then after passing the iron axis through this opening, to fix the stone upon the axis by wedging it up firmly with wooden wedges. Now it is well known that an enormous force may be exerted by the driving of a wedge, and probably in many cases where this method is resorted to, the stone is strained to its utmost tension, so as to be on the point of splitting open, before it is put in rotation at all. The water is then let on, and the stone becomes saturated with it—which greatly increases the danger. There are three ways by which the water tends to promote the bursting of the stone. It makes it very much heavier, and thus adds to the momentum of its motion, and consequently to the centrifugal force. It also makes it weaker, for the water penetrates the stone in every part, and operates to soften, as it were, its texture. Then finally it swells the wedges, and thus greatly increases the force of the outward strain which they exert at the centre of the stone. When under these circumstances the enormous mass is put in motion, at the rate perhaps of five or six revolutions in a

second, it bursts, and some enormous fragment, a quarter or a third of the whole, flies up through the flooring above, or out through a wall, according to the position of the part thrown off, at the time of the fracture. An accident of this kind occurred at the Armory some years since. One fragment of the stone struck the wall of the building, which was two or three feet thick, and broke it through. The other passing upward, struck and fractured a heavy beam forming a part of the floor above, and upset a work-bench in a room over it, where several men were working. The men were thrown down, though fortunately they were not injured. The workman who had been grinding at the stone left his station for a minute or two, just before the catastrophe, and thus his life too was saved.

POLISHING.

We have said that the grinding room is the *only* dangerous room in such an establishment as this. There is one other process than grinding which was formerly considered as extremely unhealthy, and that is the process of polishing. The polishing of steel is performed by means of what are called *emery wheels*, which are wheels bound on their circumference by a band of leather, to which a coating of emery, very finely pulverized, is applied, by means of a sizing of glue. These wheels, a large number of which are placed side by side in the same room, are made to revolve by means of machinery, with an inconceivable velocity, while the workmen who have the polishing to do, taking their stations, each at his own wheel, on seats placed there for the purpose, and holding the piece of work on which the operation is to be performed, in their hands, apply it to the revolving circumference before them. The surface of the steel thus applied, receives immediately a very high polish—a stream of sparks being elicited by the friction, and flying off from the wheel opposite to the workman.

Now although in these cases the workman was always accustomed to take his position at the wheel in such a manner as to be exposed as little as possible to the effects of it, yet the air of the apartment, it was found, soon became fully impregnated with the fine emery dust, and the influence of it upon the lungs proved very deleterious. There is, however, now in operation a contrivance by means of which the evil is almost entirely remedied. A large air-trunk is laid beneath the floor, from which the air is drawn out continually by means of a sort of fan machinery connected with the engine. Opposite to each wheel, and in the direction to which the sparks and the emery dust are thrown, are openings connected with this air-trunk. By means of this arrangement all that is noxious in the air of the room is drawn out through the openings into the air-trunk, and so conveyed away.

The sparks produced in such operations as this, as in the case of the collision of flint and steel, consist of small globules of melted metal, cut off from the main mass by the force of the friction, and heated to the melting point at the

same time. These metallic scintillations were not supposed to be the cause of the injury that was produced by the operation of polishing, as formerly practiced. It was the dust of the emery that produced the effect, just as in the case of the grinding it was the powder of the stone, and not the fine particles of iron.

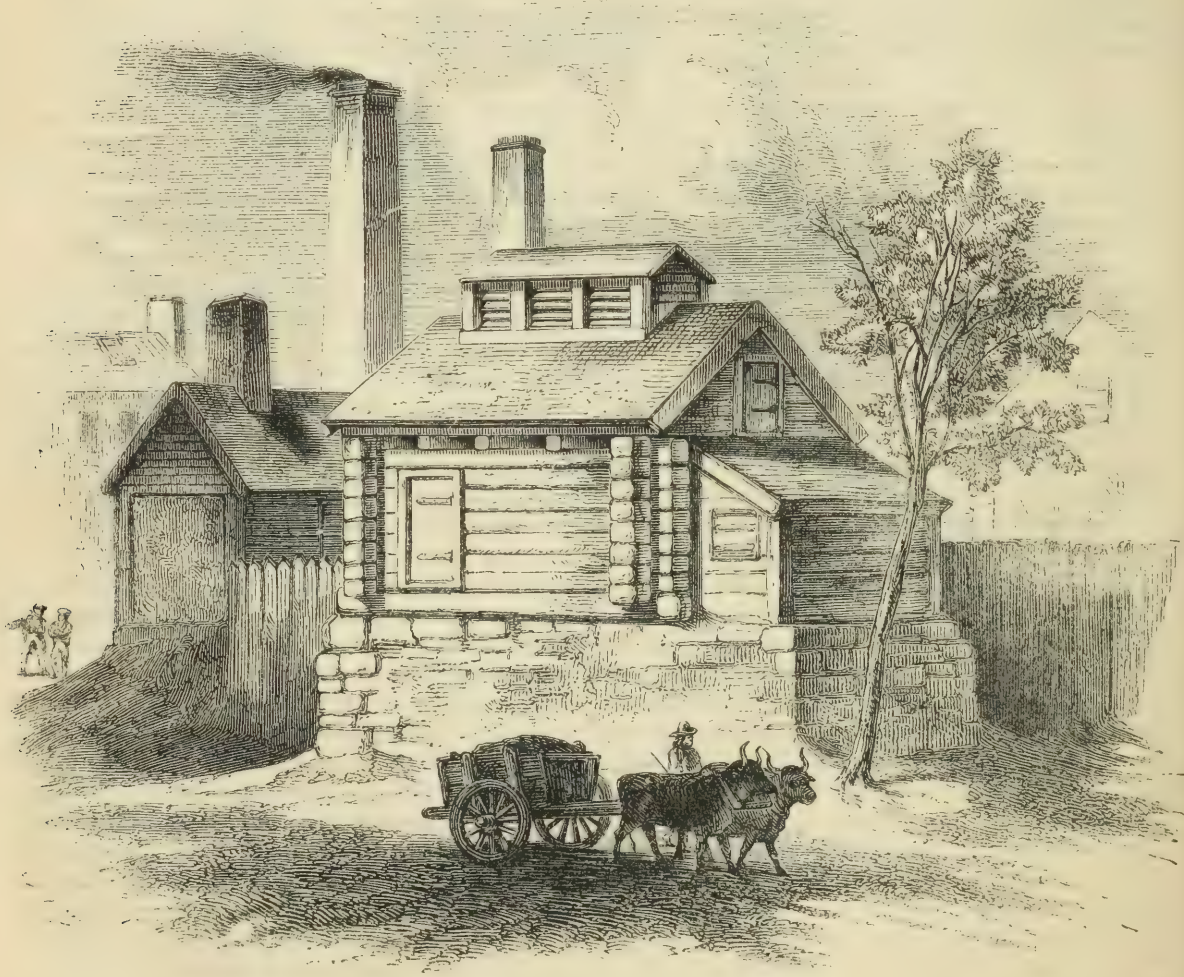
The emery which is used in these polishing operations, as well as for a great many similar purposes in the arts, is obtained by pulverizing an exceedingly hard mineral that is found in several of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, in the Mediterranean. In its native state it appears in the form of shapeless masses, of a blackish or bluish gray color, and it is prepared for use by being pulverized in iron mortars. When pulverized it is washed and sorted into five or six different degrees of fineness, according to the work for which it is wanted. It is used by lapidaries for cutting and polishing stones, by cutlers for iron and steel instruments,

and by opticians for grinding lenses. It is ordinarily used in the manner above described, by being applied to the circumference of a leathern covered wheel, by means of oil or of glue. Ladies use bags filled with it, for brightening their needles.

Emery is procured in Spain, and also in Great Britain, as well as in the Islands of the Mediterranean.

PROVING.

When the barrels are brought pretty nearly to their finished condition, they are to be *proved*, that is to be subjected to the test of actual trial with gunpowder. For this proving they are taken to a very strong building that is constructed for the purpose, and which stands behind the Stocking Shop. Its place is on the right in the general view of the Armory buildings, and near the foreground—though that view does not extend far enough in that direction to bring it in. The exterior appearance of this building is rep-

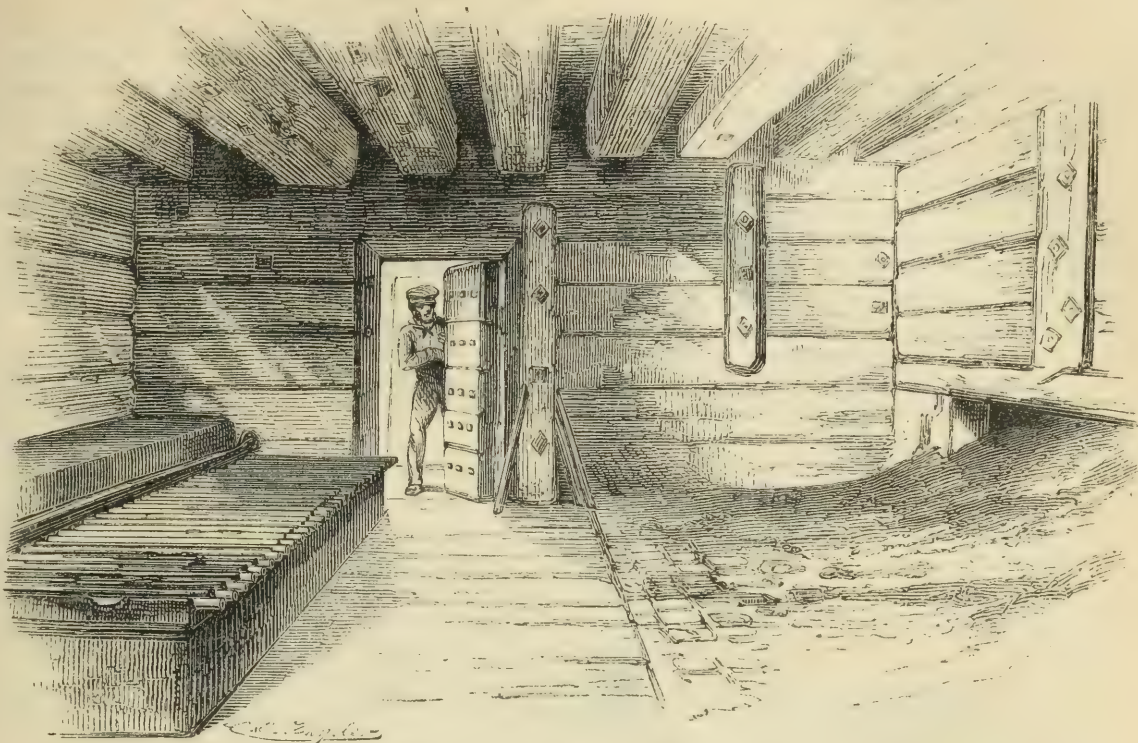


THE PROVING HOUSE.

resented in the above engraving. It is made very strong, being constructed wholly of timber, in order to enable it to resist the force of the explosions within. There are spacious openings in lattice work, in the roof and under the eaves of the building, to allow of the escape of the smoke with which it is filled at each discharge; for it is customary to prove a large number of barrels at a time. The barrels are loaded with a

very heavy charge, so as to subject them to much greater strain than they can ever be exposed to in actual service. The building on the left, in the engraving, is used for loading the barrels, and for cleaning and drying them after they are proved. The shed attached to the main building, on the right hand, contains a bank of clay, placed there to receive the bullets, with which the barrels are charged.

The arrangement of the interior of this building, as well as the manner in which the proving is performed, will be very clearly understood by reference to the engraving below.



INTERIOR OF THE PROVING HOUSE.

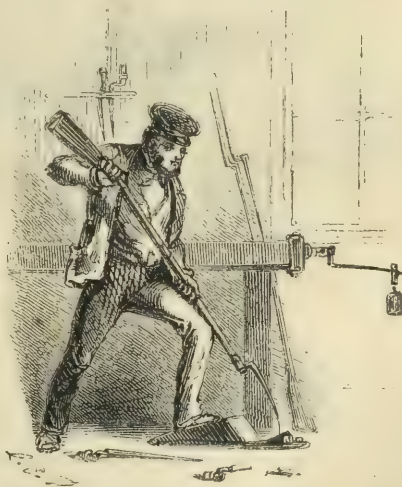
On the right hand end of the building, and extending quite across it from side to side, is a sort of platform, the upper surface of which is formed of cast-iron, and contains grooves in which the muskets are placed when loaded, side by side. A train of gunpowder is laid along the back side of this platform, so as to form a communication with each barrel. The train passes out through a hole in the side of the building near the door. The bank of clay may be seen sloping down from within its shed into the room on the left. The artist has represented the scene as it appears when all is ready for the discharge. The barrels are placed, the train is laid, and the proof-master is just retiring and closing the door. A moment more and there will be a loud and rattling explosion; then the doors will be opened, and as soon as the smoke has cleared away the workman will enter and ascertain the result. About one in sixty of the barrels are found to burst under the trial.

The pieces that fail are all carefully examined with a view to ascertain whether the giving way was owing to a defect in the welding, or to some flaw, or other bad quality, in the iron. The appearance of the rent made by the bursting will always determine this point. The loss of those that failed on account of bad welding is then charged to the respective operatives by whom the work was done, at a dollar for each one so failing. The name of the maker of each is known by the stamp which he put upon it at the time when it passed through his hands.

The barrels that stand this first test are afterward subjected to a second one in order to make it sure that they sustained no partial and imper-

ceptible injury at the first explosion. This done they are stamped with the mark of approval, and so sent to the proper departments to be mounted and finished.

The bayonets, and all the other parts of which the musket is composed are subjected to tests, different in character indeed, but equally strict and rigid in respect to the qualities which they are intended to prove, with that applied to the barrel. The bayonet is very carefully gauged and meas-



TESTING THE BAYONETS.

ured in every part, in order to make sure that it is of precisely the proper form and dimensions. A weight is hung to the point of it to try its temper, and it is sprung by the strength of the inspector, with the point of it set into the floor, to prove its elasticity. If it is found to be

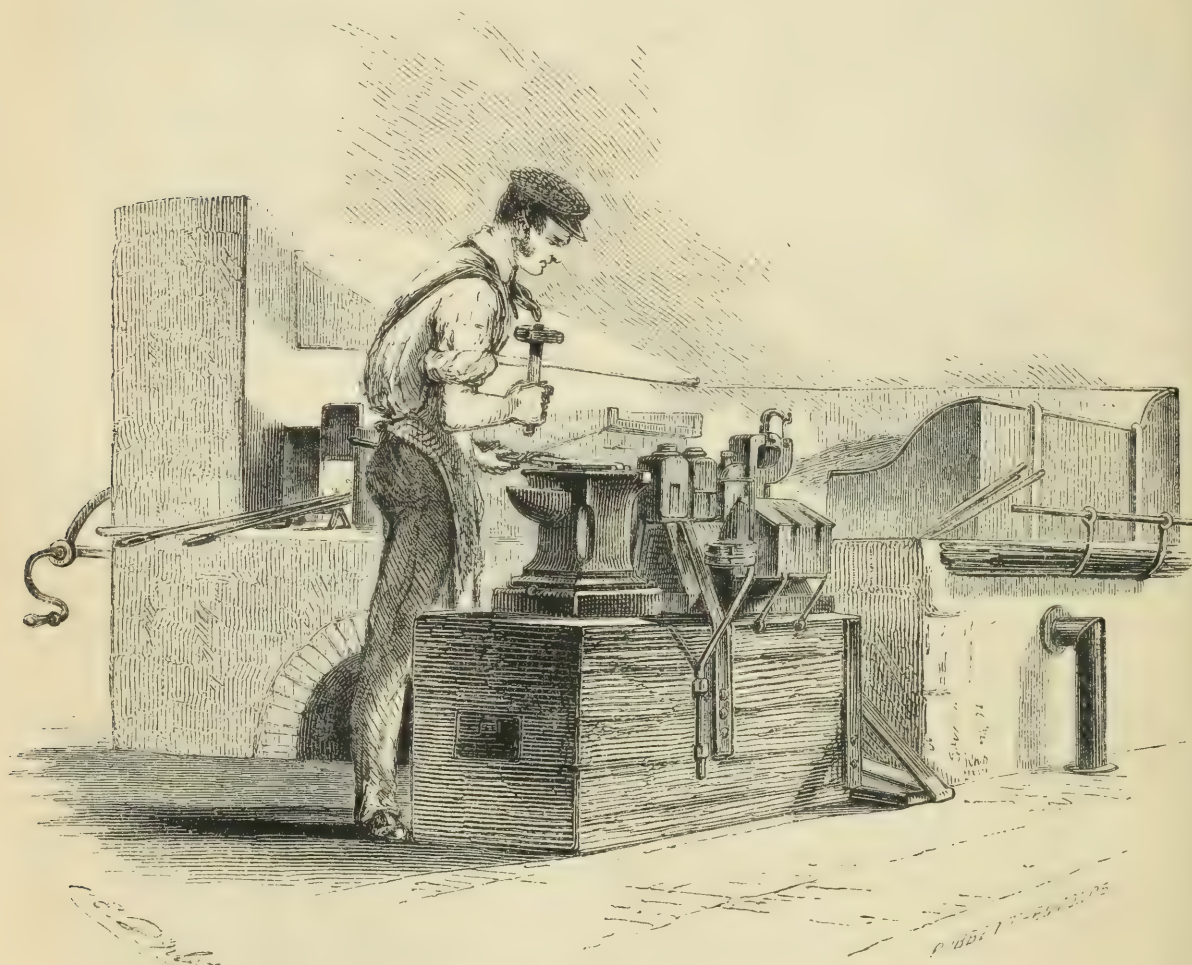
tempered too high it breaks ; if too low it bends. In either case it is condemned, and the workman through whose fault the failure has resulted is charged with the loss.

THE FORGING.

The number of pieces which are used in making up a musket is forty-nine, each of which has to be formed and finished separately. Of these there are only two—viz., the sight and what is called the *cone-seat*, a sort of process connected with the barrel—that are permanently attached to any other part ; so that the musket can at any time be separated into *forty-seven* parts, by simply turning screws, and opening springs, and then put together again as before. Most of these parts are such that they are formed in the first instance by being forged or rather *swedged*, and are afterward trimmed and finished in lathes,

and milling engines, or by means of files. *Swedging*, as it is called, is the forming of irregular shapes in iron by means of dies of a certain kind, called swedges, one of which is inserted in the anvil, in a cavity made for the purpose, and the other is placed above it. Cavities are cut in the faces of the swedges, so that when they are brought together, with the end of the iron rod out of which the article to be formed between them, the iron is made to assume the form of the cavities by means of blows of the hammer upon the upper swedge. In this way shapes are easily and rapidly fashioned, which it would be impossible to produce by blows directed immediately upon the iron.

The shop where this swedging work is done at the Armory contains a great number of forges, one only of which however is fully represented



THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

in the engraving. The apparatus connected with these forges, differing in each according to the particular operation for which each is intended, is far too complicated to be described in this connection. It can only be fully understood when seen in actual operation under the hands of the workman. The visitor however who has the opportunity to see it thus, lingers long before each separate forge, pleased with the ingenuity of the contrivances which he witnesses, and admiring the wonderful dexterity of the workman. There is no appearance of bellows at any of

these works. The air is supplied to the fires by pipes ascending through the floor from a *fan blower*, as it is called, worked by machinery arranged for the purpose below.

THE STOCKING SHOP.

The Stocking Shop, so called, is the department in which the *stocks* to which the barrel and the lock are to be attached, are formed and finished. The wood used for gun stocks in this country is the black walnut, and as this wood requires to be seasoned some years before it is used, an immense store of it is kept on hand at

the Armory—sufficient in fact for four years' consumption. The building in which this material is stored may be seen on the right hand side in the general view placed at the head of this article. It stands off from the square, and behind the other buildings. The operations conducted in the stocking shop are exceedingly attractive to all who visit the establishment. In fact it happens here as it often does in similar cases, that that which it is most interesting to witness is the least interesting to be described. The reason is that the charm in these processes consists in the high perfection and finish of the machines, in the smoothness, grace, and rapidity of their motions, and in the seemingly miraculous character of the performances which they execute. Of such things no mere description can convey any adequate idea. They must be seen to be at all appreciated.

A gun stock, with all the innumerable cavities, grooves, perforations, and recesses necessary to be made in it, to receive the barrel, the lock, the bands, the ramrod, and the numerous pins and screws, all of which require a separate and peculiar modification of its form, is perhaps as irregular a shape as the ingenuity of man could devise—and as well calculated as any shape could possibly be to bid defiance to every attempt at applying machinery to the work of fashioning it. The difficulties however in the way of such an attempt, insurmountable as they would at first sight seem, have all been overcome, and every part of the stock is formed, and every perforation, groove, cavity, and socket is cut in it by machines that do their work with a beauty, a grace, and a perfection, which awaken in all who witness the process, a feeling of astonishment and delight.

The general principle on which this machinery operates, in doing its work, may perhaps be made intelligible to the reader by description. The action is regulated by what are called *patterns*. These patterns are models in iron of the various surfaces of the stock which it is intended to form. Let us suppose, for example, that the large cavity intended to receive the lock is to be cut. The stock on which the operation is to be performed is placed in its bed in the machine, and over it, pendant from a certain movable frame-work of polished steel above, is the cutting tool, a sort of bit or borer, which is to do the work. This borer is made to revolve with immense velocity, and is at the same time susceptible of various other motions at the pleasure of the workman. It may be brought down upon the work, and moved there from side to side, so as to cut out a cavity of any required shape; and such is the mechanism of the machine that these vertical and lateral motions may be made very freely without at all interfering with the swift rotation on which the cutting power of the tool depends. This is effected by causing the tool to revolve by means of small machinery within its frame, while the frame and all within it moves together, in the vertical and lateral motions.

Now if this were all, it is plain that the cutting of the cavity in the stock would depend upon the action of the workman, and the form given to it would be determined by the manner in which he should guide the tool in its lateral motions, and by the depth to which he should depress it. But this is not all. At a little distance from the cutter, and parallel to it is another descending rod, which is called the guide; and this guide is so connected with the cutting tool, by means of a very complicated and ingenious machinery, that the latter is governed rigidly and exactly in all its movements by the motion of the former. Now there is placed immediately beneath the guide, what is called the pattern, that is a cavity in a block of iron of precisely the form and size which it is intended to give to the cavity in the wooden stock. All that the workman has to do therefore, when the machine is put in motion is to bring the guide down into the pattern and move it about the circumference and through the centre of it. The cutting tool imitating precisely the motions of the guide, enters the wood, and cutting its way in the most perfect manner and with incredible rapidity, forms an exact duplicate of the cavity in the pattern. The theory of this operation is sufficiently curious and striking—but the wonder excited by it is infinitely enhanced by seeing the work done. It is on this principle substantially that all the machines of the Stocking Shop are constructed; every separate recess, perforation, or groove of the piece requiring of course its own separate mechanism. The stocks are passed from one of these engines to another in rapid succession, and come out at last, each one the perfect facsimile of its fellow.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

We have said that the number of separate parts which go to compose a musket is forty-nine; but this by no means denotes the number of distinct operations required in the manufacture of it—for almost every one of these forty-nine parts is subject to many distinct operations, each of which has its own name, is assigned to its own separate workman, and is paid for distinctly and by itself, according to the price put upon it in the general tariff of wages. The number of operations thus separately named, catalogued and priced, is *three hundred and ninety-six*.

These operations are entirely distinct from one another—each constituting, as it were, in some sense a distinct trade, so that it might be quite possible that no one man in the whole establishment should know how to perform any two of them. It is quite certain, in fact, that no man can perform any considerable number of them. They are of very various grades in respect to character and price—from the welding of the barrel which is in some points of view the highest and most responsible of all, down to the cutting out of pins and screws of the most insignificant character. They are all however regularly rated, and the work that is performed upon them is paid for by the piece.

ASSEMBLING THE MUSKET.

When the several parts are all finished, the operation of putting them together so as to make up the musket from them complete, is called "assembling the musket." The workman who performs this function has all the various parts before him at his bench, arranged in boxes and compartments, in regular order, and taking one component from this place, and another from that, he proceeds to put the com-



ASSEMBLING THE MUSKET

plicated piece of mechanism together. His bench is fitted up expressly for the work which he is to perform upon it, with a vice to hold without marring, and rests to support without confining, and every other convenience and facility which experience and ingenuity can suggest. With these helps, and by means of the dexterity which continued practice gives him, he performs the work in a manner so adroit and rapid, as to excite the wonder of every beholder. In fact it is always a pleasure to see any thing done that is done with grace and dexterity, and this is a pleasure which the visitor to the Armory has an opportunity to enjoy at almost every turn.

The component parts of the musket are all made according to one precise pattern, and thus when taken up at random they are sure to come properly together. There is no individual fitting required in each particular case. Any barrel will fit into any stock, and a screw designed for a particular plate or band, will enter the proper hole in any plate or band of a hundred thousand. There are many advantages which result from this precise conformity to an established pattern in the components of the musket. In the first place the work of manufacturing it is more easily performed in this way. It is always the tendency of machinery to produce similarity in its results, and thus although where only two things are to be made it is very difficult to get them alike, the case is very different where there is a call for two hundred thousand. In this last case it is far easier and cheaper to have them alike than to have them different; for in manufacturing on such a scale a machinery is employed, which results in fashioning

every one of its products on the precise model to which the inventor adapted the construction of it. Then, besides, a great convenience and economy results from this identity of form in the component parts of the musket, when the arms are employed in service. Spare screws, locks, bands, springs, &c., can be furnished in quantities, and sent to any remote part of the country wherever they are required; so that when any part of a soldier's gun becomes injured or broken, its place can be immediately supplied by a new piece, which is sure to fit as perfectly into the vacancy as the original occupant. Even after a battle there is nothing to prevent the surviving soldiers from making up themselves, out of a hundred broken and dismantled muskets, fifty good ones as complete and sound as ever, by rejecting what is damaged, and assembling the uninjured parts anew.

To facilitate such operations as these the mechanism by which the various parts of the musket are attached to each other and secured in their places, is studiously contrived with a view to facilitating in the highest degree the taking of them apart, and putting them together. Each soldier to whom a musket is served is provided with a little tool, which, though very simple in its construction, consists of several parts and is adapted to the performance of several functions. With the assistance of this tool the soldier sitting on the bank by the roadside, at a pause in the middle of his march, if the regulations of the service would allow him to do so, might separate his gun into its forty-seven components, and spread the parts out upon the grass around him. Then if any part was doubtful he could examine it. If any was broken he could replace it—and after having finished his inspection he could reconstruct the mechanism, and march on as before.

It results from this system that to make any change, however slight, in the pattern of the musket or in the form of any of the parts of it, is attended with great difficulty and expense. The fashion and form of every one of the component portions of the arm, are very exactly and rigidly determined by the machinery that is employed in making it, and any alteration, however apparently insignificant, would require a change in this machinery. It becomes necessary, therefore, that the precise pattern both of the whole musket and of all of its parts, once fixed, should remain permanently the same.

The most costly of the parts which lie before the workman in assembling the musket is the barrel. The value of it complete is three dollars. From the barrel we go down by a gradually descending scale to the piece of smallest value, which is a little wire called the ramrod spring wire—the value of which is only one mill; that is the workman is paid only one dollar a thousand for the manufacture of it. The time expended in assembling a musket is about ten minutes, and the price paid for the work is four cents.

THE ARSENAL.

The New Arsenal, which has already been alluded to in the description of the general view

of the Arsenal grounds, is a very stately edifice. It is two hundred feet long, seventy feet wide, and fifty feet high. It is divided into three



THE NEW ARSENAL.

stories, each of which is calculated to contain one hundred thousand muskets, making three hundred thousand in all. The muskets when stored in this arsenal are arranged in racks set up for the purpose along the immense halls, where they stand upright in rows, with the glittering bayonets shooting up, as it were, above. The visitors who go into the arsenal walk up and down the aisles which separate the ranges of racks, admiring the symmetry and splendor of the display.

The Arsenal has another charm for visitors besides the beauty of the spectacle which the interior presents—and that is the magnificent

panorama of the surrounding country, which is seen from the summit of the tower. This tower, which occupies the centre of the building, is about ninety feet high—and as it is about thirty feet square, the deck at the top furnishes space for a large party of visitors to stand and survey the surrounding country. Nothing can be imagined more enchanting than the view presented from this position in the month of June. The Armory grounds upon one side, and the streets of the town upon the other lie, as it were, at the feet of the spectator, while in the distance the broad and luxuriant valley of the Connecticut is spread out to view, with its villages, its fields.

its groves, its bridges, its winding railways, and its serpentine and beautiful streams.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE ARMORY.

The manufacture of muskets being a work that pertains in some sense to the operations of the army, should be, for that reason, under *military* rule. On the other hand, inasmuch as it is wholly a work of mechanical and peaceful

industry, a *civil* administration would seem to be most appropriate for it. There is, in fact, a standing dispute on this subject both in relation to the Armory at Springfield and to that at Harper's Ferry, among those interested in the establishments, and it is a dispute which, perhaps, will never be finally settled. The Springfield Armory is at this time under military rule—the



QUARTERS OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER.

present commanding officer, Colonel Ripley, having been put in charge of it about ten years ago, previous to which time it was under civil superintendence. At the time of Col. Ripley's appointment the works, as is universally acknowledged, were in a very imperfect condition,

compared with their present state. On entering upon the duties of his office, the new incumbent engaged in the work of improvement with great resolution and energy, and after contending for several years with the usual obstacles and difficulties which men have to encounter in efforts

at progress and reform, he succeeded in bringing the establishment up to a state of very high perfection; and now the order, the system, the neatness, the almost military exactness and decorum which pervade every department of the works are the theme of universal admiration. The grounds are kept in the most perfect condition—the shops are bright and cheerful, the walls and floors are every where neat and clean, the machinery and tools are perfect, and are all symmetrically and admirably arranged, while the workmen are well dressed, and are characterized by an air of manliness, intelligence, and thrift, that suggests to the mind of the visitor the idea of amateur mechanics, working with beautiful tools, for pleasure.

And yet the men at first complained, sometimes, of the stringency of rules and regulations required to produce these results. These rules are still in force, though now they are very generally acquiesced in. No newspapers of any kind can be taken into the shops, no tobacco or intoxicating drinks can be used there, no unnecessary conversation is allowed, and the regulations in respect to hours of attendance, and to responsibility for damaged work are very definite and strict. But even if the workmen should be disposed in any case to complain of the stringency of these requirements, they can not but be proud of the result; for they take a very evident pleasure in the gratification which every visitor manifests in witnessing the system, the order, the neatness, and the precision that every where prevail.

Nothing can be more admirably planned, or more completely and precisely executed than the system of accounts kept at the offices, by which not only every pecuniary transaction, but also, as would seem, almost every mechanical operation or act that takes place throughout the establishment is made a matter of record. Thus every thing is checked and regulated. No piece, large or small, can be lost from among its hundreds of fellows without being missed somewhere in some column of figures—and the whole history of every workman's doings, and of every piece of work done, is to be found recorded. Ask the master-armorer any questions whatever about the workings of the establishment, whether relating to the minutest detail, or to most comprehensive and general results, and he takes down a book and shows you the answer in some column or table.

After all, however, this neatness, precision, and elegance in the appearance and in the daily workings of an establishment like this, though very agreeable to the eye of the observer, constitute a test of only secondary importance in respect to the actual character of the administration that governs it. To judge properly on this point, the thing to be looked at is the actual and substantial results that are obtained. The manufacture of muskets is the great function of the Armory, and not the exhibition of beautiful workshops, and curious processes in mechanics for the entertainment of visitors. When we in-

quire, however, into the present arrangement of this establishment, in this point of view, the conclusion seems to be still more decidedly in its favor than in the other. The cost of manufacturing each musket immediately before the commencement of the term of the present commander was about seventeen dollars and a half. During the past year it has been eight dollars and three quarters, and yet the men are paid better wages now per day, or, rather, they are paid at such rates for their work, that they can earn more now per day, than then. The saving has thus not been at all made from the pay of the workmen, but wholly from the introduction of new and improved modes of manufacture, better machines, a superior degree of order, system, and economy in every department, and other similar causes. How far the improvements which have thus been made are due to the intrinsic qualities of military government, and how far to the personal efficiency of the officer in this case intrusted with the administration of it, it might be somewhat difficult to decide.

In fact, when judging of the advancement made during a period of ten years, in an establishment of this kind, at the present age of the world, some considerable portion of the improvement that is manifested is due, doubtless, to the operation of those causes which are producing a general progress in all the arts and functions of social life. The tendency of every thing is onward. Every where, and for all purposes, machinery is improving, materials are more and more easily procured, new facilities are discovered and new inventions are made, the results of which inure to the common benefit of all mankind. It is only so far as an establishment like the Armory advances at a more rapid rate than that of the general progress of the age, that any special credit is due to those who administer its affairs. It always seems, however, to strangers visiting the Armory and observing its condition, that these general causes will account for but a small portion of the results which have been attained in the management of it, during the past ten years.

CONCLUSION.

As was stated at the commencement of the article, it is only a small part of the hundreds of thousands of muskets manufactured, that are destined ever to be used. Some portion of the whole number are served out to the army, and are employed in Indian warfare, others are destined to arm garrisons in various fortresses and military posts, where they are never called to any other service than to figure in peaceful drillings and parades. Far the greater portion, however, are sent away to various parts of the country, to be stored in the national arsenals, where they lie, and are to lie, as we hope, forever, undisturbed, in the midst of scenes of rural beauty and continued peace. The flowers bloom and the birds sing unmolested around the silent and solitary depositories, where these terrible instruments of carnage and destruction unconsciously and forever repose.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

PEACE WITH ENGLAND.

IT was the first great object of Napoleon, immediately upon his accession to power, to reconcile France with Europe, and to make peace with all the world. France was weary of war. She needed repose, to recover from the turmoil of revolution. Napoleon, conscious of the necessities of France, was consecrating Herculean energies for the promotion of peace. The Directory, by oppressive acts, had excited the indignation of the United States. Napoleon, by a course of conciliation, immediately removed that hostility, and, but a short time before the treaty of Luneville, ratified a treaty of amity between France and the United States. The signature of this treaty was celebrated with great rejoicings at the beautiful country seat which Joseph, who in consequence of his marriage was richer than his brother, had purchased at Morfontaine. Napoleon, accompanied by a brilliant party, met the American commissioners there. The most elegant decorations within the mansion and in the gardens, represented France and America joined in friendly union. Napoleon presented the following toast: "The memory of the French and the Americans who died on the field of battle for the independence of the New World." Lebrun, the Second Consul, proposed, "The union of America with the Northern powers, to enforce respect for the liberty of the seas." Cambaceres gave for the third toast, "The successor of Washington." Thus did Napoleon endeavor to secure the friendship of the United States.

About this time Pope Pius VI. died, and the Cardinals met to choose his successor. The respect with which Napoleon had treated the Pope, and his kindness to the emigrant priests, during the first Italian campaign, presented so strong a contrast with the violence enjoined by the Directory, as to produce a profound impression upon the minds of the Pope and the Cardinals.

The Bishop of Imola was universally esteemed for his extensive learning, his gentle virtues, and his firm probity. Upon the occasion of the union of his diocese with the Cisalpine Republic, he preached a very celebrated sermon, in which he spoke of the conduct of the French in terms highly gratifying to the young conqueror. The power of Napoleon was now in the ascendant. It was deemed important to conciliate his favor. "It is from France," said Cardinal Gonsalvi, "that persecutions have come upon us for the last ten years. It is from France, perhaps, that we shall derive aid and consolation for the future. A very extraordinary young man, one very difficult as yet to judge, holds dominion there at the present day. His influence will soon be paramount in Italy. Remember that he protected the priests in 1797. He has recently conferred funeral honors upon Pius VI." These

were words of deep foresight. They were appreciated by the sagacious Cardinals. To conciliate the favor of Napoleon, the Bishop of Imola was elected to the pontifical chair as Pope Pius VII.

Naples had been most perfidious in its hostility to France. The Queen of Naples was a proud daughter of Maria Theresa, and sister of the Emperor of Austria and of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. She surely must not be too severely condemned for execrating a revolution which had consigned her sister to the dungeon and to the guillotine. Naples, deprived of Austrian aid, was powerless. She trembled under apprehension of the vengeance of Napoleon. The King of Austria could no longer render his sister any assistance. She adopted the decisive and romantic expedient of proceeding in person, notwithstanding the rigor of the approaching winter, to St. Petersburg, to implore the intercession of the Emperor Paul. The eccentric monarch, flattered by the supplication of the beautiful queen, immediately espoused her cause, and dispatched a messenger to Napoleon, soliciting him, as a personal favor, to deal gently with Naples. The occurrence was, of course, a triumph and a gratification to Napoleon. Most promptly and courteously he responded to the appeal. It was indeed his constant study at this time, to arrest the further progress of the revolution, to establish the interests of France upon a basis of order and of law, and to conciliate the surrounding monarchies, by proving to them that he had no disposition to revolutionize their realms. A word from him would have driven the King and Queen of Naples into exile, and would have converted their kingdom into a republic. But Napoleon refused to utter that word, and sustained the King of Naples upon his throne.

The Duke of Parma, brother of the King of Spain, had, through the intercession of Napoleon, obtained the exchange of his duchy, for the beautiful province of Tuscany. The First Consul had also erected Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, containing about one million of inhabitants. The old duke, a bigoted prince, inimical to all reform, had married his son (a feeble, frivolous young man) to the daughter of his brother, the King of Spain. The kingdom of Etruria was intended for this youthful pair. Napoleon, as yet but thirty years of age, thus found himself forming kingdoms and creating kings. The young couple were in haste to ascend the throne. They could not, however, do this until the Duke of Parma should die or abdicate. The unaccommodating old duke refused to do either. Napoleon, desirous of producing a moral impression in Paris, was anxious to crown them. He therefore allowed the duke to retain Parma until his death, that his son might be placed upon the throne of Etruria. He wished to exhibit the spectacle, in the regicide metropolis of France, of a king created and enthroned by France. Thus he hoped to diminish the antipathy to kings, and to prepare the way for that restoration of the monarchical power which he

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

contemplated. He would also thus conciliate monarchical Europe, by proving that he had no design of overthrowing every kingly throne. It was indeed adroitly done. He required, therefore, the youthful princes to come to Paris, to accept the crown from his hands, as in ancient Rome vassal monarchs received the sceptre from the Cæsars. The young candidates for monarchy left Madrid, and repaired to the Tuileries, to be placed upon the throne by the First Consul. This measure had two aspects, each exceedingly striking. It frowned upon the hostility of the people to royalty, and it silenced the clamor against France, as seeking to spread democracy over the ruins of all thrones. It also proudly said, in tones which must have been excessively annoying to the haughty legitimists of Europe, "You kings must be childlike and humble. You see that I can create such beings as you are." Napoleon, conscious that his glory elevated him far above the ancient dynasty, whose station he occupied, was happy to receive the young princes with pomp and splendor. The versatile Parisians, ever delighted with novelty, forgot the twelve years of bloody revolutions, which had overturned so many thrones, and recognizing, in this strange spectacle, the fruits of their victories, and the triumph of their cause, shouted most enthusiastically, "Long live the king!" The royalists, on the other hand, chagrined and sullen, answered passionately, "Down with kings!" Strange reverse! yet how natural! Each party must have been surprised and bewildered at its own novel position. In settling the etiquette of this visit, it was decided that the young princes should call first upon Napoleon, and that he should return their call the next day. The First Consul, at the head of his brilliant military staff, received the young monarch with parental kindness and with the most delicate attentions, yet with the universally recognized superiorities of power and glory. The princes were entertained at the magnificent chateau of Talleyrand at Neuilly, with most brilliant festivals and illuminations. For a month the capital presented a scene of most gorgeous spectacles. Napoleon, too entirely engrossed with the cares of empire to devote much time to these amusements, assigned the entertainment of his guests to his ministers. Nevertheless he endeavored to give some advice to the young couple about to reign over Etruria. He was much struck with the weakness of the prince, who cherished no sense of responsibility, and was entirely devoted to trivial pleasures. He was exceedingly interested in the mysteries of cotillions, of leap-frog, and of hide-and-go-seek—and was ever thus trifling with the courtiers. Napoleon saw that he was perfectly incapable of governing, and said to one of his ministers, "You perceive that they are princes, descended from an ancient line. How can the reins of government be intrusted to such hands? But it was well to show to France this specimen of the Bourbons. She can judge if these ancient dynasties are equal to the difficulties of an age like ours." As the young king

left Paris for his dominions, Napoleon remarked to a friend, "Rome need not be uneasy. There is no danger of *his* crossing the Rubicon." Napoleon sent one of his generals to Etruria with the royal pair, ostensibly as the minister of France, but in reality as the viceroy of the First Consul. The feeble monarch desired only the rank and splendor of a king, and was glad to be released from the *cares* of empire. Of all the proud acts performed by Napoleon during his extraordinary career, this creation of the Etruscan king, when viewed in all its aspects, was perhaps the proudest.

Madame de Montesson had become the guilty paramour of the Duke of Orleans, grandfather of Louis Phillipe. She was not at all ashamed of this relation, which was sanctioned by the licentiousness of the times. Proud even of this alliance with a prince of the blood, she fancied that it was her privilege, as the only relative of the royal line then in Paris, to pay to the King and Queen of Etruria such honors as they might be gratified in receiving from the remains of the old court society. She therefore made a brilliant party, inviting all the returned emigrants of illustrious birth. She even had the boldness to invite the family of the First Consul, and the distinguished persons of his suite. The invitation was concealed from Napoleon, as his determination to frown upon all immorality was well known. The next morning Napoleon heard of the occurrence, and severely reprimanded those of his suite who had attended the party, dwelling with great warmth upon the impropriety of countenancing vice in high places. Savary, who attended the party, and shared in the reprimand, says, that Madame de Montesson would have been severely punished had it not been for the intervention of Josephine, who was ever ready to plead for mercy.

Napoleon having made peace with continental Europe, now turned his attention earnestly to England, that he might compel that unrelenting antagonist to lay down her arms. "France," said he, "will not reap all the blessings of a pacification, until she shall have a peace with England. But a sort of delirium has seized on that government, which now holds nothing sacred. Its conduct is unjust, not only toward the French people, but toward all the other powers of the Continent. And when governments are not just their authority is short-lived. All the continental powers must force England to fall back into the track of moderation, of equity, and of reason." Notwithstanding this state of hostilities it is pleasant to witness the interchange of the courtesy of letters. Early in January of 1801, Napoleon sent some very valuable works, magnificently bound, as a present to the Royal Society of London. A complimentary letter accompanied the present, signed—BONAPARTE, *President of the National Institute, and First Consul of France*. As a significant intimation of his principles, there was on the letter a finely-executed vignette, representing Liberty sailing on the ocean in an open shell, with the following motto:

"LIBERTY OF THE SEAS."

England claimed the right of visiting and searching merchant ships, to whatever nation belonging, whatever the cargoes, wherever the destination. For any resistance of this right, she enforced the penalty of the confiscation of both ship and cargo. She asserted that nothing was necessary to constitute a blockade but to announce the fact, and to station a vessel to cruise before a blockaded port. Thus all the nations of the world were forbidden by England to approach a port of France. The English government strenuously contended that these principles were in accordance with the established regulations of maritime law. The neutral powers, on the other hand, affirmed that these demands were an usurpation on the part of England, founded on power, unsanctioned by the usages of nations, or by the principles of maritime jurisprudence. "Free ships," said they, "make free goods. The flag covers the merchandise. A port is to be considered blockaded only when such a force is stationed at its mouth as renders it dangerous to enter."

Under these circumstances, it was not very difficult for Napoleon to turn the arms of the united world against his most powerful foe. England had allied all the powers of Europe against France. Now Napoleon combined them all in friendly alliance with him, and directed their energies against his unyielding and unintimidated assailant. England was mistress of the seas. Upon that element she was more powerful than all Europe united. It was one great object of the British ministry to prevent any European power from becoming the maritime rival of England. Napoleon, as he cast his eye over his magnificent empire of forty millions of inhabitants, and surveyed his invincible armies, was excessively annoyed that the fifteen millions of people, crowded into the little island of England, should have undisputed dominion over the whole wide world of waters. The English have ever been respected, above all other nations, for wealth, power, courage, intelligence, and all stern virtues; but they never have been beloved. The English nation is at the present moment the most powerful, the most respected, and the most unpopular upon the surface of the globe. Providence deals in compensations. It is perhaps unreasonable to expect that all the virtues should be centred in one people. "When," exclaimed Napoleon, "will the French exchange their vanity for a little pride?" It may be rejoined, "When will the English lay aside their pride for a little vanity—that perhaps more ignoble, but certainly better-natured foible?" England, abandoned by all her allies, continued the war, apparently because her pride revolted at the idea of being conquered into a peace. And in truth England had not been vanquished at all. Her fleets were every where triumphant. The blows of Napoleon, which fell with such terrible severity upon her allies, could not reach her floating batteries. The genius of Napoleon overshadowed the land. The genius of Pitt swept the seas. The commerce of France was entirely annihilated. The English navy, in

the utter destitution of nobler game, even pursued poor French fishermen, and took away their haddock and their cod. The verdict of history will probably pronounce that this was at least a less magnificent rapacity than to despoil regal and ducal galleries of the statues of Phidias and the cartoons of Raphael.

England declared France to be in a state of blockade, and forbade all the rest of the world from having any commercial intercourse with her. Her invincible fleet swept all seas. Wherever an English frigate encountered any merchant ship, belonging to whatever nation, a shot was fired across her bows as a very emphatic command to stop. If the command was unheeded a broadside followed, and the peaceful merchantman became lawful prize. If the vessel stopped, a boat was launched from the frigate, a young lieutenant ascended the sides of the merchantman, demanded of the captain the papers, and searched the ship. If he found on board any goods which *he judged* to belong to France, he took them away. If he could find any goods which he could consider as munitions of war, and which in his judgment the ship was conveying to France, the merchantman, with all its contents was confiscated. Young lieutenants in the navy are not proverbial for wasting many words in compliments. They were often overbearing and insolent. England contended that these were the established principles of maritime law. All the nations of Europe, now at peace with France, excessively annoyed at this *right of search*, which was rigorously enforced, declared it to be an intolerable usurpation on the part of England. Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, France, and Spain united in a great confederacy to resist these demands of the proud monarch of the seas. The genius of Napoleon formed this grand coalition. Paul of Russia, now a most enthusiastic admirer of the First Consul, entered into it with all his soul. England soon found herself single-handed against the world in arms. With sublime energy the British ministry collected their strength for the conflict. Murmurs, however, and remonstrances loud and deep pervaded all England. The opposition roused itself to new vigor. The government, in the prosecution of this war, had already involved the nation in a debt of millions upon millions. But the pride of the English government was aroused. "What! make peace upon compulsion!" England was conscious of her maritime power, and feared not the hostility of the world. And the world presented a wide field from which to collect remuneration for her losses. She swept the ocean triumphantly. The colonies of the allies dropped into her hand, like fruit from the overladen bough. Immediately upon the formation of this confederacy, England issued an embargo upon every vessel belonging to the allied powers, and also orders were issued for the immediate capture of any merchant vessels, belonging to these powers, wherever they could be found. The ocean instantly swarmed with English privateersmen.

Her navy was active every where. There had been no proclamation of war issued. The merchants of Europe were entirely unsuspecting of any such calamity. Their ships were all exposed. By thousands they were swept into the ports of England. More than half of the ships, belonging to the northern powers, then at sea, were captured.

Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, had a large armament in the Baltic. A powerful English fleet was sent for its destruction. The terrible energies of Nelson, so resplendent at Aboukir, were still more resplendent at Copenhagen. A terrific conflict ensued. The capital of Denmark was filled with weeping and woe, for thousands of her most noble sons, the young and the joyous, were weltering in blood. "I have been," said Nelson, "in above a hundred engagements; but that of Copenhagen was the most terrible of them all."

In the midst of this terrific cannonade, Nelson was rapidly walking the quarter-deck, which was slippery with blood and covered with the dead, who could not be removed as fast as they fell. A heavy shot struck the main-mast, scattering the splinters in every direction. He looked upon the devastation around him, and, sternly smiling, said, "This is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us in a moment. But mark me, I would not be elsewhere for thousands." This was heroic, but it was not noble. It was the love of war, not the love of humanity. It was the spirit of an Indian chieftain, not the spirit of a Christian Washington. The commander-in-chief of the squadron, seeing the appalling carnage, hung out the signal for discontinuing the action. Nelson was for a moment deeply agitated, and then exclaimed to a companion, "I have but one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes." Then, putting the glass to his blind eye, he said, "I really don't see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle still flying. That is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." The human mind is so constituted that it must admire heroism. That sentiment is implanted in every generous breast for some good purpose. Welmoes, a gallant young Dane, but seventeen years of age, stationed himself on a small raft, carrying six guns with twenty-four men, directly under the bows of Nelson's ship. The unprotected raft was swept by an incessant storm of bullets from the English marines. Knee deep in the dead this fearless stripling continued to keep up his fire to the close of the conflict. The next day, Nelson met him at a repast at the palace. Admiring the gallantry of his youthful enemy, he embraced him with enthusiasm, exclaiming to the Crown Prince, "He deserves to be made an admiral." "Were I to make all my brave officers admirals," replied the Prince, "I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

By this battle the power of the confederacy was broken. At the same time, the Emperor Paul was assassinated in his palace, by his nobles, and Alexander, his son, ascended the

throne. When Napoleon heard of the death of Paul, it is said that he gave utterance, for the first time in his life, to that irreverent expression, "Mon Dieu" (*My God*), which is ever upon the lips of every Frenchman. He regarded his death as a great calamity to France and to the world. The eccentricities of the Emperor amounted almost to madness. But his enthusiastic admiration for Napoleon united France and Russia in a close alliance.

The nobles of Russia were much displeased with the democratic equality which Napoleon was sustaining in France. They plotted the destruction of the king, and raised Alexander to the throne, pledged to a different policy. The young monarch immediately withdrew from the maritime confederacy, and entered into a treaty of peace with England. These events apparently so disastrous to the interests of France, were on the contrary highly conducive to the termination of the war. The English people, weary of the interminable strife, and disgusted with the oceans of blood which had been shed, more and more clamorously demanded peace. And England could now make peace without the mortification of her pride.

Napoleon was extremely vigilant in sending succor to the army in Egypt. He deemed it very essential in order to promote the maritime greatness of France, that Egypt should be retained as a colony. His pride was also enlisted in proving to the world that he had not transported forty-six thousand soldiers to Egypt in vain. Vessels of every description, ships of war, merchantmen, dispatch-boats, sailed almost daily from the various ports of Holland, France, Spain, Italy, and even from the coast of Barbary, laden with provisions, European goods, wines, munitions of war, and each taking a file of French newspapers. Many of these vessels were captured. Others, however, escaped the vigilance of the cruisers, and gave to the colony most gratifying proof of the interest which the First Consul took in its welfare. While Napoleon was thus daily endeavoring to send partial relief to the army in Egypt, he was at the same time preparing a vast expedition to convey thither a powerful reinforcement of troops and materials of war. Napoleon assembled this squadron at Brest, ostensibly destined for St. Domingo. He selected seven of the fastest sailing ships, placed on board of them five thousand men and an ample supply of all those stores most needed in Egypt. He ordered that each vessel should contain a complete assortment of every individual article, prepared for the colony, so that in the event of one vessel being captured, the colony would not be destitute of the precise article which that vessel might otherwise have contained. He also, in several other places, formed similar expeditions, hoping thus to distract the attention of England, and compel her to divide her forces to guard all exposed points. Taking advantage of this confusion, he was almost certain that some of the vessels would reach Egypt. The plan would have been triumphantly success-

ful, as subsequent events proved, had the naval commanders obeyed the instructions of Napoleon. A curious instance now occurred, of what may be called the despotism of the First Consul. And yet it is not strange that the French people should, under the peculiar circumstances, have respected and loved such despotism. The following order was issued to the Minister of Police: "Citizen Minister—Have the goodness to address a short circular to the editors of the fourteen journals, forbidding the insertion of any article, calculated to afford the enemy the slightest clew to the different movements which are taking place in our squadrons, unless the intelligence be derived from the official journal." Napoleon had previously through the regularly constituted tribunals, suppressed all the journals in Paris, but fourteen. The world has often wondered why France so readily yielded to the despotism of Napoleon. It was because the French were convinced that dictatorial power was essential to the successful prosecution of the war; and that each act of Napoleon was dictated by the most wise and sincere patriotism. They were willing to sacrifice the liberty of the press, that they might obtain victory over their enemies.

The condition of England was now truly alarming. Nearly all the civilized world was in arms against her. Her harvests had been cut off, and a frightful famine ravaged the land. The starving people were rising in different parts of the kingdom, pillaging the magnificent country seats of the English aristocracy, and sweeping in riotous mobs through the cities. The masses in England and in Ireland, wretchedly perishing of hunger, clamored loudly against Pitt. They alleged that he was the cause of all their calamities—that he had burdened the nation with an enormous debt and with insupportable taxes—that by refusing peace with France, he had drawn all the continental powers into hostility with England, and thus had deprived the people of that food from the Continent which was now indispensable for the support of life. The opposition, seeing the power of Pitt shaken, redoubled their blows. Fox, Tiernay, Grey, Sheridan, and Holland renewed their attacks with all the ardor of anticipated success. "Why," said they, "did you not make peace with France, when the First Consul proposed it before the battle of Marengo? Why did you not consent to peace, when it was again proposed after that battle? Why did you refuse consent to separate negotiation, when Napoleon was willing to enter into such without demanding the cessation of hostilities by sea?" They contrasted the distress of England with the prosperity of France. "France," said they, "admirably governed, is at peace with Europe. In the eyes of the world, she appears humane, wise, tranquil, evincing the most exemplary moderation after all her victories." With bitter irony they exclaimed, "What have you now to say of this young Bonaparte, of this rash youth who, according to the ministerial language, was only doomed to enjoy

a brief existence, like his predecessors, so ephemeral, that it did not entitle him to be treated with?"

Pitt was disconcerted by the number of his enemies, and by the clamors of a famishing people. His proud spirit revolted at the idea of changing his course. He could only reiterate his argument, that if he had not made war against revolutionary France, England would also have been revolutionized. There is an aspect of moral sublimity in the firmness with which this distinguished minister breasted a world in arms. "As to the demand of the neutral powers," said he, "we must envelop ourselves in our flag, and proudly find our grave in the deep, rather than admit the validity of such principles in the maritime code of nations." Though Pitt still retained his numerical majority in the Parliament, the masses of the people were turning with great power against him, and he felt that his position was materially weakened. Under these circumstances, Pitt, idolized by the aristocracy, execrated by the democracy, took occasion to send in his resignation. The impression seemed to be universal, that the distinguished minister, perceiving that peace must be made with France, temporarily retired, that it might be brought about by others, rather than by himself. He caused himself, however, to be succeeded by Mr. Addington, a man of no distinguished note, but entirely under his influence. The feeble intellect of the King of England, though he was one of the most worthy and conscientious of men, was unequal to these political storms. A renewed attack of insanity incapacitated him for the functions of royalty. Mr. Pitt, who had been prime minister for seventeen years, became by this event virtually the king of England, and Mr. Addington was his minister.

Napoleon now announced to the world his determination to struggle hand to hand with England, until he had compelled that government to cease to make war against France. Conscious of the naval superiority of his foes, he avowed his resolve to cross the channel with a powerful army, march directly upon London, and thus compel the cabinet of St. James's to make peace. It was a desperate enterprise; so desperate that to the present day it is doubted whether Napoleon ever seriously contemplated carrying it into effect. It was, however, the only measure Napoleon could now adopt. The naval superiority of England was so undeniable, that a maritime war was hopeless. Nelson, in command of the fleet of the channel, would not allow even a fishing boat to creep out from a French cove. Napoleon was very desirous of securing in his favor the popular opinion of England, and the sympathies of the whole European public. He prepared with his own hand many articles for the "Moniteur," which were models of eloquent and urgent polemics, and which elicited admiration from readers in all countries. He wrote in the most respectful and complimentary terms of the new English ministry, representing them as intelligent, upright, and well-intentioned men.

He endeavored to assure Europe of the unambitious desires of France, and contrasted her readiness to relinquish the conquests which she had made, with the eager grasp with which the English held their enormous acquisitions in India, and in the islands of the sea. With the utmost delicacy, to avoid offending the pride of Britain, he affirmed that a descent upon England would be his last resource, that he fully appreciated the bravery and the power of the English, and the desperate risks which he should encounter in such an undertaking. But he declared that there was no other alternative left to him, and that if the English ministers were resolved that the war should not be brought to a close, but by the destruction of one of the two nations, there was not a Frenchman who would not make the most desperate efforts to terminate this cruel quarrel to the glory of France. "But why," exclaimed he, in words singularly glowing and beautiful, but of melancholy import, "why place the question on this last resort? Wherefore not put an end to the sufferings of humanity? Wherefore risk in this manner the lot of two great nations? Happy are nations when, having arrived at high prosperity, they have wise governments, which care not to expose advantages so vast, to the caprices and vicissitudes of a single stroke of fortune." These most impressive papers, from the pen of the First Consul, remarkable for their vigorous logic and impassioned eloquence, produced a deep impression upon all minds. This conciliatory language was accompanied by the most serious demonstrations of force upon the shores of the Channel. One hundred thousand men were upon the coasts of France, in the vicinity of Boulogne, preparing for the threatened invasion. Boats without number were collected to transport the troops across the narrow channel. It was asserted that by taking advantage of a propitious moment immediately after a storm had scattered the English fleet, France could concentrate such a force as to obtain a temporary command of the channel, and the strait could be crossed by the invaders. England was aroused thoroughly, but not alarmed. The militia was disciplined, the whole island converted into a camp. Wagons were constructed for the transportation of troops to any threatened point. It is important that the reader should distinguish this first threat of invasion in 1801, from that far more powerful naval and military organization executed for the same purpose in 1804, and known under the name of the Camp of Boulogne.

Not a little uneasiness was felt in England respecting the temporary success of the great conqueror. Famine raged throughout the island. Business was at a stand. The taxes were enormous. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The mass of the English people admired the character of Napoleon; and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the government, regarded him as the foe of aristocracy and the friend of popular rights. Nelson, with an invincible armament, was triumphantly sweeping the Channel, and a

French gun-boat could not creep round a headland without encountering the vigilance of the energetic hero. Napoleon, in escaping from Egypt, had caught Nelson napping in a lady's lap. The greatest admirers of the naval hero, could not but smile, half-pleased that, under the guilty circumstances, he had met with the misadventure. He was anxious, by a stroke of romantic heroism, to obliterate this impression from the public mind. The vast flotilla of France, most thoroughly manned and armed under the eye of Napoleon, was anchored at Boulogne, in three divisions, in a line parallel to the shore. Just before the break of day on the 4th of August, the fleet of Nelson, in magnificent array, approached the French flotilla, and for sixteen hours rained down upon it a perfect tornado of balls and shells. The gun-boats were, however, chained to one another, and to the shore. He did not succeed in taking a single boat, and retired mortified at his discomfiture, and threatening to return in a few days to take revenge. The French were exceedingly elated that in a naval conflict they had avoided defeat. As they stood there merely upon self-defense, victory was out of the question.

The reappearance of Nelson was consequently daily expected, and the French, emboldened by success, prepared to give him a warm reception. Twelve days after, on the 16th of August, Nelson again appeared with a vastly increased force. In the darkness of the night he filled his boats with picked men, to undertake one of the most desperate enterprises on record. In four divisions, with muffled oars, this forlorn hope, in the silence of midnight, approached the French flotilla. The butchery, with swords, hatchets, bayonets, bullets, and hand grenades, was hideous. Both parties fought with perfect fury. No man seemed to have the slightest regard for limb or life. England was fighting for, she knew not what. The French were contending in self-defense. For four long hours of midnight gloom, the slaughter continued. Thousands perished. Just as the day was dawning upon the horrid scene the English retired, repulsed at every point, and confessing to a defeat. The result of these conflicts diminished the confidence of the English in Nelson's ability to destroy the preparations of Napoleon, and increased their apprehension that the French might be enabled by some chance, to carry the war of invasion to their own firesides.

"I was resolved," said Napoleon, afterward, "to renew, at Cherbourg, the wonders of Egypt. I had already raised in the sea my pyramid. I would also have had my Lake Mareotis. My great object was to concentrate all our maritime forces, and in time they would have been immense, in order to be able to deal out a grand stroke at the enemy. I was establishing my ground so as to bring the two nations, as it were, body to body. The ultimate issue could not be doubtful; for we had forty millions of French against fifteen millions of English. I would have terminated the strife by a battle of Actium."

One after another of the obstacles in the way of peace now gradually gave way. Overtures were made to Napoleon. He accepted the advances of England with the greatest eagerness and cordiality. "Peace," said he, "is easily brought about, if England desires it." On the evening of the 21st of October the preliminaries were signed in London. That very night a courier left England to convey the joyful intelligence to France. He arrived at Malmaison, the rural retreat of Napoleon, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. At that moment the three Consuls were holding a government council. The excitement of joy, in opening the dispatches, was intense. The Consuls ceased from their labors, and threw themselves into each other's arms in cordial embraces. Napoleon, laying aside all reserve, gave full utterance to the intense joy which filled his bosom. It was for him a proud accomplishment. In two years, by his genius and his indefatigable exertions he had restored internal order to France, and peace to the world. Still, even in this moment of triumph, his entire, never wavering devotion to the welfare of France, like a ruling passion strong even in death, rose above his exultation. "Now that we have made a treaty of peace with England," said Cambaceres, "we must make a treaty of commerce, and remove all subjects of dispute between the two countries." Napoleon promptly replied, "Not so fast! The political peace is made. So much the better. Let us enjoy it. As to a commercial peace we will make one, if we can. *But at no price will I sacrifice French industry.* I remember the misery of 1786." The news had been kept secret in London for twenty-four hours, that the joyful intelligence might be communicated in both capitals at the same time. The popular enthusiasm both in England and France bordered almost upon delirium. It was the repose of the Continent. It was general, universal peace. It was opening the world to the commerce of all nations. War spreads over continents the glooms of the world of woe; while peace illumines them with the radiance of Heaven. Illuminations blazed every where. Men, the most phlegmatic, met and embraced each other with tears. The people of England surrendered themselves to the most extraordinary transports of ardor. They loved the French. They adored the hero, the sage, the great pacificator, who governed France. The streets of London resounded with shouts, "Long live Bonaparte." Every stage-coach which ran from London, bore triumphant banners, upon which were inscribed, *Peace with France.* The populace of London rushed to the house of the French negotiator. He had just entered his carriage to visit Lord Hawkesbury, to exchange ratifications. The tumultuous throng of happy men unharnessed his horses and dragged him in triumph, in the delirium of their joy rending the skies with their shouts. The crowd and the rapturous confusion at last became so great that Lord Vincent, fearing some accident, placed himself at the head of the amiable mob,

as it triumphantly escorted and conveyed the carriage from minister to minister.

A curious circumstance occurred at the festival in London, highly characteristic of the honest bluntness, resolution, and good nature of English seamen. The house of M. Otto, the French minister, was most brilliantly illuminated. Attracted by its surpassing splendor a vast crowd of sailors had gathered around. The word *concord* blazed forth most brilliantly in letters of light. The sailors, not very familiar with the spelling-book, exclaimed, "*Conquered!* not so, by a great deal. That will not do." Excitement and dissatisfaction rapidly spread. Violence was threatened. M. Otto came forward himself most blandly, but his attempts at explanation were utterly fruitless. The offensive word was removed, and *amity* substituted. The sailors, fully satisfied with the *amende honorable*, gave three cheers and went on their way rejoicing.

In France the exultation was, if possible, still greater than in England. The admiration of Napoleon, and the confidence in his wisdom and his patriotism were perfectly unbounded. No power was withheld from the First Consul which he was willing to assume. The nation placed itself at his feet. All over the Continent Napoleon received the honorable title of "*The Hero Pacificator of Europe.*" And yet there was a strong under-current to this joy. Napoleon was the favorite, not of the nobles, but of the people. Even his acts of despotic authority were most cordially sustained by the people of France, for they believed that such acts were essential for the promotion of their welfare. "The ancient privileged classes and the foreign cabinets," said Napoleon, "hate me worse than they did Robespierre." The hosannas with which the name of Bonaparte was resounding through the cities and the villages of England fell gloomily upon the ears of Mr. Pitt and his friends. The freedom of the seas was opening to the energetic genius of Napoleon, an unobstructed field for the maritime aggrandizement of France. The British minister knew that the sleepless energies of Napoleon would, as with a magician's wand, call fleets into existence to explore all seas. Sorrowfully he contemplated a peace to which the popular voice had compelled him to yield, and which in his judgment boded no good to the naval superiority of England.

It was agreed that the plenipotentiaries, to settle the treaty definitively, should meet at Amiens, an intermediate point midway between London and Paris. The English appointed as their minister Lord Cornwallis. The Americans, remembering this distinguished general at Brandywine, Camden, and at the surrender of Yorktown, have been in the habit of regarding him as an enemy. But he was a gallant soldier, and one of the most humane, high-minded, and estimable of men. Frankly he avowed his conviction that the time had arrived for terminating the miseries of the world by peace. Napoleon has paid a noble tribute to the integrity, urbanity, sagacity,

and unblemished honor of Lord Cornwallis. Joseph Bonaparte was appointed by the First Consul ambassador on the part of France. The suavity of his manners, the gentleness of his disposition, his enlightened and liberal political views, and the Christian morality which, in those times of general corruption, embellished his conduct, peculiarly adapted him to fulfill the duties of a peace-maker. Among the terms of the treaty it was agreed that France should abandon her colony in Egypt, as endangering the English possessions in India. In point of fact, the French soldiers had already, by capitulation, agreed to leave Egypt, but tidings of the surrender had not then reached England or France. The most important question in these deliberations was the possession of the Island of Malta. The power in possession of that impregnable fortress had command of the Mediterranean. Napoleon insisted upon it, as a point important above all others, that England should not retain Malta. He was willing to relinquish all claim to it himself, and to place it in the hands of a neutral power; but he declared his unalterable determination that he could by no possibility consent that it should remain in the hands of England. At last England yielded, and agreed to evacuate Malta, and that it should be surrendered to the Knights of St. John.

This pacification, so renowned in history both for its establishment and for its sudden and disastrous rupture, has ever been known by the name of the Peace of Amiens. Napoleon determined to celebrate the joyful event by a magnificent festival. The 10th of November, 1801, was the appointed day. It was the anniversary of Napoleon's attainment of the consular power. Friendly relations having been thus restored between the two countries, after so many years of hostility and carnage, thousands of the English flocked across the channel and thronged the pavements of Paris. All were impatient to see France, thus suddenly emerging from such gloom into such unparalleled brilliancy; and especially to see the man, who at that moment was the admiration of England and of the world. The joy which pervaded all classes invested this festival with sublimity. With a delicacy of courtesy characteristic of the First Consul, no carriages but those of Lord Cornwallis were allowed in the streets on that day. The crowd of Parisians, with most cordial and tumultuous acclamations, opened before the representative of the armies of England. The illustrious Fox was one of the visitors on this occasion. He was received by Napoleon with the utmost consideration, and with the most delicate attentions. In passing through the gallery of sculpture, his lady pointed his attention to his own statue filling a niche by the side of Washington and Brutus. "Fame," said Napoleon, "had informed me of the talents of Fox. I soon found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was much attached to him." Every one who came

into direct personal contact with the First Consul at this time, was charmed with his character.

Nine deputies from Switzerland, the most able men the republic could furnish, were appointed to meet Napoleon, respecting the political arrangements of the Swiss cantons. Punctual to the hour the First Consul entered a neat spacious room, where there was a long table covered with green baize. Dr. Jones of Bristol, the intimate friend of several of these deputies, and who was with them in Paris at the time, thus describes the interview. "The First Consul entered, followed by two of his ministers, and after the necessary salutation, sat down at the head of the table, his ministers on each side of him. The deputies then took their seats. He spread out before them a large map as necessary to the subject of their deliberations. He then requested that they would state freely any objection which might occur to them in the plan which he should propose. They availed themselves of the liberty, and suggested several alterations which they deemed advantageous to France and Switzerland. But from the prompt, clear, and unanswerable reasons which Napoleon gave in reply to all their objections, he completely convinced them of the wisdom of his plans. After an animated discussion of *ten hours*, they candidly admitted that he was better acquainted with the local circumstances of the Swiss cantons, and with what would secure their welfare than they were themselves. During the whole discussion his ministers did not speak one word. The deputies afterward declared that it was their decided opinion that Napoleon was the most extraordinary man whom they had met in modern times, or of whom they had read in ancient history." Said M. Constant and M. Sismondi, who both knew Napoleon well, "The quickness of his conception, the depth of his remarks, the facility and propriety of his eloquence, and above all the candor of his replies and his patient silence, were more remarkable and attractive than we ever met with in any other individual."

"What your interests require," said Napoleon, at this time, "is: 1. Equality of rights among the whole eighteen cantons. 2. A sincere and voluntary renunciation of all exclusive privileges on the part of patrician families. 3. A federative organization, where every canton may find itself arranged according to its language, its religion, its manners, and its interests. The central government remains to be provided for, but it is of much less consequence than the central organization. Situated on the summit of the mountains which separate France, Italy, and Germany, you participate in the disposition of all these countries. You have never maintained regular armies, nor had established, accredited agents at the courts of the different governments. Strict neutrality, a prosperous commerce, and family administration, can alone secure your interests, or be suited to your wishes. Every organization which could be established among you, hostile to the interests of France, would injure you in the most essential particulars." This was com-

mending to them a federative organization similar to that of the United States, and *cautioning them against the evil of a centralization of power*. No impartial man can deny that the most profound wisdom marked the principles which Napoleon suggested to terminate the divisions with which the cantons of Switzerland had long been agitated. "These lenient conditions," says Alison, "gave universal satisfaction in Switzerland." The following extract from the noble speech which Napoleon pronounced on the formation of the constitution of the confederacy, will be read by many with surprise, by all with interest.

"The re-establishment of the ancient order of things in the democratic cantons is the best course which can be adopted, both for you and me. They are the states whose peculiar form of government render them so interesting in the eyes of all Europe. But for this pure democracy you would exhibit nothing which is not to be found elsewhere. *Beware of extinguishing so remarkable a distinction*. I know well that this democratic system of administration has many inconveniences. But it is established. It has existed for centuries. It springs from the circumstances, situation, and primitive habits of the people, from the genius of the place, and can not with safety be abandoned. You must never take away from a democratic society the practical exercise of its privileges. To give such exercise a direction consistent with the tranquillity of the state is the part of true political wisdom. In ancient Rome the votes were counted by classes, and they threw into the last class the whole body of indigent citizens, while the first contained only a few hundred of the most opulent. But the populace were content, and, amused with the solicitation of their votes, did not perceive the immense difference in their relative value." The moral influence which France thus obtained in Switzerland was regarded with extreme jealousy by all the rival powers. Says Alison, who, though imbued most strongly with monarchical and aristocratic predilections, is the most appreciative and impartial of the historians of Napoleon, "His conduct and language on this occasion, were distinguished by his usual penetration and ability, and a most unusual degree of lenity and forbearance. And if any thing could have reconciled the Swiss to the loss of their independence, it must have been the wisdom and equity on which his mediation was founded."

The English who visited Paris, were astonished at the indications of prosperity which the metropolis exhibited. They found France in a very different condition from the hideous picture which had been described by the London journals. But there were two parties in England. Pitt and his friends submitted with extreme reluctance to a peace which they could not avoid. Says Alison, "But while these were the natural feelings of the inconsiderate populace, who are ever governed by present impressions, and who were for the most part destitute of the informa-

tion requisite to form a rational opinion on the subject, there were many men, gifted with greater sagacity and foresight, who deeply lamented the conditions by which peace had been purchased, and from the very first prophesied that it could be of no long endurance. They observed that the war had been abruptly terminated, without any one object being gained for which it was undertaken; that it was entered into in order to curb the ambition, and to stop the democratic propagandism of France." These "many men gifted with greater sagacity," with William Pitt at their head, now employed themselves with sleepless vigilance and with fatal success to bring to a rupture a peace which they deemed so untoward. Sir Walter Scott discloses the feelings with which this party were actuated, in the observations, "It seems more than probable that the extreme rejoicing of the rabble of London, at signing the preliminaries, their dragging about the carriage of Lauriston, and shouting 'Bonaparte forever,' had misled the ruler of France into an opinion that peace was indispensably necessary to England. He may easily enough have mistaken the cries of a London mob for the voice of the British people."

In the midst of all these cares, Napoleon was making strenuous efforts to restore religion to France. It required great moral courage to prosecute such a movement. Nearly all the generals in his armies were rank infidels, regarding every form of religion with utter contempt. The religious element, by *nature*, predominated in the bosom of Napoleon. He was constitutionally serious, thoughtful, pensive. A profound melancholy ever overshadowed his reflective spirit. His inquisitive mind pondered the mysteries of the past and the uncertainties of the future. Educated in a wild country, where the peasantry were imbued with religious feelings, and having been trained by a pious mother, whose venerable character he never ceased to adore, the sight of the hallowed rites of religion revived in his sensitive and exalted imagination the deepest impressions of his childhood. He had carefully studied, on his return from Egypt, the New Testament, and appreciated and profoundly admired its beautiful morality. He often conversed with Monge, Lagrange, Laplace, sages whom he honored and loved, and he frequently embarrassed them in their incredulity, by the logical clearness of his arguments. The witticisms of Voltaire, and the corruptions of unbridled sin, had rendered the purity of the gospel unpalatable to France. Talleyrand, annoyed by the remembrance of his own apostasy, bitterly opposed what he called "the religious peace." Nearly all the supporters and friends of the First Consul condemned every effort to bring back that which they denominated the reign of superstition. Napoleon honestly believed that the interests of France demanded that God should be recognized and Christianity respected by the French nation.

"Hear me," said Napoleon one day earnestly to Monge. "I do not maintain these opinions through the positiveness of a devotee, but from

reason. My religion is very simple. I look at this universe, so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it can not be the result of chance, but the work, however intended, of an unknown, omnipotent being, as superior to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers, and you will not find a more decisive argument, and you can not weaken it. But this truth is too succinct for man. He wishes to know, respecting himself and respecting his future destiny, a crowd of secrets which the universe does not disclose. Allow religion to inform him of that which he feels the need of knowing, and respect her disclosures."

One day when this matter was under earnest discussion in the council of state, Napoleon said, "Last evening I was walking alone, in the woods, amid the solitude of nature. The tones of a distant church bell fell upon my ear. Involuntarily I felt deep emotion. So powerful is the influence of early habits and associations. I said to myself, If I feel thus, what must be the influence of such impressions upon the popular mind? Let your philosophers answer that, if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people. It will be said that I am a Papist. I am not. I am convinced that a part of France would become Protestant, were I to favor that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would continue Catholic; and that they would oppose, with the greatest zeal, the division among their fellow-citizens. We should then have the Huguenot wars over again, and interminable conflicts. But by reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and by giving perfect liberty of conscience to the minority, all will be satisfied."

On another occasion he remarked, "What renders me most hostile to the establishment of the Catholic worship, are the numerous festivals formerly observed. A saint's-day is a day of idleness, and I do not wish for that. People must labor in order to live. I shall consent to four holidays during the year, but to no more. If the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with that, they may take their departure." The loss of time appeared to him such a calamity, that he almost invariably appointed any indispensable celebration upon some day previously devoted to festivity.

The new pontiff was attached to Napoleon by the secret chain of mutual sympathy. They had met, as we have before remarked, during the wars of Italy. Pius VII., then the bishop of Imola, was surprised and delighted in finding in the young republican general, whose fame was filling Europe, a man of refinement, of exalted genius, of reflection, of serious character, of unblemished purity of life, and of delicate sensibilities, restraining the irreligious propensities of his soldiers, and respecting the temples of religion. With classic purity and eloquence he spoke the Italian language. The dignity and decorum of his manners, and his love of order, were strangely contrasted with the recklessness

of the ferocious soldiers with whom he was surrounded. The impression thus produced upon the heart of the pontiff was never effaced. Justice and generosity are always politic. But he must indeed be influenced by an ignoble spirit who hence infers, that every act of magnanimity is dictated by policy. A legate was sent by the Pope to Paris. "Let the holy father," said Napoleon, "put the utmost confidence in me. Let him cast himself into my arms, and I will be for the church another Charlemagne."

Napoleon had collected for himself a religious library of well chosen books, relating to the organization and the history of the church, and to the relations of church and state. He had ordered the Latin writings of Bossuet to be translated for him. These works he had devoured in those short intervals which he could glean from the cares of government. His genius enabled him, at a glance, to master the argument of an author, to detect any existing sophistry. His memory, almost miraculously retentive, and the philosophical cast of his mind, gave him at all times the perfect command of these treasures of knowledge. He astonished the world by the accuracy, extent, and variety of his information upon all points of religion. It was his custom, when deeply interested in any subject, to discuss it with all persons from whom he could obtain information. With clear, decisive, and cogent arguments he advocated his own views, and refuted the erroneous systems successively proposed to him. It was urged upon Napoleon, that if he must have a church, he should establish a French church, independent of that of Rome. The poetic element was too strong in the character of Napoleon for such a thought. "What!" he exclaimed, "shall I, a warrior, wearing sword and spurs, and doing battle, attempt to become the head of a church, and to regulate church discipline and doctrine. I wish to be the pacificator of France and of the world, and shall I become the originator of a new schism, a little more absurd and not less dangerous than the preceding ones. I must have a Pope, and a Pope who will approximate men's minds to each other, instead of creating divisions; who will reunite them, and give them to the government sprung from the revolution, as a price for the protection that he shall have obtained from it. For this purpose I must have the true Pope, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Pope, whose seat is at the Vatican. With the French armies and some deference, I shall always be sufficiently his master. When I shall raise up the altars again, when I shall protect the priests, when I shall feed them, and treat them as ministers of religion deserve to be treated in every country, he will do what I ask of him, through the interest he will have in the general tranquillity. He will calm men's minds, reunite them under his hand, and place them under mine. Short of this there is only a continuation and an aggravation of the desolating schism which is preying on us, and for me an immense and indelible ridicule."

The Pope's legate most strenuously urged

some of the most arrogant and exclusive assumptions of the papal church. "The French people must be allured back to religion," said Napoleon, "not shocked. To declare the Catholic religion the religion of the state is impossible. It is contrary to the ideas prevalent in France, and will never be admitted. In place of this declaration we can only substitute the avowal of the fact, that the Catholic religion is the religion of the majority of Frenchmen. But there must be perfect freedom of opinion. The amalgamation of wise and honest men of all parties is the principle of my government. I must apply that principle to the church as well as to the state. It is the only way of putting an end to the troubles of France, and I shall persist in it undeviatingly."

Napoleon was overjoyed at the prospect, not only of a general peace with Europe, but of religious peace in France. In all the rural districts, the inhabitants longed for their churches and their pastors, and for the rites of religion. In the time of the Directory, a famous wooden image of the Virgin had been taken from the church at Loretto, and was deposited in one of the museums of Paris, as a curiosity. The sincere Catholics were deeply wounded and irritated by this act, which to them appeared so sacrilegious. Great joy was caused both in France and Italy, when Napoleon sent a courier to the Pope, restoring this statue, which was regarded with very peculiar veneration. The same ambassador carried the terms of agreement for peace with the church. This religious treaty with Rome was called "The Concordat." The Pope, in secular power, was helpless. Napoleon could, at any moment, pour a resistless swarm of troops into his territories. As the French ambassador left the Tuileries, he asked the First Consul for his instructions. "Treat the Pope," said Napoleon, magnanimously, "as if he had two hundred thousand soldiers." The difficulties in the way of an amicable arrangement were innumerable. The army of France was thoroughly infidel. Most of the leading generals and statesmen who surrounded Napoleon, contemplated Christianity in every aspect with hatred and scorn. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, uninstructed by misfortune, was not disposed to abate in the least its arrogant demands, and was clamorous for concessions which even Napoleon had not power to confer. It required all the wisdom, forbearance, and tact of the First Consul to accomplish this reconciliation. Joseph Bonaparte, the accomplished gentleman, the sincere, urbane, sagacious, upright man, was Napoleon's *corps de reserve* in all diplomatic acts. The preliminaries being finally adjusted, the Pope's legation met at the house of Joseph Bonaparte, and on the 15th of July, 1801, this great act was signed. Napoleon announced the event to the Council of State. He addressed them in a speech an hour and a half in length, and all were struck with the precision, the vigor, and the loftiness of his language. By universal consent his speech was pronounced to be eloquent in the highest degree. But those philosophers, who regarded it as the

great glory of the revolution, that all superstition, by which they meant all religion, was swept away, in sullen silence yielded to a power which they could not resist. The people, the millions of France, were with Napoleon.

The following liberal and noble sentiments were uttered in the proclamation by which Napoleon announced the Concordat to the French people: "An insane policy has sought, during the revolution, to smother religious dissensions under the ruins of the altar, under the ashes of religion itself. At its voice all those pious solemnities ceased, in which the citizens called each other by the endearing name of brothers, and acknowledged their common equality in the sight of Heaven. The dying, left alone in his agonies, no longer heard that consoling voice, which calls the Christian to a better world. God Himself seemed exiled from the face of nature. Ministers of the religion of peace, let a complete oblivion veil over your dissensions, your misfortunes, your faults. Let the religion which unites you, bind you by indissoluble cords to the interests of your country. Let the young learn from your precepts, that the God of Peace is also the God of Arms, and that He throws his shield over those who combat for the liberties of France. Citizens of the Protestant Faith, the law has equally extended its solicitude to your interests. Let the morality, so pure, so holy, so brotherly, which you profess, unite you all in love to your country, and in respect for its laws; and, above all, never permit disputes on doctrinal points to weaken that universal charity which religion at once inculcates and commands."

To foreign nations the spectacle of France, thus voluntarily returning to the Christian faith, was gratifying in the highest degree. It seemed to them the pledge of peace and the harbinger of tranquillity. The Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia publicly expressed their joy at the auspicious event. The Emperor of Austria styled it "a service truly rendered to all Europe." The serious and devout, in all lands, considered the voluntary return of the French people to religion, from the impossibility of living without its precepts, as one of the most signal triumphs of the Christian faith.

On the 11th of April, 1802, the event was celebrated by a magnificent religious ceremony in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. No expense was spared to invest the festivity with the utmost splendor. Though many of the generals and the high authorities of the State were extremely reluctant to participate in the solemnities of the occasion, the power and the popularity of the First Consul were so great, that they dared not make any resistance. The cathedral was crowded with splendor. The versatile populace, ever delighted with change and with shows, were overjoyed. General Rapp, however, positively refused to attend the ceremony. With the bluntness of a soldier, conscious that his well-known devotion to the First Consul would procure for him impunity, he said, "I shall not attend. But if you do not make these priests your

aids or your cooks, you may do with them as you please."

As Napoleon was making preparations to go to the cathedral, Cambaceres entered his apartment.

"Well," said the First Consul, rubbing his hands in the glow of his gratification, "we go to church this morning. What say they to that in Paris?"

"Many persons," replied Cambaceres, "propose to attend the first representation in order to hiss the piece, should they not find it amusing."

"If any one," Napoleon firmly replied, "takes it into his head to hiss, I shall put him out of the door by the grenadiers of the consular guard."

"But what if the grenadiers themselves," Cambaceres rejoined, "should take to hissing, like the rest?"

"As to that I have no fear," said Napoleon. "My old mustaches will go here to Notre Dame, just as at Cairo, they would have gone to the mosque. They will remark how I do, and seeing their general grave and decent, they will be so, too, passing the watchword to each other, *Decency*."

"What did you think of the ceremony?" inquired Napoleon of General Delmas, who stood near him, when it was concluded. "It was a fine piece of mummary," he replied; "nothing was wanting but the million of men who have perished to destroy that which you have now re-established." Some of the priests, encouraged by this triumphant restoration of Christianity, began to assume not a little arrogance. A celebrated opera dancer died, not in the faith. The priest of St. Roche refused to receive the body into the church, or to celebrate over it the rites of interment. The next day Napoleon caused the following article to be inserted in the *Moniteur*. "The curate of St. Roche, in a moment of hallucination, has refused the rites of burial to Mademoiselle Cameroi. One of his colleagues, a man of sense, received the procession into the church of St. Thomas, where the burial service was performed with the usual solemnities. The archbishop of Paris has suspended the curate of St. Roche for three months, to give him time to recollect that Jesus Christ commanded us to pray even for our enemies. Being thus recalled by meditation to a proper sense of his duties, he may learn that all these superstitious observances, the offspring of an age of credulity or of crazed imaginations, tend only to the discredit of true religion, and have been proscribed by the recent concordat of the French Church." The most strenuous exertions were made by the clergy to induce Napoleon publicly to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was thought that his high example would be very influential upon others. Napoleon nobly replied, "I have not sufficient faith in the ordinance to be benefited by its reception; and I have too much faith in it to allow me to be guilty of sacrilege. We are well as we are. Do not ask me to go farther. You will never obtain what you wish. I will

not become a hypocrite. Be content with what you have already gained."

It is difficult to describe the undisguised delight with which the peasants all over France again heard the ringing of the church-bells upon the Sabbath morning, and witnessed the opening of the church-doors, the assembling of the congregations with smiles and congratulations, and the repose of the Sabbath. Mr. Fox, in conversation with Napoleon, after the peace of Amiens, ventured to blame him for not having authorized the marriage of priests in France. "I then had," said Napoleon, in his nervous eloquence, "need to pacify. It is with water and not with oil that you must extinguish theological volcanoes. I should have had less difficulty in establishing the Protestant religion in my empire."

The magistrates of Paris, grateful for the inestimable blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France, requested him to accept the project of a triumphal monument to be erected in his honor at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. Napoleon gave the following reply. "I view with grateful acknowledgments those sentiments which actuate the magistrates of the city of Paris. The idea of dedicating monumental trophies to those men who have rendered themselves useful to the community is a praiseworthy action in all nations. I accept the offer of the monument which you desire to dedicate to me. Let the spot be designated. But leave the labor of constructing it to future generations, should they think fit thus to sanction the estimate which you place upon my services."

There was an indescribable fascination about the character of Napoleon, which no other man ever possessed, and which all felt who entered his presence. Some military officers of high rank, on one occasion, in these days of his early power, agreed to go and remonstrate with him upon some subject which had given them offense. One of the party thus describes the interview.

"I do not know whence it arises, but there is a charm about that man, which is indescribable and irresistible. I am no admirer of him. I dislike the power to which he has risen. Yet I can not help confessing that there is a something in him, which seems to speak that he is born to command. We went into his apartment determined to declare our minds to him very freely; to expostulate with him warmly, and not to depart till our subjects of complaint were removed. But in his manner of receiving us, there was a certain something, a degree of fascination, which disarmed us in a moment; nor could we utter one word of what we had intended to say. He talked to us for a long time, with an eloquence peculiarly his own, explaining, with the utmost clearness and precision, the necessity for steadily pursuing the line of conduct he had adopted. Without contradicting us in direct terms, he controverted our opinions so ably, that we had not a word to say in reply. We left him, having done nothing else but listen to him, instead of expostulating with him; and fully convinced,

at least for the moment, that he was in the right, and that we were in the wrong."

The merchants of Rouen experienced a similar fascination, when they called to remonstrate against some commercial regulations which Napoleon had introduced. They were so entirely disarmed by his frankness, his sincerity, and were so deeply impressed by the extent and the depth of his views, that they retired, saying, "The First Consul understands our interests far better than we do ourselves." "The man," says Lady Morgan, "who, at the head of a vast empire, could plan great and lasting works, conquer nations, and yet talk astronomy with La Place, tragedy with Talma, music with Cherubini, painting with Gerrard, *vertu* with Denon, and literature and science with any one who would listen to him, was certainly out of the roll of common men."

Napoleon now exerted all his energies for the elevation of France. He sought out and encouraged talent wherever it could be found. No merit escaped his princely munificence. Authors, artists, men of science were loaded with honors and emoluments. He devoted most earnest attention to the education of youth. The navy, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and all mechanic arts, secured his assiduous care. He labored to the utmost, and with a moral courage above all praise, to discountenance whatever was loose in morals, or enervating or unmanly in amusements or taste. The theatre was the most popular source of entertainment in France. He frowned upon all frivolous and immodest performances, and encouraged those only which were moral, grave, and dignified. In the grandeur of tragedy alone he took pleasure. In his private deportment he exhibited the example of a moral, simple, and toilsome life. Among the forty millions of France, there was not to be found a more temperate and laborious man. When nights of labor succeeded days of toil, his only stimulus was lemonade. He loved his own family and friends, and was loved by them with a fervor which soared into the regions of devotion. Never before did mortal man secure such love. Thousands were ready at any moment to lay down their lives through their affection for him. And that mysterious charm was so strong that it has survived his death. Thousands now live who would brave death in any form from love for Napoleon.

PECULIAR HABITS OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

AMONG the curious facts which we find in perusing the biographies of great men, are the circumstances connected with the composition of the works which have made them immortal.

For instance, Bossuet composed his grand sermons on his knees; Bulwer wrote his first novels in full dress, scented; Milton, before commencing his great work, invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a live coal from off the

altar; Chrysostom meditated and studied while contemplating a painting of Saint Paul.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from Heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Bentham composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or while taking his "ante-jentacular" and "post-prandial" walks in his garden—the same, by the way, that Milton occupied. Saint Bernard composed his *Meditations* amidst the woods; he delighted in nothing so much as the solitude of the dense forest, finding there, he said, something more profound and suggestive than any thing he could find in books. The storm would sometimes fall upon him there, without for a moment interrupting his meditations. Camoens composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears; for the Portuguese poet was a soldier, and a brave one, though a poet. He composed others of his most beautiful verses, at the time when his Indian slave was begging a subsistence for him in the streets. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the lucid intervals of madness.

Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Hardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tremendous worker; he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the sea-side, in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied, and declaimed.

Rabelais composed his *Life of Gargantua* at Bellay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote most of his *Thoughts* on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fenelon wrote his *Telemachus* in the palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source, and been written by a priest, may seem surprising. De Quesnay first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land—the germ, perhaps, of the French Revolution—in the *boudoir* of Madame de Pompadour!

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some mu-

sical fantasy (for he was a skillful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him again as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed Luther did not hesitate to say, that after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. That great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts, and papers, carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected any thing. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his out-door duties for days, weeks, and months together. But so soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith.

Cujas, another learned man, used to study when laid all his length upon the carpet, his face toward the floor, and there he reveled amidst piles of books which accumulated about him. The learned Amyot never studied without the harpsichord beside him; and he only quitted the pen to play it. Bentham, also, was extremely fond of the piano-forte, and had one in nearly every room in his house.

Richelieu amused himself in the intervals of his labor, with a squadron of cats, of whom he was very fond. He used to go to bed at eleven at night, and after sleeping three hours, rise and write, dictate or work, till from six to eight o'clock in the morning, when his daily levee was held. This worthy student displayed an extravagance equaling that of Wolsey. His annual expenditure was some four millions of francs, or about £170,000 sterling!

How different the fastidious temperance of Milton! He drank water and lived on the humblest fare. In his youth he studied during the greatest part of the night; but in his more advanced years he went early to bed—by nine o'clock—rising to his studies at four in summer and five in winter. He studied till mid-day; then he took an hour's exercise, and after dinner he sang and played the organ, or listened to others' music. He studied again till six, and from that hour till eight he engaged in conversation with friends who came to see him. Then he supped, smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of water, and went to bed. Glorious visions came to him in the night, for it was then, while lying on his couch, that he composed in thought the greater part of his sublime poem. Sometimes when the fit of composition came strong upon him, he would summon his daughter to

his side, to commit to paper that which he had composed.

Milton was of opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best, and he was never satisfied with the verses he had written at any other season. Alfieri, on the contrary, said that the equinoctial winds produced a state of almost "complete stupidity" in him. Like the nightingales he could only sing in summer. It was his favorite season.

Pierre Corneille, in his loftiest flights of imagination, was often brought to a stand-still for want of words and rhyme. Thoughts were seething in his brain, which he vainly tried to reduce to order, and he would often run to his brother Thomas "for a word." Thomas rarely failed him. Sometimes, in his fits of inspiration, he would bandage his eyes, throw himself on a sofa, and dictate to his wife, who almost worshiped his genius. Thus he would pass whole days, dictating to her his great tragedies; his wife scarcely venturing to speak, almost afraid to breathe. Afterward, when a tragedy was finished, he would call in his sister Martha, and submit it to her judgment; as Moliere used to consult his old housekeeper about the comedies he had newly written.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, when thus working at his play of *Mithridates*, in the Tuileries Gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures; they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks, he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had thus written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done," considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair.

Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amidst books, and almost lived upon books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence; once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread, and water, in great moderation.

The life of Liebnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair; and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he was months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg which prevented his walking about, even had he wished to do so.

The chamber in which Montesquieu wrote his *Spirit of the Laws*, is still shown at his old ancestral mansion; hung about with its old tapestry, and curtains; and the old easy chair in which the philosopher sat is still sacredly preserved there.

The chimney-jamb bears the mark of his foot, where he used to rest upon it, his legs crossed, when composing his books. His *Persian Letters* were composed merely for pastime, and were never intended for publication. The principles of Laws occupied his life. In the study of these he spent twenty years, losing health and eyesight in the pursuit. As in the case of Milton, his daughter read for him, and acted as his secretary. In his Portrait of himself, he said—"I awake in the morning rejoiced at the sight of day. I see the sun with a kind of ecstasy, and for the rest of the day I am content. I pass the night without waking, and in the evening when I go to bed, a kind of numbness prevents me indulging in reflections. With me, study has been the sovereign remedy against disgust of life, having never had any vexation which an hour's reading has not dissipated. But I have the disease of making books, and of being ashamed when I have made them."

Rousseau had the greatest difficulty in composing his works, being extremely defective in the gift of memory. He could never learn six verses by heart. In his *Confessions* he says—"I studied and meditated in bed, forming sentences with inconceivable difficulty; then, when I thought I had got them into shape, I would rise to put them on paper. But lo! I often entirely forgot them during the process of dressing!" He would then walk abroad to refresh himself by the aspect of nature, and under its influence his most successful writings were composed. He was always leaving books which he carried about with him at the foot of trees, or by the margin of fountains. He sometimes wrote his books over from beginning to end, four or five times, before giving them to the press. Some of his sentences cost him four or five nights' study. He thought with difficulty, and wrote with still greater. It is astonishing that, with such a kind of intellect, he should have been able to do so much.

The summer study of the famous Buffon, at Montbar, is still shown, just as he left it. It is a little room in a pavilion, reached by mounting a ladder, through a green door with two folds. The place looks simplicity itself. The apartment is vaulted like some old chapel, and the walls are painted green. The floor is paved with tiles. A writing-table of plain wood stands in the centre, and before it is an easy chair. That is all! The place was the summer study of Buffon. In winter, he had a warmer room within his house, where he wrote his *Natural History*. There, on his desk, his pen still lies, and by the side of it, on his easy chair, his red dressing-gown and cap of gray silk. On the wall near to where he sat, hangs an engraved portrait of Newton. There, and in his garden cabinet, he spent many years of his life, studying and writing books. He studied his work entitled *Epoques de la Nature* for fifty years, and wrote it over eighteen times before publishing it! What would our galloping authors say to that?

Buffon used to work on pages of five distinct columns, like a ledger. In the first column he

wrote out the first draught; in the second he corrected, added, pruned, and improved; thus proceeding until he had reached the fifth column, in which he finally wrote out the result of his labor. But this was not all. He would sometimes re-write a sentence twenty times, and was once fourteen hours in finding the proper word for the turning of a period! Buffon knew nearly all his works by heart.

On the contrary, Cuvier never re-copied what he had once written. He composed with great rapidity, correctness, and precision. His mind was always in complete order, and his memory was exact and extensive.

Some writers have been prodigiously laborious in the composition of their works. Cæsar had, of course, an immense multiplicity of business, as a general, to get through; but he had always a secretary by his side, even when on horseback, to whom he dictated; and often he occupied two or three secretaries at once. His famous *Commentaries* are said to have been composed mostly on horseback.

Seneca was very laborious. "I have not a single idle day," said he, describing his life, "and I give a part of every night to study. I do not give myself up to sleep, but succumb to it. I have separated myself from society, and renounced all the distractions of life." With many of these old heathens, study was their religion,

Pliny the Elder read two thousand volumes in the composition of his *Natural History*. How to find time for this? He managed it by devoting his days to business and his nights to study. He had books read to him while he was at meals; and he read no book without making extracts. His nephew, Pliny the Younger, has given a highly interesting account of the intimate and daily life of his uncle.

Origen employed seven writers while composing his *Commentaries*, who committed to paper what he dictated to them by turns. He was so indefatigable in writing that they gave him the name of *Brass Bowels*! Like Philip de Comines, Sully used to dictate to four secretaries at a time, without difficulty.

Bossuet left *fifty volumes* of writings behind him, the result of unintermitting labor. The pen rarely quitted his fingers. Writing became habitual to him, and he even chose it as a relaxation. A night-lamp was constantly lit beside him, and he would rise at all hours to resume his meditations. He rose at about four o'clock in the morning during summer and winter, wrapped himself in his loose dress of bear's skin, and set to work. He worked on for hours, until he felt fatigued, and then went to bed again, falling asleep at once. This life he led for more than twenty years. As he grew older, and became disabled for hard work, he began translating the Psalms into verse, to pass time. In the intervals of fatigue and pain, he read and corrected his former works.

Some writers composed with great rapidity, others slowly and with difficulty. Byron said of

himself, that though he felt driven to write, and he was in a state of torture until he had fairly delivered himself of what he had to say, yet that writing never gave him any pleasure, but was felt to be a severe labor. Scott, on the contrary, possessed the most extraordinary facility; and dashed off a great novel of three volumes in about the same number of weeks.

"I have written *Catiline* in eight days," said Voltaire; "and I immediately commenced the *Henriade*." Voltaire was a most impatient writer, and usually had the first half of a work set up in type before the second half was written. He always had several works in the course of composition at the same time. His manner of preparing a work was peculiar. He had his first sketch of a tragedy set up in type, and then rewrote it from the proofs. Balzac adopted the same plan. The printed form enabled them to introduce effects, and correct errors more easily.

Pascal wrote most of his thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments of leisure. He produced them with immense rapidity. He wrote in a kind of contracted language—like short hand—impossible to read, except by those who had studied it. It resembled the impatient and fiery scratches of Napoleon; yet, though half-formed, the characters have the firmness and precision of the graver. Some one observed to Faguere (Pascal's editor), "This work (deciphering it) must be very fatiguing to the eyes." "No," said he, "it is not the eyes that are fatigued, so much as the brain."

Many authors have been distinguished for the fastidiousness of their composition—never resting satisfied, but correcting and re-correcting to the last moment. Cicero spent his old age in correcting his orations; Massillon in polishing his sermons; Fenelon corrected his *Telemachus* seven times over.

Of thirty verses which Virgil wrote in the morning, there were only ten left at night. Milton often cut down forty verses to twenty. Buffon would condense six pages into as many paragraphs. Montaigne, instead of cutting down, amplified and added to his first sketch. Boileau had great difficulty in making his verses. He said—"If I write four words, I erase three of them; and at another time—"I sometimes hunt three hours for a rhyme!"

Some authors were never satisfied with their work. Virgil ordered his *Æneid* to be burnt. Voltaire cast his poem of *The League* into the fire. Racine and Scott could not bear to read their productions again. Michael Angelo was always dissatisfied; he found faults in his greatest and most admired works.

Many of the most admired writings were never intended by their authors for publication. Fenelon, when he wrote *Telemachus*, had no intention of publishing it. Voltaire's *Correspondence* was never intended for publication, and yet it is perused with avidity; whereas his *Henriade*, so often corrected by him, is scarcely read. Madame de Sevigné, in writing to her daughter those fascinating letters descriptive of the life of the

French Court, never had any idea of their publication, or that they would be cited as models of composition and style. What work of Johnson's is best known? Is it not that by Boswell, which contains the great philosopher's conversation?—that which he never intended should come to light, and for which we have to thank Bozzy

There is a great difference in the sensitiveness of authors to criticism. Sir Walter Scott passed thirteen years without reading what the critics or reviewers said of his writings; while Byron was sensitive to an excess about what was said of him. It was the reviewers who stung him into his first work of genius—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Racine was very sensitive to criticism; and poor Keats was "snuffed out by an article." Moliere was thrown into a great rage when his plays were badly acted. One day, after *Tartuffe* had been played, an actor found him stamping about as if mad, and beating his head, crying—"Ah! dog! Ah! butcher!" On being asked what was the matter, he replied—"Don't be surprised at my emotion! I have just been seeing an actor falsely and execrably declaiming my piece; and I can not see my children maltreated in this horrid way, without suffering the tortures of the damned!" The first time Voltaire's *Artemise* was played, it was hissed. Voltaire, indignant, sprang to his feet in his box, and addressed the audience! At another time, at Lausanne, where an actress seemed fully to apprehend his meaning, he rushed upon the stage and embraced her knees!

A great deal might be said about the first failures of authors and orators. Demosthenes stammered, and was almost inaudible, when he first tried to speak before Philip. He seemed like a man moribund. Other orators have broken down, like Demosthenes, in their first effort. Curran tried to speak, for the first time, at a meeting of the Irish Historical Society; but the words died on his lips, and he sat down amid titters—an individual present characterizing him as *orator Mum*. Boileau broke down as an advocate, and so did Cowper, the poet. Montesquieu and Bentham were also failures in the same profession, but mainly through disgust with it. Addison, when a member of the House of Commons, once rose to speak, but he could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent.

OSTRICHES.

HOW THEY ARE HUNTED.

THE family of birds, of which the ostrich forms the leading type, is remarkable for the wide dispersion of its various members; the ostrich itself spreads over nearly the whole of the burning deserts of Africa—the Cassowary represents it amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Indian Archipelago. The Dinornis, chief of birds, formerly towered among the ferns of New Zealand, where the small Apteryx now holds its place; and the huge *Æpyornis* strode along the forests of Madagascar. The Emu is confined to the great Australian continent, and the Rhea to the southern extremity of the west-

ern hemisphere; while nearer home we find the class represented by the Bustard, which, until within a few years, still lingered upon the least frequented downs and plains of England.

With the Arabs of the desert, the chase of the ostrich is the most attractive and eagerly sought of the many aristocratic diversions in which they indulge. The first point attended to, is a special preparation of their horses. Seven or eight days before the intended hunt, they are entirely deprived of straw and grass, and fed on barley only. They are only allowed to drink once a day, and that at sunset—the time when the water begins to freshen: at that time also they are washed. They take long daily exercises, and are occasionally galloped, at which time care is taken that the harness is right, and suited to the chase of the ostrich. "After seven or eight days," says the Arab, "the stomach of the horse disappears, while the chest, the breast, and the croup remain in flesh; the animal is then fit to endure fatigue." They call this training *techa-ha*. The harness used for the purpose in question is lighter than ordinary, especially the stirrups and saddle, and the martingale is removed. The bridle, too, undergoes many metamorphoses; the mountings and the ear-flaps are taken away, as too heavy. The bit is made of a camel rope, without a throat-band, and the frontlet is also of cord, and the reins, though strong, are very light. The period most favorable for ostrich-hunting is that of the great heat; the higher the temperature the less is the ostrich able to defend himself. The Arabs describe the precise time as that, when a man stands upright, his shadow has the length only of the sole of his foot.

Each horseman is accompanied by a servant called *zemmal*, mounted on a camel, carrying four goat-skins filled with water, barley for the horse, wheat-flour for the rider, some dates, a kettle to cook the food, and every thing which can possibly be required for the repair of the harness. The horseman contents himself with a linen vest and trowsers, and covers his neck and ears with a light material called *havuli*, tied with a strip of camel's hide; his feet are protected with sandals, and his legs with light gaiters called *trabag*. He is armed with neither gun nor pistol, his only weapon being a wild olive or tamarind stick, five or six feet long, with a heavy knob at one end.

Before starting, the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. These birds are generally met with in places where there is much grass, and where rain has recently fallen. The Arabs say, that where the ostrich sees the light shine, and barley getting ready, wherever it may be, thither she runs, regardless of distance; and ten days' march is nothing to her; and it has passed into a proverb in the desert, of a man skillful in the care of flocks, and in finding pasturage, that he is like the ostrich, where he sees the light there he comes.

The hunters start in the morning. After one or two days' journey, when they have arrived

near the spot pointed out, and they begin to perceive traces of their game, they halt and camp. The next day, two intelligent slaves, almost entirely stripped, are sent to reconnoitre; they each carry a goat-skin at their side, and a little bread; they walk until they meet with the ostriches, which are generally found in elevated places. As soon as the game is in view, one lies down to watch, the other returns to convey the information. The ostriches are found in troops, comprising sometimes as many as sixty; but at the pairing time they are more scattered, three or four couple only remaining together.

The horsemen, guided by the scout, travel gently toward the birds; the nearer they approach the spot the greater is their caution, and when they reach the last ridge which conceals them from the view of their game, they dismount, and two creep forward to ascertain if they are still there. Should such be the case, a moderate quantity of water is given to the horses, the baggage is left, and each man mounts, carrying at his side a *chebouta*, or goat-skin. The servants and camels follow the track of the horsemen, carrying with them only a little corn and water.

The exact position of the ostriches being known, the plans are arranged; the horsemen divide and form a circle round the game at such a distance as not to be seen. The servants wait where the horsemen have separated, and as soon as they see them at their posts, they walk right before them; the ostriches fly, but are met by the hunters, who do nothing at first but drive them back into the circle; thus their strength is exhausted by being made to continually run round in the ring. At the first signs of fatigue in the birds, the horsemen dash in—presently the flock separates; the exhausted birds are seen to open their wings, which is a sign of great exhaustion; the horsemen, certain of their prey, now repress their horses; each hunter selects his ostrich, runs it down, and finishes it by a blow on the head with the stick above mentioned. The moment the bird falls the man jumps off his horse, and cuts her throat, taking care to hold the neck at such a distance from the body, as not to soil the plumage of the wings. The male bird, while dying, utters loud moans, but the female dies in silence.

When the ostrich is on the point of being overtaken by the hunter, she is so fatigued, that if he does not wish to kill her, she can easily be driven with the stick to the neighborhood of the camels. Immediately after the birds have been bled to death, they are carefully skinned, so that the feathers may not be injured, and the skin is then stretched upon a tree, or on a horse, and salt rubbed well into it. A fire is lit, and the fat of the birds is boiled for a long time in kettles; when very liquid, it is poured into a sort of bottle made of the skin of the thigh and leg down to the foot, strongly fastened at the bottom; the fat of one bird is usually sufficient to fill two of these legs; it is said that in any other vessel the fat would spoil. When, however, the bird is breeding, she is extremely lean, and is

then hunted only for the sake of her feathers. After these arrangements are completed, the flesh is eaten by the hunters, who season it well with pepper and flour.

While these proceedings are in progress, the horses are carefully tended, watered, and fed with corn, and the party remain quiet during forty-eight hours, to give their animals rest; after that they either return to their encampment, or embark in new enterprises.

To the Arab the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—pleasure and profit; the price obtained for the skins well compensates for the expenses. Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to set about it, are permitted to participate in it also. The usual plan is for a poor Arab to arrange with one who is opulent for the loan of his camel, horse, harness, and two-thirds of all the necessary provisions. The borrower furnishes himself the remaining third, and the produce of the chase is divided in the same proportions.

The ostrich, like many other of the feathered tribe, has a great deal of self-conceit. On fine sunny days a tame bird may be seen strutting backward and forward with great majesty, fanning itself with its quivering, expanded wings, and at every turn seeming to admire its grace, and the elegance of its shadow. Dr. Shaw says that, though these birds appear tame and tractable to persons well-known to them, they are often very fierce and violent toward strangers, whom they would not only endeavor to push down by running furiously against them, but they would peck at them with their beaks, and strike with their feet; and so violent is the blow that can be given, that the doctor saw a person whose abdomen had been ripped completely open by a stroke from the claw of an ostrich.

To have the stomach of an ostrich has become proverbial, and with good reason; for this bird stands enviably forward in respect to its wonderful powers of digestion, which are scarcely inferior to its voracity. Its natural food consists entirely of vegetable substances, especially grain; and the ostrich is a most destructive enemy to the crops of the African farmers. But its sense of taste is so obtuse, that scraps of leather, old nails, bits of tin, buttons, keys, coins, and pebbles, are devoured with equal relish; in fact, nothing comes amiss. But in this it doubtless follows an instinct: for these hard bodies assist, like the gravel in the crops of our domestic poultry, in grinding down and preparing for digestion its ordinary food.

There was found by Cuvier in the stomach of an ostrich that died at Paris, nearly a pound weight of stones, bits of iron and copper, and pieces of money worn down by constant attrition against each other, as well as by the action of the stomach itself. In the stomach of one of these birds which belonged to the menagerie of George the Fourth, there were contained some pieces of wood of considerable size, several large nails, and a hen's egg entire and uninjured, perhaps taken as a delicacy from its appetite be-

coming capricious. In the stomach of another, beside several large cabbage-stalks, there were masses of bricks of the size of a man's fist. Sparrman relates that he saw ostriches at the Cape so tame that they went loose to and from the farm, but they were so voracious as to swallow chickens whole, and trample hens to death, that they might tear them in pieces afterward and devour them; and one great barrel of a bird was obliged to be killed on account of an awkward habit he had acquired of trampling sheep to death. But perhaps the most striking proof of the prowess of an ostrich in the eating way, is that afforded by Dr. Shaw, who saw one swallow bullet after bullet as fast as they were pitched, scorching hot, from the mould.

A DULL TOWN.

PUTTING up for the night in one of the chiefest towns of Staffordshire, I find it to be by no means a lively town. In fact, it is as dull and dead a town as any one could desire not to see. It seems as if its whole population might be imprisoned in its Railway Station. The Refreshment-room at that station is a vortex of dissipation compared with the extinct town-inn, the Dodo, in the dull High-street.

Why High-street? Why not rather Low-street, Flat-street, Low-spirited-street, Used-up-street? Where are the people who belong to the High-street? Can they all be dispersed over the face of the country, seeking the unfortunate Strolling Manager who decamped from the mouldy little theatre last week, in the beginning of his season (as his play-bills testify), repentantly resolved to bring him back, and feed him, and be entertained? Or, can they all be gathered to their fathers in the two old church-yards near to the High-street—retirement into which church-yards appears to be a mere ceremony, there is so very little life outside their confines, and such small discernible difference between being buried alive in the town, and buried dead in the town-tombs? Over the way, opposite to the staring blank bow windows of the Dodo, are a little ironmonger's shop, a little tailor's shop (with a picture of the fashions in the small window and a bandy-legged baby on the pavement staring at it)—a watchmaker's shop, where all the clocks and watches must be stopped, I am sure, for they could never have the courage to go, with the town in general, and the Dodo in particular, looking at them. Shade of Miss Linwood, erst of Leicester-square, London, thou art welcome here, and thy retreat is fitly chosen! I myself was one of the last visitors to that awful storehouse of thy life's work, where an anchorite old man and woman took my shilling with a solemn wonder, and conducting me to a gloomy sepulchre of needlework dropping to pieces with dust and age, and shrouded in twilight at high noon, left me there, chilled, frightened, and alone. And now, in ghostly letters on all the dead walls of this dead town, I read thy honored name, and find that thy Last Supper, worked in Berlin Wool, invites inspection as a powerful excitement!

Where are the people who are bidden with so much cry to this feast of little wool? Where are they? Who are they? They are not the bandy-legged baby studying the fashions in the tailor's window. They are not the two earthy plowmen lounging outside the saddler's shop, in the stiff square where the Town Hall stands, like a brick-and-mortar private on parade. They are not the landlady of the Dodo in the empty bar, whose eye had trouble in it and no welcome, when I asked for dinner. They are not the turnkeys of the Town Jail, looking out of the gateway in their uniforms, as if they had locked up all the balance (as my American friends would say) of the inhabitants, and could now rest a little. They are not the two dusty millers in the white mill down by the river, where the great water-wheel goes heavily round and round, like the monotonous days and nights in this forgotten place. Then who are they? for there is no one else. No; this deponent maketh oath and saith that there is no one else, save and except the waiter at the Dodo, now laying the cloth. I have paced the streets, and stared at the houses, and am come back to the blank bow-window of the Dodo; and the town-clock strikes seven, and the reluctant echoes seem to cry, "Don't wake us!" and the bandy-legged baby has gone home to bed.

If the Dodo were only a gregarious bird—if it had only some confused idea of making a comfortable nest—I could hope to get through the hours between this and bed-time, without being consumed by devouring melancholy. But the Dodo's habits are all wrong. It provides me with a trackless desert of sitting-room, with a chair for every day in the year, a table for every month, and a waste of sideboard where a lonely China vase pines in a corner for its mate long departed, and will never make a match with the candlestick in the opposite corner if it live till doomsday. The Dodo has nothing in the larder. Even now, I behold the Boots returning with my sole in a piece of paper; and with that portion of my dinner, the Boots, perceiving me at the blank bow-window, slaps his leg as he comes across the road, pretending it is something else. The Dodo excludes the outer air. When I mount up to my bed-room, a smell of closeness and flue gets lazily up my nose like sleepy snuff. The loose little bits of carpet writhe under my tread, and take wormy shapes. I don't know the ridiculous man in the looking-glass, beyond having met him once or twice in a dish-cover—and I can never shave *him* to-morrow morning! The Dodo is narrow-minded as to towels; expects me to wash on a freemason's apron without the trimming; when I ask for soap, gives me a stony-hearted something white, with no more lather in it than the Elgin marbles. The Dodo has seen better days, and possesses interminable stables at the back—silent, grass-grown, broken-windowed, horseless.

This mournful bird can fry a sole, however, which is much. Can cook a steak, too, which is more. I wonder where it gets its Sherry! If

I were to send my pint of wine to some famous chemist to be analyzed, what would it turn out to be made of? It tastes of pepper, sugar, bitter almonds, vinegar, warm knives, any flat drink, and a little brandy. Would it unman a Spanish exile by reminding him of his native land at all? I think not. If there really be any townspeople out of the church-yards, and if a caravan of them ever do dine, with a bottle of wine per man, in this desert of the Dodo, it must make good for the doctor next day!

Where was the waiter born? How did he come here? Has he any hope of getting away from here? Does he ever receive a letter, or take a ride upon the railway, or see any thing but the Dodo? Perhaps he has seen the Berlin Wool. He appears to have a silent sorrow on him, and it may be that. He clears the table; draws the dingy curtains of the great bow-window, which so unwillingly consent to meet, that they must be pinned together; leaves me by the fire with my pint decanter, and a little thin funnel-shaped wine-glass, and a plate of pale biscuits—in themselves engendering desperation.

No book, no newspapers! I left the Arabian Nights in the railway carriage, and have nothing to read but Bradshaw, and "that way madness lies." Remembering what prisoners and shipwrecked mariners have done to exercise their minds in solitude, I repeat the multiplication table, the pence table, and the shilling table: which are all the tables I happen to know. What if I write something? The Dodo keeps no pens but steel pens; and those I always stick through the paper, and can turn to no other account.

What am I to do? Even if I could have the bandy-legged baby knocked up and brought here, I could offer him nothing but sherry, and that would be the death of him. He would never hold up his head again, if he touched it. I can't go to bed, because I have conceived a mortal hatred for my bedroom; and I can't go away because there is no train for my place of destination until morning. To burn the biscuits will be but a fleeting joy; still it is a temporary relief, and here they go on the fire!

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

RANDAL walked home slowly. It was a cold moonlit night. Young idlers of his own years and rank passed him by, on their way from the haunts of social pleasure. They were yet in the first fair holiday of life. Life's holiday had gone from him forever. Graver men, in the various callings of masculine labor—professions, trade, the state—passed him also. Their steps might be sober, and their faces careworn; but no step had the furtive stealth of his—no face the same contracted, sinister, suspicious gloom. Only once, in a lonely thoroughfare, and on the opposite side of the way, fell a foot-fall, and glanced

* Continued from the June Number.

an eye, that seemed to betray a soul in sympathy with Randal Leslie's.

And Randal, who had heeded none of the other passengers by the way, as if instinctively, took note of this one. His nerves crisped at the noiseless slide of that form, as it stalked on from lamp to lamp, keeping pace with his own. He felt a sort of awe, as if he had beheld the wraith of himself; and ever, as he glanced suspiciously at the stranger, the stranger glanced at him. He was inexpressibly relieved when the figure turned down another street and vanished.

That man was a felon, as yet undetected. Between him and his kind there stood but a thought—a veil air-spun, but impassable, as the veil of the Image at Sais.

And thus moved and thus looked Randal Leslie, a thing of dark and secret mischief—within the pale of the law, but equally removed from man by the vague consciousness that at his heart lay that which the eyes of man would abhor and loathe. Solitary amidst the vast city, and on through the machinery of Civilization, went the still spirit of Intellectual Evil.

CHAPTER XI

EARLY the next morning Randal received two notes—one from Frank, written in great agitation, begging Randal to see and propitiate his father, whom he feared he had grievously offended; and then running off, rather incoherently, into protestations that his honor as well as his affections were engaged irrevocably to Beatrice, and that her, at least, he could never abandon.

And the second note was from the Squire himself—short, and far less cordial than usual—requesting Mr. Leslie to call on him.

Randal dressed in haste, and went at once to Limmer's hotel.

He found the Parson with Mr. Hazeldean, and endeavoring in vain to soothe him. The Squire had not slept all night, and his appearance was almost haggard.

"Oho! Mr. young Leslie," said he, throwing himself back in his chair as Randal entered—"I thought you were a friend—I thought you were Frank's adviser. Explain, sir; explain."

"Gently, my dear Mr. Hazeldean," said the Parson. "You do but surprise and alarm Mr. Leslie. Tell him more distinctly what he has to explain."

SQUIRE.—"Did you or did you not tell me or Mrs. Hazeldean, that Frank was in love with Violante Rickeybockey?"

RANDAL (as in amaze).—"I! Never, sir! I feared, on the contrary, that he was somewhat enamored of a very different person. I hinted at that possibility. I could not do more, for I did not know how far Frank's affections were seriously engaged. And indeed, sir, Mrs. Hazeldean, though not encouraging the idea that your son could marry a foreigner and a Roman Catholic, did not appear to consider such objections insuperable, if Frank's happiness were really at stake."

Here the poor Squire gave way to a burst of passion, that involved, in one tempest, Frank, Randal, Harry herself, and the whole race of foreigners, Roman Catholics, and women. While the Squire himself was still incapable of hearing reason, the Parson, taking aside Randal, convinced himself that the whole affair, so far as Randal was concerned, had its origin in a very natural mistake; and that while that young gentleman had been hinting at Beatrice, Mrs. Hazeldean had been thinking of Violante. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in conveying this explanation to the Squire, and somewhat appeasing his wrath against Randal. And the Disimulator, seizing his occasion, then expressed so much grief and astonishment at learning that matters had gone as far as the Parson informed him—that Frank had actually proposed to Beatrice, been accepted, and engaged himself, before even communicating with his father; he declared so earnestly, that he could never conjure such evil—that he had had Frank's positive promise to take no step without the sanction of his parents; he professed such sympathy with the Squire's wounded feelings, and such regret at Frank's involvement, that Mr. Hazeldean at last yielded up his honest heart to his consoler—and griping Randal's hand, said, "Well, well, I wronged you—beg your pardon. What now is to be done?"

"Why, you can not consent to this marriage—impossible," replied Randal; "and we must hope therefore to influence Frank, by his sense of duty."

"That's it," said the Squire; "for I'll not give way. Pretty pass things have come to, indeed! A widow too, I hear. Artful jade—thought, no doubt, to catch a Hazeldean of Hazeldean. My estates go to an outlandish Papistical set of mongrel brats! No, no, never!"

"But," said the Parson, mildly, "perhaps we may be unjustly prejudiced against this lady. We should have consented to Violante—why not to her? She is of good family?"

"Certainly," said Randal.

"And good character?"

Randal shook his head, and sighed. The Squire caught him roughly by the arm—"Answer the Parson!" cried he, vehemently.

"Indeed, sir, I can not speak ill of the character of a woman, who may, too, be Frank's wife; and the world is ill-natured, and not to be believed. But you can judge for yourself, my dear Mr. Hazeldean. Ask your brother whether Madame di Negra is one whom he would advise his nephew to marry."

"My brother!" exclaimed the Squire furiously. "Consult my distant brother on the affairs of my own son!"

"He is a man of the world," put in Randal.

"And of feeling and honor," said the Parson, "and, perhaps, through him, we may be enabled to enlighten Frank, and save him from what appears to be the snare of an artful woman."

"Meanwhile," said Randal, "I will seek Frank, and do my best with him. Let me go now—I will return in an hour or so."

"I will accompany you," said the Parson.

"Nay, pardon me, but I think we two young men can talk more openly without a third person, even so wise and kind as you."

"Let Randal go," growled the Squire. And Randal went.

He spent some time with Frank, and the reader will easily divine how that time was employed. As he left Frank's lodgings, he found himself suddenly seized by the Squire himself.

"I was too impatient to stay at home and listen to the Parson's prosing," said Mr. Hazeldean, nervously. "I have shaken Dale off. Tell me what has passed. Oh! don't fear—I'm a man, and can bear the worst."

Randal drew the Squire's arm within his, and led him into the adjacent park.

"My dear sir," said he, sorrowfully, "this is very confidential what I am about to say. I must repeat it to you, because without such confidence, I see not how to advise you on the proper course to take. But if I betray Frank, it is for his good, and to his own father:—only do not tell him. He would never forgive me—it would for ever destroy my influence over him."

"Go on, go on," gasped the Squire; "speak out. I'll never tell the ungrateful boy that I learned his secrets from another."

"Then," said Randal, "the secret of his entanglement with Madame di Negra is simply this—he found her in debt—nay, on the point of being arrested—"

"Debt!—arrested! Jezabel!"

"And in paying the debt himself, and saving her from arrest, he conferred on her the obligation which no woman of honor could accept save from her affianced husband. Poor Frank!—if sadly taken in, still we must pity and forgive him!"

Suddenly, to Randal's great surprise, the Squire's whole face brightened up.

"I see, I see!" he exclaimed, slapping his thigh. "I have it—I have it. 'Tis an affair of money! I can buy her off. If she took money from him, the mercenary, painted baggage! why, then, she'll take it from me. I don't care what it costs—half my fortune—all! I'd be content never to see Hazeldean Hall again, if I could save my son, my own son, from disgrace and misery; for miserable he will be when he knows he has broken my heart and his mother's. And for a creature like that! My boy, a thousand hearty thanks to you. Where does the wretch live? I'll go to her at once." And as he spoke, the Squire actually pulled out his pocket-book and began turning over and counting the bank-notes in it.

Randal at first tried to combat this bold resolution on the part of the Squire; but Mr. Hazeldean had seized on it with all the obstinacy of his straightforward English mind. He cut Randal's persuasive eloquence off in the midst.

"Don't waste your breath. I've settled it;

and if you don't tell me where she lives, 'tis easily found out, I suppose."

Randal mused a moment. "After all," thought he, "why not? He will be sure so to speak as to enlist her pride against himself, and to irritate Frank to the utmost. Let him go."

"Accordingly, he gave the information required; and, insisting with great earnestness on the Squire's promise, not to mention to Madame di Negra his knowledge of Frank's pecuniary aid (for that would betray Randal as the informant); and satisfying himself as he best might with the Squire's prompt assurance, "that he knew how to settle matters, without saying why or wherefore, as long as he opened his purse wide enough," he accompanied Mr. Hazeldean back into the streets, and there left him—fixing an hour in the evening for an interview at Limmer's, and hinting that it would be best to have that interview without the presence of the Parson. "Excellent good man," said Randal, "but not with sufficient knowledge of the world for affairs of this kind, which *you* understand so well."

"I should think so," quoth the Squire, who had quite recovered his good-humor. "And the Parson is as soft as buttermilk. We must be firm here—firm, sir." And the Squire struck the end of his stick on the pavement, nodded to Randal, and went on to Mayfair as sturdily and as confidently as if to purchase a prize cow at a cattle-show.

CHAPTER XII

"BRING the light nearer," said John Burley—"nearer still."

Leonard obeyed, and placed the candle on a little table by the sick man's bedside.

Burley's mind was partially wandering; but there was method in his madness. Horace Walpole said that "his stomach would survive all the rest of him." That which in Burley survived the last was his quaint wild genius. He looked wistfully at the still flame of the candle. "It lives ever in the air!" said he.

"What lives ever?"

Burley's voice swelled—"Light!" He turned from Leonard, and again contemplated the little flame. "In the fixed star, in the Will-o'-the-wisp, in the great sun that illumines half a world, or the farthing rushlight by which the ragged student strains his eyes—still the same flower of the elements. Light in the universe, thought in the soul—ay—ay—Go on with the simile. My head swims. Extinguish the light! You can not; fool, it vanishes from your eye, but it is still in the space. Worlds must perish, suns shrivel up, matter and spirit both fall into nothingness, before the combinations whose union makes that little flame, which the breath of a babe can restore to darkness, shall lose the power to unite into light once more. Lose the power!—no, the *necessity*:—it is the one *Must* in creation. Ay, ay, very dark riddles grow clear now—now when I could not cast up an addition sum in the baker's bill! What wise man denied that

two and two made four? Do they not make four? I can't answer him. But I could answer a question that some wise men have contrived to make much knottier." He smiled softly, and turned his face for some minutes to the wall.

This was the second night on which Leonard had watched by his bedside, and Burley's state had grown rapidly worse. He could not last many days, perhaps many hours. But he had evinced an emotion beyond mere delight at seeing Leonard again. He had since then been calmer, more himself. "I feared I might have ruined you by my bad example," he said, with a touch of humor that became pathos as he added, "That idea preyed on me."

"No, no; you did me great good."

"Say that—say it often," said Burley, earnestly; "it makes my heart feel so light."

He had listened to Leonard's story with deep interest, and was fond of talking to him of little Helen. He detected the secret at the young man's heart, and cheered the hopes that lay there, amidst fears and sorrows. Burley never talked seriously of his repentance; it was not in his nature to talk seriously of the things which he felt solemnly. But his high animal spirits were quenched with the animal power that fed them. Now, we go out of our sensual existence only when we are no longer enthralled by the Present, in which the senses have their realm. The sensual being vanishes when we are in the Past or the Future. The Present was gone from Burley; he could no more be its slave and its king.

It was most touching to see how the inner character of this man unfolded itself, as the leaves of the outer character fell off and withered—a character no one would have guessed in him—an inherent refinement that was almost womanly; and he had all a woman's abnegation of self. He took the cares lavished on him so meekly. As the features of the old man return in the stillness of death to the aspect of youth—the lines effaced, the wrinkles gone—so, in seeing Burley now, you saw what he had been in his spring of promise. But he himself saw only what he had failed to be—powers squandered—life wasted. "I once beheld," he said, "a ship in a storm. It was a cloudy, fitful day, and I could see the ship with all its masts fighting hard for life and for death. Then came night, dark as pitch, and I could only guess that the ship fought on. Toward the dawn the stars grew visible, and once more I saw the ship—it was a wreck—it went down just as the stars shone forth."

When he had made that allusion to himself, he sat very still for some time, then he spread out his wasted hands, and gazed on them, and on his shrunken limbs. "Good," said he, laughing low; "these hands were too large and rude for handling the delicate webs of my own mechanism, and these strong limbs ran away with me. If I had been a sickly, puny fellow, perhaps my mind would have had fair play. There was too much of brute body here! Look at this hand now! you can see the light through it! Good, good!"

Now, that evening, until he had retired to bed, Burley had been unusually cheerful, and had talked with much of his old eloquence, if with little of his old humor. Among other matters, he had spoken with considerable interest of some poems and other papers in manuscript which had been left in the house by a former lodger, and which, the reader may remember, that Mrs. Goodyer had urged him in vain to read, in his last visit to her cottage. But *then* he had her husband Jacob to chat with, and the spirit-bottle to finish, and the wild craving for excitement plucked his thoughts back to his London revels. Now poor Jacob was dead, and it was not brandy that the sick man drank from the widow's cruise. And London lay afar amidst its fogs, like a world resolved back into nebulae. So to please his hostess, and distract his own solitary thoughts, he had condescended (just before Leonard found him out) to peruse the memorials of a life obscure to the world, and new to his own experience of coarse joys and woes. "I have been making a romance, to amuse myself, from their contents," said he "They may be of use to you, brother author. I have told Mrs. Goodyer to place them in your room. Among those papers is a journal—a woman's journal; it moved me greatly. A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast. There was this journal—in its dates reminding me of stormy events of my own existence, and grand doings in the world's. And those dates there, chronicling but the mysterious unrevealed record of some obscure loving heart! And in that chronicle, O, Sir Poet, there was as much genius, vigor of thought, vitality of being, poured and wasted, as ever kind friend will say was lavished on the rude outer world by big John Burley! Genius, genius; are we all alike, then, save when we leash ourselves to some matter-of-fact material, and float over the roaring seas on a wooden plank or a herring-tub?" And after he had uttered that cry of a secret anguish, John Burley had begun to show symptoms of growing fever and disturbed brain; and when they had got him into bed, he lay there muttering to himself, until toward midnight he had asked Leonard to bring the light nearer to him.

So now he again was quiet—with his face turned toward the wall; and Leonard stood by the bedside sorrowfully, and Mrs. Goodyer, who did not heed Burley's talk, and thought only of his physical state, was dipping cloths into iced water to apply to his forehead. But as she approached with these, and addressed him soothingly, Burley raised himself on his arm, and waved aside the bandages. "I do not need them," said he, in a collected voice. "I am better now. I and that pleasant light understand one another, and I believe all it tells me. Pooh, pooh, I do not rave." He looked so smilingly and so kindly into her face, that the poor

woman, who loved him as her own son, fairly burst into tears. He drew her toward him and kissed her forehead.

"Peace, old fool," said he, fondly. "You shall tell anglers hereafter how John Burley came to fish for the one-eyed perch which he never caught; and how, when he gave it up at the last, his baits all gone, and the line broken among the weeds, you comforted the baffled man. There are many good fellows yet in the world who will like to know that poor Burley did not die on a dunghill. Kiss me! Come, boy, you too. Now, God bless you, I should like to sleep." His cheeks were wet with the tears of both his listeners, and there was a moisture in his own eyes, which, nevertheless, beamed bright through the moisture.

He laid himself down again, and the old woman would have withdrawn the light. He moved uneasily. "Not that," he murmured—"light to the last!" And putting forth his wan hand, he drew aside the curtain so that the light might fall full on his face. In a few minutes he was asleep, breathing calmly and regularly as an infant.

The old woman wiped her eyes, and drew Leonard softly into the adjoining room, in which a bed had been made up for him. He had not left the house since he had entered it with Dr. Morgan. "You are young, sir," said she, with kindness, "and the young want sleep. Lie down a bit: I will call you when he wakes."

"No, I could not sleep," said Leonard. "I will watch for you."

The old woman shook her head. "I must see the last of him, sir; but I know he will be angry when his eyes open on me, for he has grown very thoughtful of others."

"Ah, if he had but been as thoughtful of himself!" murmured Leonard; and he seated himself by the table, on which, as he leaned his elbow, he dislodged some papers placed there. They fell to the ground with a dumb, moaning, sighing sound.

"What is that?" said he, starting

The old woman picked up the manuscripts and smoothed them carefully.

"Ah, sir, he bade me place these papers here. He thought they might keep you from fretting about him, in case you would sit up and wake. And he had a thought of me, too; for I have so pined to find out the poor young lady, who left them years ago. She was almost as dear to me as he is; dearer perhaps until now—when—when—I am about to lose him."

Leonard turned from the papers, without a glance at their contents: they had no interest for him at such a moment.

The hostess went on—

"Perhaps she is gone to heaven before him: she did not look like one long for this world. She left us so suddenly. Many things of hers besides these papers are still here; but I keep them aired and dusted, and strew lavender over them, in case she ever comes for them again.

You never heard tell of her, did you, sir?" she added, with great simplicity, and dropping a half courtesy.

"Of her?—of whom?"

"Did not Mr. John tell you her name—dear—dear?—Mrs. Bertram."

Leonard started;—the very name so impressed upon his memory by Harley L'Estrange

"Bertram!" he repeated. "Are you sure?"

"O yes, sir! And many years after she had left us, and we had heard no more of her, there came a packet addressed to her here, from over sea, sir. We took it in, and kept it, and John would break the seal, to know if it would tell us any thing about her; but it was all in a foreign language like—we could not read a word."

"Have you the packet? Pray, show it to me. It may be of the greatest value. To-morrow will do—I can not think of that just now. Poor Burley!"

Leonard's manner indicated that he wished to talk no more, and to be alone. So Mrs. Goodyer left him, and stole back to Burley's room on tip-toe.

The young man remained in deep reverie for some moments. "Light," he murmured. "How often 'Light' is the last word of those round whom the shades are gathering!"* He moved, and straight on his view through the cottage lattice there streamed light, indeed—not the miserable ray lit by a human hand—but the still and holy effulgence of a moonlit heaven. It lay broad upon the humble floors—pierced across the threshold of the death-chamber, and halted clear amidst its shadows.

Leonard stood motionless, his eye following the silvery silent splendor.

"And," he said inly—"and does this large erring nature, marred by its genial faults—this soul which should have filled a land, as yon orb the room, with a light that linked earth to heaven—does it pass away into the dark, and leave not a ray behind? Nay, if the elements of light are ever in the space, and when the flame goes out, return to the vital air—so thought, once kindled, lives for ever around and about us, a part of our breathing atmosphere. Many a thinker, many a poet, may yet illumine the world, from the thoughts which yon genius, that will have no name, gave forth—to wander through air, and recombine again in some new form of light."

Thus he went on in vague speculations, seeking, as youth enamored of fame seeks too fondly,

* Every one remembers that Goethe's last words are said to have been, "More Light;" and perhaps what has occurred in the text may be supposed a plagiarism from those words. But, in fact, nothing is more common than the craving and demand for light a little before death. Let any consult his own sad experience in the last moments of those whose gradual close he has watched and tended. What more frequent than a prayer to open the shutters and let in the sun? What complaint more repeated, and more touching, than "that it is growing dark?" I once knew a sufferer—who did not then seem in immediate danger—suddenly order the sick-room to be lit up as if for a gala. When this was told to the physician, he said gravely, "No worse sign."

to prove that mind never works, however erratically, in vain—and to retain yet, as an influence upon earth, the soul about to soar far beyond the atmosphere where the elements that make fame abide. Not thus had the dying man interpreted the endurance of light and thought.

Suddenly, in the midst of his reverie, a low cry broke on his ear. He shuddered as he heard, and hastened forbodingly into the adjoining room. The old woman was kneeling by the bedside, and chafing Burley's hand—eagerly looking into his face. A glance sufficed to Leonard. All was over. Burley had died in sleep—calmly, and without a groan.

The eyes were half open, with that look of inexpressible softness which death sometimes leaves; and still they were turned toward the light; and the light burned clear. Leonard closed tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covered the face, the lips smiled a serene farewell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LITTLE GRAY GOSSIP.

SOON after Cousin Con's marriage, we were invited to stay for a few weeks with the newly-married couple, during the festive winter season; so away we went with merry hearts, the clear frosty air and pleasant prospect before us invigorating our spirits, as we took our places inside the good old mail-coach, which passed through the town of P——, where Cousin Con resided, for there were no railways then. Never was there a kinder or more genial soul than Cousin Con; and David Danvers, the good-man, as she laughingly called him, was, if possible, kinder and more genial still. They were surrounded by substantial comforts, and delighted to see their friends in a sociable, easy way, and to make them snug and cozy, our arrival being the signal for a succession of such convivialities. Very mirthful and enjoyable were these evenings, for Con's presence always shed radiant sunshine, and David's honest broad face beamed upon her with affectionate pride. During the days of their courtship at our house, they had perhaps indulged in billing and cooing a little too freely when in company with others, for sober, middle-aged lovers like themselves; thereby lying open to animadversions from prim spinsters, who wondered that Miss Constance and Mr. Danvers made themselves so ridiculous.

But now all this nonsense had sobered down, and nothing could be detected beyond a sly glance, or a squeeze of the hand now and then; yet we often quizzed them about by-gones, and declared that engaged pairs were insufferable—we could always find them out among a hundred!

"I'll bet you any thing you like," cried Cousin Con, with a good-humored laugh, "that among our guests coming this evening" (there was to be a tea-junketing), "you'll not be able to point out the engaged couple—for there will be only *one* such present—though plenty of lads and lasses that would like to be so happily situated! But the couple I allude too are real turtle-doves, and yet I defy you to find them out!"

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"Done, Cousin Con!" we exclaimed; "and what shall we wager?"

"Gloves! gloves to be sure!" cried David. "Ladies always wager gloves; though I can tell you, my Con is on the safe side now;" and David rubbed his hands, delighted with the joke; and *we* already, in perspective, beheld our glove-box enriched with half-a-dozen pair of snowy French sevens!

Never had we felt more interested in watching the arrivals and movements of strangers, than on this evening, for our honor was concerned, to detect the lovers, and raise the veil. Papas and mammas, and masters and misses, came trooping in; old ladies, and middle-aged; old gentlemen, and middle-aged—until the number amounted to about thirty, and Cousin Con's drawing-rooms were comfortably filled. We closely scrutinized all the young folks, and so intently but covertly watched their proceedings, that we could have revealed several innocent flirtations, but nothing appeared that could lead us to the turtle-doves and their engagement. At length, we really had hopes, and ensconced ourselves in a corner, to observe the more cautiously a tall, beautiful girl, whose eyes incessantly turned toward the door of the apartment; while each time it opened to admit any one, she sighed and looked disappointed, as if that one was not the one she yearned to see. We were deep in a reverie, conjuring up a romance of which she was the heroine, when a little lady, habited in gray, whose age might average threescore, unceremoniously seated herself beside us, and immediately commenced a conversation, by asking if we were admiring pretty Annie Mortimer—following the direction of our looks. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, she continued: "Ah, she's a good, affectionate girl; a great favorite of mine is sweet Annie Mortimer."

"Watching for her lover, no doubt?" we ventured to say, hoping to gain the desired information, and thinking of our white kid-gloves. "She is an engaged young lady?"

"Engaged! engaged!" cried the little animated lady: "no indeed. The fates forbid! Annie Mortimer is not engaged." The expression of the little lady's countenance at our bare supposition of so natural a fact, amounted almost to the ludicrous; and we with some difficulty articulated a serious rejoinder, disavowing all previous knowledge, and therefore erring through ignorance. We had now time to examine our new acquaintance more critically. As we have already stated, she was habited in gray; but not only was her attire gray, but she was literally gray all over: gray hairs, braided in a peculiar obsolete fashion, and quite uncovered; gray gloves; gray shoes; and, above all, gray eyes, soft, large, and peculiarly sad in expression, yet beautiful eyes, redeeming the gray, monotonous countenance from absolute plainness. Mary Queen of Scots, we are told, had gray eyes; and even she, poor lady, owned not more speaking or history-telling orbs than did

this little unknown gossip in gray. But our attention was diverted from the contemplation, by the entrance of another actor on the stage, to whom Annie Mortimer darted forward with an exclamation of delight and welcome. The new comer was a slender, elderly gentleman, whose white hairs, pale face, and benignant expression presented nothing remarkable in their aspect, beyond a certain air of elegance and refinement, which characterized the whole outward man.

"That is a charming-looking old gentleman," said we to the gray lady; "is he Annie's father?"

"Her father! Oh dear, no! That gentleman is a bachelor; but he is Annie's guardian, and has supplied the place of a father to her, for poor Annie is an orphan."

"Oh!" we exclaimed, and there was a great deal of meaning in our oh! for had we not read and heard of youthful wards falling in love with their guardians? and might not the fair Annie's taste incline this way? The little gray lady understood our thoughts, for she smiled, but said nothing; and while we were absorbed with Annie and her supposed antiquated lover, she glided into the circle, and presently we beheld Annie's guardian, with Annie leaning on his arm, exchange a few words with her in an undertone, as she passed them to an inner room.

"Who is that pleasing-looking old gentleman?" said we to our hostess; "and what is the name of the lady in gray, who went away just as you came up? That is Annie Mortimer we know, and we know also that she isn't engaged!"

Cousin Con laughed heartily as she replied: "That nice old gentleman is Mr. Worthington, our poor curate; and a poor curate he is likely ever to continue, so far as we can see. The lady in gray we call our 'little gray gossip,' and a darling she is! As to Annie, you seem to know all about her. I suppose little Bessie has been lauding her up to the skies."

"Who is little Bessie?" we inquired.

"Little Bessie is your little gray gossip: we never call her any thing but Bessie to her face; she is a harmless little old maid. But come this way: Bessie is going to sing, for they won't let her rest till she complies; and Bessie singing, and Bessie talking, are widely different creatures."

Widely different indeed! Could this be the little gray lady seated at the piano, and making it speak? while her thrilling tones, as she sang of 'days gone by,' went straight to each listener's heart, she herself looking ten years younger! When the song was over, I observed Mr. Worthington, with Annie still resting on his arm, in a corner of the apartment, shaded by a projecting piece of furniture; and I also noted the tear in his furrowed cheek, which he hastily brushed away, and stooped to answer some remark of Annie's, who, with fond affection, had evidently observed it too, endeavoring to dispel the painful illusion which remembrances of days gone by occasioned.

We at length found the company separating,

and our wager still unredeemed. The last to depart was Mr. Worthington, escorting Annie Mortimer and little Bessie, whom he shawled most tenderly, no doubt because she was a poor forlorn little old maid, and sang so sweetly.

The next morning at breakfast, Cousin Con attacked us, supported by Mr. Danvers, both demanding a solution of the mystery, or the scented sevens! After a vast deal of laughing, talking, and discussion, we were obliged to confess ourselves beaten, for there had been an engaged couple present on the previous evening, and we had failed to discover them. No; it was not Annie Mortimer; she had no lover. No; it was not the Misses Halliday, or the Masters Burton: they had flirted and danced, and danced and flirted indiscriminately; but as to serious engagements—pooh! pooh!

Who would have conjectured the romance of reality that was now divulged? and how could we have been so stupid as not to have read it at a glance? These contradictory exclamations, as is usual in such cases, ensued when the riddle was unfolded. It is so easy to be wise when we have learned the wisdom. Yet we cheerfully lost our wager, and would have lost a hundred such, for the sake of hearing a tale so far removed from matter-of-fact; proving also that enduring faith and affection are not so fabulous as philosophers often pronounce them to be.

Bessie Prudholm was nearly related to David Danvers, and she had been the only child of a talented but improvident father, who, after a short, brilliant career, as a public singer, suddenly sank into obscurity and neglect, from the total loss of his vocal powers, brought on by a violent rheumatic cold and lasting prostration of strength. At this juncture, Bessie had nearly attained her twentieth year, and was still in mourning for an excellent mother, by whom she had been tenderly and carefully brought up. From luxury and indulgence the descent to poverty and privation was swift. Bessie, indeed, inherited a very small income in right of her deceased parent, sufficient for her own wants, and even comforts, but totally inadequate to meet the thousand demands, caprices, and fancies of her ailing and exigent father. However, for five years she battled bravely with adversity, eking out their scanty means by her exertions—though, from her father's helpless condition, and the constant and unrelenting attention he required, she was in a great measure debarred from applying her efforts advantageously. The poor, dying man, in his days of health, had contributed to the enjoyment of the affluent, and in turn been courted by them; but now, forgotten and despised, he bitterly reviled the heartless world, whose hollow meed of applause it had formerly been the sole aim of his existence to secure. Wealth became to his disordered imagination the desideratum of existence, and he attached inordinate value to it, in proportion as he felt the bitter stings of comparative penury. To guard his only child—whom he certainly loved better than any thing else in the world,

save himself—from this dreaded evil, the misguided man, during his latter days, extracted from her an inviolable assurance, never to become the wife of any individual who could not settle upon her, subject to no contingencies or chances, the sum of at least one thousand pounds.

Bessie, who was fancy-free, and a lively-spirited girl, by no means relished the slights and privations which poverty entails. She therefore willingly became bound by this solemn promise; and when her father breathed his last, declaring that she had made his mind comparatively easy, little Bessie half smiled, even in the midst of her deep and natural sorrow, to think how small and easy a concession her poor father had exacted, when her own opinions and views so perfectly coincided with his. The orphan girl took up her abode with the mother of David Danvers, and continued to reside with that worthy lady until the latter's decease. It was beneath the roof of Mrs. Danvers that Bessie first became acquainted with Mr. Worthington—that acquaintance speedily ripening into a mutual and sincere attachment. He was poor and patronless then, as he had continued ever since, with slender likelihood of ever possessing £100 of his own, much less £1000 to settle on a wife. It is true, that in the chances and changes of this mortal life, Paul Worthington might succeed to a fine inheritance; but there were many lives betwixt him and it, and Paul was not the one to desire happiness at another's expense, nor was sweet little Bessie either.

Yet was Paul Worthington rich in one inestimable possession, such as money can not purchase—even in the love of a pure devoted heart, which for him, and for his dear sake, bravely endured the life-long loneliness and isolation which their peculiar circumstances induced. Paul did not see Bessie grow old and gray: in his eyes, she never changed; she was to him still beautiful, graceful, and enchanting; she was his betrothed, and he came forth into the world, from his books, and his arduous clerical and parochial duties, to gaze at intervals into her soft eyes, to press her tiny hand, to whisper a fond word, and then to return to his lonely home, like a second Josiah Cargill, to try and find in severe study oblivion of sorrow.

Annie Mortimer had been sent to him as a ministering angel: she was the orphan and penniless daughter of Mr. Worthington's dearest friend and former college-chum, and she had come to find a shelter beneath the humble roof of the pious guardian, to whose earthly care she had been solemnly bequeathed. Paul's curacy was not many miles distant from the town where Bessie had fixed her resting-place; and it was generally surmised by the select few who were in the secret of little Bessie's history, that she regarded Annie Mortimer with especial favor and affection, from the fact that Annie enjoyed the privilege of solacing and cheering Paul Worthington's declining years. Each spoke of her as a dear adopted daughter, and Annie equally returned the affection of both.

Poor solitaires! what long anxious years they had known, separated by circumstance, yet knit together in the bonds of enduring love!

I pictured them at festive winter seasons, at their humble solitary boards; and in summer prime, when song-birds and bright perfumed flowers call lovers forth into the sunshine rejoicingly. They had not dared to rejoice during their long engagement; yet Bessie was a sociable creature, and did not mope or shut herself up, but led a life of active usefulness, and was a general favorite amongst all classes. They had never contemplated the possibility of evading Bessie's solemn promise to her dying father; to their tender consciences, that fatal promise was as binding and stringent, as if the gulf of marriage or conventual vows yawned betwixt them. We had been inclined to indulge some mirth at the expense of the little gray gossip, when she first presented herself to our notice; but now we regarded her as an object of interest, surrounded by a halo of romance, fully shared in by her charming, venerable lover. And this was good Cousin Con's elucidation of the riddle, which she narrated with many digressions, and with animated smiles, to conceal tears of sympathy. Paul Worthington and little Bessy did not like their history to be discussed by the rising frivolous generation; it was so unworldly, so sacred, and they looked forward with humble hope so soon to be united for ever in the better land, that it pained and distressed them to be made a topic of conversation.

Were we relating fiction, it would be easy to bring this antiquated pair together, even at the eleventh hour; love and constancy making up for the absence of one sweet ingredient, evanescent, yet beautiful—the ingredient, we mean, of youth. But as this is a romance of reality, we are fain to divulge facts as they actually occurred, and as we heard them from authentic sources. Paul and Bessie, divided in their lives, repose side by side in the old church-yard. He dropped off first, and Bessie doffed her gray for sombre habiliments of darker hue. Nor did she long remain behind, loving little soul! leaving her property to Annie Mortimer, and warning her against long engagements.

The last time we heard of Annie, she was the happy wife of an excellent man, who, fully coinciding in the opinion of the little gray gossip, protested strenuously against more than six weeks' courtship, and carried his point triumphantly.

THE MOURNER AND THE COMFORTER.

IT was a lovely day in the month of August, and the sun, which had shone with undiminished splendor from the moment of dawn, was now slowly declining, with that rich and prolonged glow with which it seems especially to linger around those scenes where it seldom finds admittance. For it was a valley in the north of Scotland into which its light was streaming, and many a craggy top and rugged side, rarely seen without their cap of clouds or shroud of mist.

were now throwing their mellow-tinted forms, clear and soft, into a lake of unusual stillness. High above the lake, and commanding a full view of that and of the surrounding hills, stood one of those countryfied hotels not unfrequently met with on a tourist's route, formerly only designed for the lonely traveler or weary huntsman, but which now, with the view to accommodate the swarm of visitors which every summer increased, had gone on stretching its cords and enlarging its boundaries, till the original tenement looked merely like the seed from which the rest had sprung. Nor, even under these circumstances, did the house admit of much of the luxury of privacy; for, though the dormitories lay thick and close along the narrow corridor, all accommodation for the day was limited to two large and long rooms, one above the other, which fronted the lake. Of these, the lower one was given up to pedestrian travelers—the sturdy, sunburnt shooters of the moors, who arrive with weary limbs and voracious appetites, and question no accommodation which gives them food and shelter; while the upper one was the resort of ladies and family parties, and was furnished with a low balcony, now covered with a rough awning.

Both these rooms, on the day we mention, were filled with numerous guests. Touring was at its height, and shooting had begun; and, while a party of way-worn young men, coarsely clad and thickly shod, were lying on the benches, or lolling out of the windows of the lower apartment, a number of traveling parties were clustered in distinct groups in the room above; some lingering round their tea-tables, while others sat on the balcony, and seemed attentively watching the evolutions of a small boat, the sole object on the lake before them. It is pleasant to watch the actions, however insignificant they may be, of a distant group; to see the hand obey without hearing the voice that has bidden; to guess at their inward motives by their outward movements; to make theories of their intentions, and try to follow them out in their actions; and, as at a pantomime, to tell the drift of the piece by dumb show alone. And it is an idle practice, too, and one especially made for the weary or the listless traveler, giving them amusement without thought, and occupation without trouble; for people who have had their powers of attention fatigued by incessant exertion, or weakened by constant novelty, are glad to settle it upon the merest trifle at last. So the loungers on the balcony increased, and the little boat became a centre of general interest to those who apparently had not had one sympathy in common before. So calm and gliding was its motion, so refreshing the gentle air which played round it, that many an eye from the shore envied the party who were seated in it. These consisted of three individuals, two large figures and a little one.

"It is Captain H—— and his little boy," said one voice, breaking silence; "they arrived here yesterday."

"They'll be going to see the great waterfall," said another.

"They have best make haste about it; for they have a mile to walk up-hill when they land," said a third.

"Rather they than I," rejoined a languid fourth; and again there was a pause. Meanwhile the boat party seemed to be thinking little about the waterfall, or the need for expedition. For a few minutes the quick-glancing play of the oars was seen, and then they ceased again; and now an arm was stretched out toward some distant object in the landscape, as if asking a question; and then the little fellow pointed here and there, as if asking many questions at once, and, in short, the conjectures on the balcony were all thrown out. But now the oars had rested longer than usual, and a figure rose and stooped, and seemed occupied with something at the bottom of the boat. What were they about? They were surely not going to fish at this time of evening? No, they were not; for slowly a mast was raised, and a sail unfurled, which at first hung flapping, as if uncertain which side the wind would take it, and then gently swelled out to its full dimensions, and seemed too large a wing for so tiny a body. A slight air had arisen; the long reflected lines of colors, which every object on the shore dripped, as it were, into the lake, were gently stirred with a quivering motion; every soft strip of liquid tint broke gradually into a jagged and serrated edge; colors were mingled, forms were confused; the mountains, which lay in undiminished brightness above, seemed by some invisible agency to be losing their second selves from beneath them; long, cold white lines rose apparently from below, and spread radiating over all the liquid picture: in a few minutes, the lake lay one vast sheet of bright silver, and half the landscape was gone. The boat was no longer in the same element: before, it had floated in a soft, transparent ether; now, it glided upon a plain of ice.

"I wish they had stuck to their oars," said the full, deep voice of an elderly gentleman; "hoisting a sail on these lakes is very much like trusting to luck in life—it may go on all right for a while, and save you much trouble, but you are never sure that it won't give you the slip, and that when you are least prepared."

"No danger in the world, sir," said a young fop standing by, who knew as little about boating on Scotch lakes as he did of most things any where else. Meanwhile, the air had become chill, the sun had sunk behind the hills, and the boating party, tired, apparently, of their monotonous amusement, turned the boat's head toward shore. For some minutes they advanced with fuller and fuller bulging sail in the direction they sought, when suddenly the breeze seemed not so much to change as to be met by another and stronger current of air, which came pouring through the valley with a howling sound, and then, bursting on the lake, drove its waters in a furrow before it. The little boat started, and swerved like a frightened creature; and the sail, distended to its utmost, cowered down to the water's edge.

"Good God! why don't they lower that sail! Down with it! down with it!" shouted the same deep voice from the balcony, regardless of the impossibility of being heard. But the admonition was needless; the boatman, with quick, eager motions, was trying to lower it. Still it bent, fuller and fuller, lower and lower. The man evidently strained with desperate strength, defeating, perhaps, with the clumsiness of anxiety, the end in view; when, too impatient, apparently, to witness their urgent peril without lending his aid, the figure of Captain H—— rose up; in one instant a piercing scream was borne faintly to shore—the boat whelmed over, and all were in the water.

For a few dreadful seconds nothing was seen of the unhappy creatures: then a cap floated; and then two struggling figures rose to the surface. One was evidently the child, for his cap was off, and his fair hair was seen; the other head was covered. This latter buffeted the waters with all the violence of a helpless, drowning man; then he threw his arms above his head, sank, and rose no more. The boy struggled less and less, and seemed dead to all resistance before he sank, too. The boat floated keel upward, almost within reach of the sufferers; and now that the waters had closed over them, the third figure was observed, for the first time, at a considerable distance, slowly and laboriously swimming toward it, and in a few moments two arms were flung over it, and there he hung. It was one of those scenes which the heart quails to look on, yet which chains the spectator to the spot. The whole had passed in less than a minute: fear—despair—agony—and death, had been pressed into one of those short minutes, of which so many pass without our knowing how. It is well. Idleness, vanity, or vice—all that dismisses thought—may dally with time, but the briefest space is too long for that excess of consciousness where time seems to stand still.

At this moment a lovely and gentle-looking young woman entered the room. It was evident that she knew nothing of the dreadful scene that had just occurred, nor did she now remark the intense excitement which still riveted the spectators to the balcony; for, seeking, apparently, to avoid all intercourse with strangers, she had seated herself, with a book, on the chair farthest removed from the window. Nor did she look up at the first rush of hurried steps into the room; but, when she did, there was something which arrested her attention, for every eye was fixed upon her with an undefinable expression of horror, and every foot seemed to shrink back from approaching her. There was also a murmur as of one common and irrepressible feeling through the whole house; quick footsteps were heard as of men impelled by some dreadful anxiety; doors were banged; voices shouted; and, could any one have stood by a calm and indifferent spectator, it would have been interesting to mark the sudden change from the abstracted and composed look with which Mrs. H—— (for she it was) first raised her head from her book to the painful rest-

lessness of inquiry with which she now glanced from eye to eye, and seemed to question what manner of tale they told.

It is something awful and dreadful to stand before a fellow-creature laden with a sorrow which, however we may commiserate it, it is theirs alone to bear; to be compelled to tear away that veil of unconsciousness which alone hides their misery from their sight; and to feel that the faintness gathering round our own heart alone enables theirs to continue beating with tranquillity. We feel less almost of pity for the suffering we are about to inflict than for the peace which we are about to remove; and the smile of unconsciousness which precedes the knowledge of evil is still more painful to look back upon than the bitterest tear that follows it. And, if such be the feelings of the messenger of heavy tidings, the mind that is to receive them is correspondingly actuated. For who is there that thanks you really for concealing the evil that was already arrived—for prolonging the happiness that was already gone? Who cares for a reprieve when sentence is still to follow? It is a pitiful soul that does not prefer the sorrow of certainty to the peace of deceit; or, rather, it is a blessed provision which enables us to acknowledge the preference when it is no longer in our power to choose. It seems intended as a protection to the mind from something so degrading to it as an unreal happiness, that both those who have to inflict misery and those who have to receive it should alike despise its solace. Those who have trod the very brink of a precipice, unknowing that it yawned beneath, look back to those moments of their ignorance with more of horror than of comfort; such security is too close to danger for the mind ever to separate them again. Nor need the bearer of sorrow embitter his errand by hesitations and scruples how to disclose it; he need not pause for a choice of words or form of statement. In no circumstance of life does the soul act so utterly independent of all outward agency; it waits for no explanation, wants no evidence; at the furthest idea of danger it flies at once to its weakest part; an embarrassed manner will rouse suspicions, and a faltered word confirm them. Dreadful things never require precision of terms—they are wholly guessed before they are half-told. Happiness the heart believes not in till it stands at our very threshold; misery it flies at as if eager to meet.

So it was with the unfortunate Mrs. H——; no one spoke of the accident, no one pointed to the lake; no connecting link seemed to exist between the security of ignorance and the agony of knowledge. At one moment she raised her head in placid indifference, at the next she knew that her husband and child were lying beneath the waters. And did she faint, or fall as one stricken? No: for the suspicion was too sudden to be sustained; and the next instant came the thought, This must be a dream; God can not have done it. And the eyes were closed, and the convulsed hands pressed tight over them, as if she would shut out mental vision as well; and groans and sobs burst from the crowd, and men

dashed from the room, unable to bear it; and women, too, untrue to their calling. And there was weeping and wringing of hands, and one weak woman fainted; but still no sound or movement came from her on whom the burden had fallen. Then came the dreadful revulsion of feeling; and, with contracted brow and gasping breath, and voice pitched almost to a scream, she said, "It is not true—tell me—it is not true—tell me—tell me!" And, advancing with desperate gestures, she made for the balcony. All recoiled before her; when one gentle woman, small and delicate as herself, opposed her, and, with streaming eyes and trembling limbs, stood before her. "Oh, go not there—go not there! cast your heavy burden on the Lord!" These words broke the spell. Mrs. H—— uttered a cry which long rang in the ears of those that heard it, and sank, shivering and powerless, in the arms of the kind stranger.

Meanwhile, the dreadful scene had been witnessed from all parts of the hotel, and every male inmate poured from it. The listless tourist of fashion forgot his languor, the way-worn pedestrian his fatigue. The hill down to the lake was trodden by eager, hurrying figures, all anxious to give that which in such cases it is a relief to give, viz., active assistance. Nor were these all, for down came the sturdy shepherd from the hills; and the troops of ragged, bare-legged urchins from all sides; and distant figures of men and women were seen pressing forward to help or to hear; and the hitherto deserted-looking valley was active with life. Meanwhile, the survivor hung motionless over the upturned boat, borne about at the will of the waters, which were now lashed into great agitation. No one could tell whether it was Captain H—— or the Highland boatman, and no one could wish for the preservation of the one more than the other. For life is life to all; and the poor man's wife and family may have less time to mourn, but more cause to want. And before the boat, that was manning with eager volunteers, had left the shore, down came also a tall, raw-boned woman, breathless, more apparently with exertion than anxiety—her eyes dry as stones, and her cheeks red with settled color; one child dragging at her heels, another at her breast. It was the boatman's wife. Different, indeed, was her suspense to that of the sufferer who had been left above; but, perhaps, equally true to her capacity. With her it was fury rather than distress; she scolded the bystanders, chid the little squalling child, and abused her husband by turns.

"How dare he gang to risk his life, wi' six bairns at hame? Ae body knew nae sail was safe on the lake for twa hours thegither; mair fule he to try!" And then she flung the roaring child on to the grass, bade the other mind it, strode half-leg high into the water to help to push off the boat; and then, returning to a place where she could command a view of its movements, she took up the child and hushed it tenderly to sleep. Like her, every one now sought some elevated position, and the progress of the

boat seemed to suspend every other thought. It soon neared the fatal spot, and in another minute was alongside the upturned boat; the figure was now lifted carefully in, something put round him, and, from the languor of his movements, and the care taken, the first impression on shore was that Captain H—— was the one spared. But it was a mercy to Mrs. H—— that she was not in a state to know these surmises; for soon the survivor sat steadily upright, worked his arms, and rubbed his head, as if to restore animation; and, long before the boat reached the shore, the coarse figure and garments of the Highland boatman were distantly recognized. Up started his wife. Unaccustomed to mental emotions of any sudden kind, they were strange and burdensome to her. "What, Meggy! no stay to welcome your husband!" said a bystander.

"Walcome him yoursal!" she replied; "I hae no the time. I maun get his dry claes, and het his parritch; and that's the best walcome I can gie him." And so, perhaps, the husband thought, too.

And now, what was there more to do? The bodies of Captain H—— and his little son had sunk in seventy fathom deep of water. If, in their hidden currents and movements they cast their victims aloft to the surface, all well; if not, no human hand could reach them. There was nothing to do! Two beings had ceased to exist, who, as far as regarded the consciousness and sympathies of the whole party, had never existed at all before. There had been no influence upon them in their lives, there was no blank to them in their deaths. They had witnessed a dreadful tragedy; they knew that she who had risen that morning a happy wife and mother was now widowed and childless, with a weight of woe upon her, and a life of mourning before her; but there were no forms to observe, no rites to prepare; nothing necessarily to interfere with one habit of the day, or to change one plan for the morrow. It was only a matter of feeling; a great *only*, it is true; but, as with every thing in life, from the merest trifle to the most momentous occurrence, the matter varied with the individual who felt. All pitied, some sympathized, but few ventured to help. Some wished themselves a hundred miles off, because they could not help her; others wished the same, because she distressed them; and the solitary back room, hidden from all view of the lake, to which the sufferer had been borne, after being visited by a few well-meaning or curious women, was finally deserted by all save the kind lady we have mentioned, and a good-natured maid-servant, the drudge of the hotel, who came in occasionally to assist.

We have told the tale exactly as it occurred; the reader knows both plot and conclusion: and now there only remains to say something of the ways of human sorrow, and something, too, of the ways of human goodness.

Grief falls differently on different hearts; some must vent it, others can not. The coldest will be the most unnerved, the tenderest the most possessed; there is no rule. As for this poor

lady, hers was of that sudden and extreme kind for which insensibility is at first mercifully provided; and it came to her, and yet not entirely—suspending the sufferings of the mind, but not deadening all the sensation of the body; for she shivered and shuddered with that bloodless cold which kept her pale, numb, and icy, like one in the last hours before death. A large fire was lighted, warm blankets were wrapped round her, but the cold was too deep to be reached; and the kind efforts made to restore animation were more a relief to her attendants than to her. And yet Miss Campbell stopped sometimes from the chafing of the hands, and let those blue fingers lie motionless in hers, and looked up at that wan face with an expression as if she wished that the eyes might never open again, but that death might at once restore what it had just taken. For some hours no change ensued, and then it was gradual; the hands were withdrawn from those that held them, and first laid, and then clenched together; deep sighs of returning breath and returning knowledge broke from her; the wrappers were thrown off, first feebly, and then restlessly. There were no dramatic startings, no abrupt questionings; but, as blood came back to the veins, anguish came back to the heart. All the signs of excessive mental oppression now began, a sad train as they are, one extreme leading to the other. Before, there had been the powerlessness of exertion, now, there was the powerlessness of control; before she had been benumbed by insensibility, now, she was impelled as if bereft of sense. Like one distracted with intense bodily pain, her whole frame seemed strained to endure. The gentlest of voices whispered comfort, she heard not; the kindest of arms supported her, she rested not. There was the unvarying moan, the weary pacing, the repetition of the same action, the measurement of the same distance, the body vibrating as a mere machine to the restless recurrence of the same thought.

We have said that every outer sign of woe was there—all but that which great sorrows set flowing, but the greatest dry up—she shed no tears! Tears are things for which a preparation of the heart is needful; they are granted to anxiety for the future, or lament for the past. They flow with reminiscences of our own, or with the example of others; they are sent to separations we have long dreaded, and to disappointments we can not forget; they come when our hearts are softened, or when our hearts are wearied; but, in the first amazement of unlooked-for woe, they find no place: the cup that is suddenly whelmed over lets no drop of water escape.

It was evident, however, through all the unruliness of such distress, that the sufferer was a creature of gentle and considerate nature; in the whirlpool which convulsed every faculty of her mind, the smooth surface of former habits was occasionally thrown up. Though the hand which sought to support her was cast aside with a restless, excited movement, it was sought the next instant with a momentary pressure of contrition. Though the head was turned away one instant from the whisper of consolation with a gesture

of impatience, yet it was bowed the next as if in entreaty of forgiveness. Poor creature! what effort she could make to allay the storm which was rioting within her was evidently made for the sake of those around. With so much and so suddenly to bear, she still showed the habit of forbearance.

Meanwhile night had far advanced; many had been the inquiries and expressions of sympathy made at Mrs. H——'s door; but now, one by one, the parties retired each to their rooms. Few, however, rested that night as usual; however differently the terrible picture might be carried on the mind during the hours of light, it forced itself with almost equal vividness upon all in those of darkness. The father struggling to reach the child, and then throwing up his arms in agony, and that fair little head borne about unresistingly by the waves before they covered it over—these were the figures which haunted many a pillow. Or, if the recollection of that scene was lulled for a while, it was recalled again by the weary sound of those footsteps which told of a mourner who rested not. Of course, among the number and medley of characters lying under that roof, there was the usual proportion of the selfish and the careless. None, however, slept that night without confessing, in word or thought, that life and death are in the hands of the Lord; and not all, it is to be hoped, forgot the lesson. One young man, in particular, possessed of fine intellectual powers, but which unfortunately had been developed among a people who, God help them! affect to believe only what they understand, was indebted to this day and night for a great change in his opinions. His heart was kind, though his understanding was perverted; and the thought of that young, lovely, and feeble woman, on whom a load of misery had fallen which would have crushed the strongest of his own sex, roused within him the strongest sense of the insufficiency of all human aid or human strength for beings who are framed to love and yet ordained to lose. He was oppressed with compassion, miserable with sympathy, he longed with all the generosity of a manly heart to do something, to suggest something, that should help her, or satisfy himself. But what were fortitude, philosophy, strength of mind? Mockeries, nay, more, imbecilities, which he dared not mention to her, nor so much as think of in the same thought with her woe. Either he must accuse the Power who had inflicted the wound, and so deep he had not sunk, or he must acknowledge His means of cure. Impelled, therefore, by a feeling equally beyond his doubting or his proving, he did that which for years German sophistry had taught him to forbear; he gave but little, but he felt that he gave his best—he *prayed* for the suffering creature, and in the name of One who suffered for all, and from that hour God's grace forsook him not.

But the most characteristic sympathizer on the occasion was Sir Thomas —, the fine old gentleman who had shouted so loudly from the balcony. He was at home in this valley, owned the whole range of hills on one side of the lake,

from their fertile bases to their bleak tops, took up his abode generally every summer in this hotel, and felt for the stricken woman as if she had been a guest of his own. Ever since the fatal accident he had gone about in a perfect fret of commiseration, inquiring every half-hour at her door how she was, or what she had taken. Severe bodily illness or intense mental distress had never fallen upon that bluff person and warm heart, and abstinence from food was in either case the proof of an extremity for which he had every compassion, but of which he had no knowledge. He prescribed, therefore, for the poor lady every thing that he would have relished himself, and nothing at that moment could have made him so happy as to have been allowed to send her up the choicest meal that the country could produce. Not that his benevolence was at all limited to such manifestations; if it did not deal in sentiment, it took the widest range of practice. His laborers were dispatched round the lake to watch for any traces of the late catastrophe; he himself kept up an hour later planning how he could best promote the comfort of her onward journey and of her present stay; and though the good old gentleman was now snoring loudly over the very apartment which contained the object of his sympathy, he would have laid down his life to save those that were gone, and half his fortune to solace her who was left.

Some hours had elapsed, the footsteps had ceased, there was quiet, if not rest, in the chamber of mourning; and, shortly after sunrise, a side door in the hotel opened, and she who had been as a sister to the stranger, never seen before, came slowly forth. She was worn with watching, her heart was sick with the sight and sounds of such woe, and she sought the refreshment of the outer air and the privacy of the early day. It was a dawn promising a day as beautiful as the preceding; the sun was beaming mildly through an opening toward the east, wakening the tops of the nearest hills, while all the rest of the beautiful range lay huge and colorless, nodding, as it were, to their drowsy reflections beneath, and the lake itself looked as calm and peaceful as if the winds had never swept over its waters, nor those waters over all that a wife and mother had loved. Man is such a speck on this creation of which he is lord, that had every human being now sleeping on the green sides of the hills, been lying deep among their dark feet in the lake, it would not have shown a ripple the more. Miss Campbell, meanwhile, wandered slowly on, and though apparently unmindful of the beauty of the scene, she was evidently soothed by its influence. All that dreary night long had she cried unto God in ceaseless prayer, and felt that without His help in her heart, and His word on her lips, she had been but as a strengthless babe before the sight of that anguish. But here beneath His own heavens her communings were freer: her soul seemed not so much to need Him below, as to rise to Him above; and the solemn dejection upon a very careworn, but sweet face, became less painful, but perhaps more touching. In her wanderings she had now left the hotel to

her left hand, the boatman's clay cottage was just above, and below a little rough pier of stones, to an iron ring in one of which the boat was usually attached. She had stood on that self-same spot the day before and watched Captain H—— and his little son as they walked down to the pier, summoned the boatman, and launched into the cool, smooth water. She now went down herself, and stood with a feeling of awe upon the same stones they had so lately left. The shores were loose and shingly, many footsteps were there, but one particularly riveted her gaze. It was tiny in shape and light in print, and a whole succession of them went off toward the side as if following a butterfly, or attracted by a bright stone. Alas! they were the last prints of that little foot on the shores of this world! Miss Campbell had seen the first thunderbolt of misery burst upon his mother; she had borne the sight of her as she lay stunned, and as she rose frenzied, but that tiny footprint was worse than all, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears. She felt as if it were desecration to sweep them away, as if she could have shrined them round from the winds and waves, and thoughtless tread of others; but a thought came to check her. What did it matter how the trace of his little foot, or how the memory of his short life were obliterated from this earth? There was One above who had numbered every hair of his innocent head, and in His presence she humbly hoped both father and child were now rejoicing.

She was just turning away when the sound of steps approached, and the boatman's wife came up. Her features were coarse and her frame was gaunt, as we have said, but she was no longer the termagant of the day before, nor was she ever so. But the lower classes, in the most civilized lands, are often, both in joy and grief, an enigma to those above them; if nature, rare alike in all ranks, speak not for them, they have no conventional imitation to put in her place. The feeling of intense suspense was new to her, and the violence she had assumed had been the awkwardness which, under many eyes, knew not otherwise how to express or conceal; but she had sound Scotch sense, and a tender woman's heart, and spoke them both now truly, if not gracefully.

"Ye'll be frae the hotel, yonder?" she said; "can ye tell me how the puir leddy has rested? I was up mysel' to the house, and they tell't me they could hear her greeting!"

Miss Campbell told her in a few words what the reader knows, and asked for her husband.

"Oh! he's weel enough in body, but sair disquieted in mind. No that he's unmindfu' of the mercy of the Lord to himsel', but he can no just keep the thocht away that it was he wha helped those poor creatures to their end." She then proceeded earnestly to exculpate her husband, assuring Miss Campbell that in spite of the heavy wind and the entangled rope, all might even yet have been well if the gentleman had kept his seat. "But I just tell him that there's Ane above, stronger than the wind, who sunk them in the lake, and could have raised them from it, but it was no His pleasure. The puir leddy

would ha' been nane the happier if Andrew had been ta'en as well, and I and the bairns muckle the waur." Then observing where Miss Campbell stood, she continued, in a voice of much emotion, "Ah! I mind them weel as they came awa' down here; the bairnie was playing by as Andrew loosened the boat—the sweet bairnie! so happy and thochtless as he gaed in his beautiful claes—I see him noo!" and the poor woman wiped her eyes. "But there's something ye'll like to see. Jeanie! gang awa' up, and bring the little bonnet that hangs on the peg. Andrew went out again with the boat the night, and picked it up. But it will no be dry."

The child returned with a sad token. It was the little fellow's cap; a smart, town-made article, with velvet band, and long silk tassel which had been his first vanity, and his mother had coaxed it smooth as she pulled the peak low down over his fair forehead, and then, fumbling his little fingers into his gloves, had given him a kiss which she little thought was to be the last!

"I was coming awa' up wi' it mysel', but the leddy will no just bear to see it yet."

"No, not yet," said Miss Campbell, "if ever. Let me take it. I shall remain with her till better friends come here, or she goes to them;" and giving the woman money, which she had difficulty in making her accept, she possessed herself of the cap, and turned away.

She soon reached the hotel, it was just five o'clock, all blinds were down, and there was no sign of life; but one figure was pacing up and down, and seemed to be watching for her. It was Sir Thomas. His sympathy had broken his sleep in the morning, though it had not disturbed it at night. He began in his abrupt way:

"Madam, I have been watching for you. I heard you leave the house. Madam, I feel almost ashamed to lift up my eyes to you; while we have all been wishing and talking, you alone have been acting. We are all obliged to you, madam; there is not a creature here with a heart in them to whom you have not given comfort!"

Miss Campbell tried to escape from the honest overflowings of the old man's feelings.

"You have only done what you liked: very true, madam. It is choking work having to pity without knowing how to help; but I would sooner give ten thousand pounds than see what you have seen. I would do any thing for the poor creature, any thing, but I could not look at her." He then told her that his men had been sent with the earliest dawn to different points of the lake, but as yet without finding any traces of the late fatal accident; and then his eyes fell upon the cap in Miss Campbell's hand, and he at once guessed the history. "Picked up last evening, you say—sad, sad—a dreadful thing!" and his eyes filling more than it was convenient to hold, he turned away, blew his nose, took a short turn, and coming back again, continued, "But tell me, how has she rested? what has she taken? You must not let her weep too much!"

"Let her weep!" said Miss Campbell; "I wish I could bid her. She has not shed a tear yet, and mind and body alike want it. I left her

lying back quiet in an arm-chair, but I fear this quiet is worse than what has gone before!"

"God bless my heart!" said Sir Thomas, his eyes now running over without control. "God bless my heart! this is sad work. Not that I ever wished a woman to cry before in my life, if she could help it. Poor thing! poor thing! I'll send for a medical man: the nearest is fifteen miles off!"

"I think it will be necessary. I am now going back to her room."

"Well, ma'am, I won't detain you longer, but don't keep all the good to yourself. Let me know if there is any thing that I, or my men, or," the old gentleman hesitated, "my money, madam, can do, only don't ask me to see her;" and so they each went their way—Sir Thomas to the stables to send off man and horse, and Miss Campbell to the chamber of mourning.

She started as she entered; the blind was drawn up, and, leaning against the shutter, in apparent composure, stood Mrs. H——. That composure was dreadful; it was the calm of intense agitation, the silence of boiling heat, the immovability of an object in the most rapid motion. The light was full upon her, showing cheek and forehead flushed, and veins bursting on the small hands. Miss Campbell approached with trembling limbs.

"Where is the servant?"—"I did not want her."

"Will you not rest?"—"I *can not*!"

Miss Campbell was weary and worn out; the picture before her was so terrible, she sunk on the nearest chair in an agony of tears.

Without changing her position, Mrs. H—— turned her head, and said, gently, "Oh, do not cry so! it is I who ought to cry, but my heart is as dry as my eyes, and my head is so tight, and I can not think for its aching; I can not think, I can not understand, I can not remember, I don't even know your name, then why should this be true? It is I who am ill, they are well, but they never were so long from me before." Then coming forward, her face working, and her breath held tightly, as if a scream were pressing behind, "Tell me," she said, "tell me—my husband and child—" she tried hard to articulate, but the words were lost in a frightful contortion. Miss Campbell mastered herself, she saw the rack of mental torture was strained to the utmost. Neither could bear this much longer. She almost feared resistance, but she felt there was one way to which the sufferer would respond.

"I am weary and tired," she said; "weary with staying up with you all night. If you will lie down, I will soon come and lie by your side."

Poor Mrs. H—— said nothing, but let herself be laid upon the bed.

Three mortal hours passed, she was burnt with a fever which only her own tears could quench; and those wide-open, dry eyes were fearful to see. A knock came to the door, "How is she now?" said Sir Thomas's voice, "The doctor is here: you look as if you wanted him yourself. I'll bring him up."

The medical man entered. Such a case had not occurred in his small country practice before,

but he was a sensible and a kind man, and no practice could have helped him here if he had not been. He heard the whole sad history, felt the throbbing pulse, saw the flush on the face, and wide-open eyes, which now seemed scarcely to notice any thing. He took Miss Campbell into another room, and said that the patient must be instantly roused, and then bled if necessary.

"But the first you can undertake better than I, madam." He looked round. "Is there no little object which would recall?—nothing you could bring before her sight? You understand me?"

Indeed, Miss Campbell did. She had not sat by that bed-side for the last three hours without feeling and fearing that this was necessary; but, at the same time, she would rather have cut off her own hand than undertaken it. She hesitated—but for a moment, and then whispered something to Sir Thomas.

"God bless my heart!" said he; "who would have thought of it? Yes. I know it made me cry like a child."

And then he repeated her proposition to the medical man, who gave immediate assent, and she left the room. In a few minutes she entered that of Mrs. H—with the little boy's cap in her hand, placed it in a conspicuous position before the bed, and then seated herself with a quick, nervous motion by the bed-side. It was a horrid pause, like that which precedes a cruel operation, where you have taken upon yourself the second degree of suffering—that of witnessing it. The cap lay there on the small stone mantle-piece, with its long, drabbed, weeping tassel, like a funeral emblem. It was not many minutes before it caught those eyes for which it was intended. A suppressed exclamation broke from her; she flew from the bed, looked at Miss Campbell one instant in intense inquiry, and the next had the cap in her hands. The touch of that wet object seemed to dissolve the spell; her whole frame trembled with sudden relaxation. She sank, half-kneeling, on the floor, and tears spouted from her eyes. No blessed rain from heaven to famished earth was ever more welcome. Tears, did we say? Torrents! Those eyes, late so hot and dry, were as two arteries of the soul suddenly opened. What a misery that had been which had sealed them up! They streamed over her face, blinding her riveted gaze, falling on her hands, on the cap, on the floor. Meanwhile the much-to-be-pitied sharer of her sorrow knelt by her side, her whole frame scarcely less unnerved than that she sought to support, uttering broken ejaculations and prayers, and joining her tears to those which flowed so passionately. But she had a gentle and meek spirit to deal with. Mrs. H—crossed her hands over the cap and bowed her head. Thus she continued a minute, and then turning, still on her knees, she laid her head on her companion's shoulder.

"Help me up," she said, "for I am without strength." And all weak, trembling, and sobbing, she allowed herself to be undressed and put to bed.

Miss Campbell lay down in the same room. She listened till the quivering, catching sobs had given place to deep-drawn sighs, and these again

to disturbed breathings, and then both slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, and Miss Campbell, fortunately, knew not when the mourner awoke from it.

Oh, the dreary first-fruits of excessive sorrow! The first days of a stricken heart, passed through, writhed through, ground through, we scarcely know or remember how, before the knowledge of the bereavement has become habitual—while it is still struggle and not endurance—the same ceaseless recoil from the same ever-recurring shock. It was a blessing that she was ill, very ill; the body shared something of the weight at first.

Let no one, untried by such extremity, here lift the word or look of deprecation. Let there not be a thought of what she ought to have done, or what they would have done. God's love is great, and a Christian's faith is strong, but when have the first encounters between old joys and new sorrows been otherwise than fierce? From time to time a few intervals of heavenly composure, wonderful and gracious to the sufferer, may be permitted, and even the dim light of future peace discerned in the distance; but, in a moment, the gauntlet of defiance is thrown again—no matter what—an old look, an old word, which comes rushing unbidden over the soul, and dreadful feelings rise again only to spend themselves by their own violence. It always seems to us as if sorrow had a nature of its own, independent of that whereon it has fallen, and sometimes strangely at variance with it—scorching the gentle, melting the passionate, dignifying the weak, and prostrating the strong—and showing the real nature, habits, or principles of the mind, only in those defenses it raises up during the intervals of relief. With Mrs. H—these defenses were reared on the only sure base, and though the storm would sweep down her bulwarks, and cover all over with the furious tide of grief, yet the foundation was left to cling to, and every renewal added somewhat to its strength.

Three days were spent thus, but the fourth she was better, and on Miss Campbell's approaching her bed-side, she drew her to her, and, putting her arms round her neck, imprinted a calm and solemn kiss upon her cheek.

"Oh! what can I ever do for you, dear friend and comforter? God, who has sent you to me in my utmost need, He alone can reward you. I don't even know your name; but that matters not, I know your heart. Now, you may tell me all—all; before, I felt as if I could neither know nor forget what had happened, before, it was as if God had withdrawn His countenance; but now He is gracious, He has heard your prayers."

And then, with the avidity of fresh, hungry sorrow, she besought Miss Campbell to tell her all she knew; she besought and would not be denied, for sorrow has royal authority, its requests are commands. So, with the hand of each locked together, and the eyes of each averted, they sat questioning and answering in disjointed sentences till the whole sad tale was told. Then, anxious to turn a subject which could not be banished, Miss Campbell spoke of the many hearts that had bled, and the many prayers that had ascended

for her, and told her of that kind old man who had thought, acted, and grieved for her like a father.

"God bless him—God bless them all; but chiefly you, my sister. I want no other name."

"Call me Catherine," said the faithful companion.

Passionate bursts of grief would succeed such conversations; nevertheless, they were renewed again and again, for, like all sufferers from severe bereavements, her heart needed to create a world for itself, where its loved ones still were, as a defense against that outer one where they were not, and to which she was only slowly and painfully to be inured, if ever. In these times she would love to tell Catherine—what Catherine most loved to hear—how that her lost husband was both a believer and a doer of Christ's holy word, and that her lost child had learned at her knee what she herself had chiefly learned from his father. For she had been brought up in ignorance and indifference to religious truths, and the greatest happiness of her life had commenced that knowledge, which its greatest sorrow was now to complete.

"I have been such a happy woman," she would say, "that I have pitied others less blessed, though I trust they have not envied me." And then would follow sigh on sigh and tear on tear, and again her soul writhed beneath the agony of that implacable mental spasm.

Sometimes the mourner would appear to lose, instead of gaining ground, and would own with depression, and even with shame, her fear that she was becoming more and more the sport of ungovernable feeling. "My sorrow is sharp enough," she would say, "but it is a still sharper pang when I feel I am not doing my duty under it. It is not thus that *he* would have had me act." And her kind companion, always at hand to give sympathy or comfort, would bid her not exact or expect any thing from herself, but to cast all upon God, reminding her in words of tenderness that her soul was as a sick child, and that strength would not be required until strength was vouchsafed. "Strength," said the mourner, "no more strength or health for me." And Miss Campbell would whisper that, though "weariness endureth for a night, joy comes in the morning." Or she would be silent, for she knew, as most women do, alike how to soothe and when to humor.

It was a beautiful and a moving sight to see two beings thus riveted together in the exercise and receipt of the tenderest and most intimate feelings, who had never known of each other's existence till the moment that made the one dependent and the other indispensable. All the shades and grades of conventional and natural acquaintanceship, all the gradual insight into mutual character, and the gradual growth into mutual trust, which it is so sweet to look back upon from the high ground of friendship, were lost to them; but it mattered not, here they were together, the one admitted into the sanctuary of sorrow, the other sharing in the fullness of love, with no reminiscence in common but one, and that sufficient to bind them together for life.

Meanwhile the friend without was also unre-

mitting in his way. He crossed not her threshold in person, nor would have done so for the world, but his thoughts were always reaching Mrs. H—— in some kind form. Every delicate daintiness that money could procure—beautiful fruits and flowers which had scarce entered this valley before—every thing that could tempt the languid appetite or divert the weary eye was in turn thought of, and each handed in with a kind, hearty inquiry, till the mourner listened with pleasure for the step and voice. Nor was Miss Campbell forgotten; all the brief snatches of air and exercise she enjoyed were in his company, and often did he insist on her coming out for a short walk or drive when the persuasions of Mrs. H—— had failed to induce her to leave a room where she was the only joy. But now a fresh object attracted Sir Thomas's activity, for after many days the earthly remains of one of the sufferers were thrown up. It was the body of the little boy. Sir Thomas directed all that was necessary to be done, and having informed Miss Campbell, the two friends, each strange to the other, and bound together by the interest in one equally strange to both, went out together up the hill above the hotel, and were gone longer than usual. The next day the intelligence was communicated to Mrs. H——, who received it calmly, but added, "I could have wished them both to have rested together; but God's will be done. I ought not to think of them as on earth."

The grave of little Harry H—— was dug far from the burial-ground of his fathers, and strangers followed him to it; but though there were no familiar faces among those who stood round, there were no cold ones; and when Sir Thomas, as chief mourner, threw the earth upon the lowered coffin, warm tears fell upon it also. Miss Campbell had watched the procession from the window, and told how the good old man walked next behind the minister, the boatman and his wife following him, and how a long train succeeded, all pious and reverential in their bearing, with that air of manly decorum which the Scotch peasantry conspicuously show on such occasions. And she who lay on a bed of sorrow and weakness blessed them through her tears, and felt that her child's funeral was not lonely.

From this time the mourner visibly mended. The funeral and the intelligence that preceded it had insensibly given her that change of the same theme, the want of which had been so much felt at first. She had now taken up her burden, and, for the dear sakes of those for whom she bore it, it became almost sweet to her. She was not worshipping her sorrow as an idol, but cherishing it as a friend. Meanwhile she had received many kind visits from the minister who had buried her child, and had listened to his exhortations with humility and gratitude; but his words were felt as admonitions, Catherine's as comfort. To her, now dearer and dearer, every day she would confess aloud the secret changes of her heart; how at one time the world looked all black and dreary before her, how at another she seemed already to live in a brighter one beyond; how one day life was a burden she knew not how to bear, and

another how the bitterness of death seemed already past. Then with true Christian politeness she would lament over the selfishness of her grief, and ask where Miss Campbell had learned to know that feeling which she felt henceforth was to be the only solace of her life—viz., the deep, deep sympathy for others. And Catherine would tell her, with that care-worn look which confirmed all she said, how she had been sorely tried, not by the death of those she loved, but by what was worse—their sufferings and their sins. How she had been laden with those misfortunes which wound most and teach least, and which, although coming equally from the hand of God, torment you with the idea that, but for the wickedness or weakness of some human agent, they need never have been; till she had felt, wrongly no doubt, that she could have better borne those on which the stamp of the Divine Will was more legibly impressed. She told her how the sting of sorrow, like that of death, is sin; how comparatively light it was to see those you love dead, dying, crippled, maniacs, victims, in short, of any evil, rather than victims of evil itself. She spoke of a heart-broken sister and a hard-hearted brother; of a son—an only one, like him just buried—who had gone on from sin to sin, hardening his own heart, and wringing those of others, till none but a mother's love remained to him, and that he outraged. She told, in short, so much of the sad realities of life, in which, if there was not more woe, there was less comfort, that Mrs. H—— acknowledged in her heart that such griefs had indeed been unendurable, and returned with something like comfort to the undisturbed sanctity of her own.

About this time a summons came which required Sir Thomas to quit the valley in which these scenes had been occurring. Mrs. H—— could have seen him, and almost longed to see him; but he shrunk from her, fearing no longer her sorrow so much as her gratitude.

"Tell her I love her," he said, in his abrupt way, "and always shall; but I can't see her—at least, not yet." Then, explaining to Miss Campbell all the little arrangements for the continuation of the mourner's comfort, which his absence might interrupt, he authorized her to dispose of his servants, his horses, and every thing that belonged to him, and finally put into her hands a small packet, directed to Mrs. H——, with instructions when to give it. He had ascertained that Mrs. H—— was wealthy, and that her great afflictions entailed no minor privations. "But you, my dear, are poor; at least, I hope so, for I could not be happy unless I were of service to you. I am just as much obliged to you as Mrs. H—— is. Mind, you have promised to write to me and to apply to me without reserve. No kindness, no honor—nonsense. It is *I* who honor *you* above every creature I know, but I would not be a woman for the world; at least, the truth is, *I could not*." And so he turned hastily away.

And now the time approached when she, who had entered this valley a happy wife and mother, was to leave it widowed and childless, a sorrowing and heavy-hearted woman, but not an un-

happy one. She had but few near relations, and those scattered in distant lands; but there were friends who would break the first desolation of her former home, and Catherine had promised to bear her company till she had committed her into their hands.

It was a lovely evening, the one before their departure. Mrs. H—— was clad for the first time in all that betokened her to be a mourner; but, as Catherine looked from the black habiliments to that pale face, she felt that there was the deepest mourning of all. Slowly the widow passed through that side-door we have mentioned, and stood once more under God's heaven. Neither had mentioned to the other the errand on which they were bound, but both felt that there was but one. Slowly and feebly she mounted the gentle slope, and often she stopped, for it was more than weakness or fatigue that made her breath fail. The way was beautiful, close to the rocky bed and leafy sides of that sweetest of all sweet things in the natural world, a Scotch burn. And now they turned, for the rich strip of grass, winding among bush and rock, which they had been following as a path, here spread itself out in a level shelf of turf, where the burn ran smoother, the bushes grew higher, and where the hill started upward again in bolder lines. Here there was a fresh-covered grave. The widow knelt by it, while Catherine stood back. Long was that head bowed, first in anguish, and then in submission, and then she turned her face toward the lake, on which she had not looked since that fatal day, and gazed steadily upon it. The child lay in his narrow bed at her feet, but the father had a wider one far beneath. Catherine now approached and was folded in a silent embrace; then she gave her that small packet which Sir Thomas had left, and begged her to open it on the spot. It was a legal deed, making over to Mary H——, in free gift, the ground on which she stood—a broad strip from the tip of the hill to the waters of the lake. The widow's tears rained fast upon it.

"Both God and man are very good to me," she said; "I am lonely but not forsaken. But, Catherine, it is you to whom I must speak. I have tried to speak before, but never felt I could till now. Oh, Catherine! stay with me; let us never be parted. God gave you to me when He took all else beside; He has not done it for naught. I can bear to return to my lonely home if you will share it—I can bear to see this valley, this grave again, if you are with me. I am not afraid of tying your cheerfulness to my sorrow; I feel that I am under a calamity, but I feel also that I am under no curse—you will help to make it a blessing. Oh! complete your sacred work, give me years to requite to you your last few days to me. You have none who need you more—none who love you more. Oh! follow me; here, on my child's grave, I humbly entreat you, follow me."

Catherine trembled; she stood silent a minute, and then, with a low, firm voice, replied, "Here, on your child's grave, I promise you. Your people shall be my people, and your God my God." She kept her promise and never repented it.

LIFE OF BLAKE, THE GREAT ADMIRAL.

ROBERT BLAKE was born at Bridgewater, in August, 1599. His father, Humphrey Blake, was a merchant trading with Spain—a man whose temper seems to have been too sanguine and adventurous for the ordinary action of trade, finally involving him in difficulties which clouded his latter days, and left his family in straitened circumstances: his name, however, was held in general respect; and we find that he lived in one of the best houses in Bridgewater, and twice filled the chair of its chief magistrate. The perils to which mercantile enterprise was then liable—the chance escapes and valorous deeds which the successful adventurer had to tell his friends and children on the dark winter nights—doubtless formed a part of the food on which the imagination of young Blake, “silent and thoughtful from his childhood,” was fed in the “old house at home.” At the Bridgewater grammar-school, Robert received his early education, making tolerable acquaintance with Latin and Greek, and acquiring a strong bias toward a literary life. This *penchant* was confirmed by his subsequent career at Oxford, where he matriculated at sixteen, and where he strove hard, but fruitlessly, for scholarships and fellowships at different colleges. His failure to obtain a Merton fellowship has been attributed to a crotchet of the warden’s, Sir Henry Savile, in favor of tall men: “The young Somersetshire student, thick-set, fair-complexioned, and only five feet six, fell below his standard of manly beauty;” and thus the Cavalier warden, in denying this aspirant the means of cultivating literature on a little university oatmeal, was turning back on the world one who was fated to become a republican power of the age. This shining light, instead of comfortably and obscurely merging in a petty constellation of Alma Mater, was to become a bright particular star, and dwell apart. The avowed liberalism of Robert may, however, have done more in reality to shock Sir Henry, than his inability to add a cubit to his stature. It is pleasant to know, that the “admiral and general at sea” never outgrew a tenderness for literature—his first-love, despite the rebuff of his advances. Even in the busiest turmoil of a life teeming with accidents by flood and field, he made it a point of pride not to forget his favorite classics. Nor was it till after nine years’ experience of college-life, and when his father was no longer able to manage his *res angusta vite*, that Robert finally abandoned his long-cherished plans, and retired with a sigh and last adieu from the banks of the Isis.

When he returned to Bridgewater, in time to close his father’s eyes, and superintend the arrangements of the family, he was already remarkable for that “iron will, that grave demeanor, that free and dauntless spirit,” which so distinguished his after-course. His tastes were simple, his manners somewhat bluntly austere; a refined dignity of countenance, and a picturesque vigor of conversation, invested him with a social interest, to which his indignant invectives against

court corruptions gave distinctive character. To the Short Parliament he was sent as member for his native town; and in 1645, was returned by Taunton to the Long Parliament. At the dissolution of the former, which he regarded as a signal for action, he began to prepare arms against the king; his being one of the first troops in the field, and engaged in almost every action of importance in the western counties. His superiority to the men about him lay in the “marvelous fertility, energy, and comprehensiveness of his military genius.” Prince Rupert alone, in the Royalist camp, could rival him as a “partisan soldier.” His first distinguished exploit was his defense of Prior’s Hill fort, at the siege of Bristol—which contrasts so remarkably with the pusillanimity of his chief, Colonel Fienes. Next comes his yet more brilliant defense of Lyme—then a little fishing-town, with some 900 inhabitants, of which the defenses were a dry ditch, a few hastily-formed earth-works, and three small batteries, but which the Cavalier host of Prince Maurice, trying storm, stratagem, blockade, day after day, and week after week, failed to reduce or dishearten. “At Oxford, where Charles then was, the affair was an inexplicable marvel and mystery: every hour the court expected to hear that the ‘little vile fishing-town,’ as Clarendon contemptuously calls it, had fallen, and that Maurice had marched away to enterprises of greater moment; but every post brought word to the wondering council, that Colonel Blake still held out, and that his spirited defense was rousing and rallying the dispersed adherents of Parliament in those parts.” After the siege was raised, the Royalists found that more men of gentle blood had fallen under Blake’s fire at Lyme, than in all other sieges and skirmishes in the western counties since the opening of the war.

The hero’s fame had become a spell in the west: it was seen that he rivaled Rupert in rapid and brilliant execution, and excelled him in the caution and sagacity of his plans. He took Taunton—a place so important at that juncture, as standing on and controlling the great western highway—in July, 1644, within a week of Cromwell’s defeat of Rupert at Marston Moor. All the vigor of the Royalists was brought to bear on the captured town; Blake’s defense of which is justly characterized as abounding with deeds of individual heroism—exhibiting in its master-mind a rare combination of civil and military genius. The spectacle of an unwall’d town, in an inland district, with no single advantage of site, surrounded by powerful castles and garrisons, and invested by an enemy brave, watchful, numerous, and well provided with artillery, successively resisting storm, strait, and blockade for several months, thus paralyzing the king’s power, and affording Cromwell time to remodel the army, naturally arrested the attention of military writers at that time; and French authors of this class bestowed on Taunton the name of the modern Saguntum. The rage of the Royalists at this prolonged resistance was extreme. Reckoning from the date when Blake first seized the town, to that of

Goring's final retreat, the defense lasted exactly a year, and under circumstances of almost overwhelming difficulty to the besieged party, who, in addition to the fatigue of nightly watches, and the destruction of daily conflicts, suffered from terrible scarcity of provisions. "Not a day passed without a fire; sometimes eight or ten houses were burning at the same moment; and in the midst of all the fear, horror, and confusion incident to such disasters, Blake and his little garrison had to meet the storming-parties of an enemy brave, exasperated, and ten times their own strength. But every inch of ground was gallantly defended. A broad belt of ruined cottages and gardens was gradually formed between the besiegers and the besieged; and on the heaps of broken walls and burnt rafters, the obstinate contest was renewed from day to day." At last relief arrived from London; and Goring, in savage dudgeon, beat a retreat, notwithstanding the wild oath he had registered, either to reduce that haughty town, or to lay his bones in its trenches.

Blake was now the observed of all observers; but, unlike most of his compeers, he abstained from using his advantages for purposes of selfish or personal aggrandizement. He kept aloof from the "centre of intrigues," and remained at his post, "doing his duty humbly and faithfully at a distance from Westminster; while other men, with less than half his claims, were asking and obtaining the highest honors and rewards from a grateful and lavish country." Nor, indeed, did he at any time side with the ultras of his party, but loudly disapproved of the policy of the regicides. This, coupled with his influence, so greatly deserved and so deservedly great, made him an object of jealousy with Cromwell and his party; and it was owing, perhaps, to their anxiety to keep him removed from the home sphere of action, that he was now appointed to the chief naval command.

Hitherto, and for years afterward, no state, ancient or modern, as Macaulay points out, had made a separation between the military and the naval service. Cimon and Lysander, Pompey and Agrippa, had fought by sea as well as by land: at Flodden, the right wing of the English was led by her admiral, and the French admiral led the Huguenots at Jarnac, &c. Accordingly, Blake was summoned from his pacific government at Taunton, to assume the post of "General and Admiral at Sea;" a title afterward changed to "General of the Fleet." Two others were associated with him in the command; but Blake seems at least to have been recognized as *primus inter pares*. The navy system was in deplorable need of reform; and a reformer it found in Robert Blake, from the very day he became an admiral. His care for the well-being of his men made him an object of their almost adoring attachment. From first to last, he stood alone as England's model seaman. "Envy, hatred, and jealousy dogged the steps of every other officer in the fleet; but of him, both then and afterward, every man spoke well." The "tremendous powers" intrusted to him by the Council of State, he exercised with off-handed

and masterly success—startling politicians and officials of the *ancien régime* by his bold and open tactics, and his contempt for tortuous by-paths in diplomacy. His wondrous exploits were performed with extreme poverty of means. He was the first to repudiate and disprove the supposed fundamental maxim in marine warfare, that no ship could attack a castle, or other strong fortification, with any hope of success. The early part of his naval career was occupied in opposing and defeating the piratical performances of Prince Rupert, which then constituted the support of the exiled Stuarts. Blake's utmost vigilance and activity were required to put down this extraordinary system of freebooting; and by the time that he had successively overcome Rupert, and the minor but stubborn adventurers, Grenville and Carteret, he was in request to conduct the formidable war with Holland, and to cope with such veterans as Tromp, De Witt, De Ruyter, &c.

On one occasion only did Blake suffer ever a defeat; and this one is easily explained by—first, Tromp's overwhelming superiority of force; secondly, the extreme deficiency of men in the English fleet; and, thirdly, the cowardice or disaffection of several of Blake's captains at a critical moment in the battle. Notwithstanding this disaster, not a whisper was heard against the admiral either in the Council of State or in the city; his offer to resign was flatteringly rejected; and he soon found, that the "misfortune which might have ruined another man, had given him strength and influence in the country." This disaster, in fact, gave him power to effect reforms in the service, and to root out abuses which had defied all his efforts in the day of his success. He followed it up by the great battle of Portland, and other triumphant engagements.

Then came his sweeping *tours de force* in the Mediterranean; in six months he established himself as a power in that great midland sea, from which his countrymen had been politically excluded since the age of the Crusades—teaching nations, to which England's very name was a strange sound, to respect its honors and its rights; chastising the pirates of Barbary with unprecedented severity; making Italy's petty princes feel the power of the northern Protestants; causing the pope himself to tremble on his seven hills; and startling the council-chambers of Venice and Constantinople with the distant echoes of our guns. And be it remembered, that England had then no Malta, Corfu, and Gibraltar as the bases of naval operations in the Mediterranean: on the contrary, Blake found that in almost every gulf and island of that sea—in Malta, Venice, Genoa, Leghorn, Algiers, Tunis, and Marseilles—there existed a rival and an enemy; nor were there more than three or four harbors in which he could obtain even bread for love or money.

After this memorable cruise, he had to conduct the Spanish war—a business quite to his mind; for though his highest renown had been gained in his conflicts with the Dutch, he had

secretly disliked such encounters between two Protestant states; whereas, in the case of Popish Spain, his soul leaped at the anticipation of battle—sympathizing as he did with the Puritan conviction, that Spain was the devil's stronghold in Europe. At this period, Blake was suffering from illness, and was sadly crippled in his naval equipments, having to complain constantly of the neglect at home to remedy the exigencies of the service. "Our ships," he writes, "extremely foul, winter drawing on, our victuals expiring, all stores failing, our men falling sick through the badness of drink, and eating their victuals boiled in salt water for two months' space" (1655). His own constitution was thoroughly undermined. For nearly a year, remarks his biographer, "he had never quitted the 'foul and defective' flag-ship. Want of exercise and sweet food, beer, wine, water, bread, and vegetables, had helped to develop scurvy and dropsy; and his sufferings from these diseases were now acute and continuous." But his services were indispensable, and Blake was not the man to shrink from dying in harness. His sun set gloriously at Santa Cruz—that miraculous and unparalleled action, as Clarendon calls it, which excited such grateful enthusiasm at home. At home! words of fascination to the maimed and enfeebled veteran, who now turned his thoughts so anxiously toward the green hills of his native land. Cromwell's letter of thanks, the plaudits of parliament, and the jeweled ring sent to him by his loving countrymen, reached him while homeward bound. But he was not again to tread the shores he had defended so well.

As the ships rolled through the Bay of Biscay, his sickness increased, and affectionate adherents saw with dismay that he was drawing near to the gates of the grave. "Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold once more the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. . . . At last, the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterward, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet, to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. . . . But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St. George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, &c., ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome—he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God."

The corpse was embalmed, and conveyed to Greenwich, where it lay in state for some days.

On the 4th of September, 1657, the Thames bore a solemn funeral procession, which moved slowly, amid salvos of artillery, to Westminster, where a new vault had been prepared in the noble abbey. The tears of a nation made it hallowed ground. A prince, of whom the epigram declares that, if he never said a foolish thing, he never did a wise one—saw fit to disturb the hero's grave, drag out the embalmed body, and cast it into a pit in the abbey-yard. One of Charles Stuart's most witless performances! For Blake is not to be confounded—though the Merry Monarch thought otherwise—with the Iretons and Bradshaws who were similarly exhumed. The admiral was a moderate in the closest, a patriot in the widest sense.

In the chivalric disposition of the man, there was true affinity to the best qualities of the Cavalier, mingled sometimes with a certain grim humor, all his own. Many are the illustrations we might adduce of this high-minded and generous temperament. For instance: meeting a French frigate of forty guns in the Straits, and signaling for the captain to come on board his flag-ship, the latter, considering the visit one of friendship and ceremony, there being no declared war between the two nations—though the French conduct at Toulon had determined England on measures of retaliation—readily complied with Blake's summons; but was astounded on entering the admiral's cabin, at being told he was a prisoner, and requested to give up his sword. No! was the surprised but resolute Frenchman's reply. Blake felt that an advantage had been gained by a misconception, and scorning to make a brave officer its victim, he told his guest he might go back to his ship, if he wished, and fight it out as long as he was able. The captain, we are told, thanked him for his handsome offer, and retired. After two hours' hard fighting, he struck his flag; like a true French knight, he made a low bow, kissed his sword affectionately, and delivered it to his conqueror. Again: when Blake captured the Dutch herring-fleet off Bochness, consisting of 600 boats, instead of destroying or appropriating them, he merely took a tithe of the whole freight, in merciful consideration toward the poor families whose entire capital and means of life it constituted. This "characteristic act of clemency" was censured by many as Quixotic, and worse. But "Blake took no trouble to justify his noble instincts against such critics. His was indeed a happy fate: the only fault ever advanced by friend or foe against his public life, was an excess of generosity toward his vanquished enemies!" His sense of the comic is amusingly evidenced by the story of his *ruse* during a dearth in the same siege. Tradition reports, that only one animal, a hog, was left alive in the town, and that more than half starved. In the afternoon, Blake, feeling that in their depression a laugh would do the defenders as much good as a dinner, had the hog carried to all the posts and whipped, so that its screams, heard in many places, might make the enemy suppose that fresh supplies had somehow been obtained.

The moral aspects of his character appear in this memoir in an admirable light. If he did not stand so high as some others in public notoriety, it was mainly because, to stand higher than he did, he must plant his feet on a *bad* eminence. His patriotism was as pure as Cromwell's was selfish. Mr. Dixon, his biographer, alludes to the strong points of contrast, as well as of resemblance between the two men. Both, he says, were sincerely religious, undauntedly brave, fertile in expedients, irresistible in action. Born in the same year, they began and almost closed their lives at the same time. Both were country gentlemen of moderate fortune; both were of middle age when the revolution came. Without previous knowledge or professional training, both attained to the highest honors of their respective services. But there the parallel ends. Anxious only for the glory and interest of his country, Blake took little or no care of his personal aggrandizement. His contempt for money, his impatience with the mere vanities of power, were supreme. Bribery he abhorred in all its shapes. He was frank and open to a fault; his heart was ever in his hand, and his mind ever on his lips. His honesty, modesty, generosity, sincerity, and magnanimity were unimpeached. Cromwell's inferior moral qualities made him distrust the great seaman; yet, now and then, as in the case of the street tumult at Malaga, he was fain to express his admiration of Robert Blake. The latter was wholly unversed in the science of nepotism, and "happy family" compacts; for, although desirous of aiding his relatives, he was jealous of the least offense on their part, and never overlooked it. Several instances of this disposition are on record. When his brother Samuel, in rash zeal for the Commonwealth, ventured to exceed his duty, and was killed in a fray which ensued, Blake was terribly shocked, but only said: "Sam had no business there." Afterward, however, he shut himself up in his room, and bewailed his loss in the words of Scripture: "Died Abner as a fool dieth!" His brother Benjamin, again, to whom he was strongly attached, falling under suspicion of neglect of duty, was instantly broken, and sent on shore. "This rigid measure of justice against his own flesh and blood, silenced every complaint, and the service gained immeasurably in spirit, discipline, and confidence." Yet more touching was the great admiral's inexorable treatment of his favorite brother Humphrey, who, in a moment of extreme agitation, had failed in his duty. The captains went to Blake in a body, and argued that Humphrey's fault was a neglect rather than a breach of orders, and suggested his being sent away to England till it was forgotten. But Blake was outwardly unmoved, though inwardly his bowels did yearn over his brother, and sternly said: "If none of you will accuse him, I must be his accuser." Humphrey was dismissed from the service. It is affecting to know how painfully Blake missed his familiar presence during his sick and lonely passage homeward, when the hand of death was upon that noble heart. To Humphrey he bequeathed the great

er part of the property which he left behind him. In the rare intervals of private life which he enjoyed on shore, Blake also compels our sincere regard. When released for awhile from political and professional duties, he loved to run down to Bridgewater for a few days or weeks, and, as his biographer says, with his chosen books, and one or two devout and abstemious friends, to indulge in all the luxuries of seclusion. "He was by nature self-absorbed and taciturn. His morning was usually occupied with a long walk, during which he appeared to his simple neighbors to be lost in profound thought, as if working out in his own mind the details of one of his great battles, or busy with some abstruse point of Puritan theology. If accompanied by one of his brothers, or by some other intimate friend, he was still for the most part silent. Always good-humored, and enjoying sarcasm when of a grave, high class, he yet never talked from the loquacious instinct, or encouraged others so to employ their time and talents in his presence. Even his lively and rattling brother Humphrey, his almost constant companion when on shore, caught, from long habit, the great man's contemplative and self-communing gait and manner; and when his friends rallied him on the subject in after-years, he used to say, that he had caught the trick of silence while walking by the admiral's side in his long morning musings on Knoll Hill. A plain dinner satisfied his wants. Religious conversation, reading, and the details of business, generally filled up the evening until supper-time; after family prayers—always pronounced by the general himself—he would invariably call for his cup of sack and a dry crust of bread, and while he drank two or three horns of Canary, would smile and chat in his own dry manner with his friends and domestics, asking minute questions about their neighbors and acquaintance; or when scholars or clergymen shared his simple repast, affecting a droll anxiety—rich and pleasant in the conqueror of Tromp—to prove, by the aptness and abundance of his quotations, that, in becoming an admiral, he had not forfeited his claim to be considered a good classic."

The care and interest with which he looked to the well-being of his humblest followers, made him eminently popular in the fleet. He was always ready to hear complaints, and to rectify grievances. When wounded at the battle of Portland, and exhorted to go on shore for repose and proper medical treatment, he refused to seek for himself the relief which he had put in the way of his meanest comrade. Even at the early period of his cruise against the Cavalier corsairs of Kinsale, such was Blake's popularity, that numbers of men were continually joining him from the enemy's fleet, although he offered them less pay, and none of that license which they had enjoyed under Prince Rupert's flag. They gloried in following a leader *sans peur et sans reproche*—one with whose renown the whole country speedily rang—the renown of a man who had revived the traditional glories of the English navy, and proved that its meteor flag could "yet terrific burn."

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

LONDON possesses two scenes of popular enjoyment on a great scale, in its British Museum and its Zoological Gardens. In the former, the glance is sent over the life of antiquity; in the latter, over that of the present time in the kingdom of nature; and in both may the Englishman enjoy a view of England's power and greatness, because it is the spirit of England which has compelled Egypt and Greece to remove hither their gods, their heroic statues: it is England whose courageous sons at this present moment force their way into the interior of Africa, that mysterious native land of miracles and of the Leviathan; it is an Englishman who held in his hand snow from the clefts of the remote Mountains of the Moon; it is England which has aroused that ancient Nineveh from her thousands of years of sleep in the desert; England, which has caused to arise from their graves, and to stand forth beneath the sky of England, those witnesses of the life and art of antiquity which are known under the name of the Nineveh Marbles, those magnificent but enigmatical figures which are called the Nineveh Bulls, in the immense wings of which one can not but admire the fine artistic skill of the workmanship, and from the beautiful human countenances of which glances Oriental despotism—with eyes such as those with which King Ahasuerus might have gazed on the beautiful Esther, when she sank fainting before the power of that glance. They have an extraordinary expression—these countenances of Nineveh, so magnificent, so strong, and at the same time, so joyous—a something about them so valiant and so joyously commanding! It was an expression which surprised me, and which I could not rightly comprehend. It would be necessary for me to see them yet again before I could fully satisfy myself whether this inexpressible, proudly joyous glance is one of wisdom or of stupidity! I could almost fancy it might be the latter, when I contemplate the expression of gentle majesty in the head of the Grecian Jupiter. Nevertheless, whether it be wisdom or stupidity—these representations of ancient Nineveh have a real grandeur and originality about them. Were they then representatives of life there? Was life there thus proud and joyous, thus unconscious of trouble, care, or death, thus valiant, and without all arrogance? Had it such eyes? Ah! and yet it has lain buried in the sand of the desert, lain forgotten there many thousand years. And now, when they once more look up with those large, magnificent eyes, they discover another world around them, another Nineveh which can not understand what they would say. Thus proudly might Nineveh have looked when the prophet uttered above her his “woe!” Such a glance does not accord with the life of earth.

In comparison with these latest discovered but most ancient works of art, the Egyptian statues fall infinitely short, bearing evidence of a de-

graded, sensual humanity, and the same as regarded art. But neither of these, nor of the Elgin marbles, nor of many other treasures of art in the British Museum which testify at the same time to the greatness of foregone ages, and to the power of the English world-conquering intelligence, shall I say any thing, because time failed me rightly to observe them, and the Nineveh marbles almost bewitched me by their contemplation.

It is to me difficult to imagine a greater pleasure than that of wandering through these halls, or than by a visit to the Zoological Garden which lies on one side of the Regent's Park. I would willingly reside near this park for a time, that I might again and again wander about in this world of animals from all zones, and listen to all that they have to relate, ice-bears and lions, turtles and eagles, the ourang-outang and the rhinoceros! The English Zoological Garden, although less fortunate in its locality than the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, is much richer as regards animals. That which at this time attracted hither most visitors was the new guest of the garden, a so-called river-horse or hippopotamus, lately brought hither from Upper Egypt, where it was taken when young. It was yet not full-grown, and had here its own keeper—an Arab—its own house, its own court, its own reservoir, to bathe and swim in! Thus it lived in a really princely hippopotamus fashion. I saw his highness ascend out of his bath in a particularly good-humor, and he looked to me like an enormous—pig, with an enormously broad snout. He was very fat, smooth, and gray, and awkward in his movements, like the elephant. Long-necked giraffes walked about, feeding from wooden racks in the court adjoining that of the hippopotamus, and glancing at us across it. One can scarcely imagine a greater contrast than in these animals.

The eagles sate upon crags placed in a row beneath a lofty transparent arch of iron work, an arrangement which seemed to me excellent, and which I hope seemed so to them, in case they could forget that they were captives. Here they might breathe, here spread out their huge wings, see the free expanse of heaven, and the sun, and build habitations for themselves upon the rock. On the contrary, the lions, leopards, and such-like noble beasts of the desert, seemed to me particularly unhappy in their iron-grated stone vaults; and their perpetual, uneasy walking backward and forward in their cages—I could not see that without a feeling of distress. How beautiful they must be in the desert, or amid tropical woods, or in the wild caverns of the mountains, those grand, terrific beasts—how fearfully beautiful! One day I saw these animals during their feeding time. Two men went round with wooden vessels filled with pieces of raw meat; these were taken up with a large iron-pronged fork, and put, or rather flung, through the iron grating into the dens. It was terrible to see the savage joy, the fury, with which the food was received and swallowed down by the beasts. Three pieces of meat were

thrown into one great vault which was at that time empty, a door was then drawn up at the back of the vault, and three huge yellow lions with shaggy manes rushed roaring in, and at one spring each possessed himself of his piece of flesh. One of the lions held his piece between his teeth for certainly a quarter of an hour, merely growling and gloating over it in savage joy, while his flashing eyes glared upon the spectators, and his tail was swung from side to side with an expression of defiance. It was a splendid, but a fearful sight. One of my friends was accustomed sometimes to visit these animals in company with his little girl, a beautiful child, with a complexion like milk and cherries. The sight of her invariably produced great excitement in the lions. They seemed evidently to show their love to her in a ravenous manner.

The serpents were motionless in their glass house, and lay, half-asleep, curled around the trunks of trees. In the evening by lamp-light they become lively, and then, twisting about and flashing forth their snaky splendors, they present a fine spectacle. The snake-room, with its walls of glass, behind which the snakes live, reminded me of the old northern myth of Nastrond, the roof of which was woven of snakes' backs, the final home of the ungodly—an unpleasant, but vigorous picture. The most disagreeable and the ugliest of all the snakes, was that little snake which the beautiful Queen Cleopatra, herself false as a serpent, placed at her breast; a little gray, flat-headed snake which liked to bury itself in the sand.

The monkey-family lead a sad life; stretch out their hands for nuts or for bread, with mournful human gestures; contentious, beaten, oppressed, thrust aside, frightening one another, the stronger the weaker—mournfully human also.

Sad, also, was the sight of an ourang-outang, spite of all its queer grimaces, solitary in its house, for it evidently suffered *ennui*, was restless, and would go out. It embraced its keeper and kissed him with real human tenderness. The countenance, so human, yet without any human intelligence, made a painful impression upon me; so did the friendly tame creature here, longing for its fellows, and seeing around it only human beings. Thou poor animal! Fain would I have seen thee in the primeval woods of Africa, caressing thy wife in the clear moonlight of the tropical night, sporting with her among the branches of the trees, and sleeping upon them, rocked by the warm night wind. There thy ugliness would have had a sort of picturesque beauty. After the strange beast-man had climbed hither and thither along the iron railing, seizing the bars with his hands, and feet which resembled hands, and also with his teeth, he took a white woolen blanket, wrapped it around him in a very complicated manner, and ended by laying himself down as a human being might do, in his chilly, desolate room.

After this, all the more charming was the spectacle presented by the water-fowl from every zone—Ducks, Swans, and Co., all quite at home

here, swimming in the clear waters, among little green islands on which they had their little huts. It was most charmingly pretty and complete. And the mother-duck with her little, lively golden-yellow flock, swimming neck and heels after her, or seeking shelter under her wings, is at all times one of the most lovely scenes of natural life—resembling humanity in a beautiful manner.

Even among the wild beasts I saw a beautiful human trait of maternal affection. A female leopard had in her cage two young cubs, lively and playful as puppies. When the man threw the flesh into her cage, she drew herself back and let the young ones first seize upon the piece.

Crows from all parts of the world here live together in one neighborhood, and that the chattering and laughter was loud here did not surprise me, neither that the European crows so well maintained their place among their fellows. That which, however, astonished and delighted me was, the sweet flute-like melodious tones of the Australian crow. In the presence of this crow from Paradise—for originally it must have come therefrom—it seemed to me that all the other crows ought to have kept silence with their senseless chattering. But they were nothing but crows, and they liked better to hear themselves.

Parrots from all lands lived and quarreled together in a large room, and they there made such a loud screaming, that in order to stand it out one must have been one of their own relations. Better be among the silent, dejected, stealthy, hissing, shining snakes, than in company with parrots! The former might kill the body, but the latter the soul.

Twilight came on, and drove me out of the Zoological Garden each time I was there, and before I had seen all its treasures. Would that I might return there yet a third time and remain still longer!

A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED.

THE most difficult likeness I ever had to take, not even excepting my first attempt in the art of Portrait-painting, was a likeness of a gentleman named Faulkner. As far as drawing and coloring went, I had no particular fault to find with my picture; it was the *expression* of the sitter which I had failed in rendering—a failure quite as much his fault as mine. Mr. Faulkner, like many other persons by whom I have been employed, took it into his head that he must assume an expression, because he was sitting for his likeness; and, in consequence, contrived to look as unlike himself as possible, while I was painting him. I had tried to divert his attention from his own face, by talking with him on all sorts of topics. We had both traveled a great deal, and felt interested alike in many subjects connected with our wanderings over the same countries. Occasionally, while we were discussing our traveling experiences, the unlucky set-look left his countenance, and I began to work to some purpose; but it was always disastrously sure to return again, before I had

made any great progress—or, in other words, just at the very time when I was most anxious that it should not re-appear. The obstacle thus thrown in the way of the satisfactory completion of my portrait, was the more to be deplored, because Mr. Faulkner's natural expression was a very remarkable one. I am not an author, so I can not describe it. I ultimately succeeded in painting it, however; and this was the way in which I achieved my success:

On the morning when my sitter was coming to me for the fourth time, I was looking at his portrait in no very agreeable mood—looking at it, in fact, with the disheartening conviction that the picture would be a perfect failure, unless the expression in the face represented were thoroughly altered and improved from nature. The only method of accomplishing this successfully, was to make Mr. Faulkner, somehow, insensibly forget that he was sitting for his picture. What topic could I lead him to talk on, which would entirely engross his attention while I was at work on his likeness?—I was still puzzling my brains to no purpose on this subject, when Mr. Faulkner entered my studio; and, shortly afterward, an accidental circumstance gained for me the very object which my own ingenuity had proved unequal to compass.

While I was “setting” my pallet, my sitter amused himself by turning over some portfolios. He happened to select one for special notice, which contained several sketches that I had made in the streets of Paris. He turned over the first five views rapidly enough; but when he came to the sixth, I saw his face flush directly; and observed that he took the drawing out of the portfolio, carried it to the window, and remained silently absorbed in the contemplation of it for full five minutes. After that, he turned round to me; and asked, very anxiously, if I had any objection to part with that sketch.

It was the least interesting drawing of the series—merely a view in one of the streets running by the backs of the houses in the Palais Royal. Some four or five of these houses were comprised in the view, which was of no particular use to me in any way; and which was too valueless, as a work of Art, for me to think of selling it to my kind patron. I begged his acceptance of it, at once. He thanked me quite warmly; and then, seeing that I looked a little surprised at the odd selection he had made from my sketches, laughingly asked me if I could guess why he had been so anxious to become possessed of the view which I had given him?

“Probably”—I answered—“there is some remarkable historical association connected with that street at the back of the Palais Royal, of which I am ignorant.”

“No”—said Mr. Faulkner—“at least, none that I know of. The only association connected with the place in *my* mind, is a purely personal association. Look at this house in your drawing—the house with the water-pipe running down it from top to bottom. I once passed a night there—a night I shall never forget to the

day of my death. I have had some awkward traveling adventures in my time; but *that* adventure—! Well, well! suppose we begin the sitting. I make but a bad return for your kindness in giving me the sketch, by thus wasting your time in mere talk.”

He had not long occupied the sitter's chair (looking pale and thoughtful), when he returned—involuntarily, as it seemed—to the subject of the house in the back street. Without, I hope, showing any undue curiosity, I contrived to let him see that I felt a deep interest in every thing he now said. After two or three preliminary hesitations, he at last, to my great joy, fairly started on the narrative of his adventure. In the interest of his subject he soon completely forgot that he was sitting for his portrait—the very expression that I wanted, came over his face—my picture proceeded toward completion, in the right direction, and to the best purpose. At every fresh touch, I felt more and more certain that I was now getting the better of my grand difficulty; and I enjoyed the additional gratification of having my work lightened by the recital of a true story, which possessed, in my estimation, all the excitement of the most exciting romance.

This, as nearly as I can recollect, is, word for word, how Mr. Faulkner told me the story:—

Shortly before the period when gambling-houses were suppressed by the French Government, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, a very dissipated life, in the very dissipated city of our sojourn. One night, we were idling about the neighborhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusement we should next betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's; but his suggestion was not to my taste. I knew Frascati's, as the French saying is, by heart; had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there, “merely for the fun of the thing,” until it was “fun” no longer; and was thoroughly tired, in fact, of all the ghastly respectabilities of such a social anomaly as a respectable gambling-house. “For Heaven's sake”—said I to my friend—“let us go somewhere where we can see a little genuine, blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming, with no false gingerbread glitter thrown over it at all. Let us get away from fashionable Frascati's, to a house where they don't mind letting in a man with a ragged coat, or a man with no coat, ragged or otherwise.”—“Very well,” said my friend, “we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place, just before us; as blackguard a place, by all report, as you could possibly wish to see.” In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house, the back of which you have drawn in your sketch.

When we got up-stairs, and had left our hats and sticks with the doorkeeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling-room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our en-

trance, they were all types—miserable types—of their respective classes. We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic side, more or less appreciable, in all blackguardism—here, there was nothing but tragedy; mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning up of the cards, never spoke; the flabby, fat-faced, pimply player, who pricked his piece of pasteboard perseveringly, to register how often black won, and how often red—never spoke; the dirty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes, and the darned great coat, who had lost his last *sous*, and still looked on desperately, after he could play no longer—never spoke. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled and thickened in the atmosphere of the room. I had entered the place to laugh; I felt that if I stood quietly looking on much longer, I should be more likely to weep. So, to excite myself out of the depression of spirits which was fast stealing over me, I unfortunately went to the table, and began to play. Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won—won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate, that the regular players at the table crowded round me; and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was *Rouge et Noir*. I had played at it in every city in Europe, without, however, the care or the wish to study the Theory of Chances—that philosopher's stone of all gamblers! And a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want money. I never practiced it so incessantly as to lose more than I could afford, or to gain more than I could coolly pocket, without being thrown off my balance by my good luck. In short, I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables—just as I frequented ball-rooms and opera-houses—because they amused me, and because I had nothing better to do with my leisure hours.

But, on this occasion, it was very different—now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My success first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I only lost, when I attempted to estimate chances, and played according to previous calculation. If I left every thing to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win—to win in the face of every recognized probability in favor of the bank. At first, some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my color; but I speedily increased my stakes to sums which they dared not risk. One after another they left off playing, and breathlessly looked

on at my game. Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher; and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted, by a deep, muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shoveled across to my side of the table—even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake on the floor in a (French) fury of astonishment at my success. But one man present preserved his self-possession; and that man was my friend. He came to my side, and whispering in English, begged me to leave the place, satisfied with what I had already gained. I must do him the justice to say, that he repeated his warnings and entreaties several times; and only left me and went away, after I had rejected his advice (I was to all intents and purposes gambling-drunk) in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried: "Permit me, my dear sir!—permit me to restore to their proper place two Napoleons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, sir!—I pledge you my word of honor as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours!—never! Go on, sir—*Sacré mille bombes!* Go on boldly, and break the bank!"

I turned round and saw, nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility, a tall man, dressed in a frogged and braided surtout. If I had been in my senses, I should have considered him, personally, as being rather a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling, bloodshot eyes, mangy mustaches, and a broken nose. His voice betrayed a barrack-room intonation of the worst order, and he had the dirtiest pair of hands I ever saw—even in France. These little personal peculiarities exercised, however, no repelling influence on me. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph of that moment, I was ready to "fraternize" with any body who encouraged me in my game. I accepted the old soldier's offered pinch of snuff; clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world; the most glorious relic of the Grand Army that I had ever met with. "Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy—"Go on, and win! Break the bank—*Mille tonnerres!* my gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

And I *did* go on—went on at such a rate, that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out: "Gentlemen! the bank has discontinued for to-night." All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting to pour into my pockets!

"Tie up the money in your pocket-handkerchief, my worthy sir," said the old soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold "Tie it up, as we used to tie up a bit of dinner in the Grand Army; your winnings are too heavy for any breeches pockets that ever were sewed. There! that's it!—shovel them in, notes

and all! *Credie!* what luck!—Stop! another Napoleon on the floor! *Ah! sacré petit polisson de Napoleon!* have I found thee at last? Now, then, sir—two tight double knots each way with your honorable permission, and the money's safe. Feel it! feel it, fortunate sir! hard and round as a cannon ball—*Ah, bah!* if they had only fired such cannon balls at us at Austerlitz—*nom d'une pipe!* if they only had! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as an ex-brave of the French army, what remains for me to do? I ask what? Simply this: to entreat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"

Excellent ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! Hurrah! hurrah! Another English cheer for the goddess Fortune! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Bravo! the Englishman; the amiable, gracious Englishman, in whose veins circulates the vivacious blood of France! Another glass? *Ah, bah!*—the bottle is empty! Never mind! *Vive le vin!* I, the old soldier, order another bottle, and half a pound of *bon-bons* with it!"

No, no, ex-brave; never—ancient grenadier! Your bottle last time; my bottle this. Behold it! Toast away! The French Army!—the great Napoleon!—the present company! the croupier! the honest croupier's wife and daughters—if he has any! the Ladies generally! Every body in the world!

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire—my brain seemed all a flame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life. Was it the result of a stimulant acting upon my system when I was in a highly-excited state? Was my stomach in a particularly disordered condition? Or was the champagne particularly strong?

"Ex-brave of the French Army!" cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration. "I am on fire! how are you? You have set me on fire! Do you hear; my hero of Austerlitz? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the flame out!" The old soldier wagged his head, rolled his goggle-eyes, until I expected to see them slip out of their sockets; placed his dirty forefinger by the side of his broken nose; solemnly ejaculated "Coffee!" and immediately ran off into an inner room.

The word pronounced by the eccentric veteran, seemed to have a magical effect on the rest of the company present. With one accord they all rose to depart. Probably they had expected to profit by my intoxication; but finding that my new friend was benevolently bent on preventing me from getting dead drunk, had now abandoned all hope of thriving pleasantly on my winnings. Whatever their motive might be, at any rate they went away in a body. When the old soldier returned, and sat down again opposite to me at the table, we had the room to ourselves. I could see the croupier, in a sort of vestibule which

opened out of it, eating his supper in solitude. The silence was now deeper than ever.

A sudden change, too, had come over the "ex-brave." He assumed a portentously solemn look; and when he spoke to me again, his speech was ornamented by no oaths, enforced by no finger-snapping, enlivened by no apostrophes, or exclamations.

"Listen, my dear sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones—"listen to an old soldier's advice. I have been to the mistress of the house (a very charming woman, with a genius for cookery!) to impress on her the necessity of making us some particularly strong and good coffee. You must drink this coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits, before you think of going home—you *must*, my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home to-night, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner to an enormous extent, by several gentlemen present to-night, who, in a certain point of view, are very worthy and excellent fellows; but they are mortal men, my dear sir, and they have their amiable weaknesses! Need I say more? Ah, no, no! you understand me! Now, this is what you must do—send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again—draw up all the windows when you get into it—and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well-lighted thoroughfares. Do this; and you and your money will be safe. Do this; and to-morrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups, with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draught. Almost instantly afterward, I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me, like the piston of a steam-engine. I was half-deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiocy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance; and stammered out, that I felt dreadfully unwell—so unwell, that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier; and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down, as he spoke—"My dear friend, it would be madness to go home, in *your* state. You would be sure to lose your money; you might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. I am going to sleep here: do *you* sleep here, too—they make up capital beds in this house—take one; sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home safely with your winnings, to-morrow—to-morrow, in broad daylight."

I had no power of thinking, no feeling of any kind, but the feeling that I must lie down somewhere, immediately, and fall off into a cool, refreshing, comfortable sleep. So I agreed eagerly

to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arms of the old soldier and the croupier—the latter having been summoned to show the way. They led me along some passages and up a short flight of stairs into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave shook me warmly by the hand; proposed that we should breakfast together the next morning; and then, followed by the croupier, left me for the night.

I ran to the wash-hand stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it—then sat down in a chair, and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling-room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied; the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gas-lights of the "Salon" to the dim, quiet flicker of one bedroom candle; aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The giddiness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night, through the streets of Paris, with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this, in the course of my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then, satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood ashes; and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt, not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not even close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled—every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed, and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now, I thrust my arms over the clothes; now, I poked them under the clothes; now, I violently shot my legs straight out, down to the bottom of the bed; now, I convulsively coiled them up as near my chin as they would go; now, I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now, I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation, as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors; to rack my brains with forebodings of every possible and impossible danger; in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous ter-

ror. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room—which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window—to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments, that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation and amusement enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash-hand stand, may be made to call forth.

In the nervous, unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my proposed inventory, than to make my proposed reflections, and soon gave up all hope of thinking in Le Maistre's fanciful track—or, indeed, thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more. There was, first, the bed I was lying in—a four-post bed, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris!—yes, a thorough clumsy British four-poster, with the regular top lined with chintz—the regular fringed valance all round—the regular stifling, unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts, without particularly noticing the bed when I first got into the room. Then, there was the marble-topped wash-hand stand, from which the water I had spilt, in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping, slowly and more slowly, on to the brick floor. Then, two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then, a large elbow chair covered with dirty-white dimity: with my cravat and shirt-collar thrown over the back. Then, a chest of drawers, with two of the brass handles off, and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then, the dressing-table, adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pincushion. Then, the window—an unusually large window. Then, a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy sinister ruffian, looking upward; shading his eyes with his hand, and looking intently upward—it might be at some tall gallows at which he was going to be hanged. At any rate he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

This picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward, too—at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object, and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat; they stood out in relief; three, white; two, green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favored by Guido Fawkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor

astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat, and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again; three, white; two, green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England—the night after a pic-nic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the pic-nic a thought for years; though, if I had *tried* to recollect it, I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten forever, which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favorable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bedroom window.

I was still thinking of the pic-nic; of our merriment on the drive home; of the sentimental young lady, who *would* quote Childe Harold because it was moonlight. I was absorbed by these past scenes and past amusements, when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung, snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to present things more vividly than ever, and I found myself, I neither knew why or wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what? Good God, the man had pulled his hat down on his brows!—No! The hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers; three, white; two green? Not there! In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead—his eyes—his shading hand? Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back, and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or, was the top of the bed really moving down—sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth—right down upon me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still; a deadly paralyzing coldness stole all over me, as I turned my head round on the pillow, and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture. The next look in that direction was

enough. The dull, black, frowsy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly. And steadily, and slowly—very slowly—I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am, constitutionally, any thing but timid. I have been, on more than one occasion, in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but, when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up for one awful minute, or more, shuddering, helpless, panic-stricken, beneath the hideous machinery for murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

Then the instinct of self-preservation came, and nerved me to save my life, while there was yet time. I got out of bed very quietly, and quickly dressed myself again in my upper clothing. The candle, fully spent, went out. I sat down in the arm-chair that stood near, and watched the bed-top slowly descending. I was literally spell-bound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me, was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended—the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down—down—close down; so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at the sides, and discovered that what had appeared to me, from beneath, to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was in reality a thick, broad mattress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up, and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now not the faintest sound from the room above. Amid a dead and awful silence I beheld before me—in the nineteenth century, and in the civilized capital of France—such a machine for secret murder by suffocation, as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely Inns among the Hartz Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move; I could hardly breathe; but I began to recover the power of thinking; and, in a moment, I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me, in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered, by having taken an over-dose of some narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever fit which had preserved my life by keeping

me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep, by the surest and most horrible contrivance for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed; and never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered as I thought of it.

But, ere long, all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed—as nearly as I could guess—about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villains, who worked it from above, evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose toward its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceiling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen—the bed became in appearance, an ordinary bed again, the canopy, an ordinary canopy, even to the most suspicious eyes.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move, to rise from my chair, to consider of how I should escape. If I betrayed by the smallest noise, that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking toward the door. No! no footsteps in the passage outside; no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above—absolute silence every where. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold, as I thought what its contents *might* be!) without making some disturbance, was impossible; and, moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred-up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me—the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

My bedroom was on the first floor, above an *entresol*, and looked into the back street, which you had sketched in your view. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair's-breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a House of Murder—if any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was, perhaps, a lost man! It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time—five *hours*, reckoning by suspense—to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently, in doing it with all the dexterity of a house-breaker; and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me, would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side, ran the thick water-pipe which you have drawn—it passed close by the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved; my breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me!

To some men the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough—to *me*, the prospect of slip-

ping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber; and knew that my head, hands, and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the handkerchief, filled with money, under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me; but I was revengefully determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed, and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat. Just as I had made it tight, and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! dead silence still in the passage—I had only heard the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-sill—and the next, I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off, at the top of my speed, to a branch "Prefecture" of Police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighborhood. A "Sub-Prefect" and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder, which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story, in a breathless hurry and in very bad French, I could see that the Sub-Prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman, who had robbed somebody, but he soon altered his opinion, as I went on; and before I had any thing like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bare-headed), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors and ripping up brick-flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say, that when the Sub-Prefect was a little boy, and was taken for the first time to the Play, he was not half as much pleased as he was now at the job in prospect for him at the "Gambling-House!"

Away we went through the streets, the Sub-Prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the gambling-house the moment we got to it; a tremendous battery of knocks were directed against the door; a light appeared at a window; I waited to conceal myself behind the police—then came more knocks, and a cry of "Open in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons, bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand and the moment after, the Sub-Prefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter, half-dressed

and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place :

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house!"

"He went away hours ago."

"He did no such thing. His friend went away; *he* remained. Show us to his bedroom!"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-Préfet, he is not here! *he*—"

"I swear to you, Monsieur le Garçon, he is. He slept here—he didn't find your bed comfortable—he came to us to complain of it—here he is, among my men—and here am I, ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Picard! (calling to one of the subordinates, and pointing to the waiter) collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk up-stairs!"

Every man and woman in the house was secured—the "Old Soldier," the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept; and then we went into the room above. No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The Sub-Prefect looked round the place, commanded every body to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep rafted cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled—levers covered with felt—all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below—and, when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered, and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty, the Sub-Prefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-Prefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time—the men whose money you won, were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents—every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The Sub-Prefect, after taking down my "*procès-verbal*" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother *me*?"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the Sub-Prefect, "in whose pocket-books were found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost every thing at the gaming-

table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that *you* entered? won as *you* won? took that bed as *you* took it? slept in it? were smothered in it? and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocket-books? No man can say how many, or how few, have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead machinery a secret from *us*—even from the police! The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good-night, or rather good-morning, Monsieur Faulkner! Be at my office again at nine o'clock—in the mean time, *au revoir*!"

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined, and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all through, from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. I discovered that the Old Soldier was the master of the gambling-house—*justice* discovered that he had been drummed out of the army, as a vagabond, years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew any thing of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the Old Soldier and his two head-myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling-house were considered "suspicious," and placed under "surveillance;" and I became, for one whole week (which is a long time), the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatized by three illustrious playmakers, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling-house bedstead.

Two good results were produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved. In the first place, it helped to justify the government in forthwith carrying out their determination to put down all gambling-houses; in the second place, it cured me of ever again trying "*Rouge et Noir*" as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be forever associated in my mind with the sight of a bed-canopy descending to suffocate me, in the silence and darkness of the night.

Just as Mr. Faulkner pronounced the last words, he started in his chair, and assumed a stiff, dignified position, in a great hurry. "Bless my soul!" cried he—with a comic look of astonishment and vexation—"while I have been telling you what is the real secret of my interest in the sketch you have so kindly given to me, I have

altogether forgotten that I came here to sit for my portrait. For the last hour, or more, I must have been the worst model you ever had to paint from!"

"On the contrary, you have been the best," said I. "I have been painting from your expression; and, while telling your story, you have unconsciously shown me the natural expression I wanted."

WHAT THE SUNBEAM DOES.

HEAT, or the caloric portion of the sunbeam, is the great cause of life and motion in this our world. As it were with a magical energy, it causes the winds to blow and the waters to flow, vivifies and animates all nature, and then bathes it in refreshing dew. The intensity of the heat which we receive depends on the distance of the earth from the sun, its great source, and still more on the relative position of the two orbs; since in winter we are nearer the sun than we are in summer, yet, in consequence of the position of the earth at that season, the sun's rays fall obliquely on its northern hemisphere, rendering it far colder than at any other period of the year.

A great portion of the heat-rays which are emitted by the sun are absorbed in their passage through the atmosphere which surrounds our globe. It is calculated that about one-third of the heat-rays which fall on it never reach the earth, which fact adds another to the many beneficent purposes fulfilled by our gaseous envelope, screening us from the otherwise scorching heat. It is curious to trace the varied fates of the calorific rays which strike on the surface of the earth. Some at once on falling are reflected, and, passing back through the atmosphere, are lost amid the immensity of space; others are absorbed or imbibed by different bodies, and, after a time, are radiated from them; but the greater part of the beams which reach the earth during the summer are absorbed by it, and conveyed downward to a considerable distance, by conduction from particle to particle. Heat also spreads laterally from the regions of the equator toward the poles, thereby moderating the intense cold of the arctic and antarctic circles, and in winter, when the forest-trees are covered with snow, their deeply-penetrating roots are warmed by the heat, which, as in a vast store-house, has been laid up in the earth, to preserve life during the dreary winter. The rays which fall on the tropical seas descend to the depth of about three hundred feet. The sun's attraction for the earth, being also stronger at that quarter of the world, the heated waters are drawn upward, the colder waters from the poles rush in, and thus a great heated current is produced, flowing from the equator northward and southward, which tends to equalize the temperature of the earth. The sailor also knows how to avail himself of this phenomenon. When out at sea, despite his most skillful steering, he is in constant danger of shipwreck, if he fails to estimate truly the force and direction of those currents which are dragging

him insensibly out of the true course. His compass does not help him here, neither does any log yet known give a perfectly authentic result. But he knows that this great gulf-stream has a stated path and time, and, by testing from hour to hour the temperature of the water through which he is proceeding, he knows at what point he is meeting this current, and reckons accordingly.

We have already said that heat was the producer of the winds, which are so essential to the preservation of the purity of the atmosphere. In order to understand their action, we shall consider the stupendous phenomenon of the trade-winds, which is similar to that of the current we have described. The rays of the sun falling vertically on the regions between the tropics, the air there becomes much heated. It is the property of air to expand when heated, and, when expanded, it is necessarily lighter than the cooler air around it. Consequently it rises. As it rises, the cooler air at once takes its place. Rushing from the temperate and polar regions to supply the want, the warm air which has risen flows toward the poles, and descends there, loses its heat, and again travels to the tropics. Thus a grand circulation is continually maintained in the atmosphere. These aerial currents, being affected by the revolution of the earth, do not move due north and south, as they otherwise would. Hence, while they equalize the temperature of the atmosphere, they also preserve its purity; for the pure oxygen evolved by the luxuriant vegetation of the equatorial regions is wafted by the winds to support life in the teeming population of the temperate zones, while the air from the poles bears carbonic acid gas on its wings to furnish food for the rich and gorgeous plants of the tropics. Thus the splendid water-lily of the Amazon, the stately palm-tree of Africa, and the great banyan of India, depend for nourishment on the breath of men and animals in lands thousands of miles distant from them, and, in return, they supply their benefactors with vivifying oxygen.

Little less important, and still more beautiful, is the phenomenon of dew, which is produced by the power of radiating heat, possessed in different degrees by all bodies. The powers both of absorbing and of radiating heat, in great measure, depend on the color of bodies—the darker the color, the greater the power; so that each lovely flower bears within its petals a delicate thermometer, which determines the amount of heat each shall receive, and which is always the amount essential to their well-being. The queenly rose, the brilliant carnation, the fair lily, and the many-colored anemone, all basking in the same bright sunshine, enjoy different degrees of warmth, and when night descends, and the heat absorbed by day is radiated back, and bodies become cooler than the surrounding air, the vapor contained in the atmosphere is deposited in the form of dew. Those bodies which radiate most quickly receive the most copious supply of the refreshing fluid. This radiating power depends on the condition of the surface, as well as upon

color, so that we may often see the grass garden bathed in dew, while the gravel walks which run through it are perfectly dry, and, again, the smooth, shining, juicy leaves of the laurel are quite dry, while the rose-tree beneath it is saturated with moisture.

The great effect produced on the vegetable kingdom by the heat-rays may be judged of from the fact, that almost all the plants which exhibit the remarkable phenomena of irritability, almost approaching to animal life, are confined to those regions where the heat is extreme. On the banks of the Indian rivers grows a plant in almost constant motion. In the hottest of the conservatories at Kew is a curious plant, whose leaflets rise by a succession of little starts. The same house contains Venus's fly-trap. Light seems to have no effect in quickening their movements; but the effect of increased heat is at once seen. They exhibit their remarkable powers most during the still hot nights of an Indian summer.

Heat is of essential importance in the production and ripening of fruit. Many trees will not bear fruit in our cold climate, which are most productive in the sunny south. Animal as well as vegetable life is in great measure dependent on heat. Look at the insect tribes. The greater number of them pass their winter in the pupa state. Hidden in some sheltered nook, or buried in the earth, they sleep on, until the warmth of returning spring awakens them to life and happiness; and if, by artificial means, the cold be prolonged, they still sleep on, whereas, if they be exposed to artificial heat, their change is hastened, and butterflies may be seen sporting about the flowers of a hothouse, when their less favored relatives are still wrapped in the deepest slumber. To judge of the influence of heat on the animal and vegetable economy, we need but contrast summer and winter—the one radiant and vocal with life and beauty, the other dark, dreary, and silent.

The third constituent of the sunbeam is actinism—its property being to produce chemical effects. So long ago as 1556, it was noticed by those strange seekers after impossibilities, the alchemists, that horn silver, exposed to the sunbeam, was blackened by it. This phenomenon contained the germ of those most interesting discoveries which have distinguished the present age; but, in their ardent search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, they overlooked many an effect of their labors which might have led them to important truths.

As yet, the effects of actinism have been more studied in the inanimate than the organic creation. Still, in the vegetable kingdom, its power is known to be of the utmost importance. A seed exposed to the entire sunbeam will not germinate; but bury it in the earth, at a depth sufficient to exclude the light, yet enough to admit actinism, which, like heat, penetrates the earth to some distance, and soon a chemical change will take place; the starch contained in the seed is converted into gum and water, forming the nutriment of the young plant; the tiny root

plunges downward, the slender stem rises to the light, the first leaves, or cotyledons, then unfold, and now fully expand to the light, and a series of chemical changes of a totally different nature commence, which we have before noticed, when speaking of light. Experiments clearly prove that this change is to be attributed to actinism, and not to heat. Glass has been interposed of a dark blue color, which is transparent to actinism, though opaque to light and heat, and germination has been thereby quickened. Gardeners have long known this fact practically, and are accustomed to raise their cuttings under blue shades. There is no doubt that actinism exercises a powerful and beneficent influence on plants during their whole existence, but science has yet to demonstrate its nature; and it is curious to observe that the actinic element is most abundant in the sunbeam in the spring, when its presence is most essential in promoting germination—in summer the luminous rays are in excess, when they are most needed for the formation of woody fibre—and in autumn the heat-rays prevail, and ripen the golden grain and the delicious fruit; in each day the proportions of the different rays vary—in the morning the actinic principle abounds most, at noon the light, and at eventide the heat.

The influence of actinism on the animal world is not well known; but it is probable that many of the effects hitherto referred to light are in reality due to actinism. It has the strange power of darkening the human skin, causing the deep color of those tribes who inhabit the sunniest regions of the earth; and even in our own country, in summer, that darkening of the skin called sun-burning. Doubtless, more careful investigation will discover this principle to be equally important to the life and health of animals as either of its closely allied powers of light and heat.

Our knowledge of actinic influence on inanimate nature is not so scanty, for it is now a well established fact, that the sunbeam can not fall on any body, whether simple or compound, without producing on its surface a chemical and molecular change. The immovable rocks which bound our shores, the mountain which rears its lofty head above the clouds, the magnificent cathedral, the very triumph of art, and the beautiful statue in bronze or marble, are all acted on destructively by the sunbeam, and would soon perish beneath its irresistible energy, but for the beautiful provision made for their restoration during the darkness of night—the repose of darkness being no less essential to inorganic, than it is to animated nature. During its silent hours, the chemical and molecular changes are all undone, and the destruction of the day repaired, we know not how.

The art of painting by the sunbeam has been rather unfortunately called photography, which means light-painting, for the process is not due to light, but is rather interfered with by it; and, contrary to all preconceived ideas, the pictures taken in our comparatively sombre country, are

more easily and brilliantly produced than in brighter and more sunny lands—so much so, that a gentleman, who took the requisite materials to Mexico, in order to take views of its principal buildings, met with failure after failure, and it was not until the darker days of the rainy season that he met with any measure of success.

THE RECORD OF A MADNESS WHICH WAS NOT INSANITY.

A FRESH, bright dawn, the loveliest hour of an English summer, was rousing the slumbering life in woods and fields, and painting the heavens and the earth in the gorgeous hues of the sunrise.

Beautiful it was to see the first blush of day mantling over the distant hills, tinging them with a faint crimson, and the first smile shooting, in one bright beam through the sky, while it lit up the fair face of nature with a sparkling light. Lilius Randolph stood on the flight of steps which led from the Abbey to the park, and looked down on the joyous scene. She seemed herself a very type of the morning, with her sunny eyes, and her golden hair; and her gaze wandered glad and free over the spreading landscape, while her thoughts roamed far away in regions yet more bright—even the sunlit fields of fancy.

It was the day and the hour when she was to go and meet Richard Sydney, in order to have, at length, a full revelation of his mysterious connection with her cousin. She knew that it was an interview of solemn import to both of those, in whom she felt so deep an interest; yet, so entirely were one thought and one feeling alone gaining empire over her spirit that, even then, in that momentous hour, they had no share in the visions with which her heart was busy.

So soon, therefore, as Lilius came within sight of Richard Sydney, who had arrived first at the place of rendezvous, she resolutely banished the thoughts that were so absorbing to her own glad heart, and set herself seriously to give her entire attention to the work now before her, if, haply, it might be given her, in some degree, to minister unto their grievous misery. And truly her first glance upon the face of the man who stood there, with his eyes fixed on the path which was to bring her and her hoped-for succor near to him, would have sufficed to have driven all ideas from her mind, save the one conviction, that in that look alone she had acquired a deeper knowledge of suffering than her own past life, in all its details, had ever afforded her. Sydney heard her step, long before she believed it possible, and, bounding toward her, he seized her hand with a grasp which was almost convulsive. He drew her aside to some little distance from her nurse, who sat down on a bank to wait for them.

Lilius bent down her head that she might not seem to note the workings of his countenance, as he laid bare before her the most hidden springs of his soul, and he began:

"I was born heir to a curse. Centuries ago an ancestor of mine murdered a woman he once

had loved, because his neglect had driven her mad, and that in her ravings she revealed his many crimes. With her dying breath she invoked the curse of insanity on him and his house forever, and the cry of her departing soul was heard. There has not been a generation in our family since that hour which has not had its shrieking maniac to echo in our ears the murdered woman's scream. Some there have been among the Sydneys of peculiar constitution, as it would seem, who have not actually been visited with the malady; but they have never failed to transmit it to their children. Of such am I; while my father died a suicide by his own senseless act, and his only other child besides myself, my sister, wears her coronet of straw in the Dublin Asylum, and calls herself a queen.

"It would appall you to hear the fearful calamities which each succeeding family has undergone through this awful curse. At last, as the catalogue of tragic events grew darker and darker, it became a solemn matter of discussion to our unhappy race, whether it were not an absolute duty that the members of a house so doomed, should cease at last to propagate the curse, and by a resolute abandonment of all earthly ties, cause our name and misery to perish from the earth. The necessity for this righteous sacrifice was admitted; but the resolution in each separate individual to become the destined holocaust, has hitherto forever failed before the power of the mighty human love that lured them ever to its pure resistless joys. It was so with my father—like myself he was an only son; and, in the ardor of a generous youth, he vowed to be the offering needful to still the cry of that innocent blood for vengeance; but the sweet face of my mother came between him and his holy vow. He married her, and the punishment came down with fearful weight on both, when her fond heart broke at sight of his ghastly corpse. Then it was she knew the retribution in their case had been just; and on her dying bed, with the yet unclosed coffin of her husband by her side, she made me vow upon the holy cross that I, myself, would be the sacrifice—that never would I take a wife unto my heart or home; and that never, from my life, should any helpless being inherit existence with a curse. That vow I took, that vow I kept, and that vow I will keep, though Aletheia, beloved of my heart and soul, dearer than all beneath the skies, were to lay herself down beneath my very feet to die. Oh! shall we not rest in heaven."

He bowed his head for a moment, and his frame shook with emotion, but driving back the tide of anguish, he went on: "After my mother's death and my sister's removal, who had been insane almost from childhood, I shut myself up entirely at Sydney Court, and gave way to a species of morbid melancholy which was thought to be fearfully dangerous for one in my position. I had friends, however; and the best and truest was Colonel Randolph, my Aletheia's father, the early companion of my own poor, hapless parent. He was resolved to save me from the miserable

condition in which I then was. He came to me and told me, with all the authority of his long friendship, that I must go with him to the M——, where he had been appointed governor. He said it was a crime to waste a life, which, though unblest by human ties, might be made most useful to my fellow-creatures. I had studied much in brighter days, and given to the world the fruits of my labors. These had not passed unheeded; he told me they had proved that talents had been committed to me whereby I might be a benefactor to my race, all the more that no soft endearments of domestic joys would wean my thoughts from sterner duties. I was to go with him; he insisted it would benefit myself, and would injure none. His family consisted of his one daughter, his precious, beloved Aletheia, for he doated on her with more than the ordinary love of a father. She knew my history, and would be to me a sister. Alas! alas! for her destruction, I consented."

Again, a momentary pause. Liliás gently raised her compassionate eyes, but he saw her not; he seemed lost in a vision of the past, and soon went on:

"That lovely land where I dwelt with her, it seems a type of the beauty and happiness which was around me then! And, oh! what a dream it is to think of now—the cloudless sky—the glorious sun—and her eyes undimmed, her smile unfaded! Oh! Aletheia—my Aletheia—treasure of many lives! bright and joyous—light to the eyes that looked on her, blessing to the hearts that loved her—would that I had died or ever I drew her very soul into mine, and left her the poor, crushed, helpless being that she is! You can not picture to yourself the fascination that was around her then—high-minded, noble in heart, lofty in soul; her bright spirit stamped its glory on her face, and she was beautiful, with all spiritual loveliness. None ever saw her who loved her not—her rare talents—her enchanting voice; that voice of her very soul, which spoke in such wonderful music, drew to her feet every creature who knew her; for with all these gifts, this wonderful intellect, and rarest powers of mind, she was playful, winning, simple as an innocent child. I say none saw her, and loved her not; how, think you, I loved her!—the doomed man, the desolate being, whose barren, joyless life walked hand in hand with a curse. Let this anguish tell you how I loved her;" and he turned on Liliás a face of ghastly paleness, convulsed with agony, and wet with the dews of suffering; but he did not pause, he went on rapidly: "I was mad, then, in one sense, though it was the madness of the heart, and not the brain. Poor wretch, I thought I would wring a joy out of my blasted life in spite of fate, and, while none other claimed her as their own, I would revel in her presence, and in the rapture of her tenderness. I knew it was mockery when I bid her call me brother—a sister truly is loved with other love than that I gave her. I would have seen every relation I had ever known laid dead at my feet, could I

have thereby purchased for her, my thrice-beloved one, one moment's pleasure.

"Liliás does a passion of such fearful power shock and terrify you, who have only known the placid beating of a gentle, childlike heart? Take a yet deeper lesson, then, in the dark elements of which this life may be composed, and learn that deep, and true, and mighty as was my love for her, it is as a mere name, a breath, a vapor, compared with that most awful affection which Aletheia had already, even then, vowed unto me, in the depth of her secret heart. Ah! it needed, in truth, such an agony as that which is now incorporate with it in her heart, to cope with its immensity; for, truly, no weak happiness of earth could have had affinity with it—a love so saint-like must needs have been a martyr. I will not attempt to tell you what her devotion to me was, and is, and shall be, while one faintest throb of life is stirring in her noble heart. You have seen it—you have seen that love looking through those eyes of hers, like a mighty spirit endowed with an existence separate from her own, which holds her soul in its fierce, powerful grasp.

"I must hurry on now, and my words must be rapid as the events that drove us from the serene elysian fields of that first dear companionship, through storm and whirlwind, to this wilderness of misery where I am sent to wander to and fro, like a murderer, as I am; condemned to watch the daily dying of the sweet life I have destroyed. You may think me blind and senseless, for so I surely was, but it is certain that I never suspected the love she bore me. I saw that she turned away from the crowds that flocked around, and was deaf to all the offers that were made to her, of rank, and wealth, and station, and many a true heart's love; but I thought this was because her own was yet untouched, and when I saw that I alone was singled out to be the object of her attention and solicitude, I fancied it was but the effect of her deep, generous pity for my desolate condition—and pity it was, but such as the mother feels for the suffering of the first-born, whom she adores. And the day of revelation came!

"I told you how Colonel Randolph doated on his daughter; truly, none ever loved Aletheia with a common love. When he was released from the duties of his high office, it was one of his greatest pleasures to walk, or ride with me, that he might talk to me of her. One morning he came in with a packet of letters from England, and, taking me by the arm, drew me out into the garden, that he might tell me some news, which, he said, gave him exceeding joy. The letters announced the arrival of the son of an old friend of his, who had just succeeded to his title and estates, the young Marquis of L——, and further communicated, in the most unreserved manner, that his object in coming to the M—— was to make Aletheia his wife, if he could win her to himself; he had long loved her, and had only delayed his offer till he could install her in his lordly castle with all the honors

of his station. To see this union accomplished, Colonel Randolph said, had been his one wish since both had played as children at his feet, and he now believed the desired consummation was at hand. Aletheia's consent was alone required, and there seemed no reason to doubt it would be given, for there was not, he asserted, in all England, one more worthy of her, by every noble gift of mind, than the high-born, generous-hearted L——.

"Why, indeed, should she not, at once, accept the brilliant destiny carved out for her?—I did not doubt it more than the exulting father, and I heard my doom fixed in the same senseless state of calm with which the criminal who knows his guilt and its penalty, hears the sentence of his execution. I had long known this hour must come; and what had I now to do but gather, as it were, a shroud round my tortured soul, and, like the Cæsars, die decently to all earthly happiness! Even in that tremendous hour, I had a consciousness of the dignity of suffering—suffering, that is, which comes from the height of heaven above, and not from the depths of crime below! I resolved that the lamp of my life's joy should go out without a sigh audible to human ears, save hers alone, who had lit that pure flame in the black night of my existence.

"Lilias, I enter into no detail of what I felt in that momentous crisis, for you have no woman's heart if you have not understood it, in its uttermost extent of misery. One thought, however, stood up pre-eminent in that chaos of suffering—the conviction that I must not see Aletheia Randolph again, or the very powers of my mind would give way in the struggle that must ensue. This thought, and one other—one solitary gleam of dreary comfort, that alone relieved the great darkness which had fallen upon me, were all that seemed distinct in my mind: that last mournful consolation was the resolution taken along with the vow to see her no more, that ere I passed forever from her memory, she should know what was the love with which I loved her.

"Quietly I gave her father my hand when I quitted him, and he said, 'We shall meet in the evening;' my own determination was never to look upon his face again. I went home, and sitting down, I wrote to Aletheia a letter, in which all the pent-up feelings of the deep, silent devotion I cherished for her, were poured out in words to which the wretchedness of my position gave a fearful intensity—burning words, indeed! She has told me since, that they seemed to eat into her heart like fire. I left the letter for her and quitted the house; and I believed my feet should never pass that beloved threshold again. There was a spot where Aletheia and I had gone almost day by day to wander, since we had dwelt in that land. She loved it, because she could look out over the ocean in its boundlessness, whose aspect soothed her, she said, as with a promise of eternity. It was a huge rock that rose perpendicularly from the sea, and sloped

down on the other side, by a gentle declivity, to the plain. I have often thought what a type of our life it was; we saw nothing of the precipice as we ascended the soft and verdant mount, and suddenly it was at our feet, and if the blast of heaven had driven us another step, it had been into destruction.

"Thither, when I had parted, as I believed, forever, with that darling of my heart, I went with what intent I know not: it was not to commit suicide; although in that form, in the mad longing for it, the curse of my family has ever declared itself. I was yet sane, and my soul acknowledged and abhorred the tremendous guilt of that mysterious crime, wherein the created dashes back the life once given, in the very face of the Creator; not for suicide I went, yet, Lilias, as I stood within an inch of death, and looked down on the placid waters that had so swiftly cooled the burning anguish of my heart and brain, I felt, in the intense desire to terminate my life, and in that desire resisted, a more stinging pain than any which my bitter term of years has ever offered me. Oh, how shall I tell you what followed? I feel as though I could not: and briefly, and, indeed, incoherently, must I speak; for on the next hour—the supreme, the crowning hour of all my life—my spirit enters not, without an intensity of feeling which well-nigh paralyzes every faculty.

"I stood there, and suddenly I heard a sound—a soft, breathing sound, as of a gentle fawn wearied in some steep ascent—a sound coming nearer and nearer, bringing with it ten thousand memories of hours and days that were to come no more: a step, light and tremulous, falling on the soft grass softly, and then a voice.—Oh, when mine ears are locked in death, shall I not hear it?—a voice uttering low and sweet, my well-known name. I turned, and when I saw that face, on whose sweet beauty other eyes should feed, yea, other lips caress, for one instant the curse of my forefather seemed upon me; my brain reeled, and I would have sprung from the precipice to die. But ere I could accomplish the sudden craving of this momentary frenzy, Aletheia, my own Aletheia, was at my feet, her clinging arms were round me, her lips were pressed upon my hands, and her voice—her sweet, dear voice—went sounding through my soul like a sudden prophecy of most unearthly joy, murmuring, 'Live, live for me, mine own forever!'

"Oh, Lilias, how can I attempt with human words to tell you of these things, so far beyond the power of language to express! I felt that what she said was true—that in some way, by some wonderful means, she was in very deed and truth, 'mine own, forever,' though, in that moment of supremest joy, no less firmly than in the hour of supremest sorrow by my mother's dying bed, my heart and soul were faithful to the vow then taken, that never on my desolate breast a wife should lay her head to rest. 'Mine own forever!'—as I looked down, and met the gaze of fathomless, unutterable love with which

her tearful eyes were fastened full upon my own, I was as one who having long dwelt in darkest night, was blinded with the sudden glare of new returning day. I staggered back, and leant against the rock; faint and shivering I stretched out my hands on that beloved head, longing for the power to bless her, and said, 'Oh, Aletheia, what is it you have said: have you forgotten who and what I am?'

"'No!' was her answer, steady and distinct; 'and for that very reason, because you are a stricken man, forever cut off from all the common ties of earth, have I been given to you, to be in heart and soul peculiarly your own, with such a measure of entire devotion as never was offered to man on earth before.'

"I looked at her almost in bewilderment. She rose up to her full height, perfectly calm, and with a deep solemnity in her words and aspect.

"'Richard,' she said, 'the lives of both of us are hanging on this hour; by it shall all future existence on this earth be shaped for us, and its memory shall come with death itself to look us in the face, and stamp our whole probation with its seal; it becomes us, therefore, to cast aside all frivolous rules of man's convention, and speak the truth as deathless soul with deathless soul. Hear me, then, while I open up my inmost spirit to your gaze, and then decide whether you will lay your hand upon my life, and say—'Thou art my own;' or whether you will fling it from you to perish as some worthless thing?'

"I bowed my head in token that she should continue, for I could not speak. I, Lilius, who had looked death and insanity in the face, under their most frightful shapes, trembled, like a reed in the blast, before the presence of a love that was mightier than either! Aletheia stretched out her hand over the precipice, and spoke—

"'Hear me, then, declare first of all, solemnly as though this hour were my last, that, not even to save you from that death which, but now, you dared to meditate, would I ever consent to be your wife, even if you wished it, as utterly as I doubt not you abhor the idea of such perjury—not to save you from death—I say—the death of the mortal body, for by conniving at your failure in that most righteous vow, once taken on the holy cross itself, I should peril—yea, destroy, it may be, the immortal soul, which is the true object of my love. Hear me, in the face of that pure sky announce this truth, and then may I freely declare to you all that is in my heart—all the sacred purpose of my life for you, without a fear that my worst enemy could pronounce me unmaidenly or overbold, though I have that to say which few women ever said unasked.'

"Unmaidenly! Oh, Lilius, could you have seen the noble dignity of her fearless innocence in that hour, you would have felt that never had the impress of a purer heart been stamped upon a virgin brow."

"'Have you understood and well considered this my settled purpose never to be your wife?' she continued.

"And I said—'I have.'"

"'Then speak out, my soul,' she exclaimed, lifting up her eyes as if inspired. 'Tell him that there is a righteous Providence over the life that immolates itself for virtue's sake! and that another existence hath been sent to meet it in the glorious sacrifice, in order that this one may yield up its treasures to the heart that would have stript itself of all! Richard, Richard Sydney, you have made a holocaust of your life, and lo! by the gift of another life, it is repaid to you.'

"Slowly she knelt down, and took my hand in both of hers, while with an aspect calm and firm, and a voice unflinching, she spoke this vow:

"'I, Aletheia Randolph, do most solemnly vow and promise to give myself, in heart and soul, unto the last day of my life, wholly and irrevocably, to Richard Sydney. I devote to him, and him alone, my whole heart, my whole life, and my whole love. I do forever forswear, for his sake, all earthly ties, all earthly affections, and all earthly hopes. I will love him only, live for him only, and make it my one happiness to minister to him in all things as faithfully and tenderly as though I were bound to him by the closest of human bonds—in spite of all obstacles and the world's blame—in defiance of all allurements, which might induce me to abandon him. I will seek to abide ever as near to him as may be, that I may bestow on him all the care and tender watchfulness which the most faithful wife could offer; but absent or present, living or dying, no human being on this earth shall ever have known such an entire devotion as I will give to him till the last breath pass from this heart in death!'

"I was speechless, Lilius—speechless with something almost of horror at the sacrifice she was making! I strove to withdraw my hand—I could have died to save her from thus immolating herself; but she clung to me, and a deadly paleness spread itself over her countenance as she felt my movement

"'Hear me! hear me yet again, Richard Sydney!' she exclaimed; 'you can not prevent me taking this vow; it was registered in the record of my fate—uttered again and again deep in my soul, long before it was spoken by these mortal lips!—it is done—I am yours forever, or forever perjured! But hear me!—hear me!—although the offering of my life is made, yea, and it *shall* be yours in every moment, in every thought, in every impulse of my being, yet I can not force you to accept this true oblation, made once for all, and forever! I can not constrain you to load your existence with mine. Now, now, the consummation of all is in your own hands; you may make this offering, which is never to be recalled, as you will—a blessing or a curse to your self as unto me! I am powerless—what you decree I must submit to; but hear me, hear me!—although you *now* reject, and scorn, and spurn me—me, and the life which I have given you—although you drive me from you, and command me never to appear before your eyes again, yet,

Richard Sydney, I WILL KEEP MY VOW! Even in obeying you, and departing to the uttermost corner of the earth that you may never look upon my face again; yet will I keep my vow, and the life shall be yours, and the love shall be around you; and the heart, and the soul, and the thoughts, and the prayers of her, who is your own forever, shall be with you night and day, till she expires in the agony of your rejection.

"This were the curse, and curse me if you will, I yet will bless you! And now hear, hear what the blessing might be if you so willed it. In spiritual union we should be forever linked, soul with soul, and heart with heart—all in all to one another in that wedding of our immortal spirits only, as truly and joyously as though we had been bound in an earthly bridal at the altar; abiding forever near each other in sweetest and most pure companionship, while my father lives under the same roof, and afterward still meeting daily; one in love, in joy, in hope, in sorrow; one in death (for if your soul were first called forth, I know that mine would take that summons for its own), and one, if it were so permitted, in eternity itself. This we may be, Richard Sydney, this we shall be, except you will, this day, trample down beneath your feet the life that gives itself to you. But wherefore, oh, wherefore would you do so? Why cast away the gift which hath been sent, in order that, by a wondrous and most just decree, the righteous man who, in his noble rectitude, abandoned every earthly tie, should be possessed, instead thereof, of such a deep, devoted love as never human heart received before? Wherefore, oh! wherefore? Yet, do as you will, now you know all; and I, who still, whatever be your decree, happen what may, am verily your own forever, must here abide the sentence of my life."

"Slowly her dear head fell down upon her trembling hands, and, kneeling at my feet, she waited my acceptance or rejection of the noblest gift that ever one immortal spirit made unto another. Liliass, I told you when I commenced this agonizing record, that there were portions of it which I would breathe to no mortal ears, not even to yours, good and gentle as you are. And now, of such is all that followed in the solemn, blessed hours of which I speak; you know what my answer was; it can not be that you doubt it—could it have been otherwise, indeed? She had said truly, that the deed was done—the sacrifice was made—the life was given. What would it have availed if I, by my rejection, had punished her unparalleled devotion with unexampled misery? and for myself, could I—could I—should I have been human if I, who, till that hour, had believed myself of all men most accursed on earth—had suddenly refused to be above all men blest?"

"When the sun went down that night, sinking into the sea, whose boundlessness seemed narrow to my infinity of joy, Aletheia lay at my feet like a cradled child; and as I bent down over her, and scarcely dared to touch, with deep respect, the long, soft tresses of her waving hair,

which the light breeze lifted to my lips, I heard her ever murmuring, as though she could never weary of that sound of joy—'Mine own, mine own forever.'

"The period which followed that wonderful hour was one of an Eden-like happiness, such as, I believe, this fallen world never could before have witnessed—it was the embodiment, in every hour and instant, of that blessing of which my Aletheia had so fervently spoken—the spiritual union which linked us in heart and soul alone, was as perfect as it was unearthly; and the intense bliss which flowed from it, on both of us, could only have been equaled by the love, no less intense, that made us what we were.

"But, Liliass, of this brief dream of deep delight I will not and I can not speak. This is a record of misery and not of joy," he continued, turning round upon her almost fiercely. "It becomes not me, who have been the murderer of Aletheia's joyous life, to take so much as the name of happiness between my lips. It passed—it departed—that joy, as a spirit departs out of the body; unseen, unheard; you know not it is gone, till suddenly you see that the beautiful living form has become a stark and ghastly corpse!—and so, in like manner, our life became a hideous thing. . . .

"Colonel Randolph asked me to go on an embassy to a distant town; the absence was to be but for a fortnight. We were to write daily to one another, and we thought nothing of it. Nevertheless, in one sense, we felt it to be momentous. Aletheia designed, if an opportunity occurred, to inform her father of the change in her existence, and the irrevocable fate to which she had consigned herself. She had delayed doing so hitherto, because his mind had been fearfully disturbed by grievous disappointments in public affairs; and as he was a man of peculiarly sensitive temperament, she would not add to his distresses by the announcement of the fact, which she knew he would consider the great misfortune of his life. It was impossible, indeed, that the doating father could fail to mourn bitterly over the sacrifice of his one beloved daughter, to the man who dared not so much as give her barren life the protection of his name lest haply, he wed her to a maniac.

"It was within two days of my proposed return to their home, that an express arrived in fiery haste to tell me Colonel Randolph had fallen from his horse, had received a mortal injury, and was dying. I was summoned instantly. He had said he would not die in peace till he saw me. One hurried line from Aletheia, in addition to the aid-de-camp's letter, told how even, in that awful hour, I was first and last in his thoughts. It ran thus: 'He is on his death-bed, and I have told him all. I could not let him die unknowing the consecration of his child to one so worthy of her. But, alas! I know not why, it seems almost to have maddened him. He says he will tell you all; come, then, with all speed.'

"In two hours I was by the side of the dying man. Aletheia was kneeling with her arms

round him, and he was gazing at her with sombre, mournful fondness. The instant he saw me he pushed her from him. 'Go,' he said, 'I must see this man alone.' The epithet startled me. I saw he was filled with a bitter wrath. His daughter obeyed; she rose and left the room; but as she passed me she took my hand, and bowing herself as to her master, pressed it to her lips, then turning round she said. 'Father, remember what I have told you: he is mine own forever; not even your death-bed curse could make me falter in my vow.' He groaned aloud: 'No curse, no curse, my child,' he cried; 'fear not; it is not you whom I would curse. Come—kiss me; we may perhaps not meet again; and if you find me dead at your return—' He waited till she closed the door, and then added, 'Say that Richard Sydney killed me, and you will speak the truth! Madman, madman, indeed! What is it you have done? Was it for this I took you into my home, and was to you a father? That you might slay my only daughter—that you might make such havoc of her life as is worse than a thousand deaths.'

"I would have spoken; he fiercely interrupted me: 'I know what you would say—that she gave herself to you—that she offered this oblation of a whole existence—but I tell you, if one grain of justice or of generosity had been within your coward heart, you would have flung yourself over that precipice, and so absolved her from her vow, rather than let her immolate herself to a doom so horrible; for you know not, yourself, what is that doom! Yes, poor wretch,' he added, more gently, 'you knew not what you did; but I know, and now will I tell. I, who have watched over the soul of Aletheia Randolph for well-nigh twenty years, know well of what fire it is made; I tell you I have long foreknown that there was a capacity of love in her which is most awful, and which would most infallibly work her utter woe, except its ardent immensity found a perpetual outlet in the many ties which weave themselves around a happy wife and mother. And now, oh! was there none to have mercy on her, and save her noble heart and life from such destruction; this soul of flame, fathomless as the deep, burning and pure as the spotless noonday sky, hath gone forth to fasten itself upon a desolating, barren, mournful love, where, hungering forever after happiness, and never fed, it will be driven to insanity or death! Yes, I tell you, it will be so; my departing spirit is almost on my lips, and my words must be few, but they are words of fearful truth. I know her, and I know that thus it will be; one day's separation from you, whom the world will never admit to be her own—one cloud upon your brow, which she has not the power to disperse, will work in her a torment that will sap her noble mind, and will make her, haply, the lunatic, and *you—you*, descendant of the maniac Sydneys, her keeper! Oh, what had she done to you that you should hate her so? Oh, wherefore have you cursed her, my innocent child, my only daughter?'

"I fell on my knees; I gasped for breath;

Lilias, I felt that every word he said was true, that all would come to pass as he foretold; for he spoke with the prophetic truth of the dying; he saw my utter agony. Suddenly he lifted himself up in the bed, and the movement broke the bandage on his head, whence the blood streamed suddenly with a destructive violence; he heeded it not, but grasped my arm with the last energy of life.

"'I see you are in torments,' he said, 'and fitly so; but if you have this much of grace left, now at least to suffer, it may be that every spark of justice is not dead within you, and that you will save her yet.'

"'Save her!' I almost shrieked. 'Yes, if by any means upon this earth such a blessing be possible! Shall I die? I am ready—oh, how ready.'

"'No; to die were but to carry her into your grave,' the cruel voice replied; 'but living, I believe that you may save her. From what I know of that most noble child's pure soul, I do believe that you may save her yet. Man! who have been her curse and mine, will you swear to do so, by any means I may command?'

"'I will swear!' was my answer, and his glazing eyes were suddenly lit up with a fierce delight. 'And how?' I cried.

"'Thus,' he answered, drawing me close to him, and putting his lips to my ear: 'by rendering yourself hateful to her! To quit her were to bid her lament you unto the death; but *by her very side to render yourself abhorrent to her*, thus shall you save her! You have sworn—remember, you have sworn! Go! When I am dead, give up that voice and look of love; put on a stern aspect; treat her as a cruel taskmaster treats a slave; be harsh; be merciless; tell her the love she bears you, by its depth of passion, hath become a crime, and you have vowed to crush it out of her; but say not I commanded it; let her believe it is your own free will; punish her for that love; let her think you hate her for it; trample her soul beneath your haughty feet; let her hear naught but bitterest words—see naught but sternest looks—feel naught but a grasp severe and torturing—to tear her clinging arms from around you!—so shall you save her; for she will suffer but a little while at first, and then will leave you to be forever blest;—so shall you crush her love, and send her out from your heart to seek a better. Sydney, you have sworn to do it—you have sworn!'

"He repeated the words with fearful vehemence, for life was ebbing with the blood that flowed. Gathering up his last energies, he shrieked into my ear—'Say that you have sworn!—answer, or my spirit curses you forever!' and I answered: 'I have sworn!'

"He burst into a laugh of awful triumph, sunk back, and expired. . . .

"Lilias, I have kept that vow!"

At these words, uttered in a hoarse and ominous tone, which seemed to convey a volume of fearful meaning, a cold shiver crept over the frame of the young Lilias: a horror unspeakable.

ble took possession of her, as the vail seemed suddenly lifted up from the mysterious agony which had made Aletheia's life, even to the outward eye, a mere embodiment of perpetual suffering; and her deep and womanly appreciation of what her unhappy cousin had endured, caused her to shrink almost in fear from the wretched man by her side, who had thus been constrained to become the cruel tyrant of her he loved so fondly. But he spoke again in such broken, faltering accents, that her heart once more swelled with pity for him.

"Yes, Liliás, I kept that fearful vow: the grasp of the dead man's hand, which, even as he stiffened into a mass of senseless clay, still locked my own as with an iron gripe, seemed to have bound it on my soul, and I, alas! believed in the efficacy of this means for her restoration from the destructive madness of her love to such an one as I. I believed I thus should save her, and turn her pure affection to a salutary hate. Yes; with energy, with fierce determination, I did keep that vow, because it was to bind myself unto such untold tortures, that it seemed a righteous expiation; and what, oh, what has been the result! Her father thought he knew her. He thought the intensity of her tenderness would brave insanity or death; but, not *my* hatred and contempt! and he knew her not, in her unparalleled generosity! for behold her glorious devotion hath trampled even my contumely under foot, and hath risen faithful, changeless, all perfect as before.

"Oh, Liliás, I can not tell you the detail of the cruelties I have perpetrated on her—redoubled, day by day, as I saw them all fall powerless before her matchless love. I told her that because of its intensity, her affection had become a crime, for one whose eternal abiding place was not within this world, and that it inspired me with horror and with wrath; and since she had taken me for her master, as her master, I would drive this passion from her soul, by even the sternest means that fancy can devise; and then, I dare not tell you all that I have done; but she, with her imploring voice, her tender, mournful eyes, forever answered that if she were hateful to me I had better leave her, only with me should go her love, her life, her very soul! Alas! alas! I could not leave her till my fearful task was done. I have labored—oh, let the spirit of that dead father witness—I have labored according to his will, and what has been the upshot of it all? Liliás," he spoke with sudden fierceness, "I have learnt to crush the life out of her, *but not the love!* the pure, devoted, boundless love is there, still, true and tender as before, only it abides my torture, day and night, chained to the rack by these cruel hands."

He buried his face on his knees, and a strong convulsion shook his frame.

A TALE OF MID-AIR.

IN a cottage in the valley of Sallanches near the foot of Mont Blanc, lived old Bernard and his three sons. One morning he lay in bed

sick, and, burning with fever, watched anxiously for the return of his son, Jehan, who had gone to fetch a physician. At length a horse's tread was heard, and soon afterward the Doctor entered. He examined the patient closely, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and then said, patting the old man's cheek, "It will be nothing, my friend—nothing!" but he made a sign to the three lads, who open-mouthed and anxious, stood grouped around the bed. All four withdrew to a distant corner, the doctor shook his head, thrust out his lower lip, and said "'Tis a serious attack—very serious—of fever. He is now in the height of the fit, and as soon as it abates he must have sulphate of quinine."

"What is that, doctor?"

"Quinine, my friend, is a very expensive medicine, but which you may procure at Sallanches. Between the two fits your father must take at least three francs' worth. I will write the prescription. You can read, Guillaume?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And you will see that he takes it?"

"Certainly."

When the physician was gone, Guillaume, Pierre, and Jehan looked at each other in silent perplexity. Their whole stock of money consisted of a franc and a half, and yet the medicine must be procured immediately.

"Listen," said Pierre, "I know a method of getting from the mountain before night three or four five-franc pieces."

"From the mountain?"

"I have discovered an eagle's nest in a cleft of a frightful precipice. There is a gentleman at Sallanches, who would gladly purchase the eagles; and nothing made me hesitate but the terrible risk of taking them; but that's nothing when our father's life is concerned. We may have them now in two hours."

"I will rob the nest," said Guillaume.

"No, no, let me," said Jehan, "I am the youngest and lightest."

"I have the best right to venture," said Pierre, "as it was I who discovered it."

"Come," said Pierre, "let us decide by drawing lots. Write three numbers, Guillaume, put them into my hat, and whoever draws number one will try the venture."

Guillaume blackened the end of a wooden splinter in the fire; tore an old card into three pieces; wrote on them one, two, three, and threw them into the hat.

How the three hearts beat! Old Bernard lay shivering in the cold fit, and each of his sons longed to risk his own life, to save that of his father.

The lot fell on Pierre, who had discovered the nest; he embraced the sick man.

"We shall not be long absent, father," he said, "and it is needful for us to go together."

"What are you going to do?"

"We will tell you as soon as we come back."

Guillaume took down from the wall an old sabre, which had belonged to Bernard when he served as a soldier; Jehan sought a thick cord

which the mountaineers use when cutting down trees; and Pierre went toward an old wooden cross, reared near the cottage, and knelt before it for some minutes in fervent prayer.

They set out together, and soon reached the brink of the precipice. The danger consisted not only in the possibility of falling several hundred feet, but still more in the probable aggression of the birds of prey, inhabiting the wild abyss.

Pierre, who was to brave these perils, was a fine athletic young man of twenty-two. Having measured with his eye the distance he would have to descend, his brothers fastened the cord around his waist, and began to let him down. Holding the sabre in his hand, he safely reached the nook that contained the nest. In it were four eaglets of a light yellowish-brown color, and his heart beat with joy at the sight of them. He grasped the nest firmly in his left hand, and shouted joyfully to his brothers, "I have them? Draw me up!"

Already the first upward pull was given to the cord, when Pierre felt himself attacked by two enormous eagles, whose furious cries proved them to be the parents of the nestlings.

"Courage, brother! defend thyself! don't fear!"

Pierre pressed the nest to his bosom, and with his right hand made the sabre play around his head.

Then began a terrible combat. The eagles shrieked, the little ones cried shrilly, the mountaineer shouted and brandished his sword. He slashed the birds with its blade, which flashed like lightning, and only rendered them still more enraged. He struck the rock and sent forth a shower of sparks.

Suddenly he felt a jerk given to the cord that sustained him. Looking up he perceived that, in his evolutions, he had cut it with his sabre, and that half the strands were severed!

Pierre's eyes, dilated widely, remained for a moment immovable, and then closed with terror. A cold shudder passed through his veins, and he thought of letting go both the nest and the sabre.

At that moment one of the eagles pounced on his head, and tried to tear his face. The Savoyard made a last effort, and defended himself bravely. He thought of his old father, and took courage.

Upward, still upward, mounted the cord: friendly voices eagerly uttered words of encouragement and triumph; but Pierre could not reply to them. When he reached the brink of the precipice, still clasping fast the nest, his hair, which an hour before had been as black as a raven's wing, was become so completely white, that Guillaume and Jehan could scarcely recognize him.

What did that signify? the eaglets were of the rarest and most valuable species. That same afternoon they were carried to the village and sold. Old Bernard had the medicine, and every needful comfort beside, and the doctor in a few days pronounced him convalescent.

STORIES ABOUT BEASTS AND BIRDS.

THE strength and courage of the lion is so great that, although he is seldom four feet in height, he is more than a match for fierce animals of three or four times his size, such as the buffalo. He will even attack a rhinoceros or an elephant, if provoked. He possesses such extraordinary muscular power, that he has been known to kill and carry off a heifer of two years old in his mouth, and, after being pursued by herdsmen on horseback for five hours, it has been found that he has scarcely ever allowed the body of the heifer to touch the ground during the whole distance. But here is an instance of strength in a man—a different sort of strength—which surpasses all we ever heard of a lion:

Three officers in the East Indies—Captain Woodhouse, Lieutenant Delamain, and Lieutenant Laing—being informed that two lions had made their appearance, in a jungle, at some twenty miles' distance from their cantonment, rode off in that direction to seek an engagement. They soon found the "lordly strangers," or natives, we should rather say. One of the lions was killed by the first volley they fired; the other retreated across the country. The officers pursued, until the lion, making an abrupt curve, returned to his jungle. They then mounted an elephant, and went in to search for him. They found him standing under a bush, looking directly toward them. He sought no conflict, but, seeing them approach, he at once accepted the first challenge, and sprang at the elephant's head, where he hung on. The officers fired; in the excitement of the onset their aim was defeated, and the lion only wounded. The elephant, meanwhile, had shaken him off, and, not liking such an antagonist, refused to face him again. The lion did not pursue, but stood waiting. At length the elephant was persuaded to advance once more; seeing which, the lion became furious, and rushed to the contest. The elephant turned about to retreat, and the lion, springing upon him from behind, grappled his flesh with teeth and claws, and again hung on. The officers fired, while the elephant kicked with all his might; but, though the lion was dislodged, he was still without any mortal wound, and retired into the thicket, content with what he had done in return for the assault. The officers had become too excited to desist; and in the fever of the moment, as the elephant, for his part, now directly refused to have anything more to do with the business, Captain Woodhouse resolved to dismount, and go on foot into the jungle. Lieutenant Delamain and Lieutenant Laing dismounted with him, and they followed in the direction the lion had taken. They presently got sight of him, and Captain Woodhouse fired, but apparently without any serious injury, as they saw "the mighty lord of the woods" retire deeper into the thicket "with the utmost composure." They pursued, and Lieutenant Delamain got a shot at the lion. This was to be endured no longer, and forth

came the lion, dashing right through the bushes that intervened, so that he was close upon them in no time. The two lieutenants were just able to escape out of the jungle to re-load, but Captain Woodhouse stood quietly on one side, hoping the lion would pass him unobserved. This was rather too much to expect after all he had done. The lion darted at him, and in an instant, "as though by a stroke of lightning," the rifle was broken and knocked out of his hand, and he found himself in the grip of the irresistible enemy whom he had challenged to mortal combat. Lieutenant Delamain fired at the lion without killing him, and then again retreated to re-load. Meantime, Captain Woodhouse and the lion were both lying wounded on the ground, and the lion began to crunch his arm. In this dreadful position Captain Woodhouse had the presence of mind, and the fortitude, amid the horrible pain he endured, to lie perfectly still—knowing that if he made any resistance now, he would be torn to pieces in a minute. Finding all motion had ceased, the lion let the arm drop from his mouth, and quietly crouched down with his paws on the thigh of his prostrate antagonist. Presently, Captain Woodhouse, finding his head in a painful position, unthinkingly raised one hand to support it, whereupon the lion again seized his arm, and crunched it higher up. Once more, notwithstanding the intense agony, and yet more intense apprehension of momentary destruction, Captain Woodhouse had the strength of will and self-command to lie perfectly still. He remained thus, until his friends, discovering his situation, were hastening up, but upon the wrong side, so that their balls might possibly pass through the lion, and hit him. Without moving, or manifesting any hasty excitement, he was heard to say, in a low voice, "To the other side!—to the other side!" They hurried round. Next moment the magnanimous lion lay dead by the side of a yet stronger nature than his own.

Diedrik Müller, during his hunting time in South Africa, came suddenly upon a lion. The lion did not attack him, but stood still, as though he would have said, "Well, what do you want here in my desert?" Müller alighted from his horse, and took deliberate aim at the lion's forehead. Just as he drew the trigger, his horse gave a start of terror, and the hunter missed his aim. The lion sprang forward; but, finding that the man stood still—for he had no time either to remount his horse, or take to his heels—the lion stopped within a few paces, and stood still also, confronting him. The man and the lion stood looking at each other for some minutes; the man never moved; at length the lion slowly turned, and walked away. Müller began hastily to re-load his gun. The lion looked back over his shoulder, gave a deep growl, and instantly returned. Could words speak plainer? Müller, of course, held his hand, and remained motionless. The lion again moved off, warily. The hunter began softly to ram down his bullet. Again the lion looked back, and gave a threat-

ening growl. This was repeated between them until the lion had retired to some distance, when he bounded into a thicket.

A very curious question is started by the worthy vicar of Swaffham Bulbec on the mortality of birds. The mortality must be enormous every year, yet how seldom in our country rambles do we find a dead bird. One, now and then, in the woods or hedgerows, is the utmost seen by any body, even if he search for them. Very few, comparatively, are destroyed by mankind. Only a few species are killed by sportsmen; all the rest can not live long, nor can they all be eaten by other birds. Many must die from natural causes. Immense numbers, especially of the smaller birds, are born each year, yet they do not appear to increase the general stock of the species. Immense numbers, therefore, must die every year; but what becomes of the bodies? Martins, nightingales, and other migratory birds, may be supposed to leave a great number of their dead relations in foreign countries; this, however, can not apply to our own indigenous stock. Mr. Jenyns partly accounts for this by saying, that no doubt a great many young birds fall a prey to stronger birds soon after leaving the nest, and probably a number of the elder birds also; while the very old are killed by the cold of winter; or, becoming too feeble to obtain food, drop to the earth, and are spared the pain of starvation by being speedily carried off by some hungry creature of the woods and fields. Besides these means for the disposal of the bodies, there are scavenger insects, who devour, and another species who act as sextons, and bury the bodies. During the warm months of summer, some of the burying beetles will accomplish "the humble task allotted them by Providence," in a surprisingly short time. Mr. Jenyns has repeatedly, during a warm spring, placed dead birds upon the ground, in different spots frequented by the *necrophorus vespillo*, and other allied beetles, who have effected the interment so completely in four-and-twenty hours, that there was a difficulty in finding the bodies again.

All this goes a great way to account for our so very seldom seeing any dead birds lying about, notwithstanding the immense mortality that must take place every year; but it certainly is not satisfactory; for although the birds of prey, and those which are not devoured by others, are comparatively, small in number, how is it that none of these are ever found? Once in a season, perhaps, we may find a dead crow, or a dead owl (generally one that has been shot), but who ever finds hawks, ravens, kites, sparrow-hawks, or any number of crows, out of all the annual mortality that must occur in their colonies? These birds are for the most part too large for the sexton beetle to bury; and, quickly as the foxes, stoats, weasels, and other prowling creatures would nose out the savoury remains, or the newly-fallen bodies, these creatures only inhabit certain localities—and dead

birds may be supposed to fall in many places. Still, they are not seen.

A pair of robins built their nest in the old ivy of a garden wall, and the hen shortly afterward sat in maternal pride upon four eggs. The gardener came to clip the ivy; and, not knowing of the nest, his shears cut off a part of it, so that the four eggs fell to the ground. Dropping on leaves, they were not broken. Notice being attracted by the plaintive cries of the hen bird, the eggs were restored to the nest, which the gardener repaired. The robins returned, the hen sat upon the eggs, and in a few days they were hatched. Shortly afterward the four little ones were all found lying upon the ground beneath, cold, stiff, and lifeless. The gardener's repairs of the nest had not been according to the laws of bird-architecture, and a gap had broken out. The four unfledged little ones were taken into the house, and, efforts being made to revive them by warmth, they presently showed signs of life, recovered, and were again restored to the nest. The gap was filled up by stuffing a small piece of drugget into it. The parent robins, perched in a neighboring tree, watched all these operations, without displaying any alarm for the result, and, as soon as they were completed, returned to the nest. All went on well for a day or two: but misfortune seemed never weary of tormenting this little family. A violent shower of rain fell. The nest being exposed, by the close clipping of the ivy leaves, the drugget got sopped, the rain half filled the nest, and the gardener found the four little ones lying motionless in the water. Once more they were taken away, dried near the fire, and placed in the nest of another bird fixed in a tree opposite the ivy. The parent birds in a few minutes occupied the nest, and never ceased their attentions until the brood were able to fly, and take care of themselves.

The story we have already related of Diedrik Müller's lion, is surpassed by another of a similar kind, which we take to be about the best lion-story that zoological records can furnish.

A hunter, in the wilds of Africa, had seated himself on a bank near a pool, to rest, leaving his gun, set upright against a rock, a few feet behind him. He was alone. Whether he fell asleep, or only into a reverie, he did not know, but suddenly he saw an enormous lion standing near him, attentively observing him. Their eyes met, and thus they remained, motionless, looking at each other. At length the hunter leaned back, and slowly extended his arm toward his gun. The lion instantly uttered a deep growl, and advanced nearer. The hunter paused. After a time, he very gradually repeated the attempt, and again the lion uttered a deep growl, the meaning of which was not to be mistaken. This occurred several times (as in the former case), until the man was obliged to desist altogether. Night approached; the lion never left him the whole night. Day broke; the lion still was there, and remained there the whole day. The hunter had ceased to make any attempt to seize his gun, and

saw that his only hope was to weary the lion out by the fortitude of a passive state, however dreadful the situation. All the next night the lion remained. The man, worn out for want of sleep, dared not to close his eyes, lest the lion, believing him to be dead, should devour him. All the provision in his wallet was exhausted. The third night arrived. Being now utterly exhausted, and having dropped off to sleep, several times, and as often come back to consciousness with a start of horror at finding he had been asleep, he finally sunk backward, and lay in a dead slumber. He never awoke till broad day, and then found that the lion was gone.

On the question of "best" stories of animals, there are so many excellent stories of several species that the superlative degree may be hard to determine. Setting down the above, however, as the best lion-story, we will give what we consider to be (up to this time) the best elephant-story. In one of the recent accounts of scenes of Indian warfare (the title of the book has escaped us, and perhaps we met with the narrative in a printed letter), a body of artillery was described as proceeding up a hill, and the great strength of elephants was found highly advantageous in drawing up the guns. On the carriage of one of these guns, a little in front of the wheel, sat an artilleryman, resting himself. An elephant, drawing another gun, was advancing in regular order close behind. Whether from falling asleep, or over-fatigue, the man fell from his seat, and the wheel of the gun-carriage, with its heavy gun, was just rolling over him. The elephant comprehending the danger, and seeing that he could not reach the body of the man with his trunk, seized the wheel by the top, and, lifting it up, passed it carefully over the fallen man, and set it down on the other side.

The best dog-story—though there are a number of best stories of this honest fellow—we fear is an old one; but we can not forbear telling it, for the benefit of those who may not have met with it before. A surgeon found a poor dog, with his leg broken. He took him home, set it, and in due time gave him his liberty. Off he ran. Some months afterward the surgeon was awoke in the night by a dog barking loudly at his door. As the barking continued, and the surgeon thought he recognized the voice, he got up, and went down stairs. When he opened the door, there stood his former patient, wagging his tail, and by his side another dog—a friend whom he had brought—who had also had the misfortune to get a leg broken. There is another dog-story of a different kind, told by Mr. Jenyns, which we think very amusing. A poodle, belonging to a gentleman in Cheshire, was in the habit of going to church with his master, and sitting with him in the pew during the whole service. Sometimes his master did not come; but this did not prevent the poodle, who always presented himself in good time, entered the pew, and remained sitting there alone: departing with the rest of the congregation. One Sunday, the dam at the head of a lake in the neighborhood gave way, and the whole

road was inundated. The congregation was therefore reduced to a few individuals, who came from cottages close at hand. Nevertheless, by the time the clergyman had commenced reading the Psalms, he saw his friend the poodle come slowly up the aisle, dripping with water: having been obliged to swim above a quarter of a mile to get to church. He went into his pew, as usual, and remained quietly there to the end of the service. This is told on the authority of the clergyman himself.

A hungry jackdaw once took a fancy to a young chicken which had only recently been hatched. He pounced upon it accordingly, and was carrying it off, when the hen rushed upon him, and beat him with her wings, and held him in her beak, until the cock came up, who immediately attacked the jackdaw, and struck him so repeatedly that he was scarcely able to effect his escape by flight. But the best hen-story is one in Mr. Jenyns' "Observations." A hen was sitting on a number of eggs to hatch them. An egg was missing every night; yet nobody could conjecture who had stolen it. One morning, after several had been lost in this way, the hen was discovered with ruffled feathers, a bleeding breast, and an inflamed countenance. By the side of the nest was seen the dead body of a large rat, whose skull had been fractured—evidently by blows from the beak of the valiant hen, who could endure the vile act of piracy no longer.

Mr. Jenyns relates a good owl-story. He knew a tame owl, who was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perching on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the piano-forte: holding his head first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly, spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. This pianist's name was *Keevie*. He was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of the Reverend Mr. Jenyns.

Good bear-stories are numerous. One of the best we take from the "Zoological Anecdotes." At a hunt in Sweden, an old soldier was charged by a bear. His musket missed fire, and the animal being close upon him, he made a thrust, in the hope of driving the muzzle of his piece down the bear's throat. But the thrust was parried by one of huge paws with all the skill of a fencer, and the musket wrested from the soldier's hand, who was forthwith laid prostrate. He lay quiet, and the bear, after smelling, thought he was dead, and then left him to examine the musket. This he seized by the stock, and began to knock about, as though to discover wherein its virtue consisted, when the soldier could not forbear putting forth one hand to recover his weapon. The bear immediately seized him by the back of the head, and tore his scalp over his crown, so that it fell over the

soldier's face. Notwithstanding his agony, the poor fellow restrained his cries, and again pretended death. The bear laid himself upon his body, and thus remained, until some hunters coming up relieved him from this frightful situation. As the poor fellow rose, he threw back his scalp with his hand, as though it had been a peruke, and ran frantically toward them, exclaiming—"The bear! the bear!" So intense was his apprehension of his enemy, that it made him oblivious of his bodily anguish. He eventually recovered, and received his discharge in consequence of his loss of hair. There is another bear-story in this work, which savors—just a little—of romance. A powerful bull was attacked by a bear in a forest, when the bull succeeded in striking both horns into his assailant, and pinning him to a tree. In this situation they were both found dead—the bear, of his wounds; the bull (either fearing, or, from obstinate self-will, refusing, to relinquish his position of advantage) of starvation!

The best cat-and-mouse story (designated "Melancholy Accident—a Cat killed by a Mouse") is to be found in "The Poor Artist," the author of which seems to have derived the story from a somewhat questionable source, though we must admit the possibility. "A cat had caught a mouse on a lawn, and let it go again, in her cruel way, in order to play with it; when the mouse, inspired by despair, and seeing only one hole possible to escape into—namely, the round red throat of the cat, very visible through her open mouth—took a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and into her throat he struggled and stuffed himself; and so the cat was suffocated." It reads plausibly; let us imagine it was true.

The best spider-and-fly story we also take from the last-named book. "A very strong, loud, blustering fellow of a blue-bottle fly bounced accidentally into a spider's web. Down ran the old spider, and threw her long arms round his neck; but he fought, and struggled, and blew his drone, and fuzzed, and sung sharp, and beat, and battered, and tore the web in holes—and so got loose. The spider would not let go her hold round him—and *the fly flew away with the spider!*" This is related on the authority of Mr. Thomas Bell, the naturalist, who witnessed the heroic act.

A MISER'S LIFE AND DEATH.

THIS is Harrow Weal Common; and a lovely spot it is. Time was when the whole extent lay waste, or rather covered with soft herbage and wild flowers, where the bee sought her pasture, and the lark loved to hide her nest. But since then, cultivation has trenched on much of Harrow Weal. Cottages have risen, and small homesteads tell of security and abundance. It is pleasant to look upon them from this rising ground; to follow the windings of the broad stream, with pastures on either side, where sheep and cattle graze. Look narrowly toward yonder group of trees, and that slight elevation of the

ground covered with wild chamomile ; if the narrator who told concerning the miser of Harrow Weal Common has marked the spot aright, that mound and flowers are associated with the history of one whose profitless life affords a striking instance of the withering effects of avarice.

On that spot stood the house of Daniel Dancer ; miserable in the fullest conception of the word : desolate and friendless, for no bright fire gleamed in winter on the old man's hearthstone ; nor yet in spring, when all nature is redolent of bliss, did the confiding sparrow build her nest beside his thatch. The walls of his solitary dwelling were old and lichen-dotted ; ferns sprung from out their fissures, and creeping ivy twined through the shattered window-panes. A sapling, no one knew how, had vegetated in the kitchen ; its broken pavement afforded a free passage, and, as time went on, the sapling acquired strength, pushing its tall head through the damp and mouldering ceiling ; then, catching more of air and light, it went upward to the roof, and, finding that the tiles were off and part of the rafters broken, that same tree looked forth in its youth and vigor, throwing its branches wide, and serving, as years passed on, to shelter the inmates of the hut.

Other trees grew round ; unpruned and thickly-tangled rank grass sprang up wherever the warm sunbeams found an entrance ; and as far as the eye could reach, appeared a wilderness of docks and brambles, with huge plantains and giant thistles, inclosed with a boundary hedge of such amazing height as wholly to exclude all further prospect.

Eighty acres of good land belonged to Dancer's farm. An ample stream once held its winding course among them, but becoming choked at the further end with weeds and fallen leaves, and branches broken by the wind, it spread into a marsh, tenanted alike by the slow, creeping blind-worm, and water-newt, the black slug, and frogs of portentous size. The soil was rich, and would have yielded abundantly ; the timber, too, was valuable, for some of the finest oaks, perhaps, in the kingdom grew upon the farm ; but the cultivation of the one, and the culling of the other, was attended with expense, and both were consequently left uncared for.

In the centre of this lone and wretched spot, dwelt the miserable Dancer and his sister, alike in their habits and penuriousness. The sister never went from home ; the brother rarely, except to sell his hay. He had some acres of fine meadow-land, upon which the brambles had not trenched, and his attention was exclusively devoted to keeping them clear of weeds. Having no other occupation, the time of hay-harvest seems to have been the only period at which his mind was engrossed with business, and this too was rendered remarkable by the miser's laying aside his habits of penuriousness—scarcely any gentleman in the neighborhood gave his mowers better beer, or in greater quantity ; but at no other time was the beverage of our Saxon ancestors found within his walls.

Some people thought that the old man was crazed ; but those who knew him spoke well of his intelligence. As his father had been before him, so was he ; his mantle had descended in darkness and in fullness on all who bore his name, and while that of Daniel Dancer was perhaps the most familiar, his three brothers were equally penurious. One sordid passion absorbed their every faculty ; they loved money solely and exclusively for its own sake, not for the pleasures it could procure, nor yet because of the power it bestowed, but for the love of hoarding.

When the father of Daniel Dancer breathed his last, there was reason to believe that a large sum, amounting to some thousands, was concealed on the premises. This conjecture occasioned his son no small uneasiness, not so much from the fear of loss, as from the apprehension lest his brothers should find the treasure and divide it among themselves. Dancer, therefore, kept the matter as much as possible to himself. He warily and secretly sought out every hole and corner, thrusting his skinny hand into many a deserted mouse-hole, and examining every part of the chimney. Vain were all his efforts, till at length, on removing an old grate, he discovered about two hundred pounds, in gold and bank-notes, between two pewter dishes. Much more undoubtedly there was, but the rest remained concealed.

Strange beings were Dancer and his sister to look upon. The person of the old man was generally girt with a hay-band, in order to keep together his tattered garments ; his stockings were so darned and patched that nothing of the original texture remained ; they were girt about in cold and wet weather with strong bands of hay, which served instead of boots, and his hat having been worn for at least thirteen years, scarcely retained a vestige of its former shape. Perhaps the most wretched vagabond and mendicant that ever crossed Harrow Weal Common was more decently attired than this miserable representative of an ancient and honorable house.

The sister possessed an excellent wardrobe, consisting not only of wearing apparel, but table linen, and twenty-four pair of good sheets ; she had also clothes of various kinds, and abundance of plate belonging to the family, but every thing was stowed away in chests. Neither the brother nor the sister had the disposition or the heart to enjoy the blessings that were liberally given them ; and hence it happened that Dancer was rarely seen, and that his sister scarcely ever quit- ted her obscure abode.

The interior of the dwelling well befitted its occupants. Furniture, and that of a good description, had formerly occupied a place within the walls, but every article had long since been carefully secluded from the light, all excepting two antique bedsteads which could not readily be removed. These, however, neither Dancer nor his sister could be prevailed to occupy ; they preferred sleeping on sacks stuffed with hay, and covered with horse-rugs. Nor less miserable was their daily fare. Though possessed of at least

ten thousand pounds, they lived on cold dump-lings, hard as stone, and made of the coarsest meal; their only beverage was water; their sole fire a few sticks gathered on the common, although they had abundance of wood, and noble trees that required lopping.

Thus they lived, isolated from mankind, while around them the desolation of their paternal acres, and the rank luxuriance of weeds and brambles, presented a mournful emblem of their condition. Talents, undoubtedly they had; kindly tempers in early life, which might have conduced to the well-being of society. Daniel especially possessed many admirable qualities, with good sense and native integrity; his manners, too, though unpolished by intercourse with the world, were at one time both frank and courteous, but all and each were absorbed by one master passion—sordid avarice took possession of his soul, and rendered him the most despicable of men.

At length Dancer's sister died. They had lived together for many years, similar in their penuriousness, though little, perhaps, of natural affection subsisted between them. The sister was possessed of considerable wealth, which she left to her brother. The old man greatly rejoiced at its acquisition; he resolved, in consequence, that her funeral should not disgrace the family, and accordingly contracted with an undertaker to receive timber in exchange for a coffin, rather than to part with gold.

Lady Tempest, who resided in the neighborhood, compassionating the wretched condition of an aged woman, sick, and destitute of even pauper comforts, had the poor creature conveyed to her house. Every possible alleviation was afforded, and medical assistance immediately obtained; but they came too late. The disease, which proceeded originally from want, proved mortal, and the victim of sordid avarice was borne unlamented to her grave.

There was crowding on the funeral day beside the road that led to Lady Tempest's. People came trooping from far and near, with a company of boys belonging to Harrow School, thoughtless, and amused with the strangeness of a spectacle which might rather have excited feelings of sorrow and commiseration. First came a coffin of the humblest kind, containing the emaciated corpse of one who had possessed ample wealth—a woman to whom had been committed the magnificent gift of life, fair talents, and health, with faculties for appropriating each to the glory of Him who gave them, but who, on dying, had no soothing retrospect of life, no thankfulness for having been the instrument of good to others, no hope beyond the grave. Behind that coffin, as chief-mourner, followed the brother, unbeloved, and heedless of all duties either to God or man—a miserable being; the possessor of many thousands, yet too sordid to purchase even decent mourning. It was only by the importunate entreaties of his relatives that he consented to unbind the hay-bands with which his legs were covered, and to put on a second-

hand pair of black worsted stockings. His coat was of a whitish brown color, his waistcoat had been black about the middle of the last century, and the covering of his head was a nondescript kind of wig, which had descended to him as an heirloom. Thus attired, and followed and attended by a crowd whom curiosity had drawn together, went on old Daniel and the coffin of his sister toward the place of its sojourn. When there, the horse's girth gave way, for they were past all service, and the brother was suddenly precipitated into his sister's grave; but the old man escaped unhurt. The service proceeded; and slowly into darkness and forgetfulness went down the remains of his miserable counterpart.

One friend, however, remained to the miser—and this was Lady Tempest. That noble-minded woman had given a home to the sister, and sought by every possible means to alleviate her sufferings; now also, when the object of her solicitude was gone, she endeavored to inspire the brother with better feelings, and to ameliorate his miserable condition. This kindly notice by Lady Tempest, while it soothed his pride, served also to lessen the sufferings and sorrows of his declining age; and so far did her representations prevail, that, having given him a comfortable bed, she actually induced him to throw away the sack on which he slept for years. Nay, more, he took into his service a man of the name of Griffith, and allowed him an ample supply of food, but neither cat nor dog purred or watched beneath his roof; he had no kindness of heart to bestow upon them, nor occasion for their services, for he still continued to live on crusts and fragments; even when Lady Tempest sent him better fare, he could hardly be prevailed to partake of it.

In his boyish days, he possessed, it might be, some natural feelings of affection toward his kind; but as years passed on, and his sordid avarice increased, he manifested the utmost aversion for his brother, who rivaled himself in penury and wealth, and still continued to pasture sheep on the same common. To his niece, however, he once presented a guinea, on the birth of a daughter, but this he made conditional, she was either to name the child Nancy, after his mother, or forfeit the whole sum.

Still, with that strange contrariety which even the most penurious occasionally present, gleams of kindness broke forth at intervals, as sunbeams on a stony waste. He was known secretly to have assisted persons whose modes of life and appearance were infinitely superior to his own; and though parsimonious in the extreme, he was never guilty of injustice, or accused of attempting to overreach his neighbors. He was also a second Hampden in defending the rights and privileges of those who were connected with his locality. While old Daniel lived, no infringements were permitted on Harrow Weal Common; he heeded neither the rank nor wealth of those who attempted to act unjustly, but, putting himself at the head of the villagers, he resisted such aggressions with uniform success.

On one occasion, also, having been reluctantly obliged to prosecute a horse-stealer at Aylesbury, he set forth with one of his neighbors on an unshod steed, with a mane and tail of no ordinary growth, a halter for a bridle, a sack instead of a saddle. Thus equipped, he went on, till, having reached the principal inn at Aylesbury, the miser addressed his companion, saying,

"Pray, sir, go into the house and order what you please, and live like a gentleman, I will settle for it readily; but as regards myself, I must go on in my old way."

His friend entreated him to take a comfortable repast, but this he steadily refused. A pennyworth of bread sufficed for his meal, and at night he slept under his horse's manger; but when the business that brought him to Aylesbury was ended, he paid fifteen shillings, the amount of his companion's bill, with the utmost cheerfulness.

Grateful too, he was, as years went on, to Lady Tempest for her unwearied kindness, and he resolved to leave her the wealth which he had accumulated. His sister, too, expressed the same wish; and when, after six months of continued attention from that lady, Miss Dancer found her end approach, she instructed her brother to give their benefactress an acknowledgment from the one thousand six hundred pounds which she had concealed in an old tattered petticoat.

"Not a penny of that money," said old Dancer, unceremoniously to his sister. "Not a penny as yet. The good lady shall have the whole when I am gone."

At length the time came when the old man must be gone; when his desolate abode and neglected fields should bear witness no longer against him. Few particulars are known concerning his death. The fact alone is certain, that the evening before his departure, he dispatched a messenger to Lady Tempest requesting to see her ladyship, and that, being gratified by her arrival, he expressed great satisfaction. Finding himself somewhat better, his attachment to the hoarded pelf, which he valued even more than the only friend he had on earth, overcame the resolution he had formed of giving her his will; and though his hand was scarcely able to perform its functions, he took hold of the precious document and replaced it in his bosom.

The next morning he became worse, and again did the same kind lady attend the old man's summons; when, having confided to her keeping the title-deeds of wealth which he valued more than life, his hand suddenly became convulsed, his head sunk upon the pillow, and the miser breathed his last.

The house in which he died, and where he first drew breath, exhibited a picture of utter desolation. Those who crossed the threshold stood silent, as if awe-struck. Yet that miserable haunt contained the hoarded wealth of years. Gold and silver coins were dug up on

the ground-floor; plate and table-linen, with clothes of every description, were found locked up in chests; large bowls, filled with guineas and half-guineas came to light, with parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. Some hundred-weights of waste-paper, the accumulation of half a century, were also discovered; and two or three tons of old iron, consisting of nails and horse-shoes, which the miser had picked up.

Strange communings had passed within the walls—sordid, yet bitter thoughts, the crushing of all kindly yearnings toward a better state of mind. The outer conduct of the man was known, but the internal conflict between good and evil remains untold.

Nearly sixty-four years have elapsed since the miser and his sister passed from among the living. Perchance some lichen-dotted stone, if carefully sought for and narrowly examined, may give the exact period of their death, but, as yet, no record of the kind has been discovered. Collateral testimonies, however, go far to prove that the death of the miser took place about the year 1775, and that his sister died a few months previous.

RESULTS OF AN ACCIDENT.—THE GUM SECRET.

IN journeying from Dublin westward, by the banks of the Liffey, we pass the village of Chapelizod, and hamlet of Palmerstown. The water-power of the Liffey has attracted manufacturers at different times, who with less or greater success, but, unfortunately, with a general ill-success, have established works there. Paper-making, starch-making, cotton-spinning and weaving, bleaching and printing of calicoes, have been attempted. But all have been in turn abandoned, though occasionally renewed by some new firm or private adventurer. Into the supposed causes of failure it is not here necessary to inquire. The manufacture of starch has survived several disasters.

The article British gum, which is now so extensively used by calico-printers, by makers-up of stationery, by the Government in postage-stamp making, and in various industrial arts, was first made at Chapelizod. Its origin and history are somewhat curious.

The use of potatoes in the starch factories excited the vehement opposition of the people, whose chief article of food was thus consumed and enhanced in price. These factories were several times assailed by angry multitudes, and on more than one occasion set on fire by means never discovered. The fires were not believed to have been always accidental.

On the fifth of September, 1821, George the Fourth, on his return to England from visiting Ireland, embarked at Dunleary harbor, near Dublin. On that occasion the ancient Irish name of Dunleary was blotted out, and in honor of the royal visit that of Kingston was substituted. In the evening the citizens of Dublin sat late in taverns and at supper parties. Loyalty and punch

abounded. In the midst of their revelry a cry of "fire" was heard. They ran to the streets, and some, following the glare and the cries, found the fire at a starch manufactory near Chapelized. The stores not being of a nature to burn rapidly, were in great part saved from the fire, but they were so freely deluged with water, that the starch was washed away in streams ankle-deep over the roadways and lanes into the Liffey.

Next morning one of the journeymen block-printers—whose employment was at the Palmerstown print-works, but who lodged at Chapelized—woke with a parched throat and headache. He asked himself where he had been. He had been seeing the King away; drinking, with thousands more, Dunleary out of, and Kingston into, the map of Ireland. Presently, his confused memory brought him a vision of a fire: he had a thirsty sense of having been carrying buckets of water; of hearing the hissing of water on hot iron floors; of the clanking of engines, and shouts of people working the pumps, and of himself tumbling about with the rest of the mob, and rolling over one another in streams of liquefied wreck, running from the burning starch stores.

He would rise, dress, go out, inquire about the fire, find his shopmates, and see if it was to be a working day, or once again a drinking day. He tried to dress; but—a—hoo!—his clothes were gummed together. His coat had no entrance for his arms until the sleeves were picked open, bit by bit; what money he had left was glued into his pockets; his waistcoat was tightly buttoned up with—what? Had he been bathing with his clothes on, in a sea of gum-arabic—that costly article used in the print-works?

This man was not the only one whose clothes were saturated with gum. He and four of his shopmates held a consultation, and visited the wreck of the starch factory. In the roadway, the starch, which, in a hot, calcined state, had been watered by the fire-engines the night before, was now found by them lying in soft, gummy lumps. They took some of it home; they tested it in their trade; they bought starch at a chandler's shop, put it in a frying-pan, burned it to a lighter or darker brown, added water, and at last discovered themselves masters of an article, which, if not gum itself, seemed as suitable for their trade as gum-arabic, and at a fraction of the cost.

It was their own secret; and, could they have conducted their future proceedings as discreetly as they made their experiments, they might have realized fortunes, and had the merit of practically introducing an article of great utility—one which has assisted in the fortune-making of some of the wealthiest firms in Lancaster (so long as they held it as a secret), and which now the Government of the British empire manufacture for themselves.

Its subsequent history is not less curious than that just related. Unfortunately for the operative block-printers, who discovered it, their share in its history is soon told.

It is said that six of them subscribed money to send one of their number to Manchester with samples of the new gum for sale; the reply which he received from drysalers and the managers of print-works, was either that they would have nothing to do with his samples, or an admonition to go home for the present, and return when he was sober. His fellow-workmen, hearing of his non-success and fearing the escape of the secret, sent another of their number to his aid with more money. The two had no better success than the one. The remaining four, after a time, left their work at Dublin, and joined the two in Manchester. They now tried to sell their secret. Before this was effected one died; two were imprisoned for a share in some drunken riots; and all were in extreme poverty. What the price paid for the secret was, is not likely to be revealed now. Part of it was spent in a passage to New Orleans, where it is supposed the discoverers of British gum did not long survive their arrival.

The secret was not at first worked with success. It passed from its original Lancashire possessor to a gentleman who succeeded in making the article of a sufficiently good quality; and at so low a price that it found a ready introduction in the print-works. But he could not produce it in large quantity without employing assistants, whom he feared to trust with a knowledge of a manufacture so simple and so profitable. In employing men to assist in some parts of the work, and shutting them out from others, their curiosity, or jealousy, could not be restrained. On one or two occasions they caused the officers of Excise to break in upon him when he was burning his starch, under the allegation that he was engaged in illicit practices. His manufactory was broken into in the night by burglars, who only wanted to rob him of his secret. Once the place was maliciously burned down. Other difficulties, far too numerous for present detail, were encountered. Still, he produced the British gum in sufficient quantities for it to yield him a liberal income. At last, in a week of sickness, he was pressed by the head of a well-known firm of calico-printers for a supply. He got out of bed; went to his laboratory; had the fire kindled; put on his vessel of plate-iron; calcined his starch, added the water, observed the temperature; and all the while held conversation with his keen-eyed customer, whom he had unsuspectingly allowed to be present. It is enough to say that this acute calico-printer never required any more British gum of the convalescent's making. Gradually the secret spread, although the original purchaser of it still retained a share of the manufacture.

When penny postage came into operation, it was at first doubtful whether adhesive labels could be made sufficiently good and low-priced, which would not have been the case with gum-arabic. British gum solved the difficulty; and the manufacturer made a contract to supply it for the labels. In the second year of his contract, a rumor was spread, that the adhesive

matter on the postage stamps was a deleterious substance, made of the refuse of fish, and other disgusting materials. The great British gum secret was then spread far and wide. The public was extensively informed that the postage-label poison was made simply of—potatoes.

MY LITTLE FRENCH FRIEND.

MADEMOISELLE HONORINE is a teacher of her own language in a cathedral town south of the Loire, celebrated for the finest church and the longest street in France; at least, so say the inhabitants, who have seen no others. The purest French is supposed to be spoken hereabouts, and the reputation thus given has for many years attracted hosts of foreigners anxious to attain the true accent formerly in vogue at the court of the refined Catherine de Medici. It is true that this extreme grace of diction and tone is not acknowledged by Parisians; who, when they had a court, imagined the best French was spoken in the capital where that court resided; and they have been long in the habit of sneering at the pretensions of their rivals; who, however, among foreigners, still keep their middle-age fame.

Mademoiselle Honorine is not a native of this remarkable town; and the French she teaches is of a different sort, for she comes from a far-off province, by no means so remarkable for purity of accent. She is an Alsatian, and her natal town is no other than Vancouleurs, where the tree under which Joan of Arc saw angels and became inspired, once existed.

As may be imagined, Mademoiselle Honorine is proud of this accident of birth, and tells with much exultation of having, at the age of fifteen, some thirty-five years ago, borne the part of La Pucelle in the grand procession to Domremy, formerly an annual festival. She relates that she attracted universal attention on that occasion, chiefly from the circumstance of her hair, which is now of silvery whiteness, having been equally so then, much to the admiration of all who beheld her.

"I was always," she remarks, with satisfied vanity, "celebrated for my hair, and I had at all times a high color and bright eyes; so that, though some people preferred the beauty of my sisters, I always got more partners than they at all our *fêtes*. It is true they all married, and no one proposed to me, except old Monsieur de Monzon, who suffered from the gout and a very bad temper; but I had no respect for his character, and though he was rich, and I might have been a *châtelaine*, instead of such a poor woman as I am, still I refused him, for I preferred my liberty; and that, also, was the reason I left my uncle's domain, because I like independence. We used, my aunt, my uncle, and I, to spend most of our time at his country place, going out every day lark-catching, which we did with looking-glasses: they held the glasses and lured the birds, while I was ready with the net to throw over them. My uncle, however, was always scolding me for talking and frightening the birds

away; so I got tired of this amusement and of the dependence in which I lived."

The independence preferred by Mademoiselle Honorine to lark-catching and snubbing, consists in giving lessons to the English. As, of late, we islanders have been as hard to catch as the victims of the looking-glasses, her occupation is not lucrative; and although she sometimes devotes her energies to the arts, in the form of twisted colored paper tortured into the semblance of weeping willows, and nondescript flowers, yet these specimens of ingenuity do not bring in a very large revenue. In fact, her income, when I knew her, could not be considered enormous; for, to pay house-rent, board, washing, and sundry little expenses, she possessed twelve francs a month: yet with these resources, nevertheless, she contrived to do more benevolent and charitable acts than any person I ever met with. She has always halfpence for the poor's bag at church—always farthings for certain regular pensioners, who expect her donation as she passes them, at their begging stations, on her way to her pupils. Moreover, on New-year's day, she has always the means of making the prettiest presents to a friend who for years has shown her countenance, and put little gains in her way.

She obtains six francs per month from a couple of pupils, whose merit is as great in receiving, as hers in giving lessons. These are two young workwomen who desire to improve their education, and daily devote to study the only unoccupied hour they possess. From six o'clock till seven, Mademoiselle Honorine, therefore, on her return from the five o'clock mass—which she never misses—calls at the garret of these devotees, and imparts her instruction in reading and writing to the zealous aspirants for knowledge.

"I would not," she says, "miss their lessons for the world; because, you see, I have thus always an eye upon their conduct, and have an opportunity of throwing in a little good advice, and making them read good books."

As these young damsels go out to their work directly after the lesson is over—taking breakfast at a late hour in the day—Mademoiselle Honorine provides herself, before starting to the five o'clock mass, with a bit of dry bread, which she puts in her pocket, ready to eat when the moment of hunger arrives. She never allows herself any other breakfast; and, as she drinks only cold water, no expenditure of fuel is necessary for this in her establishment. Except it occurs to any of her pupils—few of whom are much richer than her earliest-served—to offer her some refreshment to lighten her labors, Mademoiselle Honorine contrives to walk, and talk, and laugh, and be amusing on an empty stomach, till dinner-time, when she is careful to provide herself with an apple and another slice of bread, which she enjoys in haste, and betakes herself to other occupations, chiefly unremunerative—such as visiting a sick neighbor, reading to a blind friend, or taking a walk on the fash-

ionable promenade with an infirm invalid, who requires the support of an arm.

Fire in France is an expensive luxury which she economizes—not that she indulges, when forced to allow herself in comfort, in much besides turf or pine-cones, with perhaps a sprinkling of fagot-wood if a friend calls in. She is able, however, to keep a little canary in a cage, who is her valued companion; and she nourishes, besides, several little productive plants in pots, such as violets and *résida*; chiefly, it must be owned, with a view of having the means of making floral offerings, on birthdays and christenings, to her very numerous acquaintances.

She is never seen out of spirits, and is welcomed as an object of interest whenever she flits along with her round, rosy, smiling face, shrined in braids of white hair, and set off with a smart fashionable-shaped bonnet; for she likes being in the fashion, and is proud of the slightness of her waist, which her polka shows to advantage. The strings of her bonnet, and the ribbons and buttons of her dress, are sometimes very fresh, and her mittens are sometimes very uncommon: this she is particular about, as she shows her hands a good deal in accompanying herself on the guitar, which she does with much taste, for her ear is very good and her voice has been musical. There are few things Mademoiselle Honorine can not do to be useful. She can play at draughts and dominos, can knit or net, knowing all the last new patterns; her satin stitch is neatness itself. It is suspected that she turns some of these talents to advantage; but that is a secret, as she considers it more dignified to be known only as a teacher.

She had a curious set of pupils when I became acquainted with her. Those whom I knew were English; who were, rather late in their career, endeavoring to become proficient in a tongue positively necessary for economical, useful, or sentimental purposes, as the case might be, but which in more early days they had not calculated on requiring.

They were of those who encourage late ambition—

“And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.”

The first of these was a bachelor of some fifty-five, formerly a medical practitioner, now retired, and living in a lively lodging, in a *premier* that overlooked the Loire; which reflected back so much sun from its broad surface on a bright winter's day, that the circumstance greatly diminished his expenses in the dreaded article of fuel—a consideration with both natives and foreigners. Economy was strictly practiced by Dr. Drowler. Nevertheless, as he was very gallant, and loved to pay compliments to his fair young French friends, whom he did not suspect of laughing at him, he became desirous of acquiring greater facility in the lighter part of a language which served him indifferently well in the ordinary concerns of his bachelor house-keeping. He therefore resolved to take advantage of the low terms and obliging disposition of Mademoi-

selle Honorine, and placed himself on her form. There was much good-will on both sides, and his instructress declared that she should have felt little fear of his ultimate success, but for his defective hearing; which considerably interfered with his appreciation of those shades of pronunciation which might be necessary to render him capable of charming the attentive ears of the young ladies, who were on the tiptoe of expectation to hear what progress he had made in the language of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Another of Mademoiselle Honorine's charges was Mrs. Mumble, a widow of uncertain age, whose early education had been a good deal left to nature; and who—her income being small—had sought the banks of the poetical Loire (in, she told her Somersetshire friends, the south of France) to make, as she expressed it, “both ends meet.” “One lesson a week at a *franc*,” she reflected, “won't ruin me, and I shall soon get to speak their language as well as the best of 'em.” Mademoiselle Honorine herself would not have despaired of her pupil arriving at something approaching to this result, could she have got the better of a certain indistinctness of utterance caused by the loss of several teeth.

Miss Dogherty was a third pupil; a young lady of fifty, with very youthful manners, and a slight figure. She had labored long to acquire the true “*Porris twang*,” as she termed it; but, finding her efforts unavailing, she had resolved during her winter in Touraine, to devote herself to the language, drawing it pure from the source; and agreed to sacrifice ten francs per month, in order, by daily hours of devotion, to reach the goal. An inveterate Tipperary accent interfered slightly with her views, but she hit on an ingenious expedient for concealing the defect; this was, never to open her mouth to more than half its size in speaking; and always to utter her English in a broken manner, which might convey to the stranger the idea of her being a foreigner. She had her cards printed as Mademoiselle Durté, which made the illusion complete.

But these pupils were not to be entirely relied on for producing an income—Mademoiselle Honorine could scarcely reckon on the advantages they presented for a continuance, sanguine as she was. In fact, she may be said to have, as a certainty, only one permanent pupil, whom she looks upon as her chief stay, and her gratitude for this source of emolument is such, that she is always ready to evince her sense of its importance by adopting the character of nursemaid, classical teacher—although her knowledge of the dead languages is not extensive—or general governess, approaching the maternal character the nearer from the compassion she feels for the pretty little orphan English boy, who lives under the care of an infirm old grandmother. With this little gentleman, whose domicile is situated about two miles from her own, at the top of a steep hill, she walks, and talks, and laughs, and teaches, and enjoys herself so much, that she considers it but right to reward him for the pleas-

ure he gives her by expending a few sous every day in sweetmeats for his delectation; this sum making a considerable gap in the monthly salary his grandmother is able to afford. However, her disinterestedness is not thrown away here, and I learn with singular satisfaction that Mademoiselle Honorine having been detected in the act of devouring her dry crust, by way of breakfast, and her pupil having won from her the confession that she never had any other, a cup of hot chocolate was always afterward prepared and offered to her by the little student as soon as she entered his study. When I had an opportunity of judging—a fact which more than once occurred to me—of the capabilities of Mademoiselle Honorine's appetite, I was gratified, though surprised, to find that nothing came amiss to her; that she could enjoy any thing in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl, and drank a good glass of Bordeaux, or even Champagne, with singular glee.

It happened, not long since, that the friend who had revealed to me the secret of her manner of life, was suddenly called upon to pay a sum of money on some railway shares she possessed; and, being unprepared, was lamenting in the presence of Mademoiselle Honorine, the inconvenience she was put to.

The next day, the lively little dame appeared with a canvas bag in her hand, containing no less a sum than five hundred francs. "Here," she said, smiling, "is the exact sum you want. It is most lucky I should happen to have as much. I have been collecting it for years; for, you know, in case of sickness, one likes to avoid being a burden to one's friends. It is at your service for as long a time as you like, and you will relieve me from anxiety in taking it into your hands." It was impossible to refuse the offer; and the good little woman was thus enabled to repay the many kindnesses she had received, and to add greatly to her own dignity; of which she is very tenacious.

"Ah!" said a Parisian lady to her one day, after hearing of her thousand occupations and privations, "how do you contrive to live; and what can you care about life? I should have had recourse to charcoal long ago, if I had been in your situation. Yet you are always laughing and gay, as if you dined on foie-gras and truffles every day of your existence!"

"So I do," replied the little heroine—"at least on what is quite as good—for I have all I want, all I care about, never owing a sous, and being a charge to no one. Besides, I have a secret happiness which nothing can take away; and, when I go into the church of a morning to mass, I thank God with all my heart for all the blessings he gives me, and, above all, for the extreme content which makes all the world seem a paradise of enjoyment. I never know what it is to be dull, and as for charcoal, I have no objection to it in a foot-warmer, but that is all the acquaintance I am likely to make with it."

"Poor soul!" returned the Parisienne, "how I pity you!"

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XI.—OUR DEAR BROTHER.

A TOUCH on the lawyer's wrinkled hand, as he stands in the dark room, irresolute, makes him start and say, "What's that?"

"It's me," returns the old man of the house, whose breath is in his ear. "Can't you wake him?"

"No."

"What have you done with your candle?"

"It's gone out. Here it is."

Krook takes it, goes to the fire, stoops over the red embers, and tries to get a light. The dying ashes have no light to spare, and his endeavors are vain. Muttering, after an ineffectual call to his lodger, that he will go down stairs, and bring a lighted candle from the shop, the old man departs. Mr. Tulkinghorn, for some new reason that he has, does not await his return in the room, but on the stairs outside.

The welcome light soon shines upon the wall, as Krook comes slowly up, with his green-eyed cat following at his heels. "Does the man generally sleep like this?" inquires the lawyer, in a low voice. "Hi! I don't know," says Krook, shaking his head, and lifting his eyebrows. "I know next to nothing of his habits, except that he keeps himself very close."

Thus whispering, they both go in together. As the light goes in, the great eyes in the shutters, darkening, seem to close. Not so the eyes upon the bed.

"God save us!" exclaims Mr. Tulkinghorn. "He is dead!"

Krook drops the heavy hand he has taken up, so suddenly that the arm swings over the bedside.

They look at one another for a moment.

"Send for some doctor! Call for Miss Flite up the stairs, sir. Here's poison by the bed! Call out for Flite, will you?" says Krook, with his lean hands spread out above the body like a vampire's wings.

Mr. Tulkinghorn hurries to the landing, and calls, "Miss Flite! Flite! Make haste, here, whoever you are! Flite!" Krook follows him with his eyes, and, while he is calling, finds opportunity to steal to the old portmanteau, and steal back again.

"Run, Flite, run! The nearest doctor! Run!" So Mr. Krook addresses a crazy little woman, who is his female lodger: who appears and vanishes in a breath: who soon returns, accompanied by a testy medical man, brought from his dinner—with a broad snuffy upper lip, and a broad Scotch tongue.

"Ey! Bless the hearts o' ye," says the medical man, looking up at them, after a moment's examination. "He's just as dead as Phairy!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn (standing by the old portmanteau) inquires if he has been dead any time.

"Any time, sir?" says the medical gentleman.

* Continued from the June Number.

"It's probable he wull have been dead aboot three hours."

"About that time, I should say," observes a dark young man, on the other side of the bed.

"Air you in the maydickle prayfession yourself, sir?" inquires the first.

The dark young man says yes.

"Then I'll just tak' my depairture," replies the other; "for I'm nae gude here!" With which remark, he finishes his brief attendance, and returns to finish his dinner.

The dark young surgeon passes the candle across and across the face, and carefully examines the law-writer, who has established his pretensions to his name by becoming indeed No one.

"I knew this person by sight, very well," says he. "He has purchased opium of me, for the last year and a half. Was any body present related to him?" glancing round upon the three bystanders.

"I was his landlord," grimly answers Krook, taking the candle from the surgeon's outstretched hand. "He told me once, I was the nearest relation he had."

"He has died," says the surgeon, "of an over-dose of opium, there is no doubt. The room is strongly flavored with it. There is enough here now," taking an old teapot from Mr. Krook, "to kill a dozen people."

"Do you think he did it on purpose?" asks Krook.

"Took the over-dose?"

"Yes!" Krook almost smacks his lips with the unction of a horrible interest.

"I can't say. I should think it unlikely, as he has been in the habit of taking so much. But nobody can tell. He was very poor, I suppose?"

"I suppose he was. His room—don't look rich," says Krook; who might have changed eyes with his cat, as he casts his sharp glance around. "But I have never been in it since he had it, and he was too close to name his circumstances to me."

"Did he owe you any rent?"

"Six weeks."

"He will never pay it!" says the young man, resuming his examination. "It is beyond a doubt that he is indeed as dead as Pharaoh; and to judge from his appearance and condition, I should think it a happy release. Yet he must have been a good figure when a youth, and I dare say good-looking." He says this, not unfeelingly, while sitting on the bedstead's edge, with his face toward that other face, and his hand upon the region of the heart. "I recollect once thinking there was something in his manner, uncouth as it was, that denoted a fall in life. Was that so?" he continues, looking round.

Krook replies, "You might as well ask me to describe the ladies whose heads of hair I have got in sacks down stairs. Than that he was my lodger for a year and a half, and lived—or didn't live—by law-writing, I know no more of him."

During this dialogue, Mr. Tulkinghorn has

stood aloof by the old portmanteau, with his hands behind him, equally removed, to all appearance, from all three kinds of interest exhibited near the bed—from the young surgeon's professional interest in death, noticeable as being quite apart from his remarks on the deceased as an individual; from the old man's unction; and the little crazy woman's awe. His imperturbable face has been as inexpressive as his rusty clothes. One could not even say he has been thinking all this while. He has shown neither patience nor impatience, nor attention nor abstraction. He has shown nothing but his shell. As easily might the tone of a delicate musical instrument be inferred from its case, as the tone of Mr. Tulkinghorn from his case.

He now interposes; addressing the young surgeon, in his unmoved, professional way.

"I looked in here," he observes, "just before you, with the intention of giving this deceased man, whom I never saw alive, some employment at his trade of copying. I had heard of him from my stationer—Snagsby of Cook's Court. Since no one here knows any thing about him, it might be as well to send for Snagsby. Ah!" to the little crazy woman, who has often seen him in Court, and whom he has often seen, and who proposes, in frightened dumb-show, to go for the law stationer. "Suppose you do!"

While she is gone, the surgeon abandons his hopeless investigation, and covers its subject with the patchwork counterpane. Mr. Krook and he interchange a word or two. Mr. Tulkinghorn says nothing; but stands, ever, near the old portmanteau.

Mr. Snagsby arrives hastily, in his gray coat and his black sleeves. "Dear me, dear me," he says; "and it has come to this, has it! Bless my soul!"

"Can you give the person of the house any information about this unfortunate creature, Snagsby?" inquires Mr. Tulkinghorn. "He was in arrears with his rent, it seems. And he must be buried, you know."

"Well, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, coughing his apologetic cough behind his hand; "I really don't know what advice I could offer, except sending for the beadle."

"I don't speak of advice," returns Mr. Tulkinghorn. "I could advise—"

("No one better, sir, I am sure," says Mr. Snagsby, with his deferential cough.)

"I speak of affording some clew to his connections, or to where he came from, or to any thing concerning him."

"I assure you, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, after prefacing his reply with his cough of general propitiation, "that I no more know where he came from, than I know—"

"Where he has gone to, perhaps," suggests the surgeon, to help him out.

A pause. Mr. Tulkinghorn looking at the law-stationer. Mr. Krook, with his mouth open, looking for somebody to speak next.

"As to his connections, sir," says Mr. Snag

by, "if a person was to say to me, 'Snagsby, here's twenty thousand pound down, ready for you in the Bank of England, if you'll only name one of 'em, I couldn't do it, sir! About a year and a half ago—to the best of my belief at the time when he first came to lodge at the present Rag and Bottle Shop—"

"That was the time!" says Krook, with a nod.

"About a year and a half ago," says Mr. Snagsby, strengthened, "he came into our place one morning after breakfast, and, finding my little woman (which I name Mrs. Snagsby when I use that appellation) in our shop, produced a specimen of his handwriting, and gave her to understand that he was in wants of copying work to do, and was—not to put too fine a point upon it—" a favorite apology for plain-speaking with Mr. Snagsby, which he always offers with a sort of argumentative frankness, "hard up! My little woman is not in general partial to strangers, particular—not to put too fine a point upon it—when they want any thing. But she was rather took by something about this person; whether by his being unshaved, or by his hair being in want of attention, or by what other ladies' reasons, I leave you to judge; and she accepted of the specimen, and likewise of the address. My little woman hasn't a good ear for names," proceeds Mr. Snagsby, after consulting his cough of consideration behind his hand, "and she considered Nemo equally the same as Nimrod. In consequence of which, she got into a habit of saying to me at meals, 'Mr. Snagsby, you haven't found Nimrod any work yet!' or 'Mr. Snagsby, why didn't you give that eight-and-thirty Chancery folio in Jarndyce, to Nimrod?' or such like. And that is the way he gradually fell into job-work at our place; and that is the most I know of him, except that he was a quick hand, and a hand not sparing of night-work; and that if you gave him out, say five-and-forty folio on the Wednesday night, you would have it brought in on the Thursday morning. All of which—" Mr. Snagsby concludes by politely motioning with his hat toward the bed, as much as to add, "I have no doubt my honorable friend would confirm, if he were in a condition to do it."

"Haden't you better see," says Mr. Tulkinghorn to Krook, "whether he had any papers that may enlighten you? There will be an Inquest, and you will be asked the question. You can read?"

"No, I can't," returns the old man, with a sudden grin.

"Snagsby," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "look over the room for him. He will get into some trouble or difficulty, otherwise. Being here, I'll wait, if you make haste; and then I can testify on his behalf, if it should ever be necessary, that all was fair and right. If you will hold the candle for Mr. Snagsby, my friend, he'll soon see whether there is any thing to help you."

"In the first place, here's an old portmanteau, sir," says Snagsby.

Ah, to be sure, so there is! Mr. Tulkinghorn does not appear to have seen it before, though he is standing so close to it, and though there is very little else, Heaven knows.

The marine-store merchant holds the light, and the law-stationer conducts the search. The surgeon leans against a corner of the chimney-piece; Miss Flite peeps and trembles just within the door. The apt old scholar of the old school, with his dull black breeches tied with ribbons at the knees, his large black waistcoat, his long-sleeved black coat, and his wisp of limp white neck-kerchief tied in the bow the Peerage knows so well, stands in exactly the same place and attitude.

There are some worthless articles of clothing in the old portmanteau; there is a bundle of pawnbrokers' duplicates, those turnpike tickets on the road of Poverty, there is a crumpled paper, smelling of opium, on which are scrawled rough memoranda—as, took, such a day, so many grains; took, such another day, so many more—begun some time ago, as if with the intention of being regularly continued, but soon left off. There are a few dirty scraps of newspapers, all referring to Coroners' Inquests; there is nothing else. They search the cupboard, and the drawer of the ink-splashed table. There is not a morsel of an old letter, or of any other writing, in either. The young surgeon examines the dress on the law-writer. A knife and some odd halfpence are all he finds. Mr. Snagsby's suggestion is the practical suggestion after all, and the beadle must be called in.

So the little crazy lodger goes for the beadle, and the rest come out of the room. "Don't leave the cat there!" says the surgeon: "that won't do!" Mr. Krook therefore drives her out before him; and she goes furtively down stairs, winding her lithe tail and licking her lips.

"Good-night!" says Mr. Tulkinghorn; and goes home to Allegory and meditation.

By this time the news has got into the court. Groups of its inhabitants assemble to discuss the thing; and the outposts of the army of observation (principally boys) are pushed forward to Mr. Krook's window, which they closely invest. A policeman has already walked up to the room, and walked down again to the door, where he stands like a tower, only condescending to see the boys at his base occasionally; but whenever he does see them, they quail and fall back. Mrs. Perkins, who has not been for some weeks on speaking terms with Mrs. Piper, in consequence of an unpleasantness originating in young Perkins having "fetched" young Piper "a crack," renews her friendly intercourse on this auspicious occasion. The pot-boy at the corner, who is a privileged amateur, as possessing official knowledge of life, and having to deal with drunken men occasionally, exchanges confidential communications with the policeman, and has the appearance of an impregnable youth, unassailable by truncheons and unconfined in station-houses. People talk across the court out of window, and bare-

headed scouts come hurrying in from Chancery Lane to know what's the matter. The general feeling seems to be that it's a blessing Mr. Krook warn't made away with first, mingled with a little natural disappointment that he was not. In the midst of this sensation, the beadle arrives.

The beadle, though generally understood in the neighborhood to be a ridiculous institution, is not without a certain popularity for the moment, if it were only as a man who is going to see the body. The policeman considers him an imbecile civilian, a remnant of the barbarous watchmen-times; but gives him admission, as something that must be borne with until Government shall abolish him. The sensation is heightened, as the tidings spread from mouth to mouth that the beadle is on the ground, and has gone in.

By-and-by the beadle comes out, once more intensifying the sensation, which has rather languished in the interval. He is understood to be in want of witnesses, for the Inquest to-morrow, who can tell the Coroner and Jury any thing whatever respecting the deceased. Is immediately referred to innumerable people who can tell nothing whatever. Is made more imbecile by being constantly informed that Mrs. Green's son "was a law-writer his-self, and knowed him better than any body"—which son of Mrs. Green's appears, on inquiry, to be at the present time aboard a vessel bound for China, three months out, but considered accessible by telegraph, on application to the Lords of the Admiralty. Beadle goes into various shops and parlors, examining the inhabitants; always shutting the door first, and by exclusion, delay, and general idiocy, exasperating the public. Policeman seen to smile to potboy. Public loses interest, and undergoes re-action. Taunts the beadle, in shrill, youthful voices, with having boiled a boy; choruses fragments of a popular song to that effect, and importing that the boy was made into soup for the workhouse. Policeman at last finds it necessary to support the law, and seize a vocalist; who is released upon the flight of the rest, on condition of his getting out of this then, come! and cutting it—a condition he immediately observes. So the sensation dies off for the time; and the unmoved policeman (to whom a little opium, more or less, is nothing), with his shining hat, stiff stock, inflexible great-coat, stout belt and bracelet, and all things fitting, pursues his lounging way with a heavy tread: beating the palms of his white gloves one against the other, and stopping now and then at a street-corner, to look casually about for any thing between a lost child and a murder.

Under cover of the night, the feeble-minded beadle comes flitting about Chancery Lane with his summonses, in which every Juror's name is wrongly spelt, and nothing is rightly spelt, but the beadle's own name which nobody can read or wants to know. His summonses served, and his witnesses forewarned, the beadle goes to Mr. Krook's, to keep a small appointment he has made with

certain paupers; who, presently arriving, are conducted up-stairs; where they leave the great eyes in the shutter something new to stare at, in that last shape which earthly lodgings take for No one—and for Every one.

And, all that night, the coffin stands ready by the old portmanteau; and the lonely figure on the bed, whose path in life has lain through five-and-forty years, lies there, with no more track behind him, that any one can trace, than a deserted infant.

Next day the court is all alive—is like a fair, as Mrs. Perkins, more than reconciled to Mrs. Piper, says, in amicable conversation with that excellent woman. The coroner is to sit in the first-floor room at the Sol's Arms, where the Harmonic Meetings take place twice a week, and where the chair is filled by a gentleman of professional celebrity, faced by little Swills, the comic vocalist, who hopes (according to the bill in the window) that his friends will rally round him and support first-rate talent. The Sol's Arms does a brisk stroke of business all the morning. Even children so require sustaining, under the general excitement, that a pieman, who has established himself for the occasion at the corner of the court, says his brandy-balls go off like smoke. What time the beadle, hovering between the door of Mr. Krook's establishment and the door of the Sol's Arms, shows the curiosity in his keeping to a few discreet spirits, and accepts the compliment of a glass of ale or so in return.

At the appointed hour arrives the Coroner, for whom the Jurymen are waiting, and who is received with a salute of skittles from the good dry skittle-ground attached to the Sol's Arms. The Coroner frequents more public-houses than any man alive. The smell of sawdust, beer, tobacco-smoke, and spirits, is inseparable in his vocation from death in its most awful shapes. He is conducted by the beadle and the landlord to the Harmonic Meeting Room, where he puts his hat on the piano, and takes a Windsor-chair at the head of a long table, formed of several short tables put together, and ornamented with glutinous rings in endless involutions, made by pots and glasses. As many of the Jury as can crowd together at the table sit there. The rest get among the spittoons and pipes, or lean against the piano. Over the Coroner's head is a small iron garland, the pendant handle of a bell, which rather gives the Majesty of the Court the appearance of going to be hanged presently.

Call over and swear the Jury! While the ceremony is in progress, sensation is created by the entrance of a chubby little man in a large shirt-collar, with a moist eye, and an inflamed nose, who modestly takes a position near the door as one of the general public, but seems familiar with the room too. A whisper circulates that this is little Swills. It is considered not unlikely that he will get up an imitation of the Coroner, and make it the principal feature of the Harmonic Meeting in the evening.

"Well, gentlemen—" the Coroner begins.

"Silence there, will you!" says the beadle. Not to the Coroner, though it might appear so.

"Well, gentlemen!" resumes the Coroner. "You are impaneled here, to inquire into the death of a certain man. Evidence will be given before you, as to the circumstances attending that death, and you will give your verdict according to the—skittles; they must be stopped, you know, beadle!—evidence, and not according to any thing else. The first thing to be done, is to view the body."

"Make way there!" cries the beadle.

So they go out in a loose procession, something after the manner of a straggling funeral, and make their inspection in Mr. Krook's back second floor, from which a few of the Jurymen retire pale and precipitately. The beadle is very careful that two gentlemen not very neat about the cuffs and buttons (for whose accommodation he has provided a special little table near the Coroner, in the Harmonic Meeting Room), should see all that is to be seen. For they are the public chroniclers of such inquiries, by the line; and he is not superior to the universal human infirmity, but hopes to read in print what "Mooney, the active and intelligent beadle of the district," said and did; and even aspires to see the name of Mooney as familiarly and patronizingly mentioned as the name of the Hangman is, according to the latest examples.

Little Swills is waiting for the Coroner and Jury on their return. Mr. Tulkinghorn, also. Mr. Tulkinghorn is received with distinction, and seated near the Coroner; between that high judicial officer, a bagatelle board, and the coal-box. The inquiry proceeds. The Jury learn how the subject of their inquiry died, and learn no more about him. "A very eminent solicitor is in attendance, gentlemen," says the Coroner, "who, I am informed, was accidentally present, when discovery of the death was made; but he could only repeat the evidence you have already heard from the surgeon, the landlord, the lodger, and the law-stationer; and it is not necessary to trouble him. Is any body in attendance who knows any thing more?"

Mrs. Piper pushed forward by Mrs. Perkins. Mrs. Piper sworn.

Anastasia Piper, gentlemen. Married woman. Now, Mrs. Piper—what have you got to say about this?

Why, Mrs. Piper has a good deal to say, chiefly in parenthesis and without punctuation, but not much to tell. Mrs. Piper lives in the court (which her husband is a cabinet-maker) and it has long been well bekknown among the neighbors (counting from the day next but one before the half-baptizing of Alexander James Piper aged eighteen months and four days old on accounts of not being expected to live such was the sufferings gentlemen of that child in his gums) as the Plaintive—so Mrs. Piper insists on calling the deceased—was reported to have sold himself. Thinks it was the Plaintive's air in which that report originatinin. See the Plaintive often, and

considered as his air was feariocious, and not to be allowed to go about some children being timid (and if doubted hoping Mrs. Perkins may be brought forard for she is here and will do credit to her husband and herself and family). Has seen the Plaintive wexed and worrited by the children (for children they will ever be and you can not expect them specially if of playful dispositions to be Methoozellars which you was not yourself). On accounts of this and his dark looks has often dreamed as she see him take a pick-ax from his pocket and split Johnny's head (which the child knows not fear and has repeatually called after him close at his heels). Never however see the plaintive take a pick-ax or any other weeping far from it. Has seen him hurry away when run and called after as if not partial to children and never see him speak to neither child nor grown person at any time (excepting the boy that sweeps the crossing down the lane over the way round the corner which if he was here would tell you that he has been seen a speaking to him frequent).

Says the Coroner, is that boy here? Says the beadle, no, sir, he is not here. Says the Coroner, go and fetch him, then. In the absence of the active and intelligent, the Coroner converses with Mr. Tulkinghorn.

O! Here's the boy, gentlemen!

Here he is, very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged. Now, boy!—But stop a minute. Caution. This boy must be put through a few preliminary paces.

Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that every body has two names. Never heerd of sich a thing. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long enough for *him*. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. *He* can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a lie to the gentlemen here, but believes it'll be something very bad to punish him, and serve him right—and so he'll tell the truth.

"This won't do, gentlemen!" says the Coroner, with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Don't you think you can receive his evidence, sir?" asks an attentive Jurymen.

"Out of the question," says the Coroner. "You have heard the boy. 'Can't exactly say' won't do, you know. We can't take *that*, in a Court of Justice, gentlemen. It's terrible depravity. Put the boy aside."

Boy put aside; to the great edification of the audience;—especially of Little Swills, the Comic Vocalist.

Now. Is there any other witness? No other witness.

Very well, gentlemen! Here's a man unknown, proved to have been in the habit of taking opium in large quantities for a year and a

half, found dead of too much opium. If you think you have any evidence to lead you to the conclusion that he committed suicide, you will come to that conclusion. If you think it is a case of accidental death, you will find a Verdict accordingly.

Verdict Accordingly. Accidental death. No doubt. Gentlemen, you are discharged. Good afternoon.

While the Coroner buttons his great coat, Mr. Talkinghorn and he give private audience to the rejected witness in a corner.

That graceless creature only knows that the dead man (whom he recognized just now by his yellow face and black hair) was sometimes hooted and pursued about the streets. That one cold winter night, when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing, the man turned to look at him, and came back, and, having questioned him and found that he had not a friend in the world, said, "Neither have I. Not one!" and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That the man had often spoken to him since; and asked him whether he slept sound at night, and how he bore cold and hunger, and whether he ever wished to die; and similar strange questions. That when the man had no money, he would say in passing, "I am as poor as you to-day, Jo;" but that when he had any he had always (as the boy most heartily believes) been glad to give him some.

"He was very good to me," says the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve. "Wen I see him a layin' so stritched out just now, I wished he could have heerd me tell him so. He was very good to me, he was!"

As he shuffles down stairs, Mr. Snagsby, lying in wait for him, puts a half-crown in his hand. "If ever you see me coming past your crossing with my little woman—I mean a lady—" says Mr. Snagsby, with his finger on his nose, "don't allude to it!"

For some little time the Jurymen hang about the Sol's Arms colloquially. In the sequel, half a dozen are caught up in a cloud of pipe-smoke that pervades the parlor of the Sol's Arms; two stroll to Hampstead: and four engage to go half-price to the play at night, and top up with oysters. Little Swills is treated on several hands. Being asked what he thinks of the proceedings, characterizes them (his strength lying in a slangular direction) as "a rummy start." The landlord of the Sol's Arms, finding Little Swills so popular, commends him highly to the Jurymen and public; observing that, for a song in character, he don't know his equal, and that that man's character-wardrobe would fill a cart.

Thus, gradually the Sol's Arms melts into the shadowy night, and then flares out of it strong in gas. The Harmonic Meeting hour arriving, the gentleman of professional celebrity takes the chair; is faced (red-faced) by Little Swills; their friends rally round them, and support first-rate talent. In the zenith of the evening, Little Swills says, Gentlemen, if you'll permit me, I'll

attempt a short description of a scene of real life that came off here to-day. Is much applauded and encouraged; goes out of the room as Swills; comes in as the Coroner (not the least in the world like him); describes the Inquest, with recreative intervals of piano-forte accompaniment to the refrain—With his (the Coroner's) tippy tol li doll, tippy tol lo doll, tippy tol li doll, Dee!

The jingling piano at last is silent, and the Harmonic friends rally round their pillows. Then there is rest around the lonely figure, now laid in its last earthly habitation; and it is watched by the gaunt eyes in the shutters through some quiet hours of night. If this forlorn man could have been prophetically seen lying here, by the mother at whose breast he nestled, a little child, with eyes upraised to her loving face, and soft hand scarcely knowing how to close upon the neck to which it crept, what an impossibility the vision would have seemed! O, if, in brighter days, the now-extinguished fire within him ever burned for one woman who held him in her heart, where is she, while these ashes are above the ground!

It is any thing but a night of rest at Mr. Snagsby's, in Cook's Court; where Guster murders sleep, by going, as Mr. Snagsby himself allows—not to put too fine a point upon it—out of one fit into twenty. The occasion of this seizure is, that Guster has a tender heart, and a susceptible something that possibly might have been imagination, but for Tooting and her patron saint. Be it what it may, now, it was so direfully impressed at tea-time by Mr. Snagsby's account of the inquiry at which he had assisted, that at supper-time she projected herself into the kitchen preceded by a flying Dutch-cheese, and fell into a fit of unusual duration: which she only came out of to go into another, and another, and so on through a chain of fits, with short intervals between, of which she has pathetically availed herself by consuming them in entreaties to Mrs. Snagsby not to give her warning "when she quite comes to;" and also in appeals to the whole establishment to lay her down on the stones, and go to bed. Hence, Mr. Snagsby, at last hearing the cock at the little dairy in Cursitor-street go into that disinterested ecstasy of his on the subject of daylight, says, drawing a long breath, though the most patient of men, "I thought you was dead, I am sure!"

What question this enthusiastic fowl supposes he settles when he strains himself to such an extent, or why he should thus crow (so men crow on various triumphant public occasions, however) about what can not be of any moment to him, is his affair. It is enough that daylight comes, morning comes, noon comes.

Then the active and intelligent, who has got into the morning papers as such, comes with his pauper company to Mr. Krook's and bears off the body of our dear brother here departed, to a hemmed-in church-yard, pestiferous and obscene, whence malignant diseases are communicated to the bodies of our dear brothers and sisters who have not departed; while our dear brothers and

sisters who hang about official backstairs—would to Heaven they *had* departed!—are very complacent and agreeable. Into a beastly scrap of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination, and a Caffre would shudder at, they bring our dear brother here departed, to receive Christian burial.

With houses looking on, on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate—with every villainy of life in action close on death, and every poisonous element of death in action close on life—here, they lower our dear brother down a foot or two : here, sow him in corruption, to be raised in corruption ; an avenging ghost at many a sick-bedside ; a shameful testimony to future ages, how civilization and barbarism walked this boastful island together.

Come night, come darkness, for you can not come too soon, or stay too long, by such a place as this ! Come, straggling lights into the windows of the ugly houses ; and you who do iniquity therein, do it at least with this dread scene shut out ! Come, flame of gas, burning so sullenly above the iron gate, on which the poisoned air deposits its witch-ointment slimy to the touch ! It is well that you should call to every passer-by, "Look here !"

With the night, comes a slouching figure through the tunnel-court, to the outside of the iron gate. It holds the gate with its hands, and looks in between the bars ; stands looking in, for a little while.

It then, with an old broom it carries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway clean. It does so, very busily and trimly ; looks in again, a little while ; and so departs.

Jo, is it thou ? Well, well ! Though a rejected witness, who "can't exactly say" what will be done to him in greater hands than men's, thou art not quite in outer darkness. There is something like a distant ray of light in thy muttered reason for this :

"He was wery good to me, he wos !"

CHAPTER XII.—ON THE WATCH.

It has left off raining down in Lincolnshire, at last, and Chesney Wold has taken heart. Mrs. Rouncewell is full of hospitable cares, for Sir Leicester and my Lady are coming home from Paris. The fashionable intelligence has found it out, and communicates the glad tidings to benighted England. It has also found out, that they will entertain a brilliant and distinguished circle of the *élite* of the *beau monde* (the fashionable intelligence is weak in English, but a giant-refreshed in French), at the ancient and hospitable family seat in Lincolnshire.

For the greater honor of the brilliant and distinguished circle, and of Chesney Wold into the bargain, the broken arch of the bridge in the park is mended ; and the water, now retired within its proper limits and again spanned gracefully, makes a figure in the prospect from the house. The clear cold sunshine glances into the brittle

woods, and approvingly beholds the sharp wind scattering the leaves and drying the moss. It glides over the park after the moving shadows of the clouds, and chases them, and never catches them, all day. It looks in at the windows, and touches the ancestral portraits with bars and patches of brightness, never contemplated by the painters. Athwart the picture of my Lady, over the great chimney-piece, it throws a broad bend-sinister of light that strikes down crookedly into the hearth, and seems to rend it.

Through the same cold sunshine and the same sharp wind, my Lady and Sir Leicester, in their traveling chariot (my Lady's woman, and Sir Leicester's man affectionate in the rumble), start for home. With a considerable amount of jingling and whip-cracking, and many plunging demonstrations on the part of two bare-backed horses, and two Centaurs with glazed hats, jack-boots, and flowing manes and tails, they rattle out of the yard of the Hôtel Bristol in the Place Vendôme, and canter between the sun-and-shadow-checked colonnade of the Rue de Rivoli and the garden of the ill-fated palace of a headless king and queen, off by the Place of Concord, and the Elysian Fields, and the Gate of the Star, out of Paris.

Sooth to say, they can not go away too fast, for, even here, my Lady Dedlock has been bored to death. Concert, assembly, opera, theatre, drive, nothing is new to my Lady, under the worn-out heavens. Only last Sunday, when poor wretches were gay—within the walls, playing with children among the clipped trees and the statues in the Palace Garden ; walking, a score abreast, in the Elysian Fields, made more Elysian by performing dogs and wooden horses ; between whiles filtering (a few) through the gloomy Cathedral of Our Lady, to say a word or two at the base of a pillar, within flare of a rusty little gridiron—full of gusty little tapers—without the walls encompassing Paris with dancing, love-making, wine-drinking, tobacco-smoking, tomb-visiting, billiard card and domino playing, quack-doctoring, and much murderous refuse, animate and inanimate—only last Sunday, my Lady in the desolation of Boredom and the clutch of Giant Despair, almost hated her own maid for being in spirits.

She can not, therefore, go too fast from Paris. Weariness of soul lies before her, as it lies behind—her Ariel has put a girdle of it round the whole earth, and it can not be unclasped—but the imperfect remedy is always to fly, from the last place where it has been experienced. Fling Paris back into the distance, then, exchanging it for endless avenues and cross-avenues of wintry trees ! And, when next beheld, let it be some leagues away, with the Gate of the Star a white speck glittering in the sun, and the city a mere mound in a plain : two dark square towers rising out of it, and light and shadow descending on it aslant, like the angels in Jacob's dream !

Sir Leicester is generally in a complacent state, and rarely bored. When he has nothing else to

do, he can always contemplate his own greatness. It is a considerable advantage to a man to have so inexhaustible a subject. After reading his letters, he leans back in his corner of the carriage, and generally reviews his importance to society.

"You have an unusual amount of correspondence this morning?" says my Lady, after a long time. She is fatigued with reading. Has almost read a page in twenty miles.

"Nothing in it, though. Nothing whatever."

"I saw one of Mr. Tulkinghorn's long effusions, I think?"

"You see every thing," says Sir Leicester, with admiration.

"Ha!" sighs my Lady. "He is the most tiresome of men!"

"He sends—I really beg your pardon—he sends," says Sir Leicester, selecting the letter, and unfolding it, "a message to you. Our stopping to change horses, as I came to his postscript, drove it out of my memory. I beg you'll excuse me. He says—" Sir Leicester is so long in taking out his eye-glass and adjusting it, that my Lady looks a little irritated. "He says 'In the matter of the right of way—' I beg your pardon, that's not the place. He says—yes! Here I have it! He says, 'I beg my respectful compliments to my Lady, who, I hope, has benefited by the change. Will you do me the favor to mention (as it may interest her), that I have something to tell her on her return, in reference to the person who copied the affidavit in the Chancery suit, which so powerfully stimulated her curiosity. I have seen him.'"

My Lady, leaning forward, looks out of her window.

"That's the message," observes Sir Leicester.

"I should like to walk a little," says my Lady, still looking out of her window.

"Walk?" repeats Sir Leicester, in a tone of surprise.

"I should like to walk a little," says my Lady, with unmistakable distinctness. "Please to stop the carriage."

The carriage is stopped, the affectionate man alights from the rumble, opens the door, and lets down the steps, obedient to an impatient motion of my Lady's hand. My Lady alights so quickly, and walks away so quickly, that Sir Leicester, for all his scrupulous politeness, is unable to assist her, and is left behind. A space of a minute or two has elapsed before he comes up with her. She smiles, looks very handsome, takes his arm, lounges with him for a quarter of a mile, is very much bored, and resumes her seat in the carriage.

The rattle and clatter continue through the greater part of three days, with more or less bell-jingling and whip-cracking, and more or less plunging of Centaurs and bare-backed horses. Their courtly politeness to each other, at the Hotels where they tarry, is the theme of general admiration. Though my Lord is a little aged for my Lady, says Madame, the hostess of the Golden Ape, and though he might be her amiable father,

one can see at a glance that they love each other. One observes my Lord with his white hair, standing, hat in hand, to help my Lady to and from the carriage. One observes my Lady, how recognizant of my Lord's politeness, with an inclination of her gracious head, and the concession of her so-genteel fingers! It is ravishing!

The sea has no appreciation of great men, but knocks them about like the small fry. It is habitually hard upon Sir Leicester, whose countenance it greenly mottles in the manner of sage-cheese, and in whose aristocratic system it effects a dismal revolution. It is the Radical of Nature to him. Nevertheless, his dignity gets over it, after stopping to refit; and he goes on with my Lady for Chesney Wold, lying only one night in London on the way to Lincolnshire.

Through the same cold sunlight—colder as the day declines—and through the same sharp wind—sharper as the separate shadows of bare trees gloom together in the woods, and as the Ghost's Walk, touched at the western corner by a pile of fire in the sky, resigns itself to coming night—they drive into the park. The Rooks, swinging in their lofty houses in the elm-tree avenue, seem to discuss the question of the occupancy of the carriage as it passes underneath; some agreeing that Sir Leicester and my Lady are come down; some arguing with malcontents who won't admit it; now, all consenting to consider the question disposed of; now, all breaking out again in violent debate, incited by one obstinate and drowsy bird, who will persist in putting in a last contradictory croak. Leaving them to swing and caw, the traveling chariot rolls on to the house; where fires gleam warmly through some of the windows, though not through so many as to give an inhabited expression to the darkening mass of front. But the brilliant and distinguished circle will soon do that.

Mrs. Rouncewell is in attendance, and receives Sir Leicester's customary shake of the hand with a profound courtesy.

"How do you do, Mrs. Rouncewell? I am glad to see you."

"I hope I have the honor of welcoming you in good health, Sir Leicester?"

"In excellent health, Mrs. Rouncewell."

"My Lady is looking charmingly well," says Mrs. Rouncewell, with another courtesy.

My Lady signifies, without profuse expenditure of words, that she is as wearily well as she can hope to be.

But Rosa is in the distance, behind the house-keeper; and my Lady, who has not subdued the quickness of her observation, whatever else she may have conquered, asks:

"Who is that girl?"

"A young scholar of mine, my Lady. Rosa."

"Come here, Rosa!" Lady Dedlock beckons her, with even an appearance of interest. "Why, do you know how pretty you are, child?" she says, touching her shoulder with her two fore-fingers.

Rosa, very much abashed, says "No, if you

please, my Lady!" and glances up, and glances down, and don't know where to look, but looks all the prettier.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen, my Lady."

"Nineteen," repeats my Lady, thoughtfully. "Take care they don't spoil you by flattery."

"Yes, my Lady."

My Lady taps her dimpled cheek with the same delicate gloved fingers, and goes on to the foot of the oak staircase, where Sir Leicester pauses for her as her knightly escort. A staring old Dedlock in a panel, as large as life and as dull, looks as if he didn't know what to make of it—which was probably his general state of mind in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

That evening, in the housekeeper's room, Rosa can do nothing but murmur Lady Dedlock's praises. She is so affable, so graceful, so beautiful, so elegant; has such a sweet voice, and such a thrilling touch, that Rosa can feel it yet! Mrs. Rouncewell confirms all this, not without personal pride, reserving only the one point of affability. Mrs. Rouncewell is not quite sure as to that. Heaven forbid that she should say a syllable in dispraise of any member of that excellent family; above all, of my Lady, whom the whole world admires; but if my Lady would only be "a little more free," not quite so cold and distant, Mrs. Rouncewell thinks she would be more affable.

"'Tis almost a pity," Mrs. Rouncewell adds—only "almost," because it borders on impiety to suppose that any thing could be better than it is, in such an express dispensation as the Dedlock affairs; "that my Lady has no family. If she had had a daughter now, a grown young lady, to interest her, I think she would have had the only kind of excellence she wants."

"Might not that have made her still more proud, grandmother?" says Watt; who has been home and come back again, he is such a good grandson.

"More and most, my dear," returns the housekeeper with dignity, "are words it's not my place to use—nor so much as to hear—applied to any drawback on my Lady."

"I beg your pardon, grandmother. But she is proud, is she not?"

"If she is, she has reason to be. The Dedlock family have always reason to be."

"Well," says Watt, "it's to be hoped they line out of their Prayer-Books a certain passage for the common people about pride and vain-glory. Forgive me, grandmother! Only a joke!"

"Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, my dear, are not fit subjects for joking,"

"Sir Leicester is no joke, by any means," says Watt; "and I humbly ask his pardon. I suppose, grandmother, that, even with the family and their guests down here, there is no objection to my prolonging my stay at the Dedlock Arms for a day or two, as any other traveler might?"

"Surely, none in the world, child."

"I am glad of that," says Watt, "because I

—because I have an inexpressible desire to extend my knowledge of this beautiful neighborhood."

He happens to glance at Rosa, who looks down, and is very shy, indeed. But, according to the old superstition, it should be Rosa's ears that burn, and not her fresh bright cheeks; for my Lady's maid is holding forth about her at this moment, with surpassing energy.

My Lady's maid is a Frenchwoman of two-and-thirty, from somewhere in the Southern country about Avignon and Marseilles—a large-eyed, brown woman with black hair; who would be handsome, but for a certain feline mouth, and general uncomfortable tightness of face, rendering the jaws too eager, and the skull too prominent. There is something indefinably keen and wan about her anatomy; and she has a watchful way of looking out of the corners of her eyes without turning her head, which could be pleasantly dispensed with—especially when she is in an ill-humor and near knives. Through all the good taste of her dress and little adornments, these objections so express themselves, that she seems to go about like a very neat She-Wolf imperfectly tamed. Besides being accomplished in all the knowledge appertaining to her post, she is almost an Englishwoman in her acquaintance with the language—consequently, she is in no want of words to shower upon Rosa for having attracted my Lady's attention; and she pours them out with such grim ridicule as she sits at dinner, that her companion, the affectionate man, is rather relieved when she arrives at the spoon stage of that performance.

Ha, ha, ha! She, Hortense, been in my Lady's service since five years, and always kept at the distance, and this doll, this puppet, caressed—absolutely caressed—by my Lady on the moment of her arriving at the house! Ha! ha! ha! "And do you know how pretty you are, child?"—"No, my Lady."—"You are right there! "And how old are you, child? And take care they do not spoil you by flattery, child!" O how droll! It is the *best* thing altogether.

In short, it is such an admirable thing, that Mademoiselle Hortense can't forget it; but at meals for days afterward, even among her countrywomen and others attached in like capacity to the troop of visitors, relapses into silent enjoyment of the joke—an enjoyment expressed in her own convivial manner, by an additional tightness of face, thin elongation of compressed lips, and sidewise look: which intense appreciation of humor is frequently reflected in my Lady's mirrors, when my Lady is not among them.

All the mirrors in the house are brought into action now: many of them after a long blank. They reflect handsome faces, simpering faces, youthful faces, faces of threescore-and-ten that will not submit to be old; the entire collection of faces that have come to pass a January week or two at Chesney Wold, and which the fashionable intelligence, a mighty hunter before the Lord, hunts with a keen scent, from their break-

ing cover at the Court of St. James's to their being run down to Death. The place in Lincolnshire is all alive. By day guns and voices are heard ringing in the woods, horsemen and carriages enliven the park-roads, servants and hangers-on pervade the Village and the Dedlock Arms. Seen by night, from distant openings in the trees, the row of windows in the long drawing-room, where my Lady's picture hangs over the great chimney-piece, is like a row of jewels set in a black frame. On Sunday, the chill little church is almost warmed by so much gallant company, and the general flavor of the Dedlock dust is quenched in delicate perfumes.

The brilliant and distinguished circle comprehends within it, no contracted amount of education, sense, courage, honor, beauty, and virtue. Yet there is something a little wrong about it, in despite of its immense advantages. What can it be?

Dandyism? There is no King George the Fourth now (more's the pity!) to set the dandy fashion; there are no clear-starched jack-towel neckcloths, no short-waisted coats, no false calves, no stays. There are no caricatures, now, of effeminate Exquisites so arrayed, swooning in opera boxes with excess of delight, and being revived by other dainty creatures, poking long-necked scent-bottles at their noses. These is no beau whom it takes four men at once to shake into his buckskins, or who goes to see all the Executions, or who is troubled with the self-reproach of having once consumed a pea. But is there Dandyism in the brilliant and distinguished circle notwithstanding, Dandyism of a more mischievous sort, that has got below the surface and is doing less harmless things than jack-toweling itself and stopping its own digestion, to which no rational person need particularly object!

Why, yes. It can not be disguised. There are at Chesney Wold this January week, some ladies and gentlemen of the newest fashion, who have set up a Dandyism—in Religion, for instance. Who, in mere lackadaisical want of an emotion, have agreed upon a little dandy talk about the Vulgar wanting faith in things in general; meaning, in the things that have been tried and found wanting, as though a low fellow should unaccountably lose faith in a bad shilling, after finding it out! Who would make the Vulgar very picturesque and faithful, by putting back the hands upon the Clock of Time, and canceling a few hundred years of history.

There are also ladies and gentlemen of another fashion, not so new, but very elegant, who have agreed to put a smooth glaze on the world, and to keep down all its relations. For whom every thing must be languid and pretty. Who have found out the perpetual stoppage. Who are to rejoice at nothing, and be sorry for nothing. Who are not to be disturbed by ideas. On whom even the Fine Arts, attending in powder and walking backward like the Lord Chamberlain, must array themselves in the milliners' and tailors' patterns of past generations, and be particu-

larly careful not to be in earnest, or to receive any impress from the moving age.

Then there is my Lord Boodle, of considerable reputation with his party, who has known what office is, and who tells Sir Leicester Dedlock with much gravity, after dinner, that he really does not see to what the present age is tending. A debate is not what a debate used to be; the House is not what the House used to be; even a Cabinet is not what it formerly was. He perceives with astonishment, that supposing the present Government to be overthrown, the limited choice of the Crown, in the formation of a new Ministry, would lie between Lord Coddle and Sir Thomas Doodle—supposing it to be impossible for the Duke of Foodle to act with Goodle, which may be assumed to be the case in consequence of the breach arising out of that affair with Hoodle. Then, giving the Home Department and the Leadership of the House of Commons to Joodle, the Exchequer to Koodle, the Colonies to Loodle, and the Foreign Office to Moodle, what are you to do with Noodle? You can't offer him the Presidency of the Council; that is reserved for Poodle. You can't put him in the Woods and Forests; that is hardly good enough for Quoodle. What follows? That the country is shipwrecked, lost, and gone to pieces (as is made manifest to the patriotism of Sir Leicester Dedlock), because you can't provide for Noodle!

On the other hand, the Right Honorable William Buffy, M.P., contends across the table with some one else, that the shipwreck of the country—about which there is no doubt; it is only the manner of it that is in question—is attributable to Cuffy. If you had done with Cuffy what you ought to have done when he first came into Parliament, and had prevented him from going over to Duffy, you would have got him into an alliance with Fuffy, you would have had with you the weight attaching as a smart debater to Guffy, you would have brought to bear upon the elections the wealth of Huffy, you would have got in for three counties Juffy, Kuffy, and Luffy; and you would have strengthened your administration by the official knowledge and the business habits of Muffy. All this, instead of being, as you now are, dependent on the mere caprice of Puffy!

As to this point, and as to some minor topics, there are differences of opinion; but it is perfectly clear to the brilliant and distinguished circle, all round, that nobody is in question but Boodle and his retinue, and Buffy and *his* retinue. These are the great actors for whom the stage is reserved. A People there are, no doubt—a certain large number of supernumeraries, who are to be occasionally addressed, and relied upon for shouts and choruses, as on the theatrical stage; but Boodle and Buffy, their followers and families, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, are the born first-actors, managers, and leaders, and no others can appear upon the scene for ever and ever.

In this, too, there is perhaps more dandyism at Chesney Wold than the brilliant and distinguished circle will find good for itself in the long run. For it is, even with the stillest and politest circles, as with the circle the necromancer draws around him—very strange appearances may be seen in active motion outside. With this difference; that, being realities and not phantoms, there is the greater danger of their breaking in.

Chesney Wold is quite full, any how; so full, that a burning sense of injury arises in the breasts of ill-lodged ladies' maids, and is not to be extinguished. Only one room is empty. It is a turret chamber of the third order of merit, plainly but comfortably furnished, and having an old-fashioned business air. It is Mr. Tulkinghorn's room, and is never bestowed on any body else, for he may come at any time. He is not come yet. It is his quiet habit to walk across the park from the village, in fine weather; to drop into this room, as if he had never been out of it since he was last seen there; to request a servant to inform Sir Leicester that he is arrived, in case he should be wanted; and to appear ten minutes before dinner, in the shadow of the library door. He sleeps in his turret, with a complaining flag-staff over his head; and has some leads outside, on which, any fine morning when he is down here, his black figure may be seen walking before breakfast like a larger species of rook.

Every day before dinner, my Lady looks for him in the dusk of the library, but he is not there. Every day at dinner, my Lady glances down the table for the vacant place, that would be waiting to receive him if he had just arrived; but there is no vacant place. Every night, my Lady casually asks her maid:

"Is Mr. Tulkinghorn come?"

Every night the answer is: "No my Lady, not yet."

One night, while having her hair undressed, my Lady loses herself in deep thought after this reply, until she sees her own brooding face in the opposite glass, and a pair of black eyes curiously observing her.

"Be so good as to attend," says my Lady then, addressing the reflection of Hortense, "to your business. You can contemplate your beauty at another time."

"Pardon! It was your Ladyship's beauty."

"That," says my Lady, "you needn't contemplate at all."

At length, one afternoon a little before sunset, when the bright groups of figures, which have for the last hour or two enlivened the Ghost's Walk, are all dispersed, and only Sir Leicester and my Lady remain upon the terrace, Mr. Tulkinghorn appears. He comes toward them at his usual methodical pace, which is never quickened, never slackened. He wears his usual expressionless mask—if it be a mask—and carries family secrets in every limb of his body, and every crease of his dress. Whether his whole soul is devoted to the great, or whether he yields them nothing beyond the services he sells, is his

personal secret. He keeps it, as he keeps the secrets of his clients; he is his own client in that matter, and will never betray himself.

"How do you do, Mr. Tulkinghorn?" says Sir Leicester, giving him his hand.

Mr. Tulkinghorn is quite well. Sir Leicester is quite well. My Lady is quite well. All highly satisfactory. The lawyer, with his hands behind him, walks, at Sir Leicester's side, along the terrace. My Lady walks upon the other side.

"We expected you before," says Sir Leicester. A gracious observation. As much as to say, "Mr. Tulkinghorn, we remember your existence when you are not here to remind us of it by your presence. We bestow a fragment of our minds upon you, sir, you see!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn, comprehending it, inclines his head, and says he is much obliged.

"I should have come down sooner," he explains, "but that I have been much engaged with those matters in the several suits between yourself and Boythorn."

"A man of a very ill-regulated mind," observes Sir Leicester, with severity. "An extremely dangerous person in any community. A man of a very low character of mind."

"He is obstinate," says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"It is natural to such a man to be so," says Sir Leicester, looking most profoundly obstinate himself. "I am not at all surprised to hear it."

"The only question is," pursues the lawyer, "whether you will give up any thing."

"No, sir," replies Sir Leicester. "Nothing. I give up?"

"I don't mean any thing of importance; that, of course, I know you would not abandon. I mean any minor point."

"Mr. Tulkinghorn," returns Sir Leicester, "there can be no minor point between myself and Mr. Boythorn. If I go farther, and observe that I can not readily conceive how *any* right of mine can be a minor point, I speak not so much in reference to myself as an individual, as in reference to the family position I have it in charge to maintain."

Mr. Tulkinghorn inclines his head again. "I have now my instructions," he says. "Mr. Boythorn will give us a good deal of trouble—"

"It is the character of such a mind, Mr. Tulkinghorn," Sir Leicester interrupts him, "to give trouble. An exceedingly ill-conditioned, leveling person. A person who, fifty years ago, would probably have been tried at the Old Bailey for some demagogue proceeding, and severely punished—if not," adds Sir Leicester, after a moment's pause, "if not hanged, drawn, and quartered."

Sir Leicester appears to discharge his stately breast of a burden, in passing this capital sentence; as if it were the next satisfactory thing to having the sentence executed.

"But night is coming on," says he, "and my Lady will take cold. My dear, let us go in."

As they turned toward the hall-door, Lady

Dedlock addresses Mr. Tulkinghorn for the first time.

"You sent me a message respecting the person whose writing I happened to inquire about. It was like you to remember the circumstance; I had quite forgotten it. Your message reminded me of it again. I can't imagine what association I had with a hand like that; but I surely had some."

"You had some?" Mr. Tulkinghorn repeats.

"Oh, yes!" returns my Lady, carelessly. "I think I must have had some. And did you really take the trouble to find out the writer of that actual thing—what is it!—Affidavit?"

"Yes."

"How very odd!"

They pass into a sombre breakfast-room on the ground-floor, lighted in the day by two deep windows. It is now twilight. The fire glows brightly on the paneled wall, and palely on the window-glass, where, through the cold reflection of the blaze, the colder landscape shudders in the wind, and a gray mist creeps along: the only traveler besides the waste of clouds.

My Lady lounges in a great chair in the chimney-corner, and Sir Leicester takes another great chair opposite. The lawyer stands before the fire, with his hand out at arm's length, shading his face. He looks across his arm at my Lady.

"Yes," he says, "I inquired about the man, and found him. And, what is very strange, I found him—"

"Not to be any out-of-the-way person, I am afraid!" Lady Dedlock languidly anticipates.

"I found him dead."

"Oh, dear me!" remonstrated Sir Leicester. Not so much shocked by the fact, as by the fact of the fact being mentioned.

"I was directed to his lodging—a miserable, poverty-stricken place—and I found him dead."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Tulkinghorn," observes Sir Leicester. "I think the less said—"

"Pray, Sir Leicester, let me hear the story out;" (it is my Lady speaking.) "It is quite a story for twilight. How very shocking! Dead?"

"Mr. Tulkinghorn re-asserts it by another inclination of his head. "Whether by his own hand—"

"Upon my honor!" cries Sir Leicester. "Really!"

"Do let me hear the story!" says my Lady.

"Whatever you desire, my dear. But, I must say—"

"No, you mustn't say! Go on, Mr. Tulkinghorn."

Sir Leicester's gallantry concedes the point; though he still feels that to bring this sort of squalor among the upper classes is really—really—

"I was about to say," resumes the lawyer, with undisturbed calmness, "that whether he had died by his own hand or not, it was beyond my power to tell you. I should amend that phrase, however, by saying that he had unquestionably died of his own act; though whether by

his own deliberate intention, or by mischance, can never certainly be known. The coroner's jury found that he took the poison accidentally."

"And what kind of man," my Lady asks, "was this deplorable creature?"

"Very difficult to say," returns the lawyer, shaking his head. "He had lived so wretchedly, and was so neglected, with his gipsy color, and his wild black hair and beard, that I should have considered him the commonest of the common. The surgeon had a notion that he had once been something better, both in appearance and condition."

"What did they call the wretched being?"

"They called him what he had called himself, but no one knew his name."

"Not even any one who had attended on him?"

"No one had attended on him. He was found dead. In fact, I found him."

"Without any clew to any thing more?"

"Without any; there was," says the lawyer, meditatively, "an old portmanteau; but—No, there were no papers."

During the utterance of every word of this short dialogue, Lady Dedlock and Mr. Tulkinghorn, without any other alteration in their customary deportment, have looked very steadily at one another—as was natural, perhaps, in the discussion of so unusual a subject. Sir Leicester has looked at the fire, with the general expression of the Dedlock on the staircase. The story being told, he renews his stately protest, saying, that as it is quite clear that no association in my Lady's mind can possibly be traceable to this poor wretch (unless he was a begging-letter writer), he trusts to hear no more about a subject so far removed from my Lady's station.

"Certainly, a collection of horrors," says my Lady, gathering up her mantles and furs; "but they interest one for the moment! Have the kindness, Mr. Tulkinghorn, to open the door for me."

Mr. Tulkinghorn does so with deference, and holds it open while she passes out. She passes close to him, with her usual fatigued manner, and insolent grace. They meet again at dinner—again, next day—again, for many days in succession. Lady Dedlock is always the same exhausted deity, surrounded by worshipers, and terribly liable to be bored to death, even while presiding at her own shrine. Mr. Tulkinghorn is always the same speechless repository of noble confidences: so oddly out of place, and yet so perfectly at home. They appear to take as little note of one another, as any two people, inclosed within the same walls, could. But, whether each evermore watches and suspects the other, evermore mistrustful of some great reservation; whether each is evermore prepared at all points for the other, and never to be taken unawares; what each would give to know how much the other knows—all this is hidden, for the time, in their own hearts.

CHAPTER XIII.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

WE held many consultations about what Richard was to be; first, without Mr. Jarndyce, as

he had requested, and afterward with him; but it was a long time before we seemed to make progress. Richard said he was ready for any thing. When Mr. Jarndyce doubted whether he might not already be too old to enter the Navy, Richard said he had thought of that, and perhaps he was. When Mr. Jarndyce asked him what he thought of the Army, Richard said he had thought of that, too, and it wasn't a bad idea. When Mr. Jarndyce advised him to try and decide within himself, whether his old preference for thesea was an ordinary boyish inclination, or a strong impulse, Richard answered, Well, he really *had* tried very often, and he couldn't make out.

"How much of this indecision of character," Mr. Jarndyce said to me, "is chargeable on that incomprehensible heap of uncertainty and procrastination on which he has been thrown from his birth, I don't pretend to say; but that Chancery, among its other sins, is responsible for some of it, I can plainly see. It has engendered or confirmed in him a habit of putting off—and trusting to this, that, and the other chance, without knowing what chance—and dismissing every thing as unsettled, uncertain, and confused. The character of much older and steadier people may be even changed by the circumstances surrounding them. It would be too much to expect that a boy's, in its formation, should be the subject of such influences, and escape them."

I felt this to be true; though, if I may venture to mention what I thought besides, I thought it much to be regretted that Richard's education had not counteracted those influences, or directed his character. He had been eight years at a public school, and had learnt, I understood, to make Latin Verses of several sorts, in the most admirable manner. But I never heard that it had been any body's business to find out what his natural bent was, or where his failings lay, or to adapt any kind of knowledge to *him*. He had been adapted to the Verses, and had learnt the art of making them to such perfection, that if he had remained at school until he was of age, I suppose he could only have gone on making them over and over again, unless he had enlarged his education by forgetting how to do it. Still, although I had no doubt that they were very beautiful, and very improving, and very sufficient for a great many purposes of life, and always remembered all through life, I did doubt whether Richard would not have profited by some one studying him a little, instead of his studying them quite so much.

To be sure, I knew nothing of the subject, and do not even now know whether the young gentlemen of classic Rome or Greece made verses to the same extent—or whether the young gentlemen of any country ever did.

"I haven't the least idea," said Richard, musing, "what I had better be. Except that I am quite sure I don't want to go into the Church, it's a toss-up."

"You have no inclination in Mr. Kenge's way?" suggested Mr. Jarndyce.

"I don't know that, sir!" replied Richard. "I am fond of boating. Articled clerks go a good deal on the water. It's a capital profession!"

"Surgeon—" suggested Mr. Jarndyce.

"That's the thing, sir!" cried Richard.

I doubt if he *had* ever once thought of it before.

"That's the thing, sir!" repeated Richard, with the greatest enthusiasm. "We have got it at last. M.R.C.S.!"

He was not to be laughed out of it, though he laughed at it heartily. He said he had chosen his profession, and the more he thought of it, the more he felt that his destiny was clear; the art of healing was the art of all others for him. Mistrusting that he only came to this conclusion, because, having never had much chance of finding out for himself what he was fitted for, and having never been guided to the discovery, he was taken by the newest idea, and was glad to get rid of the trouble of consideration, I wondered whether the Latin Verses often ended in this, or whether Richard's was a solitary case.

Mr. Jarndyce took great pains to talk with him, seriously, and to put it to his good sense not to deceive himself in so important a matter. Richard was a little grave after these interviews; but invariably told Ada and me "that it was all right," and then began to talk about something else.

"By Heaven!" cried Mr. Boythorn, who interested himself strongly in the subject—though I need not say that, for he could do nothing weakly; "I rejoice to find a young gentleman of spirit and gallantry devoting himself to that noble profession! The more spirit there is in it, the better for mankind, and the worse for those mercenary taskmasters and low tricksters who delight in putting that illustrious art at a disadvantage in the world. By all that is base and despicable," cried Mr. Boythorn, the treatment of Surgeons aboard ship is such, that I would submit the legs—both legs—of every member of the Admiralty Board to a compound fracture, and render it a transportable offense in any qualified practitioner to set them, if the system were not wholly changed in eight-and-forty hours!"

"Wouldn't you give them a week?" asked Mr. Jarndyce.

"No!" cried Mr. Boythorn, firmly. "Not on any consideration! Eight-and-forty hours! As to Corporations, Parishes, Vestry-Boards, and similar gatherings of jolter-headed clods, who assemble to exchange such speeches that, by Heaven! they ought to be worked in quicksilver mines for the short remainder of their miserable existence, if it were only to prevent their detestable English from contaminating a language spoken in the presence of the Sun—as to those fellows, who meanly take advantage of the ardor of gentlemen in the pursuit of knowledge, to recompense the inestimable services of the best years of their lives, their long study, and their expensive education, with pittance too small for the acceptance of clerks, I would have the necks

of every one of them wrung, and their skulls arranged in Surgeons' Hall for the contemplation of the whole profession—in order that its younger members might understand from actual measurement, in early life, *how* thick skulls may become!"

He wound up this vehement declaration by looking round upon us with a most agreeable smile, and suddenly thundering, Ha, ha, ha! over and over again, until any body else might have been expected to be quite subdued by the exertion.

As Richard still continued to say that he was fixed in his choice, after repeated periods for consideration had been recommended by Mr. Jarndyce, and had expired; and as he still continued to assure Ada and me, in the same final manner that it was "all right;" it became advisable to take Mr. Kenge into council. Mr. Kenge therefore, came down to dinner one day, and leaned back in his chair, and turned his eye-glasses over and over, and spoke in a sonorous voice, and did exactly what I remembered to have seen him do when I was a little girl.

"Ah!" said Mr. Kenge. "Yes. Well? A very good profession, Mr. Jarndyce; a very good profession."

"The course of study and preparation requires to be diligently pursued," observed my Guardian, with a glance at Richard.

"O, no doubt," said Mr. Kenge. "Diligently."

"But that being the case, more or less, with all pursuits that are worth much," said Mr. Jarndyce, "it is not a special consideration which another choice would be likely to escape."

"Truly," said Mr. Kenge. "And Mr. Richard Carstone, who has so meritoriously acquitted himself in the—shall I say the classic shades?—in which his youth had been passed, will, no doubt, apply the habits, if not the principles and practice, of versification in that tongue in which a poet was said (unless I mistake) to be born, not made, to the more eminently practical field of action on which he enters."

"You may rely upon it," said Richard, in his off-hand manner, "that I shall go at it, and do my best."

"Very well, Mr. Jarndyce!" said Mr. Kenge, gently nodding his head. "Really, when we are assured by Mr. Richard that he means to go at it, and to do his best," nodding feelingly and smoothly over those expressions; "I would submit to you, that we have only to inquire into the best mode of carrying out the object of his ambition. Now, with reference to placing Mr. Richard with some sufficiently eminent practitioner. Is there any one in view at present?"

"No one, Rick, I think?" said my Guardian.

"No one, sir," said Richard,

"Quite so!" observed Mr. Kenge, "As to situation, now. Is there any particular feeling on that head?"

"N—no," said Richard.

"Quite so!" observed Mr. Kenge again.

"I should like a little variety," said Richard; "—I mean a good range of experience."

"Very requisite, no doubt," returned Mr. Kenge. "I think this may be easily arranged, Mr. Jarndyce? We have only, in the first place, to discover a sufficiently eligible practitioner; and, as soon as we make our want—and, shall I add, our ability to pay a premium?—known, our only difficulty will be in the selection of one from a large number. We have only, in the second place, to observe those little formalities which are rendered necessary by our time of life, and our being under the guardianship of the Court. We shall soon be—shall I say, in Mr. Richard's own light-hearted manner, 'going at it'—to our heart's content. It is a coincidence," said Mr. Kenge, with a tinge of melancholy in his smile, "one of those coincidences which may or may not require an explanation beyond our present limited faculties, that I have a cousin in the medical profession. He might be deemed eligible by you, and might be disposed to respond to this proposal. I can answer for him as little as for you; but he *might*?"

As this was an opening in the prospect, it was arranged that Mr. Kenge should see his cousin. And as Mr. Jarndyce had before proposed to take us to London for a few weeks, it was settled next day that we should make our visit at once, and combine Richard's business with it.

Mr. Boythorn leaving us within a week, we took up our abode at a cheerful lodging near Oxford-street, over an upholsterer's shop. London was a great wonder to us, and we were out for hours and hours at a time, seeing the sights; which appeared to be less capable of exhaustion than we were. We made the round of the principal theatres, too, with great delight, and saw all the plays that were worth seeing. I mention this, because it was at the theatre that I began to be made uncomfortable again, by Mr. Guppy.

I was sitting in front of the box one night with Ada; and Richard was in the place he liked best, behind Ada's chair; when, happening to look down into the pit, I saw Mr. Guppy, with his hair flattened down upon his head, and woe depicted in his face, looking up at me. I felt, all through the performance, that he never looked at the actors, but constantly looked at me, and always with a carefully prepared expression of the deepest misery and the profoundest dejection.

It quite spoiled my pleasure for that night, because it was so very embarrassing and so very ridiculous. But, from that time forth, we never went to the play, without my seeing Mr. Guppy in the pit—always with his hair straight and flat, his shirt-collar turned down, and a general feebleness about him. If he were not there when we went in, and I began to hope he would not come, and yielded myself for a little while to the interest of the scene, I was certain to encounter his languishing eyes when I least expected it, and, from that time, to be quite sure that they were fixed upon me all the evening.

I really can not express how uneasy this made me. If he would only have brushed up his hair, or turned up his collar, it would have been bad



MR. GUPPY'S DESOLATION.

enough; but to know that that absurd figure was always gazing at me, and always in that demonstrative state of despondency, put a constraint upon me that I did not like to laugh at the play, or to cry at it, or to move, or to speak. I seemed able to do nothing naturally. As to escaping Mr. Guppy by going to the back of the box, I could not bear to do that; because I knew Richard and Ada relied on having me next them, and that they could never have talked together so happily if any body else had been in my place. So there I sat, not knowing where to look—for wherever I looked, I knew Mr. Guppy's eyes were following me—and thinking of the dreadful expense to which this young man was putting himself, on my account.

Sometimes I thought of telling Mr. Jarndyce. Then I feared that the young man would lose his situation, and that I might ruin him. Sometimes, I thought of confiding in Richard; but was deterred by the possibility of his fighting Mr.

Guppy, and giving him black eyes. Sometimes, I thought, should I frown at him, or shake my head. Then I felt I could not do it. Sometimes, I considered whether I should write to his mother, but that ended in my being convinced that to open a correspondence would be to make the matter worse. I always came to the conclusion, finally, that I could do nothing. Mr. Guppy's perseverance, all this time, not only produced him regularly at any theatre to which we went, but caused him to appear in the crowd as we were coming out, and even to get up behind our fly—where I am sure I saw him, two or three times, struggling among the most dreadful spikes. After we got home, he haunted a post opposite our house. The upholsterer's where we lodged, being at the corner of two streets, and my bedroom window being opposite the post, I was afraid to go near the window when I went up-stairs, lest I should see him (as I did one moonlight night) leaning against the post, and evidently catching

cold. If Mr. Guppy had not been, fortunately for me, engaged in the day-time, I really should have had no rest from him.

While we were making this round of gayeties in which Mr. Guppy so extraordinarily participated, the business which had helped to bring us to town was not neglected. Mr. Kenge's cousin was a Mr. Bayham Badger, who had a good practice at Chelsea, and attended a large public Institution besides. He was quite willing to receive Richard into his house, and to superintend his studies; and as it seemed that those could be pursued advantageously under Mr. Badger's roof, and as Mr. Badger liked Richard, and as Richard said he liked Mr. Badger "well enough," an agreement was made, the Lord Chancellor's consent was obtained, and it was all settled.

On the day when matters were concluded between Richard and Mr. Badger, we were all under engagement to dine at Mr. Badger's house. We were to be "merely a family party," Mrs. Badger's note said; and we found no lady there but Mrs. Badger herself. She was surrounded in the drawing-room by various objects, indicative of her painting a little, playing the piano a little, playing the guitar a little, playing the harp a little, singing a little, working a little, reading a little, writing poetry a little, and botanizing a little. She was a lady of about fifty, I should think, youthfully dressed, and of a very fine complexion. If I add, to the little list of her accomplishments, that she rouged a little, I do not mean that there was any harm in it.

Mr. Bayham Badger himself was a pink, fresh-faced, crisp-looking gentleman, with a weak voice, white teeth, light hair, and surprised eyes: some years younger, I should say, than Mrs. Bayham Badger. He admired her exceedingly, but principally, and to begin with, on the curious ground (as it seemed to us) of her having had three husbands. We had barely taken our seats, when he said to Mr. Jarndyce quite triumphantly.

"You would hardly suppose that I am Mrs. Bayham Badger's third!"

"Indeed?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Her third!" said Mr. Badger. "Mrs. Bayham Badger has not the appearance, Miss Summerson, of a lady who has had two former husbands?"

I said "Not at all!"

"And most remarkable men!" said Mr. Badger, in a tone of confidence. "Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy, who was Mrs. Badger's first husband, was a very distinguished officer indeed. The name of Professor Dingo, my immediate predecessor, is one of European reputation."

Mrs. Badger overheard him, and smiled.

"Yes, my dear!" Mr. Badger replied to the smile, "I was observing to Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson, that you had had two former husbands—both very distinguished men. And they found it, as people generally do, difficult to believe."

"I was barely twenty," said Mrs. Badger, "when I married Captain Swosser of the Royal

Navy. I was in the Mediterranean with him; I am quite a Sailor. On the twelfth anniversary of my wedding-day, I became the wife of Professor Dingo."

("Of European reputation," added Mr. Badger in an under tone.)

"And when Mr. Badger and myself were married," pursued Mrs. Badger, "we were married on the same day of the year. I had become attached to the day."

"So that Mrs. Badger has been married to three husbands—two of them highly distinguished men," said Mr. Badger, summing up the facts; "and, each time, upon the twenty-first of March at Eleven in the forenoon!"

We all expressed our admiration.

"But for Mr. Badger's modesty," said Mr. Jarndyce, "I would take leave to correct him, and say three distinguished men."

"Thank you, Mr. Jarndyce! What I always tell him!" observed Mrs. Badger.

"And, my dear," said Mr. Badger, "what do I always tell you? That without any affectation of disparaging such professional distinction as I may have attained (which our friend Mr. Carstone will have many opportunities of estimating), I am not so weak—no, really," said Mr. Badger to us generally, "so unreasonable—as to put my reputation on the same footing with such first-rate men as Captain Swosser and Professor Dingo. Perhaps you may be interested, Mr. Jarndyce," continued Mr. Bayham Badger, leading the way into the next drawing room, "in this portrait of Captain Swosser. It was taken on his return home from the African Station, where he had suffered from the fever of the country. Mrs. Badger considers it too yellow. But it's a very fine head. A very fine head!"

We all echoed, "A very fine head!"

"I feel when I look at it," said Mr. Badger, "'that's a man I should like to have seen!' It strikingly bespeaks the first-class man that Captain Swosser pre-eminently was. On the other side, Professor Dingo. I knew him well—attended him in his last illness—a speaking likeness! Over the piano, Mrs. Bayham Badger when Mrs. Swosser. Over the sofa, Mrs. Bayham Badger when Mrs. Dingo. Of Mrs. Bayham Badger *in esse*, I possess the original, and have no copy."

Dinner was now announced, and we went down stairs. It was a very genteel entertainment, very handsomely served. But the Captain and the Professor still ran in Mr. Badger's head, and, as Ada and I had the honor of being under his particular care, we had the full benefit of them.

"Water, Miss Summerson? Allow me! Not in that tumbler, pray. Bring me the Professor's goblet, James!"

Ada very much admired some artificial flowers, under a glass.

"Astonishing how they keep!" said Mr. Badger. "They were presented to Mrs. Bayham Badger when she was in the Mediterranean."



THE FAMILY PORTRAITS AT MR. BAYHAM BADGER'S.

He invited Mr. Jarndyce to take a glass of claret.

"Not that claret," he said. "Excuse me! This is an occasion, and *on* an occasion I produce some very special claret I happen to have. (James, Captain Swosser's wine!) Mr. Jarndyce, this is a wine that was imported by the Captain, we will not say how many years ago. You will find it very curious. My dear, I shall be happy to take some of this wine with you. (Captain Swosser's claret to your mistress, James!) My love, your health!"

"After dinner when we ladies retired, we took Mrs. Badger's first and second husband with us. Mrs. Badger gave us, in the drawing-room a Biographical sketch of the life and services of Captain Swosser before his marriage, and a more minute account of him dating from the time

when he fell in love with her, at a ball on board the Crippler, given to the officers of that ship when she lay in Plymouth harbor.

"The dear old Crippler!" said Mrs. Badger, shaking her head. "She was a noble vessel. Trim, ship-shape, all a taunto, as Captain Swosser used to say. You must excuse me if I occasionally introduce a nautical expression; I was quite a sailor once. Captain Swosser loved that craft for my sake. When she was no longer in commission, he frequently said that if he were rich enough to buy her old hulk, he would have an inscription let into the timbers of the quarter-deck where we stood as partners in the dance, to mark the spot where he fell—raked fore and aft (Captain Swosser used to say) by the fire from my tops. It was his naval way of mentioning my eyes."

Mrs. Badger shook her head, sighed, and looked in the glass.

"It was a great change from Captain Swosser to Professor Dingo," she resumed, with a plaintive smile. "I felt it a good deal at first. Such an entire revolution in my mode of life! But custom, combined with science—particularly science—inured me to it. Being the Professor's sole companion in his botanical excursions, I almost forgot that I had ever been afloat, and became quite learned. It is singular that the Professor was the Antipodes of Captain Swosser, and that Mr. Badger is not in the least like either!"

We then passed into a narrative of the deaths of Captain Swosser and Professor Dingo, both of whom seemed to have had very bad complaints. In the course of it, Mrs. Badger signified to us that she had never madly loved but once; and that the object of that wild affection, never to be recalled in its fresh enthusiasm, was Captain Swosser. The Professor was yet dying by inches in the most dismal manner, and Mrs. Badger was giving us imitations of his way of saying, with great difficulty, "Where is Laura? Let Laura give me my toast and water!" when the entrance of the gentlemen consigned him to the tomb.

Now, I observed that evening, as I had observed for some days past, that Ada and Richard were more than ever attached to each other's society; which was but natural, seeing that they were going to be separated so soon. I was therefore not very much surprised, when we got home, and Ada and I retired up-stairs, to find Ada more silent than usual; though I was not quite prepared for her coming into my arms, and beginning to speak to me, with her face hidden.

"My darling Esther!" murmured Ada. "I have a great secret to tell you!"

A mighty secret, my pretty one, no doubt!

"What is it, Ada?"

"O Esther, you would never guess!"

"Shall I try to guess?" said I.

"O no! Don't! Pray, don't!" cried Ada, very much startled by the idea of my doing so.

"Now, I wonder who it can be about?" said I, pretending to consider.

"It's about," said Ada, in a whisper. "It's about—my cousin Richard!"

"Well, my own!" said I, kissing her bright hair, which was all I could see. "And what about him?"

"O, Esther, you would never guess!"

It was so pretty to have her clinging to me in that way, hiding her face; and to know that she was not crying in sorrow, but in a little glow of joy, and pride, and hope; that I would not help her just yet.

"He says—I know it's very foolish, we are both so young—but he says," with a burst of tears, "that he loves me dearly, Esther."

"Does he indeed?" said I. "I never heard of such a thing! Why, my pet of pets, I could have told you that, weeks and weeks ago!"

To see Ada lift up her flushed face in joyful surprise, and hold me round the neck, and laugh, and cry, and blush, and laugh, was so pleasant!

"Why, my darling!" said I, "what a goose you must take me for! Your cousin Richard has been loving you as plainly as he could, for I don't know how long!"

"And yet you never said a word about it!" cried Ada, kissing me.

"No, my love," said I. "I waited to be told."

"But now I have told you, you don't think it wrong of me; do you?" returned Ada. She might have coaxed me to say No, if I had been the hardest-hearted Duenna in the world. Not being that yet, I said No, very freely.

"And now," said I, "I know the worst of it."

"O, that's not quite the worst of it, Esther dear!" cried Ada, holding me tighter, and laying down her face again upon my breast.

"No?" said I. "Not even that?"

"No, not even that!" said Ada, shaking her head.

"Why, you never mean to say—!" I was beginning in joke.

But Ada looking up, and smiling through her tears, cried, "Yes, I do! You know, you know I do!" and then sobbed out, "With all my heart I do! With all my whole heart, Esther!"

I told her, laughing, why, I had known that, too, just as well as I had known the other! And we sat before the fire, and I had all the talking to myself for a little while (though there was not much of it); and Ada was soon quiet and happy.

"Do you think my cousin John knows, dear Dame Durden?" she asked.

"Unless my cousin John is blind, my pet," said I, "I should think my cousin John knows pretty well as much as we know."

"We want to speak to him before Richard goes," said Ada, timidly, "and we wanted you to advise us, and to tell him so. Perhaps you wouldn't mind Richard's coming in, Dame Durden?"

"O! Richard is outside, is he, my dear?" said I.

"I am not quite certain," returned Ada, with a bashful simplicity that would have won my heart, if she had not won it long before; "but I think he's waiting at the door."

There he was, of course. They brought a chair on either side of me, and put me between them, and really seemed to have fallen in love with me, instead of one another; they were so confiding, and so trustful, and so fond of me. They went on in their own wild way for a little while—I never stopped them; I enjoyed it too much myself—and then we gradually fell to considering how young they were, and how there must be a lapse of several years before this early love could come to any thing, and how it could come to happiness only if it were real and lasting, and inspired them with a steady resolution to do their duty to each other, with constancy, fortitude, and perseverance: each always for the other's sake. Well! Richard said that he would work his fin-

gers to the bone for Ada, and Ada said that she would work her fingers to the bone for Richard, and they called me all sorts of endearing and sensible names, and we sat there, advising and talking, half the night. Finally, before we parted, I gave them my promise to speak to their cousin John to-morrow.

So, when to-morrow came, I went to my Guardian after breakfast, in the room that was our town-substitute for the Growlery, and told him that I had it in trust to tell him something.

"Well, little woman," said he, shutting up his book, "if you have accepted the trust, there can be no harm in it."

"I hope not, Guardian," said I. "I can guarantee that there is no secrecy in it. For it only happened yesterday."

"Ay? And what is it, Esther?"

"Guardian," said I, "you remember the happy night when we first came down to Bleak House? When Ada was singing in the dark room?"

I wished to recall to his remembrance the look he had given me then. Unless I am much mistaken, I saw that I did so.

"Because," said I, with a little hesitation.

"Yes, my dear!" said he. "Don't hurry."

"Because," said I, "Ada and Richard have fallen in love. And have told each other so."

"Already?" cried my Guardian, quite astonished.

"Yes!" said I, "and to tell you the truth, Guardian, I rather expected it."

"The deuce you did!" said he.

He sat considering for a minute or two; with his smile, at once so handsome and so kind, upon his changing face; and then requested me to let them know that he wished to see them. When they came, he encircled Ada with one arm, in his fatherly way, and addressed himself to Richard with a cheerful gravity.

"Rick," said Mr. Jarndyce, "I am glad to have won your confidence. I hope to preserve it. When I contemplated these relations between us four which have so brightened my life, and so invested it with new interests and pleasures, I certainly did contemplate, afar off, the possibility of you and your pretty cousin here (don't be shy, Ada, don't be shy, my dear!) being in a mind to go through life together. I saw, and do see, many reasons to make it desirable. But that was afar off, Rick, afar off!"

"We look afar off, sir," returned Richard.

"Well!" said Mr. Jarndyce. "That's rational. Now, hear me, my dears! I might tell you that you don't know your own minds yet; that a thousand things may happen to divert you from one another; that it is well this chain of flowers you have taken up is very easily broken, or it might become a chain of lead. But I will not do that. Such wisdom will come soon enough, I dare say, if it is to come at all. I will assume that, a few years hence, you will be in your hearts to one another, what you are to-day. All I say before speaking to you according to that assumption is, if you *do* change—if you *do* come to find

that you are more commonplace cousins to each other as man and woman, than you were as boy and girl (your manhood will excuse me, Rick!)—don't be ashamed still to confide in me, for there will be nothing monstrous or uncommon in it. I am only your friend and distant kinsman. I have no power over you whatever. But I wish and hope to retain your confidence, if I do nothing to forfeit it."

"I am very sure, sir," returned Richard, "that I speak for Ada, too, when I say that you have the strongest power over us both—rooted in respect, gratitude, and affection, strengthening every day."

"Dear cousin John," said Ada, on his shoulder, "my father's place can never be empty again. All the love and duty I could ever have rendered to him, is transferred to you."

"Come!" said Mr. Jarndyce. "Now for our assumption. Now we lift our eyes up, and look hopefully at the distance! Rick, the world is before you; and it is most probable that as you enter it, so it will receive you. Trust in nothing but in Providence and your own efforts. Never separate the two, like the heathen waggoner. Constancy in love is a good thing; but it means nothing, and is nothing, without constancy in every kind of effort. If you had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well, without sincerely meaning it, and setting about it. If you entertain the supposition that any real success, in great things or in small, ever was or could be, ever will or can be, wrested from Fortune by fits and starts, leave that wrong idea here, or leave your cousin Ada here."

"I will leave *it* here, sir," replied Richard, smiling, "if I brought it here just now (but I hope I did not), and will work my way on to my cousin Ada in the hopeful distance."

"Right!" said Mr. Jarndyce. "If you are not to make her happy, why should you pursue her?"

"I wouldn't make her unhappy—no, not even for her love," retorted Richard, proudly.

"Well said!" cried Mr. Jarndyce; "that's well said! She remains here, in her home with me. Love her, Rick, in your active life, no less than in her home when you revisit it, and all will go well. Otherwise, all will go ill. That's the end of my preaching. I think you and Ada had better take a walk."

Ada tenderly embraced him, and Richard heartily shook hands with him, and then the cousins went out of the room—looking back again directly, though, to say that they would wait for me.

The door stood open, and we both followed them with our eyes, as they passed down the adjoining room on which the sun was shining, and out at its farther end. Richard with his head bent, and her hand drawn through his arm, was talking to her very earnestly; and she looked up in his face, listening, and seemed to see nothing else. So young, so beautiful, so full of hope and promise, they went on lightly through the sm-

light, as their own happy thoughts might then be traversing the years to come, and making them all years of brightness. So they passed away into the shadow, and were gone. It was only a burst of light that had been so radiant. The room darkened as they went out, and the sun was clouded over.

"Am I right, Esther?" said my Guardian, when they were gone.

He who was so good and wise, to ask me whether he was right!

"Rick may gain, out of this, the quality he wants. Wants, at the core of so much that is good!" said Mr. Jarndyce, shaking his head. "I have said nothing to Ada, Esther. She has her friend and counselor always near." And he laid his hand lovingly upon my head.

I could not help showing that I was a little moved, though I did all I could to conceal it.

"Tut tut!" said he. "But we must take care, too, that our little woman's life is not all consumed in care for others."

"Care? My dear Guardian, I believe I am the happiest creature in the world!"

"I believe so too," said he. "But some one may find out, what Esther never will—that the little woman is to be held in remembrance above all other people!"

I have omitted to mention in its place, that there was some one else at the family dinner party. It was not a lady. It was a gentleman. It was a gentleman of a dark complexion—a young surgeon. He was rather reserved, but I thought him very sensible and agreeable. At least, Ada asked me if I did not, and I said yes.

THE COUNTER-STROKE.

JUST after breakfast one fine spring morning in 1837, an advertisement in the *Times* for a curate caught and fixed my attention. The salary was sufficiently remunerative for a bachelor, and the parish, as I personally knew, one of the most pleasantly situated in all Somersetshire. Having said that, the reader will readily understand that it could not have been a hundred miles from Taunton. I instantly wrote, inclosing testimonials, with which the Rev. Mr. Townley, the rector, was so entirely satisfied, that the return-post brought me a positive engagement, unclogged with the slightest objection to one or two subsidiary items I had stipulated for, and accompanied by an invitation to make the rectory my home till I could conveniently suit myself elsewhere. This was both kind and handsome; and the next day but one I took coach, with a light heart, for my new destination. It thus happened that I became acquainted, and in some degree mixed up, with the train of events it is my present purpose to relate.

The rector I found to be a stout, portly gentleman, whose years already reached to between sixty and seventy. So many winters, although they had plentifully besprinkled his hair with gray, shone out with ruddy brightness in his still handsome face, and keen, kindly, bright-

hazel eyes; and his voice, hearty and ringing, had not as yet one quaver of age in it. I met him at breakfast on the morning after my arrival, and his reception of me was most friendly. We had spoken together but for a few minutes, when one of the French windows, that led from the breakfast-room into a shrubbery and flower-garden, gently opened and admitted a lady, just then, as I afterward learned, in her nineteenth spring. I use this term almost unconsciously, for I can not even now, in the glowing summer of her life, dissociate her image from that season of youth and joyousness. She was introduced to me, with old-fashioned simplicity, as "My grand-daughter, Agnes Townley." It is difficult to look at beauty through other men's eyes, and, in the present instance, I feel that I should fail miserably in the endeavor to stamp upon this blank, dead paper, any adequate idea of the fresh loveliness, the rose-bud beauty of that young girl. I will merely say, that her perfectly Grecian head, wreathed with wavy *bandeaux* of bright hair, undulating with golden light, vividly brought to my mind Raphael's halo-tinted portraiture of the Virgin—with this difference, that in place of the holy calm and resignation of the painting, there was in Agnes Townley, a sparkling youth and life, that even amid the heat and glare of a crowded ball-room, or of a theatre, irresistibly suggested and recalled the freshness and perfume of the morning—of a cloudless, rosy morning of May. And, far higher charm than feature-beauty, however exquisite, a sweetness of disposition, a kind gentleness of mind and temper, was evinced in every line of her face, in every accent of the low-pitched, silver voice, that breathed through lips made only to smile.

Let me own, that I was greatly struck by so remarkable a combination of rare endowments; and this, I think, the sharp-eyed rector must have perceived, or he might not, perhaps, have been so immediately communicative with respect to the near prospects of his idolized grandchild, as he was the moment the young lady, after presiding at the breakfast-table, had withdrawn.

"We shall have gay doings, Mr. Tyrrel, at the rectory shortly," he said. "Next Monday three weeks will, with the blessing of God, be Agnes Townley's wedding-day."

"Wedding-day!"

"Yes," rejoined the rector, turning toward and examining some flowers which Miss Townley had brought in and placed on the table. "Yes, it has been for some time settled that Agnes shall on that day be united in holy wedlock to Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Mr. Arbuthnot, of Elm Park?"

"A great match, is it not, in a worldly point of view?" replied Mr. Townley, with a pleasant smile at the tone of my exclamation. "And much better than that: Robert Arbuthnot is a young man of a high and noble nature, as well as devotedly attached to Agnes. He will, I doubt not, prove in every respect a husband de-

serving and worthy of her; and that from the lips of a doting old grandpapa must be esteemed high praise. You will see him presently."

I did see him often, and quite agreed in the rector's estimate of his future grandson-in-law. I have not frequently seen a finer-looking young man—his age was twenty-six; and certainly one of a more honorable and kindly spirit, of a more genial temper than he, has never come within my observation. He had drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery, and, I felt, deserved his high fortune.

They were married at the time agreed upon, and the day was kept not only at Elm Park, and in its neighborhood, but throughout "our" parish, as a general holiday. And, strangely enough—at least I have never met with another instance of the kind—it was held by our entire female community, high as well as low, that the match was a perfectly equal one, notwithstanding that wealth and high worldly position were entirely on the bridegroom's side. In fact, that nobody less in the social scale than the representative of an old territorial family ought, in the nature of things, to have aspired to the hand of Agnes Townley, appeared to have been a foregone conclusion with every body. This will give the reader a truer and more vivid impression of the bride, than any words or colors I might use.

The days, weeks, months of wedded life flew over Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot without a cloud, save a few dark but transitory ones which I saw now and then flit over the husband's countenance as the time when he should become a father drew near, and came to be more and more spoken of. "I should not survive her," said Mr. Arbuthnot, one day in reply to a chance observation of the rector's, "nor indeed desire to do so." The gray-headed man seized and warmly pressed the husband's hand, and tears of sympathy filled his eyes; yet did he, nevertheless, as in duty bound, utter grave words on the sinfulness of despair under any circumstances, and the duty, in all trials, however heavy, of patient submission to the will of God. But the venerable gentleman spoke in a hoarse and broken voice, and it was easy to see he *felt* with Mr. Arbuthnot that the reality of an event, the bare possibility of which shook them so terribly, were a cross too heavy for human strength to bear and live.

It was of course decided that the expected heir or heiress should be intrusted to a wet-nurse, and a Mrs. Danby, the wife of a miller living not very far from the rectory, was engaged for that purpose. I had frequently seen the woman; and her name, as the rector and I were one evening gossiping over our tea, on some subject or other that I forgot, came up.

"A likely person," I remarked; "healthy, very good-looking, and one might make oath, a true-hearted creature. But there is withal a timidity; a frightenedness in her manner at times, which, if I may hazard a perhaps uncharitable conjecture, speaks ill for that smart husband of hers."

"You have hit the mark precisely, my dear sir. Danby is a sorry fellow, and a domestic tyrant to boot. His wife, who is really a good, but meek-hearted person, lived with us once. How old do you suppose her to be?"

"Five-and-twenty perhaps."

"Six years more than that. She has a son of the name of Harper by a former marriage, who is in his tenth year. Anne wasn't a widow long. Danby was caught by her good looks, and she by the bait of a well-provided home. Unless, however, her husband gives up his corn speculations, she will not, I think, have that much longer."

"Corn speculations! Surely Danby has no means adequate to indulgence in such a game as that?"

"Not he. But about two years ago he bought, on credit, I believe, a considerable quantity of wheat, and prices happening to fly suddenly up just then, he made a large profit. This has quite turned his head, which, by-the-by, was never, as Cockneys say, quite rightly screwed on." The announcement of a visitor interrupted any thing further the rector might have had to say, and I soon afterward went home.

A sad accident occurred about a month subsequent to the foregoing conversation. The rector was out riding upon a usually quiet horse, which all at once took it into its head to shy at a scarecrow it must have seen a score of times, and thereby threw its rider. Help was fortunately at hand, and the reverend gentleman was instantly conveyed home, when it was found that his left thigh was broken. Thanks, however, to his temperate habits, it was before long authoritatively pronounced that, although it would be a considerable time before he was released from confinement, it was not probable that the lusty winter of his life would be shortened by what had happened. Unfortunately, the accident threatened to have evil consequences in another quarter. Immediately after it occurred, one Matthews, a busy, thick-headed lout of a butcher, rode furiously off to Elm Park with the news. Mrs. Arbuthnot, who daily looked to be confined, was walking with her husband upon the lawn in front of the house, when the great burly blockhead rode up, and blurted out that the rector had been thrown from his horse, and it was feared killed!

The shock of such an announcement was of course overwhelming. A few hours afterward, Mrs. Arbuthnot gave birth to a healthy male-child; but the young mother's life, assailed by fever, was for many days utterly despaired of—for weeks held to tremble so evenly in the balance, that the slightest adverse circumstance might in a moment turn the scale deathward. At length the black horizon that seemed to encompass us so hopelessly, lightened, and afforded the lover-husband a glimpse and hope of his vanished and well-nigh despaired of Eden. The promise was fulfilled. I was in the library with Mr. Arbuthnot, awaiting the physician's morning report, very anxiously expected at the rectory, when

Dr. Lindley entered the apartment in evidently cheerful mood.

"You have been causelessly alarmed," he said. "There is no fear whatever of a relapse. Weakness only remains, and that we shall slowly, perhaps, but certainly remove."

A gleam of lightning seemed to flash over Mr. Arbuthnot's expressive countenance. "Blessed be God!" he exclaimed. "And how," he added, "shall we manage respecting the child? She asks for it incessantly."

Mr. Arbuthnot's infant son, I should state, had been consigned immediately after its birth to the care of Mrs. Danby, who had herself been confined, also with a boy, about a fortnight previously. Scarlatina being prevalent in the neighborhood, Mrs. Danby was hurried away with the two children to a place near Bath, almost before she was able to bear the journey. Mr. Arbuthnot had not left his wife for an hour, and consequently had only seen his child for a few minutes just after it was born.

"With respect to the child," replied Dr. Lindley, "I am of opinion that Mrs. Arbuthnot may see it in a day or two. Say the third day from this, if all goes well. I think we may venture so far; but I will be present, for any untoward agitation might be perhaps instantly fatal." This point provisionally settled, we all three went our several ways: I to cheer the still suffering rector with the good news.

The next day but one, Mr. Arbuthnot was in exuberant spirits. "Dr. Lindley's report is even more favorable than we had anticipated," he said; "and I start to-morrow morning, to bring Mrs. Danby and the child—" The postman's subdued but unmistakable knock interrupted him. "The nurse," he added, "is very attentive and punctual. She writes almost every day." A servant entered with a salver heaped with letters. Mr. Arbuthnot tossed them over eagerly, and seizing one, after glancing at the post-mark, tore it eagerly open, muttering as he did so, "It is not the usual handwriting; but from her, no doubt—" "Merciful God!" I impulsively exclaimed, as I suddenly lifted my eyes to his. "What is the matter?" A mortal pallor had spread over Mr. Arbuthnot's before animated features, and he was glaring at the letter in his hand as if a basilisk had suddenly confronted him. Another moment, and the muscles of his frame appeared to give way suddenly, and he dropped heavily into the easy-chair from which he had risen to take the letters. I was terribly alarmed, and first loosening his neckerchief, for he seemed choking, I said: "Let me call some one;" and I turned to reach the bell, when he instantly seized my arms, and held me with a grip of iron. "No—no—no!" he hoarsely gasped; "water—water!" There was fortunately some on a side table. I handed it to him, and he drank eagerly. It appeared to revive him a little. He thrust the crumpled letter into his pocket, and said in a low, quick whisper: "There is some one coming! Not a word, remember—not a word!" At the same time, he wheeled his

chair half round, so that his back should be toward the servant we heard approaching.

"I am sent, sir," said Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid, "to ask if the post has arrived?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Arbuthnot, with wonderful mastery of his voice. "Tell your mistress I shall be with her almost immediately, and that her—her son is quite well."

"Mr. Tyrrel," he continued, as soon as the servant was out of hearing, "there is, I think a liqueur-stand on the sideboard in the large dining-room. Would you have the kindness to bring it me, unobserved—mind that—unobserved by any one?"

I did as he requested; and the instant I placed the liqueur-frame before him, he seized the brandy *carafe*, and drank with fierce eagerness. "For goodness' sake," I exclaimed, "consider what you are about, Mr. Arbuthnot; you will make yourself ill."

"No, no," he answered, after finishing his draught. "It seems scarcely stronger than water. But I—I am better now. It was a sudden spasm of the heart; that's all. The letter," he added, after a long and painful pause, during which he eyed me, I thought, with a kind of suspicion—"the letter you saw me open just now, comes from a relative, an aunt, who is ill, very ill, and wishes to see me instantly. You understand?"

I *did* understand, or at least I feared that I did too well. I, however, bowed acquiescence; and he presently rose from his chair, and strode about the apartment in great agitation, until his wife's bedroom bell rang. He then stopped suddenly short, shook himself, and looked anxiously at the reflection of his flushed and varying countenance in the magnificent chimney-glass.

"I do not look, I think—or, at least shall not, in a darkened room—odder, more out of the way—that is, more agitated—than one might, that one *must* appear after hearing of the dangerous illness of—of—an aunt!"

"You look better, sir, than you did a while since."

"Yes, yes; much better, much better. I am glad to hear you say so. That was my wife's bell. She is anxious, no doubt, to see me."

He left the apartment; was gone perhaps ten minutes; and when he returned, was a thought less nervous than before. I rose to go. "Give my respects," he said, "to the good rector; and as an especial favor," he added, with strong emphasis, "let me ask of you not to mention to a living soul that you saw me so unmanned as I was just now; that I swallowed brandy. It would appear so strange, so weak, so ridiculous."

I promised not to do so, and almost immediately left the house, very painfully affected. His son was, I concluded, either dead or dying, and he was thus bewilderedly casting about for means of keeping the terrible, perhaps fatal tidings, from his wife. I afterward heard that he left Elm Park in a post-chaise, about two hours after I came away, unattended by a single servant!

He was gone three clear days only, at the end of which he returned with Mrs. Danby and—his

son—in florid health, too, and one of the finest babies of its age—about nine weeks only—I had ever seen. Thus vanished the air-drawn Doubting Castle and Giant Despair which I had so hastily conjured up! The cause assigned by Mr. Arbuthnot for the agitation I had witnessed, was doubtless the true one; and yet, and the thought haunted me for months, years afterward, he opened only *one* letter that morning, and had sent a message to his wife that the child was well.

Mrs. Danby remained at the Park till the little Robert was weaned, and was then dismissed very munificently rewarded. Year after year rolled away without bringing Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot any additional little ones, and no one, therefore, could feel surprised at the enthusiastic love of the delighted mother for her handsome, nobly-promising boy. But that which did astonish me, though no one else, for it seemed that I alone noticed it, was a strange defect of character which began to develop itself in Mr. Arbuthnot. He was positively jealous of his wife's affection for their own child! Many and many a time have I remarked, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of intense pain flash from his fine, expressive eyes, at any more than usually fervent manifestation of the young mother's gushing love for her first and only born! It was altogether a mystery to me, and I as much as possible forbore to dwell upon the subject.

Nine years passed away without bringing any material change to the parties involved in this narrative, except those which time brings ordinarily in his train. Young Robert Arbuthnot was a healthy, tall, fine-looking lad of his age; and his great-grandpapa, the rector, though not suffering under any actual physical or mental infirmity, had reached a time of life when the announcement that the golden bowl is broken, or the silver cord is loosed, may indeed be quick and sudden, but scarcely unexpected. Things had gone well, too, with the nurse, Mrs. Danby, and her husband; well, at least, after a fashion. The speculative miller must have made good use of the gift to his wife for her care of little Arbuthnot, for he had built a genteel house near the mill, always rode a valuable horse, kept, it was said, a capital table; and all this, as it seemed, by his clever speculations in corn and flour, for the ordinary business of the mill was almost entirely neglected. He had no children of his own, but he had apparently taken, with much cordiality, to his step-son, a fine lad, now about eighteen years of age. This greatly grieved the boy's mother, who dreaded above all things that her son should contract the evil, dissolute habits of his father-in-law. Latterly, she had become extremely solicitous to procure the lad a permanent situation abroad, and this Mr. Arbuthnot had promised should be effected at the earliest opportunity.

Thus stood affairs on the 16th of October, 1846. Mr. Arbuthnot was temporarily absent in Ireland, where he possessed large property, and was making personal inquiries as to the extent of the

potato-rot, not long before announced. The morning's post had brought a letter to his wife, with the intelligence that he should reach home that very evening; and as the rectory was on the direct road to Elm Park, and her husband would be sure to pull up there, Mrs. Arbuthnot came with her son to pass the afternoon there, and in some slight degree anticipate her husband's arrival.

About three o'clock, a chief-clerk of one of the Taunton banks rode up in a gig to the rectory, and asked to see the Rev. Mr. Townley, on pressing and important business. He was ushered into the library, where the rector and I were at the moment rather busily engaged. The clerk said he had been to Elm Park, but not finding either Mr. Arbuthnot or his lady there, he had thought that perhaps the Rev. Mr. Townley might be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of a check for £300, purporting to be drawn on the Taunton Bank by Mr. Arbuthnot, and which Danby the miller had obtained cash for at Bath. He further added, that the bank had refused payment and detained the check, believing it to be a forgery.

"A forgery!" exclaimed the rector, after merely glancing at the document. "No question that it is, and a very clumsily executed one, too. Besides, Mr. Arbuthnot is not yet returned from Ireland."

This was sufficient; and the messenger, with many apologies for his intrusion, withdrew, and hastened back to Taunton. We were still talking over this sad affair, although some hours had elapsed since the clerk's departure—in fact, candles had been brought in, and we were every moment expecting Mr. Arbuthnot—when the sound of a horse at a hasty gallop was heard approaching, and presently the pale and haggard face of Danby shot by the window at which the rector and myself were standing. The gate-bell was rung almost immediately afterward, and but a brief interval passed before "Mr. Danby" was announced to be in waiting. The servant had hardly gained the passage with leave to show him in, when the impatient visitor rushed rudely into the room in a state of great, and it seemed angry excitement.

"What, sir, is the meaning of this ill-mannered intrusion?" demanded the rector, sternly.

"You have pronounced the check I paid away at Bath to be a forgery; and the officers are, I am told, already at my heels. Mr. Arbuthnot, unfortunately, is not at home, and I am come, therefore, to seek shelter with you."

"Shelter with me, sir!" exclaimed the indignant rector, moving, as he spoke, toward the bell. "Out of my house you shall go this instant."

The fellow placed his hand upon the reverend gentleman's arm, and looked with his bloodshot eyes keenly in his face.

"Don't!" said Danby; "don't, for the sake of yourself and yours! Don't! I warn you; or, if you like the phrase better, don't, for the sake of me and *mine*."

"Yours, fellow! Your wife, whom you have so long held in cruel bondage through her fears for her son, has at last shaken off that chain. James Harper sailed two days ago from Portsmouth for Bombay. I sent her the news two hours since."

"Ha! is that indeed so?" cried Danby, with an irrepressible start of alarm. "Why, then—But no matter: here, luckily, comes Mrs. Arbuthnot and her son. All's right! She will, I know, stand bail for me, and, if need be, acknowledge the genuineness of her husband's check."

The fellow's insolence was becoming unbearable, and I was about to seize and thrust him forcibly from the apartment, when the sound of wheels was heard outside. "Hold! one moment," he cried with fierce vehemence. "That is probably the officers: I must be brief, then, and to the purpose. Pray, madam, do not leave the room for your own sake: as for you, young sir, I *command* you to remain!"

"What! what does he mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot bewilderedly, and at the same time clasping her son—who gazed on Danby with kindled eyes, and angry boyish defiance—tightly to her side. Did the man's strange words give form and significance to some dark, shadowy, indistinct doubt that had previously haunted her at times? I judged so. The rector appeared similarly confused and shaken, and had sunk nerveless and terrified upon a sofa.

"You guess dimly, I see, at what I have to say," resumed Danby with a malignant sneer. "Well, hear it, then, once for all, and then, if you will, give me up to the officers. Some years ago," he continued, coldly and steadily—"some years ago, a woman, a nurse, was placed in charge of two infant children, both boys: one of these was her own; the other was the son of rich, proud parents. The woman's husband was a gay, jolly fellow, who much preferred spending money to earning it, and just then it happened that he was more than usually hard up. One afternoon, on visiting his wife, who had removed to a distance, he found that the rich man's child had sickened of the small-pox, and that there was no chance of its recovery. A letter containing the sad news was on a table, which he, the husband, took the liberty to open and read. After some reflection, suggested by what he had heard of the lady-mother's state of mind, he re-copied the letter, for the sake of embodying in it a certain suggestion. That letter was duly posted, and the next day brought the rich man almost in a state of distraction; but his chief and mastering terror was lest the mother of the already dead infant should hear, in her then precarious state, of what had happened. The tidings, he was sure, would kill her. Seeing this, the cunning husband of the nurse suggested that, for the present, his—the cunning one's—child might be taken to the lady as her own, and that the truth could be revealed when she was strong enough to bear it. The rich man fell into the artful trap, and that which the husband of the nurse had speculated upon, came to pass even

beyond his hopes. The lady grew to idolize her fancied child—she has, fortunately, had no other—and now, I think, it would really kill her to part with him. The rich man could not find it in his heart to undeceive his wife—every year it became more difficult, more impossible to do so; and very generously, I must say, has he paid in purse for the forbearance of the nurse's husband. Well now, then, to sum up: the nurse was Mrs. Danby; the rich, weak husband, Mr. Arbuthnot; the substituted child, that handsome boy, *my son!*"

A wild scream from Mrs. Arbuthnot broke the dread silence which had accompanied this frightful revelation, echoed by an agonized cry, half tenderness, half rage, from her husband, who had entered the room unobserved, and now clasped her passionately in his arms. The carriage-wheels we had heard were his. It was long before I could recall with calmness the tumult, terror, and confusion of that scene. Mr. Arbuthnot strove to bear his wife from the apartment, but she would not be forced away, and kept imploring with frenzied vehemence that Robert—that her boy should not be taken from her.

"I have no wish to do so—far from it," said Danby, with gleeful exultation. "Only folk must be reasonable, and not threaten their friends with the hulks—"

"Give him any thing, any thing!" broke in the unhappy lady. "O Robert! Robert!" she added with a renewed burst of hysterical grief, "how could you deceive me so?"

"I have been punished, Agnes," he answered in a husky, broken voice, "for my well-intending but criminal weakness; cruelly punished by the ever-present consciousness that this discovery must one day or other be surely made. What do you want?" he after awhile added with recovering firmness, addressing Danby.

"The acknowledgment of the little bit of paper in dispute, of course; and say a genuine one to the same amount."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, still wildly sobbing, and holding the terrified boy still strained in her embrace, as if she feared he might be wrenched from her by force. "Any thing—pay him any thing!"

At this moment, chancing to look toward the door of the apartment, I saw that it was partially opened, and that Danby's wife was listening there. What might that mean? But what of helpful meaning in such a case could it have?

"Be it so, love," said Mr. Arbuthnot, soothingly. "Danby, call to-morrow at the Park. And now, begone at once."

"I was thinking," resumed the rascal with swelling audacity, "that we might as well at the same time come to some permanent arrangement upon black and white. But never mind: I can always put the screw on; unless, indeed, you get tired of the young gentleman, and in that case, I doubt not, he will prove a dutiful and affectionate son—Ah, devil! What do you here? Begone, or I'll murder you! Begone, do you hear?"

His wife had entered, and silently confronted him. "Your threats, evil man," replied the woman quietly, "have no terrors for me now. My son is beyond your reach. Oh, Mrs. Arbuthnot," she added, turning toward and addressing that lady, "believe not—"

Her husband sprang at her with the bound of a panther. "Silence! Go home, or I'll strangle—" His own utterance was arrested by the fierce grasp of Mr. Arbuthnot, who seized him by the throat, and hurled him to the further end of the room. "Speak on, woman; and quick! quick! What have you to say?"

"That your son, dearest lady," she answered, throwing herself at Mrs. Arbuthnot's feet, "is as truly your own child as ever son born of woman!"

That shout of half-fearful triumph seems even now as I write to ring in my ears! I *felt* that the woman's words were words of truth, but I could not see distinctly: the room whirled round, and the lights danced before my eyes, but I could hear through all the choking ecstasy of the mother, and the fury of the baffled felon.

"The letter," continued Mrs. Danby, "which my husband found and opened, would have informed you, sir, of the swiftly approaching death of *my* child, and that yours had been carefully kept beyond the reach of contagion. The letter you received was written without my knowledge or consent. True it is that, terrified by my husband's threats, and in some measure reconciled to the wicked imposition by knowing that, after all, the right child would be in his right place, I afterward lent myself to Danby's evil purposes. But I chiefly feared for my son, whom I fully believed he would not have scrupled to make away with in revenge for my exposing his profitable fraud. I have sinned; I can hardly hope to be forgiven, but I have now told the sacred truth."

All this was uttered by the repentant woman, but at the time it was almost wholly unheard by those most interested in the statement. They only comprehended that they were saved—that the child was theirs in very truth. Great, abundant, but for the moment, bewildering joy! Mr. Arbuthnot—his beautiful young wife—her own true boy (how could she for a moment have doubted that he was her own true boy!—you might read that thought through all her tears, thickly as they fell)—the aged and half-stunned rector, while yet Mrs. Danby was speaking, were exclaiming, sobbing in each other's arms, ay, and praising God too, with broken voices and incoherent words it may be, but certainly with fervent, pious, grateful hearts.

When we had time to look about us, it was found that the felon had disappeared—escaped. It was well, perhaps, that he had; better, that he has not been heard of since.

times vituperate the cachinnation they indulge in, and many of them

"Laugh in such a sort,
As if they mocked themselves, and scorned the spirit
That could be moved to laugh at any thing."

The general notion is, that laughter is childish, and unworthy the gravity of adult life. Grown men, we say, have more to do than to laugh; and the wiser sort of them leave such an unseemly contortion of the muscles to babes and blockheads.

We have a suspicion that there is something wrong here—that the world is mistaken not only in its reasonings, but its facts. To assign laughter to an early period of life, is to go contrary to observation and experience. There is not so grave an animal in this world as the human baby. It will weep, when it has got the length of tears, by the pailful; it will clench its fists, distort its face into a hideous expression of anguish, and scream itself into convulsions. It has not yet come up to a laugh. The little savage must be educated by circumstances, and tamed by the contact of civilization, before it rises to the greater functions of its being. Nay, we have sometimes received the idea from its choked and tuneless screams, that *they* were imperfect attempts at laughter. It feels enjoyment as well as pain, but has only one way of expressing both.

Then, look at the baby, when it has turned into a little boy or girl, and come up in some degree to the cachinnation. The laughter is still only rudimental: it is not genuine laughter. It expresses triumph, scorn, passion—any thing but a feeling of natural amusement. It is provoked by misfortune, by bodily infirmities, by the writhings of agonized animals; and it indicates either a sense of power or a selfish feeling of exemption from suffering. The "light-hearted laugh of children!" What a mistake! Observe the gravity of their sports. They are masters or mistresses, with the care of a family upon their hands; and they take especial delight in correcting their children with severity. They are washerwomen, housemaids, cooks, soldiers, policemen, postmen; coach, horsemen, and horses, by turns; and in all these characters they scour, sweep, fry, fight, pursue, carry, whirl, ride, and are ridden, without changing a muscle.

At the games of the young people there is much shouting, argument, vituperation—but no laughter. A game is a serious business with a boy, and he derives from it excitement, but no amusement. If he laughs at all, it is at something quite distinct from the purpose of the sport; for instance, when one of his comrades has his nose broken by the ball, or when the feet of another make off from him on the ice, and he comes down upon his back like a thunderbolt. On such occasions, the laugh of a boy puts us in mind of the laugh of a hyæna: it is, in fact, the broken, asthmatic roar of a beast of prey.

It would thus appear that the common charge brought against laughter, of being something

PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

FROM the time of King Solomon downward, laughter has been the subject of pretty general abuse. Even the laughers themselves some-

babyish, or childish, or boyish—something properly appertaining to early life—is unfounded. But we of course must not be understood to speak of what is technically called giggling, which proceeds more from a looseness of the structures than from any sensation of amusement. Many young persons are continually on the giggle till their muscles strengthen; and indeed, when a company of them are met together, the affection aggravated by emulation, acquires the loudness of laughter, when it may be likened, in Scripture phrase, to the crackling of thorns. What we mean is a regular guffaw; that explosion of high spirits, and the feeling of joyous excitement, which is commonly written ha! ha! ha! This is altogether unknown in babyhood; in boyhood, it exists only in its rudiments; and it does not reach its full development till adolescence ripens into manhood.

This train of thought was suggested to us a few evenings ago, by the conduct of a party of eight or ten individuals, who meet periodically for the purpose of philosophical inquiry. Their subject is a very grave one. Their object is to mould into a science that which as yet is only a vague, formless, and obscure department of knowledge; and they proceed in the most cautious manner from point to point, from axiom to axiom—debating at every step, and coming to no decision without unanimous conviction. Some are professors of the university, devoted to abstruse studies; some are clergymen; and some authors and artists. Now, at the meeting in question—which we take merely as an example, for all are alike—when the hour struck which terminates their proceedings for the evening, the jaded philosophers retired to the refreshment-room; and here a scene of remarkable contrast occurred. Instead of a single deep, low, earnest voice, alternating with a profound silence, an absolute roar of merriment began, with the suddenness of an explosion of gunpowder. Jests, bon-mots, anecdotes, barbarous plays upon words—the more atrocious the betteo—flew round the table; and a joyous and almost continuous ha! ha! ha! made the ceiling ring. This, we venture to say it, *was* laughter—genuine, unmistakable laughter, proceeding from no sense of triumph, from no self-gratulation, and mingled with no bad feeling of any kind. It was a spontaneous effort of nature coming from the head as well as the heart; an unbending of the bow, a reaction from study, which study alone could occasion, and which could occur only in adult life.

There are some people who can not laugh, but these are not necessarily either morose or stupid. They may laugh in their heart, and with their eyes, although by some unlucky fatality, they have not the gift of oral cachinnation. Such persons are to be pitied; for laughter in grown people is a substitute devised by nature for the screams and shouts of boyhood, by which the lungs are strengthened and the health preserved. As the intellect ripens, that shouting ceases, and we learn to laugh as we learn to

reason. The society we have mentioned studied the harder the more they laughed, and they laughed the more the harder they studied. Each, of course, to be of use, must be in its own place. A laugh in the midst of the study would have been a profanation; a grave look in the midst of the merriment would have been an insult to the good sense of the company.

If there are some people who can not laugh, there are others who will not. It is not, however, that they are ashamed of being grown men, and want to go back to babyhood, for by some extraordinary perversity, they fancy unalterable gravity to be the distinguishing characteristic of wisdom. In a merry company, they present the appearance of a Red Indian whitewashed, and look on at the strange ways of their neighbors without betraying even the faintest spark of sympathy or intelligence. These are children of a larger growth, and have not yet acquired sense enough to laugh. Like the savage, they are afraid of compromising their dignity, or, to use their own words, of making fools of themselves. For our part, we never see a man afraid of making a fool of himself at the right season, without setting him down as a fool ready made.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh; now here, now there—now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away, and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill-spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

But our song, like Dibdin's, "means more than it says;" for a man, as we have stated, may laugh, and yet the cachinnation be wanting. His heart laughs, and his eyes are filled with that kindly, sympathetic smile which inspires friendship and confidence. On the sympathy within, these external phenomena depend; and this sympathy it is which keeps societies of men together, and is the true freemasonry of the good and wise. It is an imperfect sympathy that grants only sympathetic tears: we must join in the mirth as well as melancholy of our neighbors. If our countrymen laughed more, they would not only be happier, but better, and if philanthropists would provide amusements for the people, they would be saved the trouble and expense of their fruitless war against public-houses. This is an indisputable proposition. The French and Italians, with wine growing at

their doors, and spirits almost as cheap as beer in England, are sober nations. How comes this? The laugh will answer that leaps up from group after group—the dance on the village-green—the family dinner under the trees—the thousand merry-meetings that invigorate industry, by serving as a relief to the business of life. Without these, business is care; and it is from care, not from amusement, men fly to the bottle.

The common mistake is to associate the idea of amusement with error of every kind; and this piece of moral asceticism is given forth as true wisdom, and, from sheer want of examination, is very generally received as such. A place of amusement concentrates a crowd, and whatever excesses may be committed, being confined to a small space, stand more prominently forward than at other times. This is all. The excesses are really fewer—far fewer—in proportion to the number assembled, than if no gathering had taken place. How can it be otherwise? The

amusement is itself the excitement which the wearied heart longs for; it is the reaction which nature seeks; and in the comparatively few instances of a grosser intoxication being super-added, we see only the craving of depraved habit—a habit engendered, in all probability, by the want of amusement.

No, good friends, let us laugh sometimes, if you love us. A dangerous character is of another kidney, as Cæsar knew to his cost:

“He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he laughs;”

and when he does, it is on the wrong side of his mouth.

Let us be wiser. Let us laugh in fitting time and place, silently or aloud, each after his nature. Let us enjoy an innocent reaction rather than a guilty one, since reaction there must be. The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity, and becomes useless.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE past month has been one of unusual activity. The proceedings of Congress have not been without importance:—political Conventions have been held, shaping to a certain extent public movements for the coming season: and numerous religious and benevolent associations, as well as ecclesiastical assemblies for business purposes, have held their annual meetings.

In the United States Senate, the debate upon an amendment to the Deficiency Bill, by which it was proposed to grant a large increase of pay annually to the Collins line of Atlantic steamers, continued for several days. On the 30th of May, Senator Rusk spoke in favor of it, and on the 6th, Senator James made an argument upon the same side. Senator Jones, of Tennessee, opposed so large a grant as that suggested, though he declared himself desirous of sustaining the line. He moved to strike out \$33,000, and insert \$25,000, as the increase each trip. On the 7th, Mr. Cass spoke at length in favor of the appropriation. The amendment of Mr. Jones was then rejected, by a vote of 20 to 28. Senator Brooke moved an amendment, granting the whole amount of postages received in place of all other compensation: this was rejected by 9 to 38. Mr. Rusk moved that Congress shall have the power at any time after December, 1854, to discontinue the extra allowance, on giving six months' notice. This was agreed to. Mr. Mallory moved, that the contract be transferred from the Naval to the Post Office Department: this was lost, 18 to 19. On the 13th, Senator Borland spoke in opposition to the increased grant. On the 19th, the amendment, giving the line \$33,000 additional pay for each trip, was agreed to, by a vote of 23 ayes to 21 noes: and on the 21st, upon a motion to agree to this amendment, as reported by the Committee of the whole, it was decided in the affirmative by an increased vote.

In the House of Representatives the only action taken, worthy of special record, was the passage, on the 12th, of the Bill granting to each head of a fam-

ily, who may be a native citizen of the United States or naturalized previous to January, 1852, the right to enter upon and cultivate one quarter-section of the Public Lands, and directing the issue to him of a patent for such land after five years of actual residence and cultivation. The Bill was passed by a vote of 107 to 56.—The other debates of the House have turned so exclusively upon unimportant topics, or upon temporary matters relating to the approaching Presidential election, as to render further reference to them here unnecessary.

In reply to the call of the Senate, the closing correspondence of Chevalier Hulsemann, Austrian Chargé, with the State Department, has been published. Under date of April 29, Mr. H. writes to the Secretary, stating that the time had arrived for carrying into effect the intentions of his government in regard to his official connection with that of the United States. He complains that the Secretary had not answered his communication of December 13, in regard to the public reception given to Kossuth, and that, in spite of verbal encouragements given him to expect different treatment, his movements had been derisively commented on by the public journals. He had deemed it his duty on the 21st of November, to complain of these annoyances, and on the 28th the Secretary had thereupon notified him that no further communication would be held with him except in writing. On the 7th of January, the Secretary of State had seen fit to make a speech encouraging revolution in Hungary. This demonstration he considered so strange that he immediately inquired of the President whether it was to be considered an expression of the sentiments of the government of the United States. The Austrian government had expressed itself satisfied with the assurances given in return by the President on the 12th of April, and had instructed him no longer to continue official relations with the “principal promoter of the Kossuth episode.” He closed his letter by stating that Mr. A. Belmont, Consul-general of Austria at New York, would continue in the exercise of his

functions. Under date of May 3, Mr. Hunter, acting Secretary of State, acknowledged the receipt of this communication, and informed Chevalier Hulsemann that, "as Mr. Belmont is well known to the Secretary of State as a gentleman of much respectability, any communication which it may be proper for him to address to the department in his official character, will be received with entire respect."

The Democratic National Convention, for the nomination of candidates for the coming canvass, met at Baltimore on the 1st of June, and was organized by the election of Hon. JOHN W. DAVIS, of Indiana, President. The number of delegates present was 288, and a rule was adopted requiring a vote of two-thirds (192) for a nomination. Unsuccessful balloting was had for four days, and it was not until the forty-ninth ballot that General FRANKLIN PIERCE, of New Hampshire, received the nomination. Upon the forty-eighth ballot he received 55 votes, the remainder being divided among Messrs. Cass, Buchanan, Douglass, and Marcy:—upon the next trial he received 282 votes. Hon. WILLIAM R. KING, of Alabama, was then nominated for Vice President. A series of resolutions was adopted, rehearsing the leading principles of the Democratic party, and declaring resistance to "all attempts at renewing in Congress, or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made"—and also a determination to "abide by, and adhere to, a faithful execution of the acts known as the Compromise measures settled by the last Congress—the act reclaiming fugitives from service or labor included." The Convention adjourned on the 5th.

Mr. Webster, being upon a brief visit to his place of residence, accepted an invitation of the citizens of Boston to meet them at Faneuil Hall, on the 22d of May, when he made a brief address. He spoke of the pleasure which it always gave him to meet the people of Boston—of the astonishing progress and prosperity of that city, and of the many motives her citizens had to labor strenuously for her advancement. He spoke also of the general nature and functions of government, and of the many causes which the people of this country have to reverence and cherish the institutions bequeathed to them by their fathers.

In the State of New York, the Court of Appeals has decided against the constitutionality of the law of 1851, for the more speedy completion of the State canals. It will be recollected that the Constitution of the State directs that the surplus revenues of the Canals shall in each fiscal year be applied to these works, in such manner as the Legislature may direct; and it also forbids the contracting of any debt against the State, except by an act to be submitted to the people, and providing for a direct tax sufficient to pay the interest and redeem within eighteen years the principal of the debt thus contracted. The Bill in question provided for the issue of certificates to the amount of nine millions of dollars, to be paid exclusively out of the surplus revenues thus set apart, and stating on their face that the State was to be in no degree responsible for their redemption; and for the application of moneys that might be raised from the sale of these certificates, to the completion of the Canals. Under the law contracts had been made for the whole work, which were pronounced valid by the last Legislature. The Court of Appeals decides that the law conflicts with that clause of the Constitution which requires the application of the revenues in each fiscal year, as also with that which forbids the incurring of a debt except in the mode specified.

The decision was concurred in by five out of the eight judges of that Court.

In South Carolina the State Convention of delegates elected to take such measures as they might deem expedient against the encroachments and aggressions of the Federal Government, met at Columbia on the 29th of April. It adopted a resolution, declaring that the wrongs sustained by the State, especially in regard to slavery, amply "justify that State, so far as any duty or obligation to her confederates is involved, in dissolving at once all political connection with her co-States, and that she forbears the exercise of that manifest right of self-government, from considerations of expediency only." This resolution was accompanied by an ordinance asserting the right of secession, and declaring that for the sufficiency of the causes which may impel her to such a step, she is responsible solely to God and to the tribunal of public opinion among the nations of the earth. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 135 to 20.

A bill has been passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors within the limits of the State. As originally passed, it provided for its submission to the popular vote, and was vetoed by the Governor, because it did not provide for taking that vote by secret, instead of by an open ballot. The Legislature then enacted the law without any clause submitting it to the people; and in this form it received the assent of the Governor. A similar law has been enacted in Rhode Island.

During the second week in May all the Missionary, Bible, and other benevolent associations connected with the several religious denominations having their centres of operation in the city of New York, held their anniversary celebrations in that city. They were so numerous, and their proceedings, except as given in detail, would prove so uninteresting, that it would be useless to make any extended mention of them here. They were attended with even more than the ordinary degree of public interest: very able and eloquent addresses were made by distinguished gentlemen, clergymen and others, from various parts of the country; and reports of their proceedings—of results accomplished and agencies employed—were spread before the public. The history of their labors during the year has been highly encouraging. Largely increased contributions of money have augmented their resources and their ability to prosecute their labors, which have been attended with marked success.—During the week succeeding, similar meetings were held in Boston of all the associations which have their head-quarters in that city.—The two General Assemblies, which constitute the government of the two divisions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, have held their sessions during the month. That representing the Old School met at Charleston, S. C., on the 20th of May. Rev. John C. Lord, of Buffalo, N. Y., was chosen Moderator. That of the New School met at Washington on the same day, and Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, was elected Moderator. Both were engaged for several days in business relating to the government and organization of their respective organizations.—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) met at Boston on the 1st of May, and held a protracted session—extending through the whole month. Most of the business transacted related of course to matters of temporary or local interest. Special reports were made and action taken upon the interests of the Church in various sections of the country, and in the fields of missionary labor. It was decided that the

next General Conference should meet at Indianapolis. Steps were taken to organize a Methodist Episcopal Tract Society. On the 25th of May the four new bishops were elected by ballot—Rev. Drs. Levi Scott, Matthew Simpson, Osmond C. Baker, and Edward R. Ames being chosen. Dr. T. E. Bond was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, the recognized organ of the Church; Dr. J. McClintock, editor of the *Quarterly Review*; D. P. Kidder, of the *Sunday School publications*; W. Nast, of the *Christian Apologist*; and Rev. Dr. Charles Elliott, of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Rev. Dr. J. P. Durbin was chosen Missionary Secretary.

Kossuth, after visiting the principal towns in Massachusetts, had a public reception at Albany, and spent a week in visiting Buffalo, Niagara, Syracuse, Troy, and other cities. He was expected at New York when our Record closed.—Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq., one of the Irish State prisoners, effected his escape from Van Dieman's Land in February, and arrived, in an American vessel, at New York on the 1st of June. He was very warmly welcomed by the public, especially by his countrymen.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 6th of May. The total shipments of gold for April were \$3,419,817; for March, \$2,549,704. Great numbers of Chinese continued to arrive, and they had become so numerous in the country as to excite serious disaffection, and to lead to various propositions for their exclusion. The Governor sent in a special message to the Legislature, urging the necessity of restricting emigration from China, to enhance the prosperity and preserve the tranquillity of the State. He objects especially to those who come under contracts for a limited time—returning to China with the products of their labor after their term is out, and adding nothing to the resources or industry of the country. He says that they are not good American citizens, and can not be; and that their immigration is not desirable. By a reference to statistics he shows that China can pour in upon our coast millions of her population without feeling their loss; that they live upon the merest pittance; and that while they spend comparatively nothing in the country, the tendency of their presence is to create an unhealthy competition with our own people, and reduce the price of labor far below our American living standard. Governor Bigler also expresses a doubt, whether the Celestials are entitled to the benefit of the naturalization laws. He proposes as a remedy—1st. Such an exercise of the taxing power by the State as will check the present system of indiscriminate and unlimited Asiatic emigration. 2d. A demand by the State of California for the prompt interposition of Congress, by the passage of an Act prohibiting "Coolies," shipped to California under contracts, from laboring in the mines of this State. Measures have been taken in several of the mining localities to exclude the Chinese from them.—The Legislature adjourned on the 4th; the bill proposing a Convention to revise the Constitution of the State was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 11 to 9.—Serious Indian difficulties have occurred again in the interior. In Trinity County a company of armed citizens went in pursuit of a band of Indians who were supposed to have been concerned in the murder of one of their fellow-citizens. On the 22d of April they overtook them, encamped on the south fork of Trinity river, and taking them by surprise, shot not less than a hundred and fifty of them in cold blood. Men, women, and children were alike destroyed.—Accounts of murders, accidents, &c., abound. The accounts from the mining districts continue to be encouraging.

From the SANDWICH ISLANDS, we have news to the 10th of April. Parliament was opened on the 7th. In the Society group, the people of Raiatea have rebelled against the authority of Queen Pomare. She had just appointed one of her sons to the government of Raiatea, but before his arrival the inhabitants had assembled, as those of the others had previously done, elected a Governor of their own choice for two years, and formed a Republic of confederated States, each island to constitute a separate State. Military preparations had been made to resist any attempt on the part of the Queen to regain her authority. It was said that she had applied ineffectually for assistance to the French, English, and American authorities at Tahiti. There seemed to be little doubt that all the Leeward islands would establish their independence.

MEXICO.

We have news from the city of Mexico to the 10th of May. The news of the rejection of the Tehuantepec treaty is fully confirmed. The vote was almost unanimous against it, and is fully sustained by the press and public sentiment. The Government, however, has appointed Mr. Larrainzas a special envoy to the United States, and has given him, it is said, instructions for arranging this difficulty upon some mutually-satisfactory basis. It is reported that Mexico is not unwilling to grant a right of way across the Isthmus, but that the very large grants of land embraced in the original treaty led to its rejection. Upon this point, however, nothing definite is known.—A difficulty has arisen between the Legislature of the State of Vera Cruz and the Mexican Congress. The former insists upon a greater reduction of the tariff of 1845 than the ten per cent. allowed by the National Senate. The Senate will allow this reduction of ten per cent., but refuses to do away with any of the duties. The Lower House of Congress, on the contrary, is in favor of abolishing some of the duties. Zacatecas and Durango, besides being ravaged by the savages, are suffering from the visitation of a general famine.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From BUENOS AYRES we have news to the 5th of April. The upper provinces have sent in felicitations to General Urquiza upon his accession to power. It is thought that the provinces will unite in a General Confederacy, under a Central Government, framed upon the model of that of the United States: and it is suggested that General Urquiza will probably aspire to the position of President. He is conducting affairs firmly and successfully, though against great difficulties in the province, and has issued several proclamations calling upon the people to sustain him in maintaining order and tranquillity. It is said that a rupture has occurred between the Brazilian authorities and the Oriental government, in regard to the execution of late treaties made and ratified by President Suarez. Negotiations had been suspended.

From CHILI we hear of the execution, at Valparaiso, on the 4th of April, of Cambiaso, the brigand leader of the convict insurrection at the Straits of Magellan, together with six of his accomplices. They all belonged to the army, Cambiaso being a lieutenant, and were stationed at the garrison. The insurrection which he headed resulted in the seizure of two American vessels, and the murder of all on board. Several others connected with him were convicted, but pardoned on proof that they had been forced to join him.

From RIO JANEIRO the only news of interest, is that of the ravages of the yellow-fever, which has been very severe, especially among the shipping. At the middle of April, there were great numbers of

American ships in port, unable to muster hands enough to get out of port.

In PERU the Government has issued a decree against Gen. Flores's expedition, dated the 14th of March, and stated that having received repeated information of the warlike preparations taking place in Peru, they have ordered the Prefects of the different provinces to take all possible measures to put a stop to them; that government will not afford protection to any Peruvian citizen who should embark on this expedition, or take any part in it, and that all Peruvian vessels engaged in the expedition, would no longer be considered as bearing the national flag.

From NEW GRENADA we learn that the President has issued a Message concerning the Flores expedition against Ecuador. From this it appears that, according to a treaty of peace, amity, and alliance, established between the Government and that of Ecuador, in December, 1832, the one power is at all times bound to render aid to the other, both military and pecuniary, in case of foreign invasion. To this end, the President has proclaimed that there be raised in this country, either by loan or force, the sum of sixteen millions of reals, or two millions dollars; and further, that twenty thousand men be called to serve under arms, in order to assist the sister republic. The President declares his intention to oppose Flores and all countries rendering him aid, and accuses Peru of fitting out two vessels, and Valparaiso one, to assist in his expedition; he also demands authority to confiscate the property of all natives and foreigners residing in New Grenada, who may be found to have aided or abetted Flores in any way in his present revolutionary movement. He further states his belief that Flores is merely endeavoring to carry out his revolutionary movement of 1846, in which he was defeated by the British Government, and that the object of the present revolution is to re-establish a monarchical government on the South Pacific coast, under the old Spanish rule. He also expresses his fears that Flores, if successful in Ecuador, will immediately come into New Grenada, and therefore deems it not only a matter of honor, but also of policy, to assist Ecuador. Among the documents submitted, is an official letter to the Ecuadorian Government, from the United States Chargé d'Affairs at Guayaquil, the Hon. C. CUSHING; in which he says that "he believes himself sufficiently authorized to state that the Government of the United States will not look with indifference at any warlike movements against Ecuador, likely to effect its independence or present government." At the latest dates, the 27th of April, Flores was still at Puna, delaying his attack upon that place until the war he had endeavored to excite between Peru and Ecuador, should break out. He then expected sufficient aid from Peru to render his capture of the place easy. Other accounts represent his forces as being rapidly diminished by desertion; but these can scarcely be deemed authentic. Reliable intelligence had reached Guayaquil that Peru had sent reinforcements to the fleet of Flores, and this had created so great an excitement that the residence of the Peruvian Consul was attacked and demolished by a mob.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The intelligence from England extends from the 19th of April to the 22d of May, and embraces several items of more than ordinary interest. Parliament re-assembled on the day first named, after the holiday recess. In the House of Commons a committee was appointed, to inquire into the condition of the British Empire in India,—after a speech upon that subject from the President of the Board of

Control, who took occasion to say that the affairs of that country had never before stood upon so good a footing, or in a position so well calculated to develop its resources. There were now 2846 natives employed in administrative offices, and forty educational establishments had been endowed, in which the instruction given was of the highest character.—On the 22d, Mr. Milner Gibson submitted a motion adverse to continuing the duty upon paper, the stamp duties upon newspapers, and the advertisement taxes. The proposition gave rise to a protracted discussion, in which the injurious character of these duties, in restricting the general diffusion of knowledge among the poorer classes of the English people, was very generally admitted, and a wish was expressed on all sides to have them removed. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer feared the effect of such a step upon the revenue of the kingdom—which the proposal would sacrifice to the extent of a million and a half of pounds. Upon his motion the debate was adjourned until the 12th of May, when it was renewed. Mr. Gladstone spoke earnestly in exposition of the depressing influence of these taxes upon the production and sale of books, but conceded full weight to the financial reasons which had been urged against their removal. The vote was then taken, first, upon the motion to abolish the paper duty as soon as it could be done with safety to the revenue: which received ayes, 107—noes, 195; being lost by a majority of 88; next, upon the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers; for which there were ayes, 100—noes, 199: majority against it, 99; and lastly, upon the motion to abolish the tax upon advertisements, for which there were 116 ayes, and 181 noes, and which was thus rejected by a majority of 65.—On the 23d of April, the Militia Bill came up; and was supported by the Ministerial party, and opposed by the late Ministers. Lord John Russell opposed it, because he deemed it inadequate to the emergency. The 41,000 infantry which it proposed to raise, he deemed insufficient, and the character of the force provided, he feared would make it unreliable. Lord Palmerston vindicated the bill against Lord John's objections, and thought it at once less expensive and more efficient than the one submitted by the late government. On the 26th, to which the debate was adjourned, after further discussion, the second reading of the bill was carried by 315 to 105.—The bill came up again on the 6th, when Mr. Disraeli declared that its main object was to habituate the people of Great Britain to the use of arms, and thus to lay the foundation of a constitutional system of national defense. He did not claim that the bill would at once produce a disciplined army, able to encounter the veteran legions of the world; but it would be a step in the right direction. After the debate, an amendment, moved by Mr. Gibson, that the words 80,000 should not form part of the bill, was rejected, 106 to 207. On the 13th, the debate was renewed, and several other amendments, designed to embarrass the bill, were rejected. But up to our latest dates, the vote on its final passage had not been taken.—On the 10th of May, the Ministry was defeated, upon a motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for leave to bring in a bill to assign the four seats in Parliament, which would be vacated if the bill for the disfranchisement of the borough of St. Albans should pass. He proposed to assign two of these seats to the West-Riding of Yorkshire, and the other two to the southern division of the county of Lancaster. The motion was lost: receiving 148 votes in favor, and 234 against it—being an anti-Ministerial majority of 86.—The Tenant

Right Bill, intended to meliorate the condition of land cultivators in Ireland, was rejected on the 5th, by a vote of 57 to 167, upon the second reading.—The Court of Exchequer having decided against the right of Alderman Salomons to take his seat in Parliament, Lord Lyndhurst has introduced a bill to remove Jewish disabilities.—The Duke of Argyle called attention, on the 17th, to the case of Mr. Murray, an Englishman, who was said to have been imprisoned for several years in Rome, without a trial, and to be now lying under sentence of death. The Earl of Malmesbury said that strenuous efforts had been made to procure reliable information upon this case; but that great difficulty had been experienced, in consequence of the very defective and unworthy provisions which existed for diplomatic intercourse with the Roman government. The Duke of Argyle thought that the English government owed to its own dignity some energetic action upon this case. The correspondence upon this subject, as also that with Austria upon the expulsion of Protestant missionaries from that country, was promised at an early day. On the 27th of April, Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made the annual statement of the financial condition and necessities of the kingdom, which had been awaited with great interest, as an official announcement of the intended course of the new Ministry upon the subject of taxation. He discussed, in succession, the three modes of deriving income—from duties on imports, duties on domestic manufactures, and direct taxation. During the last ten years, under the policy established in 1842 by Sir Robert Peel, the duties upon corn and other articles of import, have been reduced, in the aggregate, upward of nine million pounds sterling; and this reduction had been so steadily and regularly made every year, that any proposition to restore them would now have very slight chances of success. In the excise duties, also, there had been reductions to the amount of a million and a half; and it was clear that the Minister who should propose to increase the revenue by adding to the duties on domestic manufactures, could not expect to be sustained by the House or the country. The income tax had been very unpopular, and could only be renewed last year, for a single year, and then with very considerable modifications. Comparing the actual income of the past year, with that which had been estimated, Mr. Disraeli said that, while it had been estimated at £52,140,000, the actual income had been £52,468,317, notwithstanding the loss of £640,000 by the change of the house tax for the window duty, and the reduction in the coffee, timber, and sugar duties. The customs had been estimated to produce £20,000,000. After deducting the anticipated loss, £400,000, on account of the three last-named duties, they had produced £20,673,000; and the consumption of the articles on which the duties had been reduced had increased—foreign coffee by 3,448,000 lbs., as compared with 1851, when the higher and differential duty prevailed; and colonial coffee from 28,216,000 lbs. to 29,130,000 lbs. Foreign sugar had increased in the last year by 412,000 cwt., and since 1846 (when the first reduction took place) by 1,900,000 cwt. a year; British colonial sugar, by upward of 114,000 in 1852, as compared with 1851; and during the last six years the consumption had increased 95,000 tons, or 33 per cent. on the consumption of 1846; and in timber the result was the same. The other heads of revenue had been thus estimated: Excise, £14,543,000; stamps, £6,310,000; taxes, £4,348,000; property tax, £5,380,000; Post-office, £830,000; Woods and Forests,

£160,000; miscellaneous, £262,000; old stores, £450,000; and had produced respectively £14,543,000, £6,346,000, £3,691,000, £5,283,000, £1,056,000, £150,000, £287,000, and £395,000. The expenditure of the year, estimated at £50,247,000, had been £50,291,000, and the surplus in hand was £2,176,988. The expenditure for the current year he estimated at £51,163,979, including an additional vote to be proposed of £200,000 for the Kaffir war, and another of £350,000 for the expenses of the militia. The income, which in some items had been increased by the Exhibition last year, was estimated for the next year thus—Customs, £20,572,000; Excise, £14,604,000; stamps, £6,339,000; taxes, £3,090,000; property tax (the half-year), £2,641,500; Post-office, £938,000; Woods and Forests, £235,000; miscellaneous, £260,000; old stores, £400,000; total, £48,983,000, exhibiting a deficiency of £2,180,479, which would be increased in the next year by the total loss of the income tax, supposing it not to be renewed, to £4,400,000. If, however, that tax were re-imposed, he calculated it would produce net £5,187,000, which would give a gross income, from all sources, of £51,625,000, the surplus would then be £461,021. And though it would give him great pleasure to readjust the burdens of taxation fairly and equally on all classes, and all interests, yet, seeing the position of the finances, and the difficulty, if not impossibility, of dealing with the subject in the present state of feeling in the House and the country, he felt bound to propose the re-imposition of the property and income tax for a further limited period of one year. This statement was received by the House, as by the whole country, as embodying a substantial tribute from the Protectionist Ministry to the soundness of the Free Trade policy and to the necessity of leaving it undisturbed.

The annual dinner of the Royal Academy was attended on the 1st with more than usual eclat. Sir Charles Eastlake presided, and proposed the health of the Duke of Wellington, who duly acknowledged the compliment. The Earl of Derby was present, and spoke encouragingly of the prospect of having a better building soon erected for the accommodation of the Academy's works. Pleasant compliments were exchanged between Disraeli and Lord John Russell, and speeches were made by sundry other dignitaries who were in attendance.—At the Lord Mayor's dinner, on the 8th, the festivities partook more of a political character. The Earl of Derby spoke long and eloquently of the nature of the British Government, urging that in all its various departments it was a compromise between conflicting expedients and a system of mutual concessions between apparently conflicting interests. Count Walewski, the French Minister, congratulated the company on the good understanding which prevailed between France and England, and Mr. Disraeli spoke of the House of Commons as a true republic—"the only republic, indeed, that exists founded upon the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity; but liberty there was maintained by order—equality is mitigated by good taste, and fraternity takes the shape of cordial brotherhood."—The anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place on the 12th, and was chiefly distinguished by an amusing speech from Thackeray.

An important collision has occurred between the book publishers in London and the retail booksellers, which has engrossed attention to no inconsiderable extent. The publishers, it seems, have been in the habit of fixing a retail price upon their books, and then selling them to dealers at a deduction of twenty-

five per cent. Some of the latter, thinking to increase their sales thereby, have contented themselves with a smaller rate of profit, and have sold their books at less than the price fixed by the publishers. Against this the latter have taken active measures of remonstrance, having formed an association among themselves, and agreed to refuse to deal with booksellers who should thus undersell the regular trade. On the other hand the retail dealers have held meetings to assert their rights, and one of them, held on the 4th, was attended by a very large number of the authors and men of letters interested in the question. Mr. Dickens presided, and a characteristic letter was read from Mr. Carlyle, who was warmly in favor of the objects of the meeting, though he thought many other things necessary to give authors their proper position in society. The rights of the case were submitted to Lord Campbell, Mr. Grote, and Dr. Milman, who heard both sides argued, and gave a decision on the 18th, on all points *against* the regulations for which the publishers contended.

Very sad intelligence has reached England of the fate of a party of seven missionaries, who were sent out by the Protestant Missionary Society, in 1850, to Patagonia. Captain Gardiner was at the head of the band. The vessel that took them out landed at Picton Island, off the southern coast of Terra del Fuego, on the 6th of December, 1850, and kept hovering about to see how they were likely to be received. The natives seemed menacing: but on the 18th of December the missionaries left the ship, and with their stores of provisions, Bibles, &c., embarked in two boats, meaning to make for the coast of Terra del Fuego. On the 19th the ship sailed; and no news of them having reached England, the ship *Dido* was ordered by the Admiralty in October, 1850, to touch there, and ascertain their fate. The *Dido* reached the coast in January, and after ten or twelve days of search, on a rock near where they first landed on Picton Island, a writing was found directing them to go to Spaniard Harbor, on the opposite Fuegian coast. Here were found, near a large cavern, the unburied bodies of Captain Gardiner and another of the party; and the next day the bodies of three others were found. A manuscript journal, kept by Captain Gardiner, down to the last day when, only two or three days before his death, he became too weak to write, was also found, from which it appeared that the parties were driven off by the natives whenever they attempted to land; that they were thus compelled to go backward and forward in their boats, and at last took refuge in Spaniard harbor, as the only spot where they could be safe; that they lived there eight months, partly in a cavern and partly under shelter of one of the boats, and that three of them died by sickness, and the others by literal and lingering starvation. Four months elapsed between the death of the last of the party and the discovery of their bodies. The publication of the journal of Captain Gardiner, in which profound piety is shown mingled with his agonizing grief, has excited a deep sensation throughout England.—An explosion occurred in a coal pit in the Aberdare valley, South Wales, on the 10th, by which sixty-four lives were lost; another pit near Pembrey filled with water the same night, and twenty-seven men were drowned.—The fate of the Crystal Palace was sealed by a vote in the House of Commons of 103 to 221 on a proposition to provide for its preservation. It has been sold, and is to be forthwith taken down, and re-erected out of town, for a winter garden.—A memorial numerously and most respectably signed, was presented to the Lord Lieu-

tenant of Ireland, on the 17th of May, praying that the Queen would extend clemency to the Irish State prisoners now in exile at Van Dieman's Land. The Lord Lieutenant, in a brief and direct speech, declined to lay the memorial before her Majesty, on the ground that the exiles in question deserved no further clemency at her hands. He noticed, with censure, the fact that one of them had effected his escape.

FRANCE.

The *fêtes* of May 10th, were attended with great splendor and éclat; but the non-proclamation of the Empire on that occasion is the feature most remarked upon by the foreign press. The number of troops present is estimated at 80,000. The whole Champ de Mars had been prepared especially for the occasion. The President was received with loud applause. After distributing the eagles among the various regiments, he addressed them briefly, saying that the history of nations was, in a great measure, the history of armies—that on their success or reverse depends the fate of civilization and of the country; that the Roman eagle adopted by the Emperor Napoleon at the commencement of the century was the most striking signification of the regeneration and the grandeur of France; and that it should now be resumed, not as a menace against foreign powers, but as the symbol of independence, the souvenir of an heroic epoch, and as the sign of the nobleness of each regiment. After this address the standards were taken to the chapel and blessed by the Archbishop. The ceremonies were protracted and attended by an immense concourse of spectators. —General Changarnier has addressed a remarkable letter to the Minister of the Interior in reply to his demand that he should take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon. He says that the President had repeatedly endeavored to seduce him to his support—that he had offered not only to make him Marshal but to confer upon him another military dignity unknown since the Empire, and to attach to it immense pecuniary rewards; that when he perceived that personal ambition had no effect upon him, he endeavored to gain him over, by pretending a design to prepare the way for the restoration of the Monarchy to which he supposed him to be attached. All these attempts had been without effect. He had never ceased to be ready to defend with energy the legal powers of Louis Napoleon, and to give every opposition to the illegal prolongation of those powers. The exile he had undergone in solitude and silence had not changed his opinion of the duties he owed to France. He would hasten to her defense should she be attacked, but he refused the oath exacted by the perjured man who had failed to corrupt him. In reply to this letter, M. Cassagnac, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, brought against General Changarnier specific charges—that in March, 1849, he demanded from Louis Napoleon written authority to throw the Constituent Assembly out of the window—that he subsequently urged him in the strongest manner to make a *coup d'état*; and that in November, 1850, he assembled a number of political personages, and proposed to them to arrest Louis Napoleon and send him to prison, to prorogue the Assembly for six months, and to make him Dictator. It was further alleged that one of the persons present at this meeting was M. Molé, who refused to sanction the scheme and immediately disclosed it to the President. Count Molé immediately published an indignant denial of the whole story, so far as his name had been connected with it.—General Lamoricière has, also, in a published letter, refused to take the oath required; he de-

clares his readiness to defend France against foreign foes whenever she shall be attacked, but he will not take the oath of fidelity to a perjured chief.

—The venerable astronomer, Arago, has also refused to take the oath of allegiance required of all connected in any way with the government. He wrote a firm and dignified letter to the Minister notifying him of his purpose, and calling on him to designate the day when it would be necessary for him to quit the Bureau of Longitude with which he had been so closely connected for half a century. He also informed him that he should address a circular letter to scientific men throughout the world, explaining the necessity which drove him from an establishment with which his name had been so long associated, and to vindicate his motives from suspicion. The Minister informed him that, in consideration of his eminent services to the cause of science, the government had decided not to exact the oath, and that he could therefore retain his post.—These examples of non-concurrence in the new policy of the President have been followed by inferior magistrates in various parts of France. In several of the departments members of the local councils have refused to take the oaths of allegiance, and in the towns of Havre, Thiers, and Evreux the tribunals of commerce have done likewise. The civil courts of Paris have also, in one or two instances, asserted their independence by deciding against the government in prosecutions commenced against the press. On the 23d of April, moreover, the civil tribunal gave judgment on the demand made by the Princes of the Orleans family to declare illegal the seizure by the Prefect of the Seine, of the estates of Neuilly and Monceaux, under the decree of the 22d of January, relative to the property of the late king, Louis Philippe. In answer to this demand, the Prefect of the Seine, in the name of the government, called on the tribunal to declare that the decree of 22d January was a legislative act, and the seizure of the property an administrative act, and that consequently the tribunal had no jurisdiction. The case was pleaded at great length; and the court pronounced a judgment declaring itself competent, keeping the case before it, fixing a day for discussing it on its merits, and condemning the Prefect in costs. These movements indicate a certain degree of reaction in the public mind, and have prepared the way for the favorable reception of a letter which the Bourbon pretender, the Count de Chambord, has issued to the partisans of monarchy throughout France. This letter is dated at Venice, April 27, and is designed as an official declaration of his wishes to all who wish still to remain faithful to the principles which he represents. He declares it to be the first duty of royalists to do no act, to enter into no engagement, in opposition to their political faith. They must not hesitate, therefore, to refuse all offices where promises are required from them contrary to their principles, and which would not permit them to do in all circumstances what their convictions impose upon them. Still, important and active duties are devolved upon them. They should reside as much as possible in the midst of the population on whom they can exercise influence, and should try, by rendering themselves useful to them, to acquire, each day, still greater claims to their gratitude and confidence. They ought also to aid the government in its struggles against anarchy and socialism, and to show themselves in all emergencies the most courageous defenders of social order. Even in case of an attempt to re-establish the Empire, they are exhorted to abstain from doing any thing to endanger the re-

pose of the country, but to protest formally against any change which can endanger the destinies of France, and expose it once more to catastrophes and perils from which the legitimate monarchy alone can save it. He urges them to be unalterable on matters of principle, but at the same time calm, patient, and ever moderate and conciliating toward persons. "Let your ranks, your hearts," he says, "like mine, remain continually open to all. We are all thrown on times of trials and of sacrifices; and my friends will not forget that it is from the land of exile that I make this new appeal to their constancy and their devotedness. Happier days are yet in store for France and for us. I am certain of the fact. It is in my ardent love for my country—it is in the hope of serving it—of being able to serve it—that I gather the strength and the courage necessary for me to accomplish the great duties which have been imposed on me by Providence."—Additional importance is ascribed to this proclamation from the fact that it was made just after a visit from the Grand Dukes of Russia and Venice, and just before the arrival of the Emperor Nicholas at Vienna. The death of Prince Schwarzenberg is supposed to have led to a still closer union of interest and of policy between Austria and Russia, as the personal leanings both of the Austrian Emperor, and the new prime Minister are known to be in that direction.

Some further developments have been made of the sentiments of the three allied powers, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, concerning the re-establishment of the Empire in France. It is represented that the late Minister of Austria was in favor of encouraging such a step, but that both the other powers concurred in saying that the accomplishment of it would be a "violation of the treaties of 1814 and 1815, inasmuch as those treaties have excluded for ever the family of Bonaparte from the government of France." Now, those treaties form the basis of the whole policy of Europe; and it is the duty of the powers to demand that they shall be respected by the President of the Republic himself in all their provisions, and particularly not to permit any infraction of them as to the point in question, which has reference to him personally. Nevertheless, the sovereigns of Prussia and Russia would not perhaps be disposed to refuse to recognize Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor of the French Republic—if that title were conferred on him by a new plébiscite—as had been spoken of; but they should only recognize him as an elective Emperor, and for life, with only a status analogous to that of the former kings of Poland. If the two cabinets of St. Petersburg and Berlin consented to such a recognition, it was the utmost that it was possible to do; but, most certainly, beyond that point they should never go. At the same time, the cabinets formally declare, that they would only recognize the Emperor of the French Republic on the condition of his election being the result of the mode already announced (the plébiscite). They will not admit any other manner of re-establishing in France an imperial throne, even were it but for life; the two sovereigns being firmly resolved never to accept, in the person of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, any other than the supreme elective chief of the Republic, and to oppose by all the means in their power the pretension of establishing the actual President of the French Republic as Emperor, in the sense of an hereditary transmitter or founder of a Napoleonic dynasty. They add, that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte not being the issue of a sovereign or reigning family, can not become a real sovereign, or assimilate himself to reigning houses."—The pictures belonging

to the late Marshal Soult were sold at auction on the 19th. The collection consisted of 157 paintings, and among them were many of the master-pieces of the old masters. The most celebrated was Murillo's 'Conception of the Virgin,' for which the chief competitors were the Emperor of Russia, the Queen of Spain, and the Director of the Louvre. It was bought by the latter at the enormous price of 586,000 francs,—or about \$117,200.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

In PRUSSIA, a communication was made on the 28th of April by the King to the Chambers, transmitting a bill to abolish the articles of the Constitution and regulate the organization of the peerage. In the First Chamber it was referred to the existing committee on the constitution of the body concerned. In the Second Chamber a committee was appointed to consider the measure. The minister desired that the matter might be quickly dispatched. In the same sitting of the 28th, the Second Chamber came to two other important votes. It rejected, by a majority of 186 to 82, the resolution of the First Chamber, and which, dividing the budget of ordinary and extraordinary expenses, decided that the first should be no longer fixed annually, but once for all, and that no future modification should take place, except by a law. It also rejected, by 225 to 57, another decision of the First Chamber, by which it had de-

clared, in opposition to the Constitution, that it could vote the budget, article by article, like the Second Chamber.

In TUSCANY a decree of the Grand Duke has abolished the Constitution and Civic Guard, and constituted the government on the same basis as before 1848. The ministers are henceforward responsible to the Grand Duke; the Council of State is separated from that of the Ministers; the communal law of 1849 and the law on the press are to be revised.

The DANISH question has been settled in London, by conferences of the representatives of the several powers concerned. Prince Christian of Glucksberg is to succeed to the crown on the death of the present King and his brother, both of whom are childless.

In TURKEY all differences with Egypt have been adjusted. Fuad-Effendi, it is announced by the *Paris Presse*, justifying all the hopes which his mission had given birth to, has come to a complete understanding with the Egyptian government, whose good intentions and perfect fair dealing he admits. The Viceroy accepts the code with the modifications called for by the state of the country, and which the Turco-Egyptian Commissioners had already fixed in their conferences at Constantinople. On its side, the Porte accords to the Viceroy the right of applying the punishment of death during seven years, without reference to the divan.

Editor's Table.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF A NATION is not merely a figurative expression. Nations are *born* as well as men. The very etymology of the word implies as much. Social compacts may be *declarative of their independence*, or definitive of their existence, but do not create them. In truth, all such compacts and conventions do in themselves imply a previous natural growth or organization lying necessarily still farther back, as the ground of any legitimacy they may possess. There can be no *con-vening* unless there is something to determine, *a priori*, who shall *come together*, and how they shall come together—as *representatives of what principals—as parts of what ascertained whole*—with what powers, on what terms, and for what ends. There can no more be an artificial nation than an artificial language. Aside from other influences, all attempts of the kind must be as abortive in politics as they have ever been in philology. Nations are not manufactured, either to order or otherwise, but born—born of other nations, and nurtured in those peculiar arrangements of God's providence which are expressly adapted to such a result. The analogy between them and individuals may be traced to almost any extent. They have, in general, some one event in which there may be discovered the conceptive principle, or *principlum*, of their national life. They have their embryo or formative period. They have their *birth*, or the time of their complete separation from the maternal nationality to which they were most nearly and dependently united. They have their struggling infancy—their youth—their growth—their *heroic period*—their iron age of hardship and utility—their manhood—their silver age of luxury and refinement—their golden age of art and science and literature—their acme—their

decline—their decay—their final extinction, or else their dissolution into those fragmentary organisms from which spring up again the elements or seeds of future nationalities.

We need not trace our own history through each of these periods. The incipient stages have all been ours, although, in consequence of a more healthy and vigorous maternity, we have passed through them with a rapidity of which the previous annals of the world present no examples. Less than a century has elapsed since that birth, whose festive natal day is presented in the calendar of the present month, and yet we are already approaching the season of manhood. We have passed that proud period which never comes but once in a nation's life, although it may be succeeded by others far surpassing it in what may be esteemed the more substantial elements of national wealth and national prosperity. Almost every state has had its *HEROIC AGE*. We too have had ours, and we may justly boast of it as one equaling in interest and grandeur any similar period in the annals of Greece and Rome—as one which would not shrink from a comparison with the chivalrous youth of any of the nations of modern Europe. It is the unselfish age, or rather, the time when the self-consciousness, both individual and national, is lost in some strong and all-absorbing emotion—when a strange elevation of feeling and dignity of action are imparted to human nature, and men act from motives which seem unnatural and incredible to the more calculating and selfish temperaments of succeeding times. It is a period which seems designed by Providence, not for itself only, or the great effects of which it is the immediate cause, but for its influence upon the whole after-current of the national existence.

The strong remembrance of it becomes a part of the national life; it enters into its most common and constant thinking; it gives a peculiar direction to its feeling; it imparts a peculiar character to its subsequent action; it makes its whole historical being very different from what it would have been had there been no such epic commencement, no such superhuman or *heroic birth*. It furnishes a treasury of glorious reminiscences wherewith to reinvigorate from time to time the national virtue when impaired, as it ever is, by the factious, and selfish, and unheroic temper produced by subsequent days of merely economical or utilitarian prosperity.

This heroic age must pass away. It is sustained, while it lasts, by special influences which can not have place in the common life and ordinary work of humanity. Its continuance, therefore, would be inconsistent with other benefits and other improvements of a more sober or less exciting kind, but which, nevertheless, belong to the proper development of the state. The deep effects, however, still remain. It inspires the poet and the orator. It furnishes the historian with his richest page. It tinges the whole current of the national literature. In fact, there can be no such thing as a national literature, in its truest sense—there can be no national poetry, no true national art, no national music, except as more or less intimately connected with the spirit of such a period.

It was not the genius of democracy simply, as Grote and some other historians maintain, but the heroic remembrances of the Persian invasion, that roused the Grecian mind, and created the brilliant period of the Grecian civilization. The new energy that came from this period was felt in every department—of song, of eloquence, of art, and even of philosophy. Marathon and Salamis still sustained the national life when it was waning under the mere political wisdom of Pericles, the factious recklessness of Alcibiades, and the still more debasing influence of the venal demagogues of later times. When this old spirit had gone out, there was nothing in the mere forms of her free institutions that could prevent Athens from sinking down into insignificance, or from being absorbed in the growth of new and rising powers.

Rome would never have been the mistress of the world, had it not been for the heroic impetus generated in the events which marked her earliest annals. Even if we are driven to regard these as in a great measure mythical, they still, in the highest and most valid sense, belong to Roman history, and all the efforts of Niebuhr and of Arnold have failed, and ever will fail, to divest them of the rank they have heretofore maintained among the formative influences in the Roman character. They entered into the national memory. They formed for ages the richest and most suggestive part of the national thinking. They became thus more really and vitally incorporated into the national being than many events whose historical authenticity no critic has ever called in question. But we can not believe them wholly or even mainly mythical. Some of the more modern theories on this subject will have to be re-examined. With all their plausibility they are open to the objection of presenting the mightiest effects without adequate or corresponding causes. Twelve hundred years of empire, such as that of Rome, could not well have had its origin in any period marked by events less strangely grand and chivalrous than those that Livy has recorded. Brutus, and Cincinnatus, and Fabricius, must have been as real as the splendid reality which could only have grown out of so heroic an ancestry.

The spirit of Numa more truly ruled, even in the later Roman empire, than did ever that of Augustus. It was yet powerful in the days of Constantine. It was still present in that desperate struggle which made it difficult, even for a Christian senate, to cast out the last vestiges of the old religion, and to banish the Goddess of Victory from the altars and temples she had so long occupied.

A similar view, drawn from the Jewish history, must commend itself to every one who has even an ordinary knowledge of the Scriptures. The glorious deliverances from Egyptian bondage, the sublime reminiscences of Sinai, the heroic, as exhibited in Moses, and Joshua, and Jephthah, and Gideon, are ever reappearing in the Hebrew prophetic and lyrical poetry. These proud recollections cheer them in the long years of the captivity. Even in the latest and most debasing periods of their history, they impart an almost superhuman energy to their struggle with Rome; and what is more than all, after having sustained the Jewish song, and the Jewish eloquence, during ages of depressing conflict, their influence is still felt in all the noblest departments of Christian art and Christian literature.

No, we may almost say it, there can not truly be a nation without something that may be called its heroic age; or if there have been such, the want of this necessary fountain of political vitality has been the very reason why they have perished from the pages of history. We, too, have had such a period in our annals, and we are all the better for it, and shall be all the better for it, as long as our political existence shall endure. Some such chapter in our history seems necessary to legitimate our claim to the appellation; and however extravagant it may seem, the assertion may, nevertheless, be hazarded, that one borrowed from the maternal nationality, or from a foreign source, or even altogether mythical, would be better than none at all. If we had not had our Pilgrim Fathers, our Mayflower band, our Plymouth Rock, our Bunker Hill, our Saratoga, our Washingtons, our Warrens, our Putnams, our Montgomerys, our heroic martyr-Congresses, voting with the executioner and the ax before their eyes, we might better have drawn upon the epic imagination for some such introduction to our political existence, than regard it as commencing merely with prosaic paper compacts, or such artificial gatherings as are presented in your unheroic, though very respectable Baltimore and Harrisburg Conventions.

Some such chivalrous commencement is, moreover, absolutely essential to that great idea of national *continuity*, so necessary for the highest ends of political organization; and yet so liable to be impaired or wholly lost in the strife of those ephemeral parties, those ever-gathering, ever-dissolving factions, which, ignoring both the future and the past, are absorbed solely in the magnified interests of the present hour. For this purpose, we want an antiquity of some kind—even though it may not be a distant one—something parted from us by events so grand, so unselfish, so unlike the common, every-day acts of the current years, as to have the appearance at least of a sacred and memory-hallowed remoteness. We need to have our store of glorious olden chronicles, over which time has thrown his robe of reverence—a reverence which no profane criticism of after days shall be allowed to call in question, no subsequent statistics be permitted to impair. We need to have our proud remembrances for all parties, for all interests, for all ages—our common fund of heroic thought, affording a constant supply for the common mind of the state, thus ever living in the

national history, connecting each present not only with such a heroic commencement, but, through it, with all the past that intervenes, and in this way furnishing a historical bond of union stronger than can be found in any amount of compromises or paper constitutions.

If we would be truly a State, we must have "*the Fathers*," and the revered "olden time." It is in some such veneration for a common glorious ancestry that a political organization finds its deepest root. Instead of being absurd, it is the most rational, as well as the most conservative of all feelings in which we can indulge. The more we are under its influence, the higher do we rise in the scale of being above the mere animal state, and that individualism which is its chief characteristic. It is a "good and holy thought" thus to regard the dead as still present with us, and past generations as still having an interest in our history—still justly claiming some voice in the administration of that *inheritance* they have transmitted to us, and in respect to which our influence over the ages to come will be in proportion to our reverential remembrance of those that have preceded. Such a feeling is the opposite of that banefully radical and disorganizing view which regards the state as a mere aggregation of individual local fragments in space, and a succession of separately-flowing drops in time—which looks upon the present majority of the present generation as representing the whole national existence, and which is, of course, not only inconsistent with any true historical life, but with any thing which is really entitled to the name of fundamental or constitutional law. It is the opposite, both in its nature and its effects, of that contemptible cant now so common in both political parties, and which is ever talking of "Young America" as some new development, unconnected with any thing that has ever gone before it. The heroic men of our revolution, they were "Young America;" the gambling managers of modern political caucuses, to whatever party they may belong, or whatever may be their age or standing, are the real and veritable "old fogies."

We can not attach too much importance to this idea of *inheritance*, so deeply grounded in the human mind. The *Sancti Patres* are indispensable to a true historical nationality. Hence the classical name for country—*Patria a patribus*—*The Father-land*. We love it, not simply for its present enjoyments and present associations, but for its past recollections—

Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
Land where our fathers died.

Without some such thought of transmitted interest continually carrying the past into the present, and both into the future, patriotism is but the cant of the demagogue. Our country is our country, not only in space, but in time—not only territorially, but historically; and it is in this latter aspect it must ever present its most intense and vital interest. Where such an interest is excluded, or unappreciated, there is nothing elevated, nothing heroic, to which the name of patriotism can be given. There is nothing but the most momentary selfishness which can bind our affections to one spot on earth more than to any other.

Opposed to this is a species of cosmopolitanism, which sometimes claims the Scriptures as being on its side. The opinion, however, will not stand the test of fair interpretation. The Bible, it is true, enjoins love to all mankind, but not as a blind and abstract philanthropy which would pass over all the intermediate gradations that Infinite Wisdom has appointed. Love of "the fathers," love of family,

love of kindred, love of "our own people"—"our own, our *native land*"—our "own Zion," nationally, as well as ecclesiastically, are commended, not only as good in themselves, but as the foundation of all the other social virtues, as the appointed means, in fact, by which the circle of the affections is legitimately expanded, and, at the same time, with a preservation of that intensity of feeling which is never found in any inflating abstract cosmopolitan benevolence.

In no book, too, do we find more distinctly set forth that idea which we have styled the root of all true patriotism—the idea of the national continuance from generation to generation, as a living, responsible whole—as one ever-flowing stream, in which the individual parts are passing away, it is true, but evermore passing to that "congregation of the fathers" which still lives in the present organic life. It is presented, too, not as any difficult or transcendental or mystical conception, but as a thought belonging everywhere to the common mind, and necessarily underlying all those dread views the Scriptures so often give us of national accountability and national retribution.

Every country distinguished for great deeds has ever been proud of its ancestors; has ever gloried in the facts of its early history; has ever connected them with whatever was glorious in its later annals; has ever made them the boast of its eloquence, the themes of its poetry, and the subjects of festal rejoicings. In the preservation of such feelings and such ideas, our annual Fourth of July celebrations, instead of being useless, and worse than useless periods of noisy declamation, as some would contend, are, in fact, doing more to preserve our union than the strongest legislative acts. This may hold when every other cable in the vessel has parted. The bare thought that our glorious old Fourth of July could never more be celebrated in its true spirit (and it would be equally gone for each and every sundered fragment) is enough to check the wildest faction, and to stay the hand of the most reckless disunionist.

It was in view of such an effect, that one of our wisest statesmen, one the farthest removed from the demagogue, and himself a participator in our heroic struggle, is represented as so enthusiastically commending this annual festival to the perpetual observation of posterity, "Through the thick gloom of the present," he exclaims, "I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a *glorious, an immortal day*. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears of exultation of gratitude, and of joy." "And so that day *shall* be honored," continues his eloquent eulogist—"And so that day shall be honored, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored, and as often as it returns thy renown shall come along with it, and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men!"

The highest reason, then, as well as the purest feeling, bid us not be ashamed of glorying in our forefathers. Scripture is in unison here with patriotism in commending the sacred sentiment. There is a religious element in the true love of race and country. "The God of our Fathers" becomes a prime article of the national as well as of the ecclesiastical creed, and without the feeling inspired by it, nationality may turn out to be a mere figment, which all political bandages will fail to sustain against the dis

organizing influence of factious or sectional interests. It is not absurd, too, to cherish the belief that our ancestors were better men than ourselves, if we ourselves are truly made better by thus believing.

As we have remarked before, there may be mythical exaggeration attending such tradition, but if so, this very exaggeration must have had its ground in something really transcending what takes place in the ordinary course of a nation's life. Some late German scholars have been hunting out depreciating charges against the hero of Marathon, and, for this purpose, have subjected his very ashes to the most searching critical analysis. Truth, it may be said, is always sacred. We would not wish to undervalue the importance of the sentiment. But Miltiades the patriot is the real element that exerted so heroic an effect upon the subsequent Grecian history. Miltiades charged with political offenses lives only as the subject of antiquarian research, or a humiliating example of the common depravity appearing among the most lauded of mankind. And so, in our own case, what political utility can there be in discovering, even if it were so, that Washington was not so wise, or Warren so brave, or Putnam so adventurous, or Bunker Hill so heroically contested, as has been believed? Away with such skepticism, we say, and the mousing criticism by which it is sometimes attempted to be supported. Such beliefs have at all events become real for us by entering into the very soul of our history, and forming the staple of our national thought. To take them away would now be a baneful disorganizing of the national mind. Their influence has been felt in every subsequent event. Saratoga and Monmouth have reappeared in Chipewa, and New Orleans, and Buena Vista. May it not be hoped, too, that something of the men who convened in Philadelphia on the 4th of July, 1776, or of that earlier band on whom Burke pronounced his splendid eulogy, may still live, even in the worst and poorest of our modern Congresses!

Again, this reverence for "the fathers" is the most healthfully conservative of all influences, because it presents the common sacred ground on which all political parties, all sectional divisions, and all religious denominations can heartily unite. Every such difference ought to give way, and, in general, does give way, in the presence of the healing spirit that comes to us from the remembrance of those old heroic times. The right thinking Episcopalian not only acquiesces, but rejoices cordially in the praises of the Pilgrim Fathers. He can glory even in their stern puritanism, without losing a particle of reverence or respect for his own cherished views. The Presbyterian glows with pride at the mention of the cavaliers of Virginia, and sees in their ancient loyalty the strength and consistency of their modern republicanism. The most rigid Churchman of either school—whether of Canterbury or Geneva—finds his soul refreshed by the thought of that more than martial heroism which distinguished the followers of Penn and the first colonists of Pennsylvania.

Our rapid editorial view has been suggested by the great festal period of the current month; but we can not close it without the expression of one thought which we deem of the highest importance. If the influences coming from this heroic age of our history are so very precious, we should be careful not to diminish their true conservative power, by associating them with every wretched imitation for which there may be claimed the same or a similar name. The memory of our revolution (to which we could show, if time permitted, there should be given a truer and a nobler epithet) is greatly lowered by being com-

pared continually with every miserable Cuban expedition and Canadian invasion, or every European *émeute*, without any reference to the grounds on which they are attempted, or the characters and motives of those by whom they are commenced. We may indeed sympathize with every true effort to burst the hard bonds of irresponsible power; but we should carefully see to it that our own sacred deposit of glorious national reminiscences lose not all its reverence by being brought out for too common uses, or profaned by too frequent comparison with that which is really far below it, if not altogether of a different kind. When Washington and Greene and Franklin are thus placed side by side with Lopez, and Ledru-Rollin, and Louis Blanc, or a profane parallel is run between the Pilgrim colonists and modern Socialists and St. Simonians, there is only an inevitable degradation on the one side without any true corresponding elevation on the other. They are the enemies of our revolution, and of its true spirit, who are thus for making it subservient to all purposes that may be supposed to bear the least resemblance. Our fathers' struggle, be it ever remembered, was not for the subversion but the conservation of constitutional law, and, therefore, even its most turbulent and seemingly lawless acts acquire a dignity placing them above all vulgar reference, and all vulgar imitation. He is neither a patriot nor a philanthropist who would compare the destruction of the tea in the harbor of Boston with every abolition riot, or every resistance to our own solemnly enacted laws, or every lynching mob that chooses to caricature the forms of justice, or every French *émeute*, or revolutionary movement with its mock heroics—its burlesque travestie of institutions it can not comprehend, and of a liberty for which it so soon shows itself utterly unqualified. It is our mission to redeem and elevate mankind, by showing that the spirit of our heroic times lives constantly in the political institutions to which they gave birth, and that republican forms are perfectly consistent, not only with personal liberty, but with all those higher ideas that are connected with the conservation of law, of reverence, of loyalty, of rational submission to right authority—in a word, of true *self-government*, as the positive antithesis to that animal and counterfeit thing—the *government of self*. It is not the conservative who is staying the true progress of mankind. A licentious press, a corrupt and gambling spirit of faction in our political parties, and, above all, frequent exhibitions of vulgar demagoguism in our legislative bodies, may do more to strengthen and perpetuate the European monarchies, than all the ignorance of their subjects, and all the power of their armies.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AN Easy Chair for July, and specially for such a hot July, as we doubt not is just now ripening over our readers' heads, should be a cool chair, with a lining of leather, rather than the soft plushes which beguile the winter of its iciness. Just so, we should be on the look-out in these hap-hazard pages, that close our monthly labors, for what may be cooling in the way of talk; and should make our periods wear such shadows as will be grateful to our sun-beaten readers.

If by a touch of the pen, we could, for instance, build up a grove of leaf-covered trees, with some pebble-bottomed brook fretting below—idly, carelessly, impetuously—even as our pen goes fretting over this *Paris feuille*; and if we could steep our type in

that summer fragrance which lends itself to the country groves of July; and if we could superadd—like so many fragmentary sparkles of verse—the songs of July birds—what a claimant of your thanks we should become?

Much as a man may be street-ridden, after long city experience—even as the old and rheumatic become bed-ridden—yet the far-off shores of Hoboken, and the tree-whispers of St. John's and Grammercy Parks, do keep alive somewhat of the Eden longings, which are born into the world with us, and which can only die when our hearts are dead.

And hence it is that we find it a loving duty to linger much and often as we may in this sunny season of the year (alas, that it should be only in imagination!) around rural haunts—plucking flowers with broad-bonneted girls—studying shadows with artist eye—brushing the dews away with farmers' boys—lolling in pools with sleek-limbed cattle—dropping worms or minnow with artist anglers, and humming to ourselves, in the soft and genial spirit of the scene, such old-time pleasant verses as these:

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their quire the summer's queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixed with verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.
All these and many more of His creation
That made the Heavens, the angler oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing, thereof, an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And while he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

And since we are thus in the humor of old and rural-imagined verse—notwithstanding the puff and creak of the printing enginery is coming up from the caverns below us (a very Vulcan to the Venus of our thought) we shall ask your thanks for yet another triad of verses, which will (if you be not utterly barren) breed daisies on your vision.

The poet has spoken of such omnibus drives and Perrine pavements as offended good sense two or three hundred years ago:

Let them that list these pleasures then pursue,
And on their foolish fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And by the rivers fresh may walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rayes,
Pale ganderglas, and azure culverkayes.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compass of the loftie skie;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The wat'ry clouds that in the ayre up rolled
With sundry kinds of painted colors lie;
And faire Aurora lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry vaines,
The vaines enclosed with running rivers round,
The rivers making way through Nature's channes,
With headlong course into the sea profound:
The surging sea beneath the vallies low,
The vallies sweet, and lakes that gently flow.

The reader may thank us for a seasonable bouquet—tied up with old ribbon indeed, and in the old free and easy way—but the perfume is richer than the artificial scents of your modern verse.

We do not know who first gave the epithet "leafy June;" but the goodness of the term was never so plain, as through that twelfthlet of the year which has just shadowed our paths. Whether it be the heavy rains of the early spring, or an over-luxurious outburst from the over-stiff chains of the last winter—certain it is, that the trees never bore up such heaviness of green, or the grass promised such height and "bottom." And we can not forbear the hope, that the exceeding beauty of the summer will stimulate the activity and benevolence of those guardians of our city joy, in whose hands lies the fate of the "Up-town Park."

AND as we speak of parks, comes up a thought of that very elegant monument to the memory of Washington, which has risen out of the brains of imaginative and venturesome people, any time during the last fifty years. The affair seems to have a periodic and somewhat whimsical growth. We suffer a kind of intermittent Washingtonianism, which now and then shows a very fever of drawings, and of small subscriptions; and anon, the chill takes us, and shakes the whole fabric to the ground.

We can not but regard it as a very unfavorable symptom, that a corner-stone should have been laid some two or three years ago in a quarter called Hamilton Square, and that extraordinary energy should have pushed forward the monumental design to the height of a few feet.

Since that period a debility has prevailed. The Washington sentiment has languished painfully—proving to our mind most satisfactorily, that the true Washington enthusiasm is periodic in its growth; and that to secure healthful alternations of recruit and exuberance, it should—like asparagus—be cut off below ground.

Meantime, the strangers and office-seekers of our great capital, are doing somewhat toward redeeming the fame of the country. In connection with their design, a suggestion is just now bruited of calling upon clergymen, this coming Fourth of July (three days hence, bear in mind) to drop a hint to the memory of the hero who has made that day the Sunday of our political year, and furthermore, to drop such pennies, as his parishioners will bestow, into the Washington monumental fund.

We should be untrue to the chit-chat of the hour—as well as to our Washington fervor—if we did not give the suggestion a record, and the purpose a benison!

It is fortunate for all minor matters—such as Jenny Lind, Kossuth, green-peas, strawberries, and Lola Montez—that our President-making comes only by quartettes of years. It is painful to think of the monotone of talk which would overtake the world, if Baltimore Conventions were held monthly or even yearly.

We are writing now in the eye of the time; and can give no guess as to what candidates will emerge from the Baltimore ballot-boxes; but when this shall come under our reader's eye, two names only will form the foci of his political fears and hopes. Without any predilections whatever, we most ardently wish that our reader may not be disappointed—however his hopes may tend: and if any editor in the land can "trim" to his readers' humor, with greater sincerity, and larger latitude, we should like to know it.

OLE BULL has been delighting the musical world, in his way, for the month last gone, and has made

more converts to the violin, by the fullness of his faith, and the fervor of his action, than many preachers can win over, by like qualities, to any labor of love.

The truth is, there lies in this Scandinavian a heartiness of impulse, and an exuberance of soul, which makes the better part of what men call genius. You have a conviction—as you listen—that you are dependent for your delight upon no nice conformity with rules—no precision of compliance—no formulary excellence, but only and solely upon the spirit of the man, creeping over him to the very finger-tips, and making music and melody of very necessity.

There is a freshness, a wildness, a *fierté* in the harmonies that Ole Bull creates, which appeal not alone to your nice students of flats and sharps, but to every ear that ever heard a river flowing, or the sougling of pine woods. It is a make-piece—not of Donizetti's arias—but of that unceasing and musical hum which is going up every summer's day in the way of bee-chants, and bird-anthems, and which the soul-wakened Scandinavian has caught, and wrought and strung upon five bits of thread!

The papers (they are accountable for whatever may not be true in our stories) have told us strange, sad things of the musical hero's life. First, that he has been a great patron of the arts—nor is it easy to believe that he could be otherwise. Next, they have told us, that he is an earnest lover of such liberty as makes men think, and read, and till their own lands—nor is this hard to believe. Again they tell us that he has sometimes rendered himself obnoxious to the powers that be—that his estates, once very large, have been confiscated, and that he has come hitherward only for the sake of repairing his altered fortunes.

If the truth lie indeed so hardly upon him, we wish him even more success than his merit will be sure to win.

Among the *on dits* of the time, we must not pass by the good and ill-natured comments upon the new-passed Liquor Laws of Massachusetts and of Rhode Island. When the reader remembers that Nahant and Newport are within the limits of these two States, and that summer visitors to the favorite watering places are not unapt to call for a wine-card, and to moisten their roast lamb and peas (especially after an exhilarating sea-bath) with a cup of Heidseck, or of Longworth's sparkling Catawba, they may readily imagine the consternation that has crept over certain portions of the visiting world. We (meaning we as Editors) are of course without any preferences either for watering places or—for that matter—liquoring places. Yet we are curious to see how far the new system will favor the fullness and the gayety of the old summer resorts.

Persistent Newport visitors, who have grown old with their sherry and their port, are arranging for the transportation of "small stores," as a portion of their luggage; and are negotiating with the landlords their rates of "corkage." Whether this side-tax on the matter will not render host and guest obnoxious to the new-started laws, is a matter we commend to the serious attention of the hopeful lawyers of Newport.

What the reformatory legal enactments may do with the wine-growers of Ohio, and with the distillers of Pennsylvania and Indiana, we are curious to see. As for the latter, we can not say (speaking now in our individual capacity) that we should greatly regret the downfall of those huge distillery pig-yards, which spend their odors over the Ohio river; but as for the Cincinnati wines and vineyards, we

must confess that we have a lurking fondness that way—first, because the grape culture is Scriptural, beautiful, healthful; and next, because it is clothing the hill-sides of our West with a purple and bountiful product, that develops nobly the agricultural resources of the country, and throws the gauntlet in the very face of Burgundy. Still again, we have a fancy—perhaps a wrong one—that pure wines, well made, and cheapened to the wants of the humblest laborer, will outgrow and overshadow that feverish passion for stronger drink which vitiates so sadly our whole working population: and yet once again, we have charity for western vineyards, for a very love of their products; and have felt ourselves, after a wee bit of the quiet hock which Zimmermann presses out of the ripe Catawba—a better feeling toward our fellows, and a richer relish for such labor of the office as now hampers our pen.

UNDER story of pleasure-seeking for the summer, some Journalists record the intent of a southern party to broach—in the August that now lies thirty days into the sunshine—the passage of the Rocky Mountains, skirting by the way the miniature valley of the Missouri—wearing weapons of defense and offense—carrying parlors upon wheels, and kitchens in their carts—shooting rabbits and Indians as the seasons vary, and dining upon buffalo and corn bread à *volanté*.

We wish them much pleasure of the trip—meaning good roads, few Indians, and musquito bars.

Seriously, however, when shall we see the valley of the Missouri form a pleasant tangent to summer travel, and the sportsman who now camps it by Long Lake, or shoots coot by Monument Point—oiling his rifle for a range at the stalking varmint by St. Joseph's, and along the thousand forked branches of the Missouri waters?

At Minnesota, they say (the doubtful newspapers again,) people have discovered a gem of a lake,—so still, that the bordering trees seem growing root upward, and the islands are all *Siamesed* where they float; and so clear that you count your fish before you throw them the bait, and make such selections among the eager patrons of your hook, as you would do at the City market on the corner of Spring-street.

When Professor Page's Galvanic Railroad will take us there in a day, we will wash the ink from our fingers in the lake of Minnesota; and if the fates favor us, will stew a trout in Longworth's Catawba; meantime, we wait hopefully feeding upon Devoe's, moderately fatted mutton, and great plenty of imaginative diet.

AMONG the rest, old Markham's "Summer Contentments" has furnished us with rare meals, and inveigled us into trying with inapt hands the *metier* of the rod and angle. We flatter ourselves that we have won upon the *character* of the angler, however little we may win upon his fish.

"He must," says pleasant old Markham, "neither be amazed with storms, nor frightened with thunder; and if he is not temperate, but has a gnawing stomach that will not endure much fasting, and must observe hours, it troubleth the mind and body, and loseth that delight which only maketh pastime pleasing.

"He must be of a well-settled and constant belief to enjoy the benefit of his expectation; for than to despair, it were better never to be put in practice: and he must ever think, when the waters are pleasant, and any thing likely, that there the Creator of all good things, hath stored up much of plenty; and

though your satisfaction be not as ready as your wishes, yet you must hope still, that with perseverance you shall reap the fullness of your harvest with contentment. Then he must be full of love both to his pleasure, and his neighbor—to his pleasure, which will otherwise be irksome and tedious—and to his neighbor, that he never give offense in any particular, nor be guilty of any general destruction; then he must be exceeding patient, and neither vex nor exerce himself with any losses or mischances, as in losing the prey when it is almost in hand, or by breaking his tools by ignorance or negligence; but with pleased sufferance amend errors, and think mischances instructions to better carefulness."

We commend all this to the trout fishers among the musquitos, and black flies of Hamilton County—for even into that dim, and barbarian region, our monthly budget finds its way.

AMONG other things of the hour, we must spare a note for those pleasant statistics of author-and-book-dom, which the international discussion of Copyright has called into print.

Heretofore, the man of books has been reckoned as a liver, for the most part, upon such manna as rained down from time to time, from a very imaginative heaven; he has lived, by a certain charitable courtesy of the world, (which is coy of ferreting out its injustices) beyond the tongue of talk, and his pride and poverty have suffered an amiable reprieve.

The time, it seems, is now gone by; and we find Prescott and Irving submitted to the same fiscal measurement, as are the brokers upon 'Change. We wish the whole author fraternity might come as bravely out of it as the two we have named: and should it ever come to pass, that the fraternity were altogether rich, we hope they will not neglect the foundation of some quiet hospital for the poor fellows (like ourselves) who record their progress, and chronicle their honors.

In old times a fancy held men's minds, that the payment for poetry came only from Heaven: and that so soon as the Divine fingers which caught the minstrelsy of the angel world, touched upon gold, they palsied, and lost their power. Under the present flattering condition of the author world (of which, alas, we only read!) it may be well to revive the caution: the poor may, at the least, console themselves thereby; and as for the rich—they need no consolation.

Time and time again, we believe, spicy authors have threatened to take the publisher's business off his hands; and in lieu of half the profits, to measure them all with themselves. But, unfortunately for the credit of the calling, authors are, in the general way, blessed with very moderate financial capacity; and from Scott to Lamartine, they have in such venture, to the best of our observation, worked very hard—for very little pay.

SPEAKING of Lamartine, reminds us of a little episode of French life, which has latterly crept into the French papers, and which would have made (as the publishers say) a "companion volume" to Lamartine's *Raphael*—always provided it were as well written out. The episode is dismissed in two or three lines of the journals, and is headed in very attracting way—"Died of Love."

Such a kind of death being mostly unheard of—especially in New York—it will be necessary to justify the title by a somewhat fuller *résumé* of the story, than the journalist favors us with.

Marie of Montauban was as pretty a girl as the traveler might see in going through all of southern France; and a pretty girl of southern France, is more than pretty in any other quarter of France.

Her father had been a small *propriétaire*, and had married a descendant of an old family, under circumstances of that vague and wild romance which grew up a little after the old Revolution. Both the parents, however, died early in life: she inherited from the mother exceeding delicacy, and a refinement, which agreed very poorly with the poverty to which her father's improvidence had left her an heir.

Admired and beloved, and sometimes courted by those about her, she resolutely determined to secure her own support. She commenced in a romantic way—by quitting secretly her home, and throwing herself upon a very broad and a very wicked world. Fortune guided her to the home of a worthy baker; she here learned the smaller mysteries of his craft, and made such show in the front shop of her new-found patron, as bewitched the provincial *gailliards*, and made its tale upon the heart of the baker's son.

In short, the son wooed in earnest; the baker protested: and whether it was the protest (which is sure to kindle higher flame) or the honest heart of the wooer himself, Marie forgot the earnest longings, which her mother's nature had planted in her, and became the runaway wife of the runaway baker's son.

All French runaways (except from Government) go to Paris: therefore it was, that in a year's time, you might have seen the humble sign of the baker's son upon a modest shop of the Boulevard Beaumarchais. Beauty is always found out in Paris, and it is generally admired. Therefore it was, that the baker's son prospered, and the Café de Paris heard mention of the beautiful baker's wife of the Beau marchais.

But, with the sight of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and all the elegancies of metropolitan life, the old longings of the motherly nature came back to the humiliated Marie. She stole hours for reading and for music, and quieted her riotous ambition with the ambition of knowledge.

Still, however, her admirers besieged her; but, thanks to her birth, besieged in vain. From month to month she attended her shop; and from month to month beguiled her mission with reading of old stories, and with the music of her guitar.

Now, it happened that in this time, a certain Jacques Arago (well known to fame) chanced upon a day to visit the baker's shop of the Boulevard Beaumarchais; and it further happened, that as the customer was a traveler and a savant, that he fell into talk with the beautiful Marie, who even then held in her fingers some work of the visitor himself.

Talk ripened into conversation, and conversation into interest. The heart of Marie—always dutiful at home—now went wandering under the guide of her mind. She admired the distinguished traveler, and from admiring, she came presently—in virtue of his kind offices and of his instructions continued day after day—to love him.

Therefore it was that Jacques Arago, when he came to depart upon new voyages (and here we follow his own story, rather than probability), did not whisper of his leave to the beautiful Marie, who still held her place in the baker's shop upon the Boulevard Beaumarchais.

But she found her liking too strong to resist; and when she heard of his departure, she hurried away to Havre—only to see the sails of his out-bound ship glimmering on the horizon.

She bore the matter stoutly as she could—cherishing his letters each one as so many parts of the mind that had enslaved her; and, finally, years after, met him calmly, on his return. "I have lived," she said, "to see you again."

But in a little while, Arago, sitting one day in his bureau, receives a letter from Marie of Beaumarchais.

"You deceived me when you went away over the sea; I forgive you for it! Will you forgive me now another deception? I was not well when you saw me last; I am now in the Hospital Beaujon; I shall die before to-morrow. But I die faithful to my religion—God—you! Adieu! MARIE."

Jacques Arago himself writes so much of the story as has served to make the back-bone for this; and we appeal to the ninety thousand readers of our gossip if Jacques Arago needed any thing more than the *finesse* of Lamartine, and a touch of his poetic nature, to weave the story of poor Marie into another Raphael?

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S LETTER.

"THE STORY OF THE BRIDE OF LANDECK."

DEAR SIR—I now resume the very interesting tale I wished to tell you; but from which, in my last, I was diverted in a manner requiring some apology.

You know, however, that this failing of being carried away to collaterals, is frequent in old gentlemen and nurses; and you must make excuses for my age and infirmity. Now, however, you shall have the story of "The Bride of Landeck." A bride is always interesting, and therefore I trust that my bride will not be less so than others. There is something so touching in the confidence with which she bestows the care of her whole fate and happiness on another, something so strangely perilous, even in her very joy, such a misty darkness over that new world into which she plunges, that even the coarsest and most vulgar are moved by it.

I recollect an almost amusing instance of this. The very words employed by the speakers will show you that they were persons of inferior condition; and yet they were uttered with a sigh, and with every appearance of real feeling.

I was one day walking along through the streets of a great city, where it is the custom, in almost all instances, for marriages to take place in church. My way lay by the vestry of a fashionable church, and I was prevented for a minute or two from passing by a great throng of carriages, and a little crowd gathered to see a bride and bridegroom set out upon their wedding tour. There were two mechanics immediately before me—carpenters apparently—and, being in haste, I tried to force my way on. One of the men looked round, saying quietly, "There's no use pushing, you can't get by;" and in a moment after, the bridal party came forth. The bridegroom was a tall, fine-looking, grave young man; and the bride a very beautiful, interesting creature, hardly twenty. They both seemed somewhat annoyed by the crowd, and hurried into their carriage and drove away.

When the people dispersed, the two carpenters walked on before me, commenting upon the occurrence. "Well," said the one, "she's as pretty a creature as ever I saw; and he's a handsome man; but he looks a little sternish, to my mind. I hope he'll treat her well."

"Ah, poor thing," said the other, "she has tied a knot with her tongue, that she can not untie with her teeth."

It is not, however, only sentiment which is occasionally elicited at weddings. I have known some of the most ludicrous scenes in the world occur on these solemn occasions. One, especially, will never pass from my mind, and I must try to give you an account of it, although the task will be somewhat difficult.

Some fifty years ago, in the good city of Edinburgh, many of the conveniences, and even necessities of household comfort were arranged in a very primitive manner. It was about this time, or a little before it, that a gentleman, whom I afterward knew well, Mr. J—— F——, wooed and won a very beautiful girl of the best society in the city. His doing so was, indeed, a marvel to all; for, though young, witty, and well-looking, he was perhaps the most absent man upon the face of the earth; and the wonder was that he could ever recollect himself sufficiently to make love to one woman for two days consecutively. However, so it was; and a vast number of mistakes and blunders having been got over, the wedding day was appointed and came. The ceremony was to be performed in the house of the bride's father; and a large and fashionable company was assembled at the hour appointed. The bridegroom was known to have been in the house some time; but he did not appear; and minister, parents, bride, bridesmaids, and bridesmen, all full dressed, the ladies in court lappets, and the gentlemen with *chapeaux bras* under their arms, began to look very grave.

The bride's brother, however, knew his friend's infirmity, and was also aware that he had an exceedingly bad habit of reading classical authors in places the least fitted for such purposes. He stole out of the room, then, hurried to the place where he expected his future brother-in-law might be found; and a minute after, in spite of doors and stair-cases, his voice was heard exclaiming, "Jimmy—Jimmy: you forget you are going to be married, man. Every one is waiting for you."

"I will come directly—I will come directly," cried another voice—"I quite forgot—go and keep them amused."

The young gentleman returned, with a smile upon his face; but announced that the bridegroom would be there in an instant; and the whole party arranged themselves in a formidable semi-circle. This was just complete, when the door opened, and the bridegroom appeared. All eyes fixed upon him—all eyes turned toward his left arm, where his *chapeau bras* should have been; and a universal titter burst from all lips. Poor F—— stood confounded, perceived the direction of their looks, and turned his own eyes to his left arm also. Close pressed beneath it, appeared, instead of a neat black *chapeau bras*, a thin, flat, round piece of oak, with a small brass knob rising from the centre of one side. In horror, consciousness, and confusion, he suddenly lifted his arm. Down dropped the obnoxious implement, lighted on its edge, rolled forward into the midst of the circle, whirled round and round, as if paying its compliments to every body, and settled itself with a flounder at the bride's feet. A roar, which might have shook St. Andrews, burst from the whole party.

The bride married him notwithstanding, and practiced through life the same forbearance—the first of matrimonial virtues—which she showed on the present occasion.

Poor F——, notwithstanding the sobering effects of matrimony, continued always the most absent man in the world; and one instance occurred, some

fifteen or sixteen years after his marriage, which his wife used to tell with great glee. She was a very notable woman, and good housekeeper. Originally a Presbyterian, she had conformed to the views of her husband, and regularly frequented the Episcopal church. One Sunday, just before the carriage came to the door to take her and her husband to the morning service, she went down to the kitchen, as was her custom, in mercantile parlance, to take stock, and give her orders. She happened to be somewhat longer than usual: the carriage was announced, and poor F——, probably knowing that if he gave himself a moment to pause, he should forget himself, and his wife, and the church, and all other holy and venerable things, went down after her, with the usual, "My dear, the carriage is waiting; we shall be very late."

Mrs. F—— went through her orders with customary precision, took up her prayer-book, entered the carriage with her husband, and rolled away toward the church.

"My dear, what an extraordinary smell of bacon there is in the carriage," said Mr. F——.

"I do not smell it, my dear," said Mrs. F——.

"I do," said Mr. F——, expanding his nostrils emphatically.

"I think I smell it too, now," said Mrs. F——, taking a sniff.

"Well, I hope those untidy servants of ours do not smoke bacon in the carriage," said Mr. F——.

"Oh, dear, no," replied his wife, with a hearty laugh. "No fear of that, my dear."

Shortly after, the carriage stopped at the church door; and Mr. and Mrs. F—— mounted the stairs to their pew, which was in the gallery, and conspicuous to the whole congregation. The lady seated herself, and laid her prayer-book on the velvet cushion before her. Mr. F—— put his hand into his pocket, in search of his own prayer-book, and pulled out a long parallelogram, which was not a prayer-book, but which he laid on the cushion likewise.

"I don't wonder there was a smell of bacon in the carriage, my dear," whispered Mrs. F——; and, to his horror, he perceived lying before him, in the eyes of a thousand persons, a very fine piece of red-and-white streaky bacon, which he had taken up in the kitchen, thinking it was his prayer-book.

On only one subject could Mr. F—— concentrate his thoughts, and that was the law, in the profession of which he obtained considerable success, although occasionally, an awful blunder was committed; but, strange to say, never in the strictly legal part of his doings. He would forget his own name, and write that of some friend of whom he was thinking instead. He would confound plaintiff with defendant, and witnesses with counsel; but he never made a mistake in an abstract legal argument. There, where no collateral, and, as he imagined, immaterial circumstances were concerned—such as, who was the man to be hanged, and who was not—the reasoning was clear, acute, and connected; and for all little infirmities of mind, judges and jurors, who generally knew him well, made due allowance.

Other people had to make allowance also; and especially when, between terms, he would go out to pay a morning visit to a friend, Mrs. F—— never counted, with any certainty, upon his return for a month. He would go into the house where his call was to be made, talk for a few minutes, take up a book, and read till dinner time—dine—and lucky if he did not fancy himself in his own house, and take the head of the table. Toward night he might find

out his delusion, and the next morning proceed upon his way, borrowing a clean shirt, and leaving his dirty one behind him. Thus it happened, that at the end of a twelvemonth, his wardrobe comprised a vast collection of shirts, of various sorts and patterns, with his own name on very few of them.

The stories of poor Jimmy F——'s eccentricities in Edinburgh were innumerable. On one occasion, seeing a lady, on his return home, coming away from his own door, he handed her politely into her carriage, expressing his regret that she had not found Mrs. F—— at home.

"I am not surprised, my dear," said the lady, who was in reality his own wife, "that you forget me, when you so often forget yourself."

"God bless me," cried Jimmy, with the most innocent air in the world. "I was quite sure I had seen you somewhere before; but could not tell where it was."

Dear old Edinburgh, what a city thou wert when I first visited thee, now more than forty years ago! How full of strange nooks and corners, and, above all, how full of that racy and original character which the world in general is so rapidly losing! Warm hearted hospitality was one of the great characteristics of Auld Reekie in those times, and it must be admitted that social intercourse was sometimes a little too jovial. This did not indeed prevent occasional instances of miserly closeness, and well laughed at were they when they were discovered. There was a lady of good station and ample means in the city, somewhat celebrated for the not unusual combination of a niggard spirit, and a tendency to ostentatious display. Large supper parties were then in vogue; and I was invited to more than one of these entertainments at the house of Lady C—— G——, where I remarked that, though the table was well covered, the guests were not very strenuously pressed to their food. She had two old servants, a butler and a footman, trained to all her ways, and apparently participating in her economical feelings. These men, with the familiarity then customary in Scotch servants, did not scruple to give their mistress any little hints at the supper table in furtherance of her saving propensities, and as the old lady was somewhat deaf, these *asides* were pretty much public property. On one occasion, the butler was seen to bend over his mistress's chair, saying, in a loud whisper, and good broad Scotch, "Press the jeelies, my leddy—press the jeelies. They'll no keep."

Lady C—— G—— did not exactly catch his words, and looked up inquiringly in his face, and the man repeated, "Press the jeelies, my leddy: they're getting mouldy."

"Shave them, John—shave them," said Lady C—— G——, in a solemn tone.

"They've been shaved already, my leddy," roared John; and the company of course exploded.

But to return to my tale. The small village of Landeck, is situated in the heart of the Tyrol, and in that peculiar district, called the Vorarlberg. It is as lovely a spot as the eye of man can rest upon, and the whole drive, in fact, from Innspruck is full of picturesque beauty. But—

But I find this is the last page of the sheet, when I fondly fancied that I had another whole page, which I think would be sufficient to conclude the tale. I had probably better, therefore, reserve the story of The Bride of Landeck for another letter, and only beg you to believe me

Yours faithfully,

P.

Editor's Drawer.

IT is not a very long time ago, that "bustles" formed a very essential part of a fashionable lady's dress; nor has this singular branch of the fine arts altogether fallen into decadence at the present day. And, as apropos of this, we find in the "Drawer" a description of the uses of this article in Africa, which we think will awaken a smile upon the fair lips of our lady-readers. "The most remarkable article of dress," says the African traveler, from whom our extract is quoted, "that I have seen, is one which I have vaguely understood to constitute a part of the equipment of my fair countrywomen; in a word, the veritable '*Bustle*!' Among the belles here, there is a reason for the excrescence which does not exist elsewhere; for the little children ride astride the maternal bustle, which thus becomes as useful as it is an ornamental protuberance. Fashion, however, has evidently more to do with the matter than convenience; for old wrinkled grandmothers wear these beautiful anomalies, and little girls of eight years old display protuberances that might excite the envy of a Broadway belle. Indeed, Fashion may be said to have its perfect triumph and utmost refinement in this article; it being a positive fact that some of the girls hereabout wear *merely* the bustle, without so much as the shadow of a garment! Its native name is "*Tarb-Koshe*."

HERE is a formula for all who can couple "love" and "dove," by which they may rush into print as "poets" of the common "water." The skeleton may be called any thing—"Nature," "Poesy," "Woman," or what not:

Stream....mountain....straying,
Breeze... gentle....playing;
Bowers....beauty....bloom,
Rose....jessamine....perfume.
Twilight....moon....mellow ray,
Tint....glories....parting day.
Poet....stars....truth....delight,
Joy....sunshine....silence....night;
Voice....frown....affection....love,
Lion....anger....tamed dove.
Lovely....innocent....beguile,
Terror....frown....conquer....smile;
Loved one....horror....haste....delay,
Past....thorns....meet....gay.
Sweetness....life....weary....prose,
Love....hate....bramble....rose;
Absence....presence....glory....bright,
Life....halo....beauty....light.

NOT long since a young English merchant took his youthful wife with him to Hong-Kong, China, where the couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband, in broken English (worse than broken China):

"What you give for that wifey-wife yours?"

"Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

This the merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure; but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the Mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "s'pose you give her to me; I give you *five* thousand dollar!"

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed than amused; but the very grave and solemn air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in sober earnest; and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity

as he could assume. The Mandarin, however, continued to press his bargain:

"I give you *seven* thousand dollar," said he: "You take 'em?"

The merchant, who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled, at length, to inform his visitor that Englishmen were not in the habit of selling their wives after they once came in their possession—an assertion which the Chinaman was very slow to believe. The merchant afterward had a hearty laugh with his young and pretty wife, and told her that he had just discovered her full value, as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her; a very high figure, "as wives were going" in China at that time!

Nothing astonishes a Chinaman so much, who may chance to visit our merchants at Hong-Kong, as the deference which is paid by our countrymen to their ladies, and the position which the latter are permitted to hold in society. The very servants express their disgust at seeing American or English ladies permitted to sit at table with their lords, and wonder why men can so far forget their dignity!

WE have seen the thought contained in the following Persian fable, before, in the shape of a scrap of "Proverbial Philosophy," by an eastern sage; but the sentiment is so admirably versified in the lines, that we can not resist presenting them to the reader:

"A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain:
'My brief existence now is ended.
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live—unknown to die.'

"It chanced to fall into the sea,
And then an open shell received it;
And, after-years, how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
That drop of rain had formed a gem,
To deck a monarch's diadem."

THERE is a certain London cockneyism that begins to obtain among *some* persons even here—and that is, the substitution of the word "gent," for gentleman. It is a gross vulgarism. In England, however, the terms are more distinctive, it seems. A waiting-maid at a provincial inn, on being asked how many "gents" there were in the house, replied, "Three gents and four gentlemen." "Why do you make a distinction, Betty?" said her interrogator. "Oh, why, the gents are only *half* gentlemen, people from the country, who come on horseback; the others have their carriages, and are *real* gentlemen!"

Most readers will remember the ill-favored fraternity mentioned by Addison, known as "*The Ugly Club*," into which no person was admitted without a visible queerity in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance. The club-room was decorated with the heads of eminent ogres; in short, every thing was in keeping with the deformed objects of the association. They have a practice at the West of giving to the ugliest man in all the "diggins" round about, a jack-knife, which he carries until he meets with a man uglier than himself, when the new customer "takes the knife," with all its honors. A certain notorious "beauty" had carried the knife for a long time, with no prospect of ever being called upon to "stand and deliver" it. He had an under-lip, which hung down like a motherless colt's, bending into a sort of pouch for a permanent chew of tobacco

his eyes had a diabolical squint *each way*; his nose was like a ripe warty tomato; his complexion like that of an old saddle-flap; his person and limbs a miracle of ungainliness, and his gait a cross between the slouch of an elephant and the scrambling movement of a kangaroo. Yet this man was compelled to give up the knife. It happened in this wise: *He was kicked in the face by a horse!* His "mug," as the English cockney would call it, was smashed into an almost shapeless mass. But so *very* ugly was he *before* the accident, that, when his face got well, it was found to be so much improved that he was obliged to surrender up the knife to a successful competitor! He must have been a handsome man, whom a kick in the face by a horse would "improve!"

SOME years ago the Queen of England lost a favorite female dog. It was last seen, before its death, poking its nose into a dish of sweet-breads on the pantry-dresser. Foul play was suspected; the scullery-maid was examined; the royal dog-doctor was summoned; a "crown's quest" was held upon the body; and the surgeon, after the evidence was "all in," assuming the office of coroner, proceeded to "sum up" as follows:

"This affair was involved, apparently, in a good deal of doubt until this inquisition was held. The deceased might have been poisoned, or might not; and here the difficulty comes in, to determine whether he was or wasn't. On a post-mortem examination, there was a good deal of vascular inflammation about the coats of the nose; and I have no doubt the affair of the sweet-bread, which was possibly very highly peppered, had something to do with these appearances. The pulse had, of course, stopped; but, as far as I could judge from appearances, I should say it had been pretty regular. The ears were perfectly healthy, and the tail appeared to have been recently wagged; showing that there could have been nothing very wrong in that quarter. The conclusion at which, after careful consideration, I have arrived, is, that the royal favorite came to his death from old age, or rather from the lapse of time; and a *deodand* is therefore imposed on the kitchen-clock, which was rather fast on the day of the dog's death, and very possibly might have accelerated his demise!"

It is no small thing to be called on suddenly to address a public meeting, of any sort, and to find all your wits gone a-wool-gathering, when you most require their services. "Such being the case," and "standing admitted," as it will be, by numerous readers, we commend the following speech of a compulsory orator at the opening of a free hospital:

"GENTLEMEN—Ahem!—I—I—I rise to say—that is, I wish to propose a toast—wish to propose a toast. Gentlemen, I think that you'll all say—ahem—I think, at least, that this toast is, as you'll say, the toast of the evening—toast of the evening. Gentlemen, I belong to a good many of these things—and I say, gentlemen, that this hospital requires no patronage—at least, you don't want any recommendation. You've only got to be ill—got to be ill. Another thing—they are all locked up—I mean they are shut up separate—that is, they've all got separate beds—separate beds. Now, gentlemen, I find by the report (*turning over the leaves in a fidgety manner*), I find, gentlemen, that from the year seventeen—no, eighteen—no, ah, yes, I'm right—eighteen hundred and fifty—No! it's a 3, thirty-six—eighteen hundred and thirty-six, no less than one hundred and ninety-three millions—no! ah! (*to a committee-man at his side*), Eh?—what?—

oh, yes—thank you!—thank you, yes—one hundred and ninety-three thousand—two millions—no (*looking through his eye-glass*), two hundred and thirty-one—one hundred and ninety-three thousand, two hundred and thirty-one! Gentlemen, I beg to propose—

"*Success to this Institution!*"

Intelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphics, and "clear as mud" to the "most superficial observer!"

THAT was a touch of delicate sarcasm which is recorded of Charles Lamb's brother, "James Elia." He was out at Eton one day, with his brother and some other friends; and upon seeing some of the Eton boys, students of the college, at play upon the green, he gave vent to his forebodings, with a sigh and solemn shake of the head: "Ah!" said he, "what a pity to think that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous members of parliament!"

SOME spendthrifts belonging to "*The Blues*" having been obliged to submit their "very superior long-tailed troop horses" to the arbitrament of a London auctioneer's hammer, a wag "improves the occasion" by inditing the following touching parody:

"Upon the ground he stood,
To take a last fond look
At the troopers, as he entered them
In the horse-buyer's book.
He listened to the neigh,
So familiar to his ear;
But the soldier thought of bills to pay,
And wiped away a tear.

"Beside the stable-door,
A mare fell on her knees;
She cocked aloft her crow-black tail,
That fluttered in the breeze,
She seemed to breathe a prayer—
A prayer he could not hear—
For the soldier felt his pockets bare,
And wiped away a tear.

"The soldier blew his nose—
Oh! do not deem him weak!
To meet his creditors, he knows
He's not sufficient 'cheek.'
Go read the writ-book through,
And 'mid the names, I fear,
You're sure to find the very Blue
Who wiped away the tear!"

WE believe it is Dryden who says, "It needs all we know to make things *plain*." We wonder what he would have thought of this highly intelligible account of blowing up a ship by a submarine battery, as Monsieur Maillefert blew up the rocks in Hellgate:

"There is no doubt that all submarine salts, acting in coalition with a pure phosphate, and coagulating chemically with the sublimate of marine potash, will create combustion in nitrous bodies. It is a remarkable fact in physics, that sulphurous acids, held in solution by glutinous compounds, will create igneous action in aquiferous bodies; and hence it is, therefore, that the pure carbonates of any given quantity of bituminous or ligneous solids will of themselves create the explosions in question."

We have heard men listen to such lucid, *pellucid* "expositions" as this, with staring eyes:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

HE was a keen observer and a rare discriminator of children, who drew this little picture, in a work upon "Childhood and its Reminiscences.":

"See those two little girls! You hardly know which is the elder, so closely do they follow each

other. They were born to the same routine, and will be bred in it for years, perhaps, side by side, in unequal fellowship; one pulling back, the other dragging forward. Watch them for a few moments as they play together, each dragging her doll about in a little cart. Their names are Cecilia and Constance, and they manage their dolls always as differently as they will their children. You ask Cecilia where she is going to drive her doll to, and she will tell you, 'Through the dining-room into the hall, and then back into the dining-room,' which is all literally true. You ask Constance, and with a grave, important air, and a loud whisper, for Doll is not to hear on any account, she answers, 'I am going to take her to London, and then to Brighton, to see her little cousin: the hall is Brighton, you know,' she adds, with a condescending look. Cecilia laments over a dirty frock, with a slit at the knee, and thinks that Mary, the maid, will never give her the new one she promised. Constance's doll is somewhat in the costume of the king of the Sandwich Islands; top-boots and a cocked-hat, having only a skein of worsted tied round her head, and a strip of colored calico on her shoulders; but she is perfectly satisfied that it is a wreath of flowers and a fine scarf; bids you smell of the "rose-oil" in her hair, and then whips herself, to jump over the mat.

"In other matters, the case is reversed. When fear is concerned, Cecilia's imagination becomes active, and Constance's remains perfectly passive. A bluff old gentleman passes through that same hall. The children stop their carts and stare at him, upon which he threatens to put them in his pocket. Poor Cecilia runs away, in the greatest alarm; but Constance coolly says: "You *can't* put us in your pocket; it isn't half big enough!"

It strikes us that there is an important lesson to parents in this last passage. Because *one* child has no fear to go to bed in the dark, how many poor trembling children, differently constituted, have passed the night in an agony of fear!

THERE are few more striking things in verse, in the English Language, than "*The Execution of Montrose*." The author has not, to our knowledge, been named, and the lines appeared for the first time many years ago. The illustrious head of the great house of GRAHAME in Scotland was condemned to be hung, drawn, and quartered; his head to be affixed on an iron pin and set on the pinnacle of the Tolbooth in Edinburgh; one hand to be set on the port of Perth, the other on the port of Stirling; one leg and foot on the port of Aberdeen, the other on the port of Glasgow. In the hour of his defeat and of his death he showed the greatness of his soul, by exhibiting the most noble magnanimity and Christian heroism. The few verses which follow will enable the reader to judge of the spirit which pervades the poem:

"'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose:
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the CAMPBELL clan
By Inverlochy's shore:
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the LINDSAY's pride!
But never have I told thee yet,
How the Great Marquis died!
"A traitor sold him to his foes;
Oh, deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of ASSYNT's name—

Be it upon the mountain side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him, as thou would'st face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!"

The poet goes on to describe his riding to the place of execution in a cart, with hands tied behind him, and amidst the jeers and taunts of his enemies; but his noble bearing subdued the hearts of many even of his bitter foes. Arrived at the place of execution, the "Great Marquis" looks up to the scaffold, and exclaims:

"Now by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the red St. Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Ay, by a greater, mightier oath,
And oh! that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought on battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
To win a martyr's crown!
"There is a chamber far away,
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right 'gainst treason's might,
This hand has always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then raise my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb,
And God who made, shall gather them;
I go from you to HIM!"

We know of few sublimer deaths than this, in which the poet has taken no liberties with historical facts.

A CUNNING old fox is Rothschild, the greatest banker in the world. He said, on one occasion, to Sir Thomas Buxton, in England, "My success has always turned upon one maxim. I said, '*I can do what another man can;*' and so I am a match for all the rest of 'em. Another advantage I had: I was always an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had eight hundred thousand pounds in gold to sell. I went to the sale, and bought the whole of it. I knew the Duke of Wellington *must* have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me, and *said* they must have it. When they had got it, they didn't know how to get it to Portugal, where they wanted it. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did in my life.

"It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to one half the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon.

"One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man. He tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So when I go out, I hear first, 'Grunt, grunt,' then 'Squeak, squeak.' But this does me no harm. I am always in good-humor. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, he runs away as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing."

TRAVELERS by railroad, who stop at the "eating

stations," and are hurried away by the supernatural shriek of the locomotive before they have begun their repast, will appreciate and laugh at the following:

"We have sometimes seen in a pastry-cook's window, the announcement of 'Soups hot till eleven at night,' and we have thought how very hot the said soups must be at ten o'clock in the morning; but we defy any soup to be so red-hot, so scorchingly and so intensely scarifying to the roof of the mouth, as the soup you are allowed just three minutes to swallow at the railway stations. In the course of our perigrinations, a day or two ago, we had occasion to stop at a distant station. A smiling gentleman, with an enormous ladle, said insinuatingly:

"'Soup, sir?'"

"'Thank you—yes.'"

"Then the gigantic ladle was plunged into a caldron, which hissed with hot fury at the intrusion of the ladle.

"We were put in possession of a plateful of a colored liquid, that actually took the skin off our face by mere steam. Having paid for the soup, we were just about to put a spoonful to our lips when a bell was rung, and the gentleman who had suggested the soup, ladled out the soup, and got the money for the soup, blandly remarked:

"'Sir, the train is just off!'"

"We made a desperate thrust of a spoonful into our mouth, but the skin peeled off our lips, tongue, and palate, like the 'jacket' from a hot potato."

Probably the same soup was served out to the passengers by the next train. Meanwhile the "soup-vendor smiled pleasantly, and evidently enjoyed the fun!"

ONE of the best of the minor things of Thackeray's—thrown off, doubtless before his temporarily-suspended cigar had gone out—is the following. It is a satire upon the circumstance of some fifty deer being penned into the narrow wood of some English nobleman, for Prince ALBERT to "hunt" in those confined limits. The lines are by "Jeems, cousin-german on the Scotch side," to "Chawls Yellowplush, Esquire:—"

"SONNICK.

"SEJESTED BY PRINCE HALBERT GRATIOUSLY KILLING
THE STAGS AT JACKS COBUG GOTHY.

"Some forty Ed of sleek and hantlered dear,
In Cobug (where such hanimels abound)
Was shot, as by the newspaper I 'ear,
By Halbert, Usband of the British crown.
Britannia's Queen let fall the pretty tear,
Seeing them butchered in their sylvan prisns;
Igspecially when the keepers standing round,
Came up and cut their pretty innocent whizns.
Suppose, instead of this pore Germing sport,
This Saxon wenison wich he shoots and bags,
Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court,
And make a massyker of Henglish stags.
Poor stags of Hengland! were the Untsman at you,
What havoc he would make, and what a tremenjus
battu. JEEMS."

WHAT is pleasure? It is an extremely difficult thing to say what "pleasure" means. Pleasure bears a different scale to every person. Pleasure to a country girl may mean a village ball, and "so many partners that she danced till she could scarcely stand." Pleasure to a school-boy means tying a string to his school-fellow's toe when he is asleep, and pulling it till he wakens him. Pleasure to a "man of inquiring mind" means, "a toad inside of a stone," or a beetle running around with his head off. Pleasure to a hard-laboring man means doing no-

thing; pleasure to a fashionable lady means, "having something to do to drive away the time." Pleasure to an antiquary means, an "illegible inscription." Pleasure to a connoisseur means, a "dark, invisible, very fine picture." Pleasure to the social, the "human face divine." Pleasure to the morose, "Thank Heaven, I shan't see a soul for the next six months!"

"WHY don't you wash and dress yourself when you come into a court of justice?" asked a pompous London judge of a chimney-sweep, who was being examined as a witness. "Dress myself, my lord," said the sweep: "I *am* dressed as much as your lordship: you are in your *working*-clothes, and so am I!"

A GOOD while ago that inimitable wag, PUNCH had some very amusing "*Legal Maxims*," with comments upon them; a few of which found their way into the "Drawer," and a portion of which we sub-join:

"*A personal action dies with the person.*"—This maxim is clear enough; and means that an action brought against a man, when he dies in the middle of it, can not be continued. Thus, though the law sometimes, and very often, pursues a man to the grave, his rest there is not likely to be disturbed by the lawyers. If a soldier dies in action, the action does not necessarily cease, but is often continued with considerable vigor afterward.

"*Things of a higher nature determine things of a lower nature.*"—Thus a written agreement determines one in words; although if the words are of a very high nature, they put an end to all kinds of agreement between the parties.

"*The greater contains the less.*"—Thus, if a man tenders more money than he ought to pay, he tenders what he owes: for the greater contains the less; but a quart wine-bottle, which is greater than a pint and a half, does not always contain a pint and a half; so that, in this instance, the less is not contained in the greater.

"*Deceit and fraud shall be remedied on all occasions.*"—It may be very true, that deceit and fraud ought to be remedied, but whether they *are*, is quite another question. It is much to be feared, that in law, as well as in other matters, *ought* sometimes stands for nothing.

"*The law compels no one to impossibilities.*"—This is extremely considerate on the part of the law; but if it does not compel a man to impossibilities, it sometimes drives him to attempt them. The law, however, occasionally acts upon the principle of two negatives making an affirmative; thus treating two impossibilities as if they amounted to a possibility. As, when a man can not pay a debt, law-expenses are added, which he can not pay either; but the latter being added to the former, it is presumed, perhaps, that the two negatives, or impossibilities may constitute one affirmative or possibility, and the debtor is accordingly thrown into prison, if he fails to accomplish it.

SOME country readers of the "Drawer," unacquainted with the dance called the "*Mazurka*," may like to know how to accomplish that elaborate and fashionable species of saltation. Here follows a practical explanation of the figures:

Get a pair of dress-boats, high heels are the best,

And a partner; then stand with six more in a ring;

Skip thrice to the right, take two stamps and a rest,

Hop thrice to the left, give a kick and a fling;

Be careful in stamping some neighbor don't rue it,
Though people with corns had better not do it.

Your partner you next circumnavigate ; that
Is, dance all the way round her, unless she's too fat ;
Make a very long stride, then two hops for *poussette* ;
Lastly, back to your place, if you can, you must get.
A general *mêlée* here always ensues,
Begun by the loss of a few ladies' shoes ;
A faint and a scream—"Oh, dear, I shall fall !" [all.
"How stupid you are !"—"We are all wrong !" and that's

Truly to appreciate such a dancing scene as this,
one should see it through a closed window, at a fashion-
able watering-place, without being able to hear a
note of the music, the "moving cause" of all the
frisking.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

MISS TREPHINA and Miss TREPHOSA, two ancient
ladies of virgin fame, formerly kept a boarding-house
in the immediate neighborhood of the Crosby-street
Medical College. They *took in* students, did their
washing, and to the best of their abilities mended
their shirts and their morals. Miss Trephina, in spite
of the numerous landmarks which time had set up
upon her person, was still of the sentimental order.
She always dressed "*de rigueur*" in cerulean blue,
and wore false ringlets, and teeth (*miserabile dictu*!)
of exceedingly doubtful *extraction*. Miss Trephosa,
her sister, was on the contrary an uncommonly
"strong-minded" woman. Her appearance would
have been positively majestic, had it not been for an
unfortunate squint, which went far to upset the dig-
nified expression of her countenance. She wore a
fillet upon her brows "*à la Grecque*," and people *did*
say that her temper was as cross as her eyes. Bob
Turner was a whole-souled Kentuckian, for whom
his professorial guardian obtained lodgings in the es-
tablishment presided over by these two fascinating
damsels. Somehow or other, Bob and his hostesses
did not keep upon the best of terms very long. Bob
had no notion of having his minutest actions submit-
ted to a surveillance as rigid as (in his opinion) it
was impertinent. One morning a fellow-student
passing by at an early hour, saw the Kentuckian,
who was standing upon the steps of the dragons' cas-
tle, from which he had just emerged, take from his
pocket a slip of paper, and proceed to affix the same,
with the aid of wafers, to the street door. The stu-
dent skulked about the premises until Bob was out of
sight, and he could read without observation the in-
scription placarded upon the panel. It was as fol-
lows—we do not vouch for its originality, although
we know nothing to the contrary :

"To let or to lease, for the term of her life,
A scolding old maid, in the way of a wife ;
She's old and she's ugly—ill-natured and thin ;
For further particulars, inquire within !"

An hour afterward the paper had disappeared from
the door. Whether Bob was ever detected or not we
can not tell, but he changed his lodgings the next
term.

THE Spaniards have a talent for self-glorification
which throws that of all other nations, even our own,
into the shade. Some allowance should be made, per-
haps, for conventional hyperbolism of style, but vanity
has as much to do with it as rhetoric. A traveled
friend saw performed at Barcelona a play called
"*Españoles sobre todos*"—"Spaniards before all"—
in which the hero, a Spanish knight, and a perfect
paladin in prowess, overthrows more English and
French knights with his single arm than would con-
stitute the entire regular army of this country. All

these absurdities were received by the audience with
a grave enthusiasm marvelous enough to witness.
The play had a great run in all the cities of Spain,
until it reached Madrid, where its first representation
scandalized the French ambassador to such a degree,
that, like a true Gaul as he was, he made it a na-
tional question, interfered diplomatically, and the
Government suppressed the performance.

There is a light-house at Cadiz—a very good light-
house—but in no respect an extraordinary production
of art. There is an inscription carved upon it, well
peppered with notes of exclamation, and which trans-
lated reads as follows :

"This light-house was erected upon Spanish soil,
of Spanish stone, by Spanish hands."

AN old farmer from one of the rural districts—we
may be allowed to say, from one of the very rural dis-
tricts—recently came to town to see the sights, leav-
ing his better-half at home, with the cattle and the
poultry. Among various little keepsakes which he
brought back to his wife, on his return to his Penates,
was his own daguerreotype. "Oh! these men, these
men! what creturs they are!" exclaimed the old
lady, on receiving it; "just to think that he should
fetch a picture of himself all the way from York, and
be so selfish as not to fetch one of me at the same
time!"

THE following good story is told of George Ho-
garth, the author of musical history, biography, and
criticism, and of "*Memoirs of the Musical Drama*."
It seems that Mr. Hogarth is an intimate friend
of Charles Dickens. Upon one occasion, Mr. Dick-
ens had a party at his house, at which were pres-
ent, among other notabilities, Miss —, the famous
singer, and her mother, a most worthy lady, but not
one of the "illuminated." Mr. Hogarth's engage-
ment as musical critic for some of the leading London
Journals kept him busy until quite late in the even-
ing; and to Mrs. —'s reiterated inquiries as to when
Mr. Hogarth might be expected, Mr. Dickens replied
that he could not venture to hope that he would come
in before eleven o'clock. At about that hour the old
gentleman, who is represented as being one of the
mildest and most modest of men, entered the rooms,
and the excited Mrs. — solicited an immediate in-
troduction. When the consecrated words had been
spoken by the amused host, fancy the effect of
Mrs. —'s bursting out with the hearty exclamation,
"Oh, Mr. Hogarth, how shall I express to you the
honor which I feel on making the acquaintance of the
author of the '*Rake's Progress*!'"

We wish it had been our privilege to see Dickens'
face at that moment.

DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER married an Irish lady,
of the city of Dublin, we believe, whose name was
Cicily. The Doctor is represented not to have treat-
ed her with all conceivable marital tenderness.
Among the University wags, he went by the name of
"*Dionysius, the Tyrant of Cicily*" (*Sicily*.)

THE late Pope of Rome, Gregory XVI., was once
placed in an extremely awkward dilemma, in conse-
quence of his co-existing authority as temporal and
spiritual prince. A child of Jewish parentage was
stolen from its home in early infancy. Every possi-
ble effort was made to discover the place of its con-
cealment, but for many years without any success.
At length, after a long lapse of time, it was accident-
ally ascertained that the boy, who had now almost
grown a man, was residing in a Christian family, in a

section of the town far removed from the "Ghetto," or Jews' quarter. The delighted parents eagerly sought to take their child home at once, but his Christian guardians refused to give him up; and the Pope was applied to by both parties, to decide upon the rival claims. On the one hand it was urged, that, as the head of the State, his Holiness could never think of countenancing the kidnapping of a child, and the detaining him from his natural friends. On the other hand it was contended, that, as head of the Church, it was impossible for him to give back to infidelity one who had been brought up a true believer. The case was a most difficult one to pass upon, and what might have been the result it would be hard to tell, had not the voice of habit been stronger than the voice of blood, and the subject of the dispute expressed an earnest desire to cling to the Church rather than be handed over to the Synagogue.

THE famous humorist, Horne Tooke, once stood for Parliament in the Liberal interest. His election was contested by a person who had made a large fortune as a public contractor. This gentleman, in his speech from the hustings, exhorted the constituency not to elect a man who had no stake in the country. Mr. Tooke, in reply, said that he must confess, with all humility, that there was, at least, one stake in the country which he did not possess, and that was a stake taken from the public fence.

Upon another occasion, the blank form for the income-tax return was sent in to Mr. Tooke to be filled up. He inserted the word "Nil," signed it, and returned it to the board of county magistrates. Shortly afterward he was called before this honorable body of gentlemen to make an explanation. "What do you mean by 'Nil,' sir?" asked the most ponderous of the gentlemen upon the bench. "I mean literally 'Nil,'" answered the wag.

"We perfectly understand the meaning of the Latin word *Nil*—nothing," rejoined the magistrate, with an air of self-congratulation upon his learning. "But do you mean to say, sir, that you live without any income at all—that you live upon nothing?"

"Upon nothing but my brains, gentlemen," was Tooke's answer.

"Upon nothing but his brains!" exclaimed the presiding dignitary to his associates. "It seems to me that this is a novel source of income."

"Ah, gentlemen," retorted the humorist, "it is not every man that *has brains to mortgage*."

IN nothing is the irregularity of our orthography shown more than in the pronunciation of certain proper names. The English noble names of Beauchamp, Beauvoir, and Cholmondeley are pronounced respectively Beechum, Beaver, and Chumley.

One of the "Anglo-Saxon" reformers, meeting Lord Cholmondeley one day coming out of his own house, and not being acquainted with his Lordship's person, asked him if Lord Chol-mon-de-ley (pronouncing each syllable distinctly), was at home? "No," replied the Peer, without hesitation. "nor any of his pe-o-ple."

BEFORE commons were abolished at Yale College, it used to be customary for the steward to provide turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinner. As visits of poultry to the "Hall" table were "few and far between," this feast was looked forward to with anxious interest by all the students. The birds, divested of their feathers, were ordinarily deposited over-

night in some place of safety—not unfrequently in the Treasurer's office.

Upon one occasion a Vandal-like irruption, by some unknown parties, was made in the dead of night upon the place of deposit. By the next morning the birds had all flown—been spirited away, or carried off—we give the reader his choice. A single venerable specimen of antiquity, the stateliest of the flock, was found tied by the legs to the knocker of the steward's door. And, as if to add insult to injury (or injury to insult, as you please), a paper was pinned upon his breast with the significant motto written upon it: *E pluribus unum*—"One out of many."

AT one corner of the Palazzo Braschi, the last monument of Papal nepotism, near the Piazza Navona, in Rome, stands the famous mutilated torso known as the Statue of Pasquin. It is the remains of a work of art of considerable merit, found at this spot in the sixteenth century, and supposed to represent Ajax supporting Menelaus. It derives its modern name, as Murray tells us, from the tailor Pasquin, who kept a shop opposite, which was the rendezvous of all the gossips in the city, and from which their satirical witticisms on the manners and follies of the day obtained a ready circulation. The fame of Pasquin is perpetuated in the term *pasquinade*, and has thus become European; but Rome is the only place in which he flourishes. The statue of Marforio, which stood near the arch of Septimius Severus, in the Forum, was made the vehicle for replying to the attacks of Pasquin; and for many years they kept up an incessant fire of wit and repartee. When Marforio was removed to the Museum of the Capitol, the Pope wished to remove Pasquin also; but the Duke di Braschi, to whom he belongs, would not permit it. Adrian VI. attempted to arrest his career by ordering the statue to be burnt and thrown into the Tiber, but one of the Pope's friends, Ludovico Sussano, saved him, by suggesting that his ashes would turn into frogs, and croak more terribly than before. It is said that his owner is compelled to pay a fine whenever he is found guilty of exhibiting any scandalous placards. The modern Romans seem to regard Pasquin as part of their social system; in the absence of a free press, he has become in some measure the organ of public opinion, and there is scarcely an event upon which he does not pronounce judgment. Some of his sayings are extremely broad for the atmosphere of Rome, but many of them are very witty, and fully maintain the character of his fellow-citizens for satirical epigrams and repartee. When Mezzofante, the great linguist, was made a Cardinal, Pasquin declared that it was a very proper appointment, for there could be no doubt that the "Tower of Babel," "*Il torre di Babel*," required an interpreter. At the time of the first French occupation of Italy, Pasquin gave out the following satirical dialogue:

"I Francesi son tutti ladri,

"Non tutti—ma Buonaparte."

"The French are all robbers.

"Not all, but a *good part* :," or,

"Not all—but Buonaparte."

Another remarkable saying is recorded in connection with the celebrated Bull of Urban VIII., excommunicating all persons who took snuff in the Cathedral of Seville. On the publication of this decree, Pasquin appropriately quoted the beautiful passage in Job—"Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?"

Literary Notices.

The Naval Dry Docks of the United States. By CHARLES B. STUART.—This elegant volume, by the Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy, is dedicated with great propriety to President Fillmore. It is an important national work, presenting a forcible illustration of the scientific and industrial resources of this country, and of the successful application of the practical arts to constructions of great public utility. The Dry Docks at the principal Navy Yards in the United States are described in detail—copious notices are given of the labor and expense employed in their building—with a variety of estimates, tables, and plans, affording valuable materials for reference to the contractor and engineer. Gen. Stuart has devoted the toil of many years to the preparation of this volume, which forms the first of a series, intended to give a history and description of the leading public works in the United States. He has accomplished his task with admirable success. Every page bears the marks of fidelity, diligence, and skill. The historical portions are written in a popular style, and as few professional technicalities have been employed as were consistent with scientific precision. In its external appearance, this publication is highly creditable to American typography; a more splendid specimen of the art has rarely, if ever been issued from the press in this country. The type, paper, and binding are all of a superior character, and worthy of the valuable contents of the volume. The scientific descriptions are illustrated by twenty-four fine steel engravings, representing the most prominent features of the Dry Docks at different stages of their construction. We trust that this superb volume, in which every American may well take an honest pride, will not only attract the attention of scientific men, but find its way generally into our public and private libraries.

A unique work on the manners of gentlemen in society has been issued by Harper and Brothers, entitled, *The Principles of Courtesy*. The author, GEORGE WINFRED HERVEY, whom we now meet for the first time in the domain of authorship, seems to have made a specialty of his subject, judging from the completeness of detail and earnestness of tone which he has brought to its elucidation. It is clearly his mission to "catch the living manners as they rise," to submit them to a stringent search for any thing contraband of good feeling or good taste. He is an observer of no common acuteness. While he unfolds with clearness the great principles of courtesy, few trifles of detail are too unimportant to escape his notice. He watches the social bearing of men in almost every imaginable relation of life—detects the slight shades of impropriety which mar the general comfort—points out the thousand little habits which diminish the facility and grace of friendly intercourse—and spares no words to train up the aspirants for decency of behavior in the way they should go. We must own that we have usually little patience with works of this description. The manners of a gentleman are not formed by the study of Chesterfield. A formal adherence to written rules may make dancing-masters, or Sir Charles Grandisons; but the untaught grace of life does not come from previous intent. This volume, however, somewhat modifies our opinion. It is no stupid collection of stereotype precepts, but a bold, lively discussion of the moralities of society, interspersed with frequent dashes of caustic humor, and occasional

sketches of character in the style of La Bruyère. Whatever effect it may have in mending the manners of our social circles, it is certainly a shrewd, pungent book, and may be read for amusement as well as edification.

An Exposition of some of the Laws of the Latin Grammar, by GESSNER HARRISON, M.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This is a treatise on several nice topics of Latin philology, which are discussed with great sagacity and analytic skill. It is not intended to take the place of any of the practical grammars now in use, but aims rather to supply some of their deficiencies, by presenting a philosophical explanation of the inflections and syntax of the language. Although the subtle distinctions set forth by the author may prove too strong meat for the digestion of the beginner, we can assure the adept in verbal analogies, that he will find in this volume a treasure of rare learning and profound suggestion. While professedly devoted to the Latin language, it abounds with instructive hints and conclusions on general philology. It is one of those books which, under a difficult exterior, conceals a sweet and wholesome nutriment. Whoever will crack the nut, will find good meat.

An excellent aid in the acquisition of the French language may be found in Professor FASQUELLE's *New Method*, published by Newman and Ivison. It is on the plan of Woodbury's admirable German Grammar, and for simplicity, copiousness, clearness, and accuracy, is not surpassed by any manual with which we are acquainted.

The Two Families is the title of a new novel by the author of "Rose Douglas," republished by Harper and Brothers. Pervaded by a spirit of refined gentleness and pathos, the story is devoted to the description of humble domestic life in Scotland, perpetually appealing to the heart by its sweet and natural simplicity. The moral tendency of this admirable tale is pure and elevated, while the style is a model of unpretending beauty.

A Greek Reader, by Professor JOHN J. OWEN (published by Leavitt and Allen), is another valuable contribution of the Editor to the interests of classical education. It comprises selections from the fables of Æsop, the Jests of Hierocles, the Apophthegms of Plutarch, the Dialogues of Lucian, Xenophon's *Anabasis* and *Cyropædia*, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the Odes of Anacreon. With the brief Lexicon and judicious Notes by the Editor, it forms a highly convenient text-book for the use of beginners.

The Second Volume of LAMARTINE's *History of the Restoration* (issued by Harper and Brothers), continues the narrative of events from the departure of Napoleon from Fontainebleau to his escape from Elba, his defeat at Waterloo, and his final abdication. The tone of this volume is more chaste and subdued, than that of the previous portions of the work. The waning fortunes of the Emperor are described with calmness and general impartiality, though the author's want of sympathy with the fallen conqueror can not be concealed. Many fine portraiture of character occur in these pages. In this department of composition, Lamartine is always graphic and felicitous. We do not admit the charge that he sacrifices accuracy of delineation to his love of effect. His sketches will bear the test of examination. Among others, Murat, Talleyrand, and Benjamin Constant are hit

off with masterly boldness of touch. In fact, whatever criticisms may be passed upon this work as a history, no one can deny its singular fascinations as a picture-gallery.

Clifton, by ARTHUR TOWNLEY (published by A. Hart, Philadelphia), is an American novel, chiefly remarkable for its lively portraiture of fashionable and political life in this country. The plot has no special interest, and is in fact subservient to the taste for dissertation, in which the writer freely indulges. His sketches of manœuvres and intrigues in society and politics are often quite piquant, betraying a sharp observer and a nimble satirist. We do not know the position of the author, but he is evidently familiar with the sinuosities of Washington and New York society.

The Fourth Volume of *Cosmos* by HUMBOLDT (republished by Harper and Brothers), continues the Uranological portion of the Physical Description of the Universe, completing the subject of Fixed Stars, and presenting a thorough survey of the Solar Region, including the Sun as the central body, the planets, the comets, the ring of the zodiacal light, shooting stars, fireballs, and meteoric stones. This volume, like those already published, is distinguished for its profuse detail of physical facts and phenomena, its lucid exhibition of scientific laws, and the breadth and profoundness of view with which the unitary principles of the Universe are detected in the midst of its vast and bewildering variety. Nor is Humboldt less remarkable for the impressive eloquence of his style, than for the extent of his researches, and the systematic accuracy of his knowledge. The sublime facts of physical science are inspired with a fresh vitality as they are presented in his glowing pages. He awakens new conceptions of the grandeur of the Universe and the glories of the Creator. No one can pursue the study of his luminous and fruitful generalizations, without a deep sense of the wonderful laws of the divine harmony, and hence, his writings are no less admirable in a moral point of view, than they are for the boldness and magnificence of their scientific expositions.

Dollars and Cents, by AMY LOTHROP (published by G. P. Putnam), is a new novel of the "Queechy" school, in many respects bearing such a marked resemblance to those productions, that it might almost be ascribed to the same pen. Like the writings of Miss Wetherell, its principal merit consists in its faithful descriptions of nature, and its insight into the workings of the human heart in common life. The dialogue is drawn out to a wearisome tenuity, while the general character of the plot is also fatiguing by its monotonous and sombre cast. The story hinges on the reverses of fortune in a wealthy family, by whom all sorts of possible and impossible perplexities are endured in their low estate, till finally the prevailing darkness is relieved by a ray of light, when the curtain rather abruptly falls. In the progress of the narrative, the writer frequently displays an uncommon power of expression; brief, pointed sentences flash along the page; but the construction of the plot, as a whole, is awkward; and the repeated introduction of improbable scenes betrays a want of invention, which finally marks the work as a failure in spite of the talent which it occasionally reveals.

The *Study of Words* by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH (Published by Redfield.) A reprint of a curious, but not very profound English work on the derivation of words. The author presents a variety of specimens of ingenious verbal analysis; always suggestive; but not seldom fanciful; relying on subtle

hypotheses, rather than on sound authority. Still his book is not without a certain utility. It enforces the importance of a nice use of language as an instrument of thought. The hidden meaning wrapped up in the derivation of terms is shown to be more significant than is usually supposed; and the numerous instances of cunning etymology which it brings forward tend to create a habit of tracing words to their origin, which directed by good sense, rather than fancy, can not fail to exert a wholesome influence in the pursuit of truth.

Life and Correspondence of Lord Jeffrey, by Lord COCKBURN. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) The best part of this book is that in which Jeffrey is made to speak for himself. Except on the ground of intimate friendship, Lord Cockburn had no special vocation for the present task. He exhibits little skill in the arrangement of his materials, and none of the graces of composition. His narrative is extremely inartificial, and fails to present the subject in its most commanding and attractive aspects. He often dwells upon trifles with a zeal quite disproportioned to their importance. These defects, however, are in some degree compensated by the thorough sincerity and earnestness of the whole performance. It is altogether free from pretension and exaggeration. Lord Cockburn writes like a plain, hard-headed, common-sense Scotchman. He tells a straightforward story, leaving it to produce its own effect, without superfluous embellishment. His relations with Jeffrey were of the most familiar character. Their friendship commenced early in life, and was continued without interruption to the last hour. The difference in their pursuits seemed only to cement their intimacy. Hence, on the whole, the biography was placed in the right hands. We thus have a more transparent record of the character of Jeffrey, than if the work had been prepared in a more ambitious literary spirit. In fact, his letters reveal to us the best parts of his nature, far more than could have been done by any labored eulogy. The light they throw on his affections is a perpetual surprise. His reputation in literature depends so much on the keenness and severity of his critical judgments, that we have learned to identify them with the personal character of the writer. We think of him almost as a wild beast, lurking in the jungles of literature, eager, with blood-thirsty appetite, to pounce upon his prey. He seems to roll the most poignant satire "as a sweet morsel under his tongue." But, in truth, this was not his innate disposition. When prompted by a sense of critical justice to slay the unhappy victim, "dividing asunder the joints and the marrow," he does not spare the steel. No compunctuous visitings of nature are permitted to stay the hand, when raised to strike. But, really, there never was a kinder, a more truly soft-hearted man. He often displays a woman's gentleness and wealth of feeling. The contrast between this and his sharp, alert, positive, intellectual nature is truly admirable. With his confidential friends, he lays aside all reserve. He unbosoms himself with the frank artlessness of a child. His letters to Charles Dickens are among the most remarkable in these volumes. He early detected the genius of the young aspirant to literary distinction. His passion for the writings of Dickens soon ripened into a devoted friendship for the author, which was cordially returned. Never was more enthusiastic attachment expressed by one man for another than is found in this correspondence. It speaks well for the head and heart of both parties. Incidental notices of the progress of English literature during the last half-century are, of course, pro-

fusely scattered throughout these volumes. The exceeding interest of that period, the variety and splendor of its intellectual productions, and the personal traits of its celebrities, furnish materials of rare value for an attractive work. With all its defects of execution, we must welcome this as one of the most delightful publications of the season.

Eleven Weeks in Europe, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) We never should be surfeited with books of travels, if they all evinced the frankness, intelligence, and cultivated taste which characterize this readable volume. Mr. Clarke shows how much can be done in a short time on a European tour. His book is valuable as a guide to the selection of objects, no less than for its excellent descriptions and criticisms. Without claiming any great degree of novelty, it has an original air from the freedom with which the author uses his own eyes and forms his own judgments. He speaks altogether from personal impressions, and does not aim to echo the opinions of others, however wise or well-informed. His volume is, accordingly, a rarity in these days, when every body travels, and all copy.

Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., of Philadelphia, are now publishing a library edition of the *WAVERLEY NOVELS*, to be complete in 12 monthly volumes, neatly bound in cloth, with illustrations, at one dollar per volume. They also issue the work in semi-monthly parts, at fifty cents, each part embracing a complete novel. The above will take the place of the edition recently proposed by Harper and Brothers.

The third volume of DOUGLAS JERROLD's writings contains some of his most popular and remarkable pieces. The "Curtain Lectures, as suffered by the late Job Caudle," and "The Story of a Feather" appeared originally in *Punch*—and they have since been repeatedly reprinted, the former in several editions. The thousands of readers who have profited by the lectures of Mrs. Caudle may be glad to learn Mr. Jerrold's characteristic account of the manner in which that household oracle first addressed herself to his own mind. "It was a thick, black wintry afternoon, when the writer stopt in the front of the play-ground of a suburban school. The ground swarmed with boys full of the Saturday's holiday. The earth seemed roofed with the oldest lead; and the wind came, sharp as Shylock's knife, from the Minories. But those happy boys ran and jumped, and hopped, and shouted, and—unconscious men in miniature!—in their own world of frolic, had no thought of the full-length men they would some day become; drawn out into grave citizenship; formal, respectable, responsible. To them the sky was of any or all colors; and for that keen east-wind—if it was called the east-wind—cutting the shoulder-blades of old, old men of forty—they in their immortality of boyhood had the redder faces, and the nimbler blood for it. And the writer, looking dreamily into that play-ground, still mused on the robust jollity of those little fellows, to whom the tax-gatherer was as yet a rarer animal than baby hippopotamus. Heroic boyhood, so ignorant of the future in the knowing enjoyment of the present! And the writer, still dreaming and musing, and still following no distinct line of thought, there struck upon him, like notes of sudden household music, these words—*CURTAIN LECTURES*. One moment there was no living object save those racing, shouting boys; and the next, as though a white dove had alighted on the

pen-hand of the writer, there was—*MRS. CAUDLE*. Ladies of the jury, are there not, then, some subjects of letters that mysteriously assert an effect without any discoverable cause? Otherwise, wherefore should the thought of *CURTAIN LECTURES* grow from a school-ground?—wherefore, among a crowd of holiday schoolboys should appear *MRS. CAUDLE*? For the *LECTURES* themselves, it is feared they must be given up as a farcical desecration of a solemn time-honored privilege; it may be exercised once in a life-time—and that once having the effect of a hundred repetitions; as *JOB* lectured his wife. And *Job's* wife, a certain Mohammedan writer delivers, having committed a fault in her love to her husband, he swore that on his recovery he would deal her a hundred stripes. *Job* got well, and his heart was touched and taught by the tenderness to keep his vow, and still to chastise his helpmate; for he smote her once with a palm-branch having a hundred leaves." To the "Curtain Lectures" and the "Story of a Feather" Mr. Jerrold has added a very beautiful and characteristic "tale of faery," entitled, "The Sick Giant and the Doctor Dwarf."

A new edition of Professor ANTHON's *Anabasis of Xenophon*, with English notes, is published in London, under the revision of Dr. John Doran. "Dr. Anthon," says the *Athenæum*, "has edited, and elucidated by notes, several of the ancient classics, and whatever he has undertaken he has performed in a scholarly style. At the same time his books are entirely free from pedantry, and the notes and comments are so plain and useful, that they are as popular with boys as they are convenient for teachers."

The same Journal has rather a left-handed compliment to American literature in general, to which, however, it is half inclined to make our popular *IK. MARVEL* an exception.

"There is no very startling vitality in any other of Mr. Marvel's 'day dreams.' Still, at the present period, when the writers of American *belles-lettres*, biography and criticism, show such a tendency to mould themselves into those affected forms by which vagueness of thought and short-sightedness of view are disguised, and to use a jargon which is neither English nor German—a writer unpretending in his manner and simple in his matter is not to be dismissed without a kind word; and therefore we have advisedly loitered for a page or two with *Ik. Marvel*."

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council, the following letter, addressed to the Lord Provost, magistrates, and council, was read from Professor Wilson, resigning the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University: "My Lord and Gentlemen—When the kindness of the patrons, on occasion of my sudden and severe illness in September last, induced, and the great goodness of the learned Principal Lee enabled them to grant me leave of absence till the close of the ensuing session now about to terminate, the benefit to my health from that arrangement was so great as to seem to justify my humble hopes of its entire and speedy restoration; but, as the year advances, these hopes decay, and I feel that it is now my duty to resign the chair which I have occupied for so long a period, that the patrons may have ample time for the election of my successor."

Among the candidates for the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, vacant by the resignation of Professor Wilson, are Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews; Professor Macdougall, of New College,

Edinburgh; Professor McCosh, of Belfast; Mr. J. D. Morell; Mr. George Ramsay, late of Trin. Coll., Cam., now of Rugby; and Dr. W. L. Alexander, of Edinburgh.

Dr. MACLURE, one of the masters of the Edinburgh Academy, has been appointed by the Crown to the Professorship of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, vacant by the translation of Mr. Blackie to the Greek chair at Edinburgh.

The motion for abolishing tests in regard to the non-theological chairs of the Scottish universities has been thrown out, on the second reading in the House of Commons, by 172 to 157.

Mr. W. JERDAN, late editor of *The Literary Gazette*, is to become editor of "*The London Weekly Paper*," an "organ of the middle classes."

The department of MSS. in the British Museum has been lately enriched with a document of peculiar interest to English literature—namely, the original covenant of indenture between John Milton, gent., and Samuel Symons, printer, for the sale and publication of *Paradise Lost*, dated the 27th of April, 1667. By the terms of agreement, Milton was to receive £5 at once, and an additional £5 after the sale of 1300 copies of each of the first, the second, and the third "impressions" or editions—making in all the sum of £20 to be received for the copy of the work and the sale of 3900 copies.

The *Athenæum* thus notices the death of a late traveler in this country. "The world of literature has to mourn the untimely closing of a career full of promise—and which, short as it has been, was not without the illustration of performance. Mr. ALEXANDER MACKAY, known to our readers as the author of 'The Western World,' has been snatched from life at the early age of thirty-two. Besides the work which bears his name before the world, Mr. Mackay had already performed much of that kind of labor which, known for the time only to the scientific few, lays the ground for future publicity and distinction. Connected as a special correspondent with the *Morning Chronicle* he had been employed by that journal in those collections of facts and figures on the aggregate and comparison of which many of the great social and statist questions of the day are made to depend. In 1850 Mr. Mackay was commissioned by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to visit India for the purpose of ascertaining by minute inquiries on the spot what obstacles exist to prevent an ample supply of good cotton being obtained from its fields, and devising the means of extending the growth of that important plant in our Eastern empire."

GRANIER de CASSAGNAC, long known to France as an impudent, unvarnished, reckless journalist and critic, has published some critical Essays, written in his obscure days. He calls them *Œuvres Littéraires*. The volume contains articles on Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Lacordaire, Corneille, Racine, Dumas, Hugo, &c.

The readers of the *Débats* will remember a series of violent, bigoted, conceited, but not unimportant articles in the *feuilleton*, signed CUVILLIER FLEURY, devoted principally to the men and books of the Revolutions of '89 and '48. Written with asperity and passion, they have the force and vivacity of passion, although their intense conceit and personality

very much abates the reader's pleasure. M. FLEURY has collected them in two volumes, under the title, *Portraits Politiques et Révolutionnaires*. Politicians will be attracted toward the articles on Louis-Philippe, Guizot, the Duchess of Orleans, the Revolution of 1848, &c.; men of letters will turn to the articles on Lamartine, Sue, Louis Blanc, Daniel Stern, Proudhon, and Victor Hugo, or to those on Rousseau, St. Just, Barère, and Camille Desmoulins.

Baron de WALKAENER, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, of Paris, died April 27. In addition to eminence in what the French call the Moral and Political Sciences, he was a very laborious *homme de lettres*, and has given to the world interesting biographies of La Fontaine and other French writers, together with correct editions of their works. He was a member of the Institute, and was one of the principals of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The first number of JACOB and WILHELM GRIMM's *German Dictionary* is just out. It would be premature to criticise the work in its present stage; it seems, however, to be most carefully and accurately compiled. It is printed in large octavo form, in double columns, on good paper, and in a clear print. Some idea may be formed of the labor which has been expended on this work, from the fact that all the leisure time of a learned professor has been devoted for the last three years to reading through the works of Goethe alone in connection with it. The first number consists of one hundred and twenty pages, and contains about half the letter A. It is announced to us that 7000 copies had been subscribed for up to the 20th of April. This is a result almost unparalleled in the German book-trade, and not often surpassed in England.

The library of the convent at Gaesdorf, in Germany, is in possession of a most interesting MS. of REMPEN's *De Successione Christi*. It contains the whole of the four books, and its completion dates from the year 1427. This MS. is therefore the oldest one extant of this work, for the copy in the library of the Jesuits at Antwerp, which has generally been mistaken for the oldest MS., is of the year 1440. The publication of this circumstance also settles the question as to the age of the fourth book of Rempen's work, which some erroneously assumed had not been written previous to 1440.

The new Catalogue of the Leipzig Easter Book-Fair contains, according to the German papers, 700 titles more than the previous Catalogue for the half year ending with the Fair of St. Michael. The latter included 3860 titles of published books, and 1130 of forthcoming publications. The present Catalogue enumerates 4527 published works and 1163 in preparation. These 5690 books represent 903 publishers. A single house in Vienna contributes 113 publications. That of Brockhaus figures for 95.

From Kiel it is stated that Germany has lost one of her most celebrated natural philosophers in the person of Dr. PFAFF, senior of the Professors of the Royal University of Kiel—who has died at the age of seventy-nine. M. Pfaff is the author of a variety of well-known scientific works—and of others on Greek and Latin archæology. Since his death, his correspondence with Cuvier, Volta, Kiellmayer, and other celebrated men, has been found among his papers.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



ILLUSTRATION OF HUMBUG.

"'Tis true there is a slight difference in our ages, but with hearts that love, such considerations become frivolous. The world! Pshaw! Did you but love as I do, you would care but little for its opinion. Oh! say, beautiful being, will you be mine."

RULES FOR HEALTH.

BY A SCOTCH PHILOSOPHER WHO HAS TRIED THEM ALL.

NEVER drink any thing but water.

Never eat any thing but oatmeal.

Wear the thickest boots.

Walk fifteen miles regularly every day.

Avoid all excitement; consequently it is best to remain single, for then you will be free from all household cares and matrimonial troubles, and you will have no children to worry you.

The same rule applies to smoking, taking snuff, playing at cards, and arguing with an Irishman. They are all strong excitements, which must be rigidly avoided, if you value in the least your health.

By attending carefully to the above rules,

VOL. V—No. 26.—S*

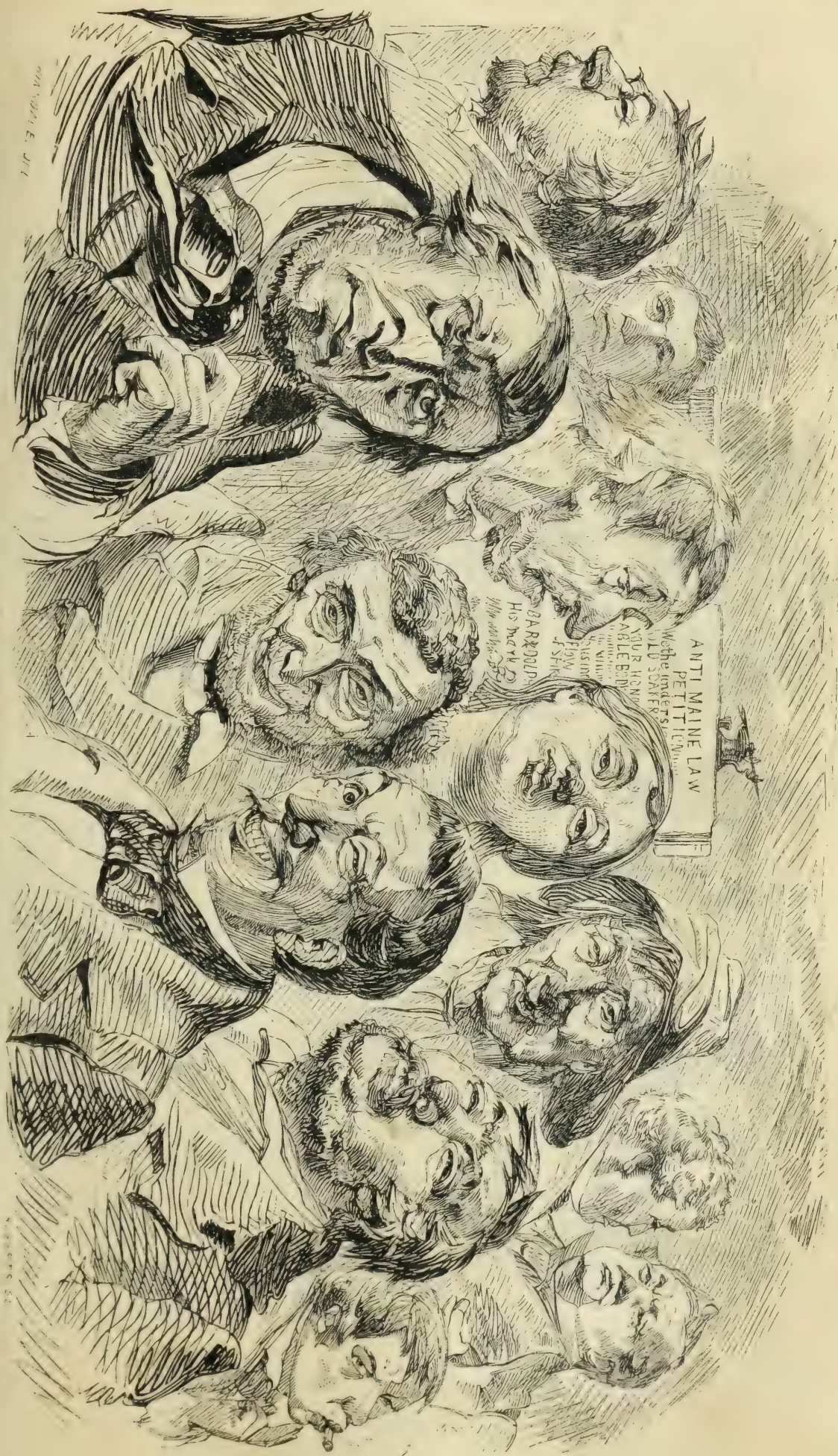
there is every probability that you may live to a hundred years, and that you will enjoy your hundredth year fully as much as your twenty-first.

FINANCE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

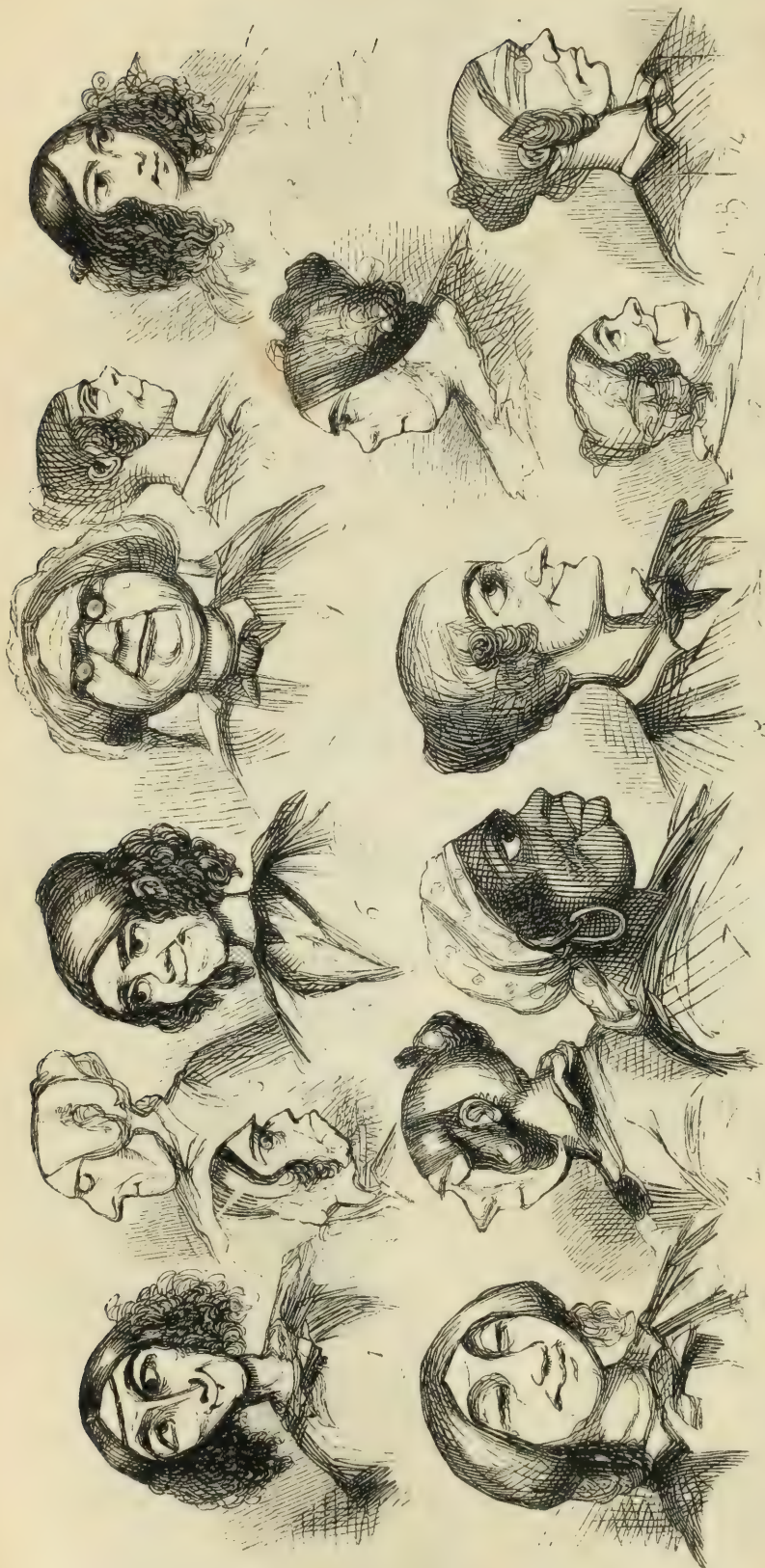
TAXES on knowledge are objected to, and taxes on food are objected to; in fact, there is so much objection to every species of taxation, that it is very difficult to determine what to tax. The least unpopular of imposts, it has been suggested, would be a tax on vanity and folly, and accordingly a proposition has been made to lay a tax upon stays; but this is opposed by political economists on the ground that such a duty would have a tendency to check consumption.



MAINE-LAW PETITIONERS.



ANTI-MAINF-LAW PETITIONERS.



The following letter has been sent to our office, evidently in mistake :

" *Matrimonial Office, Union Court, Love Lane.*
(STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

" SIR—Your esteemed favor of the 10th ult. came duly to hand, and, agreeably to your desire, we have the honor to forward to you our quarterly sheet of photographic likenesses of our Female Clients. We were very sorry that the Ladies you fixed upon in our last year's sheets were all engaged before your duly honored application arrived at our Office; but we hope to be more fortunate in our present sheet, which we flatter ourselves contains some highly eligibles. We should, however, recommend as early an application as possible, as this being leap-year, Ladies are looking up, and considerably risen in the market, and shares in their affections and fortunes are now

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

much above par. Should you not be particular to a shade, we should respectfully beg leave to recommend No. 7, her father having very large estates near Tumbuctoo, to which she will be sole heiress, in case of her twenty-seven brothers dying without issue. And should the Great African East and West Railway be carried forward, the value of the Estates would be prodigiously increased. No. 8 is a sweet poetess, whose "Remains" would probably be a fortune to any Literary Gent. to publish after her decease. No. 9 has been much approved by Gents., having buried eight dear partners, and is an eighth time inconsolable. "Further particulars may be had on application at our Office.

"We beg also, respectfully, to inform you that your esteemed portrait was duly received and appeared in our last Gent.'s sheet of Clients; but we are sorry to say as yet no inquiries respecting it have come to hand.

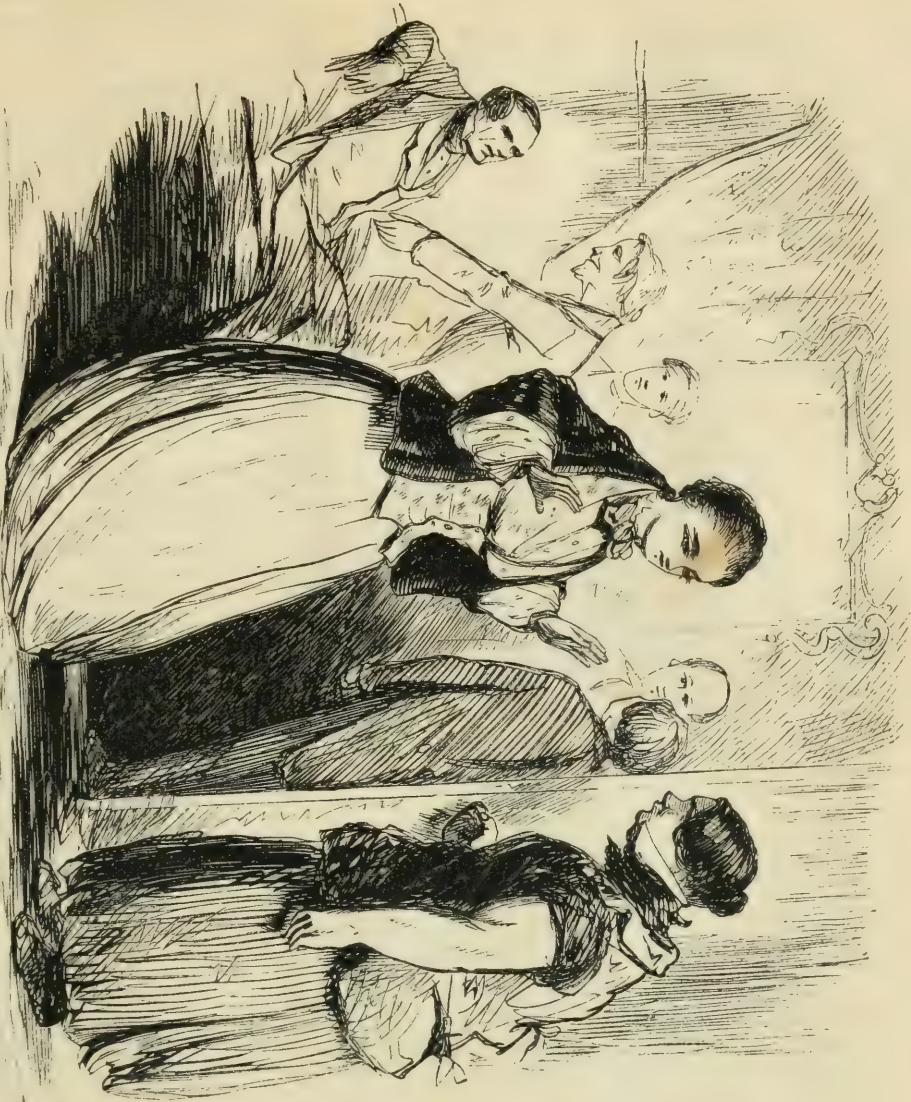
"Permit us further to remind you that a year's subscription was due on the 1st of January, which, with arrears amounting to £4 4s., we shall be greatly obliged by your remitting by return of post.

"With most respectful impatience, awaiting a renewal of your ever-esteemed applications, and assuring you that they shall be duly attended to with all dispatch, secrecy, and punctuality,

"We have the honor to be, esteemed Sir,
Your most obedient Servants,

"HOOKHAM AND SPLICER,
Sole Matrimonial Agents for Great Britain.

"P.S.—We find our female clients run much on mus-taches. Would you allow us humbly to suggest the addition of them to your portrait in our next Quarterly Sheet? It could be done at a slight expense, and would probably insure your being one of our fortunate clients."



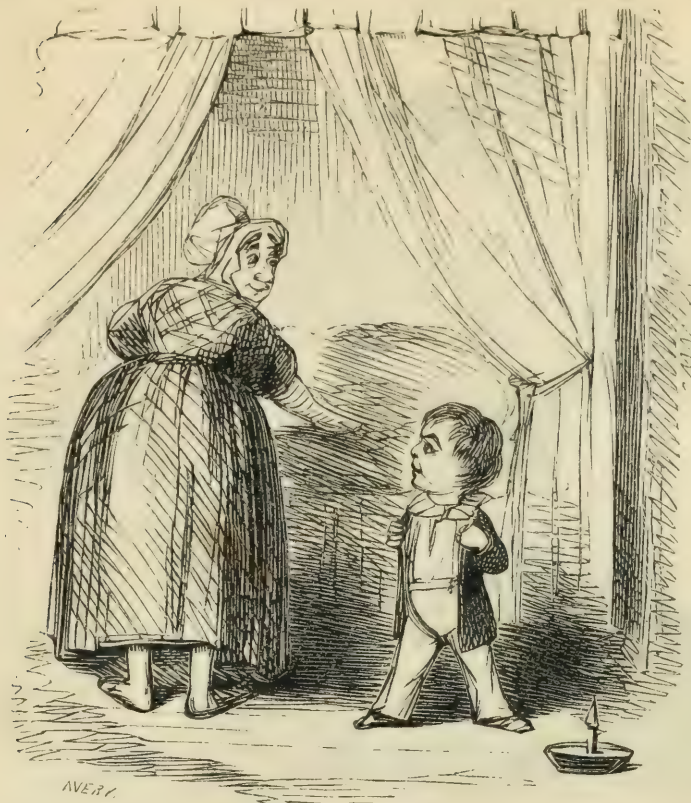
FAVORITE INVESTMENTS.

LADY.—Goodness! Bridget, what is that you have on?
 BRIDGET.—Shure! an' didn't I hear you say these Westkitts was all the fashion? An' so I borred me brother Patrick's to wait at the table in.



AN AGREABLE PARTNER.

FASCINATING YOUNG LADY.—I dare say you think me a very odd Girl—and, indeed, Mamma always says I am a fiddy, thoughtless creature—and—
 PARTNER.—Oh, here's a vacant seat, I think.



DELICACY.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I don't want to hurry you out of the room, old girl, but the fact is—I'm going to wash myself.



THE DOG-DAYS.

PROPRIETOR OF THE DOG.—Has he been a-bitin' on you, sir?

VICTIM.—Oh!—Ah!—Ugh!—

PROPRIETOR.—Vell, I thought as there vos somethink the matter with him, cos he wouldn't drink nuffin for two days, and so I vos just a-go-in to muzzle him.

THE AMERICAN CRUSADERS.

AIR—"Dunois the Brave."

OLD HERMIT PETER was a goose
To preach the first Crusade,
And skase e'en GODFREY of Bouillon
The speculation paid;
They rose the banner of the Cross
Upon a foolish plan—
Not like we hists the Stars and Stripes,
To go agin Japan.

All to protect our mariners
The gallant PERRY sails,
Our free, enlightened citizens
A-cruisin' arter whales;
Who, bein' toss'd upon their shores
By stormy winds and seas,
Is wus than niggers used by them
Tarnation Japanese.

Our war-cries they are Breadstuffs, Silks,
With Silver, Copper, Gold,
And Camphor, too, and Ambergris,
All by them critturs sold;
And also Sugar, Tin, and Lead,
Black Pepper, Cloves likewise,
And Woolen Cloths and Cotton Thread,
Which articles they buys.

We shan't sing out to pattern saints
Nor gals, afore we fights,
Like, when they charged the Saracens,
Did them benighted knights:
But "Exports to the rescue, ho!"
And "Imports!" we will cry;
Then pitch the shell, or draw the bead
Upon the ene—my.

We'll soon teach them unsocial coon
Exclusiveness to drop;
And stick the hand of welcome out,
And open wide their shop;
And fust, I hope we shant be forced
To whip 'em into fits,
And chaw the savage loafers right
Up into little bits.

POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

STEWED DUCK AND PEAS.

AIR—"My Heart and Lute."

I GIVE thee all my kitchen lore,
Though poor the offering be;
I'll tell thee how 'tis cooked, before
You come to dine with me:
The Duck is truss'd from head to heels,
Then stew'd with butter well;
And streaky bacon, which reveals
A most delicious smell.

When Duck and Bacon in a mass
You in a stewpan lay,
A spoon around the vessel pass,
And gently stir away:
A table-spoon of flour bring,
A quart of water plain,
Then in it twenty onions fling,
And gently stir again.

A bunch of parsley, and a leaf
Of ever-verdant bay,
Two cloves—I make my language brief—
Then add your Peas you may!
And let it simmer till it sings
In a delicious strain:
Then take your Duck, nor let the strings
For trussing it remain.

The parsley fail not to remove,
Also the leaf of bay;
Dish up your Duck—the sauce improve
In the accustom'd way,
With pepper, salt, and other things,
I need not here explain:
And, if the dish contentment brings,
You'll dine with me again

Fashions for Summer.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—COSTUMES FOR HOME AND FOR THE PROMENADE.

NOVELTY is the distinguishing characteristic of the prevailing fashions. Give us something new in material, is the cry to the manufacturer. Give us something new in form, is the demand made upon the modiste. Both do their best to meet this demand; and both have succeeded. For the present, whatever is new, fantastic, striking, and odd, is admired and adopted. It will doubtless be a work of time to return to simplicity again.

The costumes which we present for the present month, combine originality enough to meet even the present demand, with good taste and elegance—a union not always attainable.

FIG. 1.—Dress of white taffeta with colored figures, a particular pattern for each part of the dress. The ground of the skirt and body is sprinkled with small Pompadour bouquets *en jardinière*, that is to say, with flowers of different colors in graduated shades. The flounces have scalloped edges; the ground is white, and over each scallop is a rich bouquet of various flowers. The body is very high behind; it opens square in front, and the middle of the opening is even a little wider than the top (this cut is more graceful than the straight one). The waist is very long, especially at the sides; the front ends in a rounded

point not very long. The bottom of the body is trimmed with a *ruche*, composed of small white ribbons mixed with others. This *ruche* is continued on the waist, and meets at the bottom of the point. There are three bands of *chiné* ribbon on the middle of the body. The upper one has double bows and ends; the other two gradually smaller. The sleeves are rather wide, and open a little behind at the side. The opening is rounded; the edge is trimmed with a *ruche*, like the body. There is a small lace at the edge of the body. The lace sleeves are the same form as those of the stuff, but they are longer. Coiffure, *à la jeune Femme*—the parting on the left side; the hair lying in close curls on each side.

FIG. 2.—Redingote of *moiré antique*; body high, with six lozenge-shaped openings in front, diminishing in size toward the waist. The edges of these lozenges are trimmed with velvet; the points meet like bands under a button. Through these lozenge openings there appears a white muslin habit-shirt, gathered in small flutes (this muslin, however close, always projects through the openings, under the pressure of the body). The habit-shirt is finished at the neck by two rows of lace. The sleeve, which increases in size toward the bottom, has also lozenge

openings, confined by buttons, and through the opening is seen a muslin under-sleeve, puffing a little, plaited length-wise in small flutes and held at the wrist by an embroidered band with lace at the edge. The skirt has nine graduated openings down the front from top to bottom, buttoned like the others, through which is seen a nansouk petticoat, worked with wheels linked together, small at top and larger at bottom. Drawn bonnet of blond and satin. The brim is very open at the sides and lowered a little in front. It is transparent for a depth of four inches, and consists of five rows of gathered blond, on each of which is sewed a narrow white terry velvet ribbon, No. 1. The brim, made of Lyons tulle, is edged with a white satin roll. The band of the crown is Tuscan straw on which are five drawings of white satin. The top of the crown is round, and of white satin; it is puffed in *crevés*. The curtain is blond, like the brim. The ornament consists of a white



FIG. 3.—BONNET.

FIG. 3.—BONNET. Foundation of crêpe; trimming of blond and satin; the curtain of crêpe, edged with narrow blond.



FIG. 4.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 4.—Dress of white muslin, the skirt with three deep flounces, richly embroidered. The body, à *basquine*, is lined with pale blue silk; it has a small pattern embroidered round the edge; which is finished by a broad lace set on full. The sleeves have three rows of lace, the bottom one forming a deep ruffle.—Waistcoat of pale blue silk, buttoning high at the throat, then left open, about half-way, to show the chemisette; the waist is long, and has small lappets. White lace bonnet, the crown covered with a *fanchonnette* of lace; rows of lace, about two inches wide, form the front. The bonnet is appropriately trimmed with light and extremely elegant flowers.



FIG. 5.—CAP.

FIG. 5.—*Fanchon* of India muslin, trimmed with pink silk ribbons, forming tufts near the cheek, and a knot on the head.

FIG. 6.—*Pagoda* sleeve of jaconet, with under-sleeves; trimming relieved with small plaits.



FIG. 6.—SLEEVE.

The new materials of the season include some elegant printed cashmeres, bareges, and broche silks, in endless variety as to pattern, and combination of color. There are some beautiful dresses of *lampas*, *broché*, with wreaths and bouquets in white, on a blue, green, or straw-colored ground. Among the lighter textures, adapted for both day and evening wear, are some very pretty mousselines de soie, and grenadines. The new bareges are in every variety of color and pattern.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XXVII.—AUGUST, 1852.—VOL. V.



VIEW OF MT. CARMEL FROM THE SEA.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND BY JACOB ABBOTT

MOUNT CARMEL.

ASPECT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

THE Christian traveler, in journeying to the Holy Land, often obtains his first view of the sacred shores from the deck of some small Levantine vessel in which he has embarked at Alexandria, after having completed his tour among the wonders of Egypt and the Nile. He ascends, perhaps, to the deck of his vessel, early in the morning, summoned by the welcome intelligence that the land is full in view. Here, as he surveys the shore that presents itself before him, the first object which attracts his eye is a lofty promontory which he sees rising in sublime and sombre majesty above the surrounding country, and at the same time jutting boldly into the sea. It forms, he observes, the seaward terminus of a mountain range which his eye follows far into the interior of the country, until the undulating crest loses itself at last from view in the haze of distant hills. The massive and venerable walls of an ancient convent crown its summit; its sloping sides are enriched with a soft and luxuriant vegetation; and the surf, rolling in from the sea, whitens the rocks at its foot with breakers and foam. This promontory is Mt. Carmel.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE VICINITY.

The geographical situation of Mt. Carmel is shown by the adjoining map. Palestine in the time of our Saviour was comprised in three distinct provinces—Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. Of these, Judea, which bordered upon the Dead Sea and the lower portion of the Jordan, was the most southerly; while Galilee, which was opposite to the sea of Tiberias and the upper part of the Jordan, was the most northerly; being separated from Judea by the mountainous district of Samaria, which lay between. The region comprised upon the map is chiefly that of Samaria

and Galilee. The chain of which Mt. Carmel is the terminus forms the southern and southwestern boundary of Galilee. A little south of the boundary was Mt. Gerizim, the holy ground of the Samaritans. Mt. Gerizim forms a part of the great central chain or congeries of mountains which rises in the interior of Palestine, and from which the Carmel range branches, as a sort of spur or offshoot, traversing the country in a westward and northward direction, and continuing its course until it terminates at the sea. The other principal mountain groups in the Holy Land are the ranges of Lebanon on the north, and the mountainous tract about Jerusalem in the south.

On the northern side of the Carmel chain, at some distance from the sea, there lies a broad expanse of extremely rich and fertile country, which, though not strictly level, is called a plain. It was known in ancient times as the plain of Jez-



MAP OF MOUNT CARMEL.

reel. It is now called the plain of Esdraelon. The waters of this plain, flowing westward and northward along the foot of Mt. Carmel to the sea, constitute the river Kishon, so celebrated in

sacred history. The sea itself sets up a little way into the valley through which this river flows, forming thus a broad bay to the north of Mt. Carmel, called the Bay of Acre. The town of Acre lies at the northern extremity of this bay, and the town of Haifa* at the southern border of it, just at the foot of Carmel. The ceaseless action of the sea has sloped and smoothed the shore of this bay throughout the whole distance from Haifa to Acre, and formed upon it a beach of sand, which serves the double purpose of a landing-place for the boats of the fishermen, and a road for the caravans of travelers that pass to and fro along the coast. The conformation of the bay, together with the precise situation of Acre and Haifa, as well as the more important topographical details of the mountain, will be found very clearly represented in the chart upon the adjoining page.

NAPOLEON'S ENGINEERS.

The topographical chart of the bay of Acre here given is one made by the engineers of the French army during Napoleon's celebrated expedition to Egypt and Syria. These engineers accompanied the army wherever it marched, and in the midst of all the scenes of excitement, difficulty, and danger, through which they were continually passing, devoted themselves to the performance of the scientific duties which their commander had assigned them, with a calmness and composure almost incredible. No possible excitement or commotion around them seemed to have power to interrupt or disturb them in their work. The din and confusion of the camp, the marches and countermarches of the troops, the battles, the sieges, the assaults, the excitement of victory, and the confusion of sudden and unexpected retreats—all failed to embarrass or disconcert them. Whatever were the scenes that might be transpiring around them, they went quietly and fearlessly on, paying no regard to any thing but their own proper duties. They adjusted their instruments; they made their observations, their measurements, their drawings; they computed their tables and constructed their charts; and in the end they brought back to France a complete daguerreotype, as it were, of every hill, and valley, and river, and plain, of the vast surface which they traversed. The great chart from which the adjoining map is taken was the last one which they made, for Acre was the northern termination of Napoleon's expedition.†

APPROACHES TO MOUNT CARMEL.

By reference to the map, it will be seen that there are three roads by which Mt. Carmel may be approached on land. One advances along the coast from the southward, and passing round the promontory on the western and northern side, between its steep declivity and the sea, it turns to the east, and comes at last to the foot of the branch road which leads up the mountain to the

convent on the top. The second is the road from Acre. It may be seen upon the map following closely the line of the shore on the margin of the sandy beach which has already been described. The third comes from Nazareth, in the interior of the country. It descends from the plain of Esdraelon by the banks of the Kishon, and joins the Acre road a little to the east of the town of Haifa. After passing through Haifa, the road follows the shore for a short distance, and then a branch diverges to the right, leading to some ancient ruins on the extremity of the cape. A little farther on another branch turns off to the left, and leads up the mountain to the convent, while the main road continues its course round the northern and western extremity of the promontory, and there passes into the road that comes up on the western coast, as at first described.

Travelers approaching Mt. Carmel from the interior of the country come generally from Nazareth by the way of the third road above described, that is, the one that leads down from the valley of the Kishon, following the bank of the stream. The town of Nazareth, where the journey of the day in such cases is usually commenced, lies among the hills about midway between the Mediterranean Sea and the Sea of Tiberias. The route for some hours leads the traveler along the northern part of the plain of Esdraelon, and charms him by the scenes of beauty and fertility which pass before his view. He sees rich fields of corn and grain, groves of the pomegranate, the fig, and the olive, verdant valleys clothed with the most luxuriant herbage, masses of hanging wood, that adorn the declivities of the hills, and descend in capes and promontories of foliage to beautify the plain, and ruins of ancient fortresses and towns, scattered here and there in picturesque and commanding positions. The whole country is like a romantic park, with the great chain of Mt. Carmel extending continuously to the southward of it, and bounding the view.

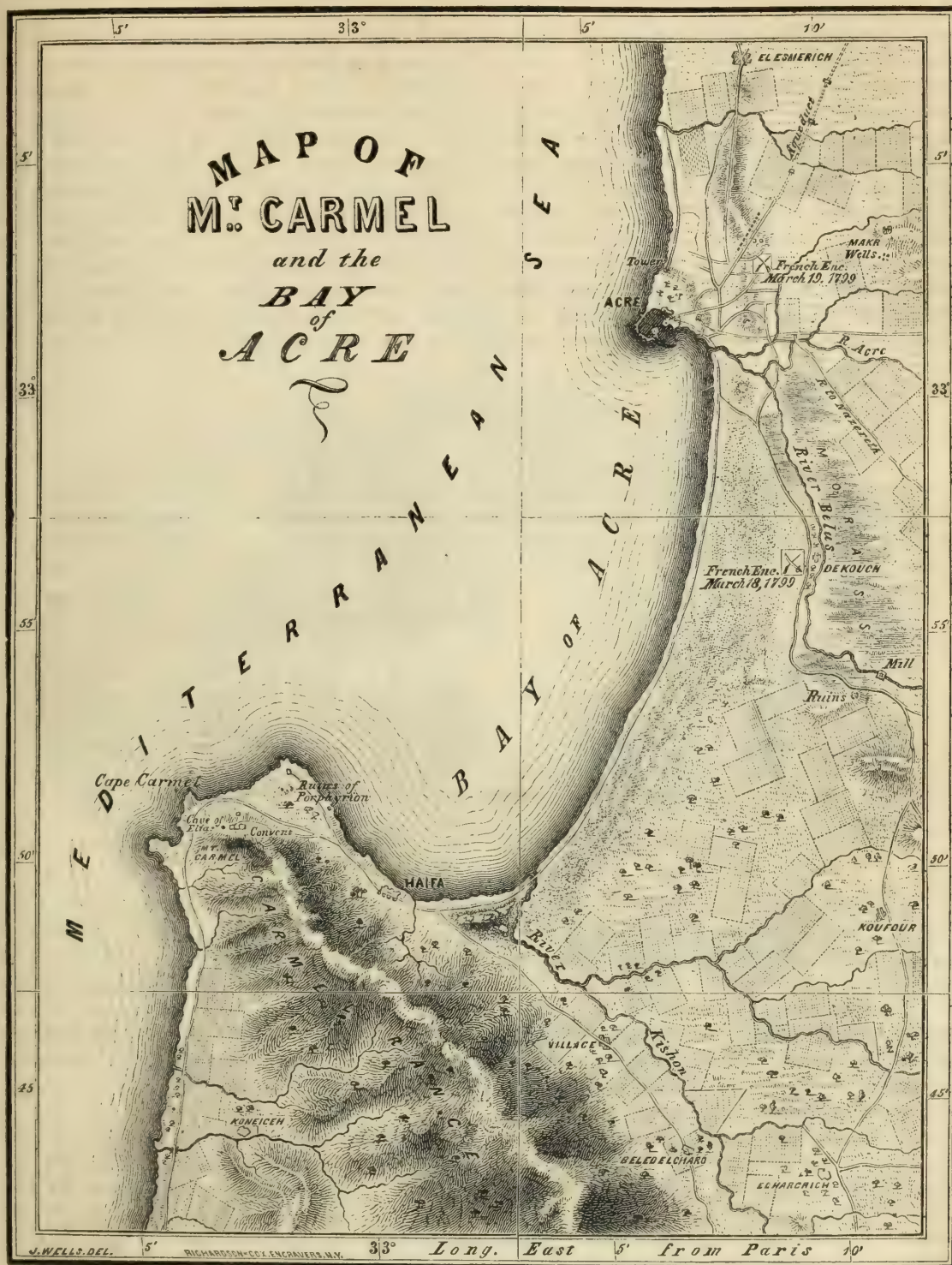
BAY OF ACRE.

At length the great plain of Acre, with the bay, and the broad expanse of the Mediterranean in the distance, opens before him. The town of Acre, surrounded with its white walls, stands just on the margin of the water, at the northern extremity of the bay; while at the southern point of it stands Haifa, sheltered by the mountain, and adorned by the consular flags of the several nations who have commercial agents there. In former times the principal harbor for shipping was at Acre, but from some change which the course of time has effected in the conformation of the coast or in the deposit of sand, the only deep water is now found at the southern extremity of the bay, where the Kishon finds its outlet—and Haifa has consequently become the port. It is not improbable, in fact, that the greater depth of water at this point is to be attributed to the effect produced by the outflow of the river in impeding the accumulation of deposits from the sea.

The river, as will be seen from the map, in

* Spelled variously, by different authors, Caïpha, Kaïfa, Caïffa, and in other ways.

† The charts, as executed by the engineers, were on a still larger scale than is here represented. It was necessary to reduce the scale by one-fourth, in order to bring the portion to be copied within the limits of a page.



MOUNT CARMEL AND THE BAY OF ACRE.

flowing into the bay passes across the beach of sand. Its depth and the quantity of water which issues from it vary very much, according to the season of the year, and thus the accounts of travelers who ford it at different periods differ extremely. In its ordinary condition it is very easily forded, but sometimes, when swollen with rains, it overflows the meadows that line its banks, up the valley, and becomes wholly impassable near its mouth. In the summer the stream often becomes so low that the sea, incessantly rolling in from the offing, fills up the outlet entirely, with sand, and then smoothing over the dyke which it has made, it forms a beach on

the outer slope of it, and thus the sandy shore of the bay is carried continuously across the mouth of the river, and the water is shut back as by a dam.

The next rain, however, and perhaps even the ordinary flow of the river, causes the water to accumulate and rise behind this barrier until it surmounts it. A small stream then begins to flow over the beach—rapidly increasing in force and volume as the sand is washed away—and thus the river regains once more its accustomed channel. This alternate closing and opening of the outlet of a river is a phenomenon often witnessed in cases where the river, at its mouth,

traverses a sandy beach on a coast exposed to winds and storms.*

The distance from Haifa to Acre along the shore of the bay is about eight miles. Acre itself has always been a very celebrated fortress, having figured as the central point of almost all great military operations in Syria for nearly two thousand years. It has experienced every possible form and phase of the fortune of war, having been assaulted, defended, besieged, destroyed, and rebuilt again and again, in an endless succession of changes, and in the experience of every possible fortune and misfortune which twenty centuries of uninterrupted military vicissitude could bring. Within the knowledge of

the present generation it has been the scene of two terrific conflicts. Perhaps the most important of these events, in a historical point of view, was the struggle for the possession of the place between Napoleon and its English defenders, and the consequent check which was placed upon Napoleon's career, on his advance from Egypt into Syria. On his arrival at Acre, the young general found the port in possession of an English force under the command of Sir Sydney Smith, and though he made the most desperate and determined efforts to dislodge them, he was unable to succeed. He planted his batteries on the declivities of the hills behind the town, and cannonaded the walls from that posi-



DEFENSE OF ACRE

tion; while the English supported the garrison in their defense of the place, by firing upon the batteries of the besiegers from ships which they had anchored in the bay.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The plains and valleys which border the Carmel chain of mountains, especially on the northern side, are extremely fertile. They yield grapes, olives, corn, and other similar productions, in the greatest abundance, while the grass that clothes the slopes of the surrounding mountains, and adorns with verdure and beauty a thousand secluded valleys that wind among them, furnishes an almost exhaustless supply of food for flocks and herds. A considerable quantity of wheat, barley, cotton, and other similar products is ex-

ported, being brought down to Haifa and Acre from the interior, on the backs of mules and camels, led by drivers in long caravans and trains. One traveler speaks of having been detained at the gates of Acre, when going out to make an excursion into the surrounding country, by a train of *one hundred* camels, laden with corn, that were just then coming in.

MISGOVERNMENT.

The commerce of the port, however, would be vastly greater than it is, were it not for the exactions of the government which restrict and burden it exceedingly. It is true that governments generally maintain themselves by taxing the commerce of the countries over which they rule, but the despotic authorities that have borne

* A striking example of this occurs at Long Branch in New Jersey, where a stream crosses the beach in entering the sea, at a point about half a mile to the southward of the hotels resorted to on that coast in summer by bathers. The visitor who walks along the shore in that direction, sometimes at a certain point finds himself upon an elevated sandy ridge, with the surf of the sea rolling in upon one side of it, and what appears to be a large inland pond lying quietly on the other. A few days afterward, on visiting the spot, he observes, perhaps, that the pond has disappeared; and a wide chasm has been made across the ridge of sand that he walked over before in safety, through the centre of which a small stream is flowing quietly into the sea. Neither of these views are of a nature to awaken any very special interest, except when they are considered in connection with each other; but if the observer should chance to come upon the ground

when the pond is nearly full, he may witness a very extraordinary spectacle in the rushing out of the torrent by which the barrier is carried away. The boys of the vicinity often find amusement in hastening the catastrophe, by digging a little channel in the sand with their hands, when the water has risen nearly to the proper level. The stream that flows through this opening is at first extremely small, but it grows wider, deeper, and more rapid every moment, as the opening enlarges, and soon becomes a roaring torrent, spreading to a great width, and tossing itself into surges and crests as it rushes down the slope into the sea, in the most wild and tumultuous manner.

The spectacle is almost equally imposing when, after the pond has emptied itself, and the tide begins to rise, the surf of the sea engages in its work of reconstructing the dam

military sway in Syria and Palestine for the last five hundred years, have done this, as it would

another, until the poor peasant and laborer finds himself robbed of every thing but the bare means of subsistence. All hope and possibility of acquiring property by his industry and thrift, and of rising to a respectable position in society are taken away from him, and he spends his life in idleness, degradation, and despair.

AN INCIDENT.

An incident strikingly illustrative of these truths, occurred to a traveler who was visiting Acre, about the year 1815. One morning, in rambling about the city, he chanced to come into the vicinity of the custom house, at the port, and there he overheard a violent dispute going on between some fishermen and a certain farmer of the revenue—probably a wealthy merchant of the town—who was standing near. It seems that a duty of about thirty-three per cent., that is, one-third part of the whole price, had been laid upon all fish that should be taken in the bay and brought into the port for sale; and the

privilege of collecting the tax had been sold to the merchant, who was engaged in the dispute. It had been calculated that the remaining two-thirds of the value of the fish would be sufficient to induce the fishermen to continue their vocation. It proved, however, not to be so. The cost of boats and outfit, and the other expenses which were necessarily incurred in the prosecution of the business, were so great, that the poor fishermen found when they had returned to the shore and sold their fares, and paid the expenses of their trip, that the government tax took so large a portion of what remained, as to leave little or nothing over, to reimburse them for their labor. They accordingly became discouraged, and began to abandon the employment; so that the farmer who had bought the right to collect the tax, was alarmed at finding that the revenue was likely to fail altogether; inasmuch as for every five boats that had been accustomed to go out to fish before, only one went now. The dispute which attracted the attention of the traveler was occasioned by the anger of the farmer, who was assailing the fishermen with bitter invectives and criminations, and threatening to compel them to go out to fish, in order that he might receive his dues.

THE TYRANT DJEZZAR.

For many years extending through the latter part of the last century, and the earlier portion of the present one, the narratives of travelers visiting Acre are filled with accounts of the tyranny and oppression exercised upon the people of the country by a certain despot named Djazzar, the history of whose government illustrates very forcibly the nature of the injuries to which the wretched inhabitants of those countries are compelled to submit. Djazzar, in his infancy was carried into Egypt a slave, and sold to Ali-Bey, a celebrated ruler of that country. In the service of Ali-Bey he rose to high civil stations, and at



HORSEMAN OF ACRE

seem, in a peculiarly exorbitant and reckless manner. A practice is adopted in those countries of "farming out" the revenue, as it is called; that is, the government sells the privilege of collecting a certain tax to some wealthy capitalist, who pays, or secures payment, in advance, and then collects from the people what is due, on his own account. Of course he is invested with power and authority from the government to enforce the collection, and as it is a matter of personal interest to him to make the amount that he receives as great as possible, he has every conceivable inducement to be extortionate and oppressive. The sufferers, too, in such cases generally find it useless to complain; for the government know well that, if they wish to obtain high prices from the farmers of the revenue, from year to year, they must not obstruct them in any way in the claims which they make, or the measures which they adopt, in collecting the amounts due, from the people.

In the more highly civilized and commercial nations of the world, a very different system is adopted. The revenue is never farmed, but it is collected by officers appointed for the purpose, in the name and for the benefit of the government; and generally in such a way, that they who assess the tax, have no direct pecuniary interest—or, at most, a very inconsiderable one—in the amount whether larger or smaller, which they receive. The assessors and collectors thus occupy, in some respects, the position of impartial umpires between the government and the people, with very slight influences operating upon their minds, to produce a bias in favor of one side or the other. Even in this way, the evils and disadvantages of raising national revenues by taxing commercial transactions, are very great, while, in the form that has so long prevailed in Syria and Palestine, the result is utterly disastrous. The taxes are increased, under one pretext or

length, after passing through a great number of vicissitudes and romantic adventures, in the course of which he was transferred to the service of the Turkish government, he was placed by the Turks in command of the Pachalik of Acre, in 1775. Here he ruled with such despotic cruelty, that he made himself an object of universal execration to all mankind, excepting always those who had placed him in power; for they seemed to be pleased rather than otherwise with his remorseless and terrible energy. One of the first measures which he adopted when he entered upon his government, was to confiscate all the houses of the town of Acre, declaring them the property of the government, and requiring the inhabitants to pay rent for them to him. The taxes were exorbitantly increased, and every possible pretext was resorted to to deprive the people of their property, and transfer it to the government. Land which was left uncultivated for three years was considered as abandoned by the owners, and thenceforth fell to him. Whenever a vessel was stranded upon the coast, he seized upon every thing that could be saved from the wreck, as his perquisite. His favorite mode of punishing those who displeased him, was to mutilate their persons by cutting off an ear, a nose, an arm, or a foot, or by taking out an eye. Those who visited his palace, say that it was common to see many persons in the ante-chambers and halls who were disfigured thus, having incurred the cruel monster's displeasure from time to time in the course of their service. These were his "marked men," as he called them—"persons bearing signs of their having been instructed to serve their master with fidelity." His secretary, who was his principal banker and minister, was deprived of both an ear and an eye, at the same time, for some offense, real or imaginary, which he had committed, and yet still continued to serve his savage master. Djezzar lived in a massive palace, occupying a well-protected part of the city of Acre, with gardens in the rear between the palace and the city wall. Within this palace was his harem, the residence of his women. No person but himself was ever admitted to the harem. He was accustomed to retire thither every evening through three massive doors, one within the other, which doors he always closed and barred with his own hands. No one knew how many or what women the harem contained. Additions were often made to the number, from female slaves that were presented to Djezzar from time to time; but no one knew how many were thus introduced, or what was their fate after they disappeared from public view. Every possible precaution was taken to seclude the inmates of this harem in the most absolute manner from the outer world. Their food was conveyed to them by means of a sort of wheel or cylinder, turning in the wall, and so contrived that those without could not see who received it. If any one was sick, a physician was brought to a room where there was a hole in the wall through which the patient, concealed on the other side, put her arm, and

thus the pulse was examined, and a prescription made. We might fill many pages with curious details in respect to the life and character, and peculiar habits, of this extraordinary man, but we must leave Acre and the bay, and prepare to ascend the mountain.

THE MOUNTAIN.

The height of Mt. Carmel has been generally estimated at about fifteen hundred feet. This is a very unusual elevation for land that rises thus abruptly from the margin of the sea. Of course, from every cliff, and rock, and projecting headland on the higher portions of it there is obtained a widely extended and most commanding view both over the water and over the land. The sea lies toward the west; the prospect is consequently in that direction unobstructed to the horizon, and the whole western quarter of the sky is fully exposed to view. It is by understanding the position of Mt. Carmel in this respect, that we appreciate the full force and beauty of the passage that describes the coming of the rain, after the destruction of the priests of Baal by the Prophet Elijah; for it is always, as we observe, in the western sky, through the operation of some mysterious and hidden laws which human philosophy has not yet been able to unfold, that the clouds which produce sudden summer showers arise. It is almost invariably there, that those rounded and dome-like condensations are formed, which from small and almost unperceived beginnings expand and swell until they envelop the whole heavens in darkness and gloom, and then sweep over the earth in tempests of thunder, lightning, and rain. The narrative of the sacred writer, describing the event is as follows.

AHAB AND THE RAIN.

"And Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain. So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time that he said, Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass, in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."—1 Kings, xviii. 41-45.

The traveler, as he looks up to the summit of the mountain from the beach of the Bay of Acre, over the sands of which he is slowly making his way toward the foot of the ascent, pictures in his imagination the form of the servant of Elijah standing upon some projecting pinnacle, and looking off over the sea. He loses for the moment his recollection of the age in which he lives, and under the influence of a temporary illusion, forgetting the five-and-twenty centuries which have elapsed since the days of Elijah, al-

most looks to see the chariot and horsemen of Ahab riding away up the valley, in obedience to the prophet's command.

ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The road to the mountain, as will appear from the map, passes through Haifa. Travelers and pilgrims, however, seldom make any stay in the town. There is no inn there to detain them. The convent is the inn—on the top of the mountain. After passing Haifa, the road, as may be seen upon the map, follows the line of the shore for about half a mile, and then turns a little inland, while a branch of the main road, diverging to the right, continues along the shore of the sea. This branch leads to the extremity of the cape, where are situated the ruins of an ancient place named Porphyryon, and also a small fortress, on the point. Porphyryon was a place of some consequence in former times, but it went gradually to decay, and at last when Haifa was built it was entirely abandoned

there on the side toward the sea, with the wrecks of ships which lie there half buried, and enlivened on the land with trains of mules or of camels passing toward Acre or Haifa, or by some picturesque group of tents pitched upon the plain—the encampment of some wandering tribe of Arabs, or of a party of European travelers. Further inland, he surveys broad fields of luxuriant vegetation, variegated with every shade of green and brown, and groves of trees that extend along the margin of the rivers, and crown the summits of the distant hills. In a calm and clear summer's morning, the observer looks down upon this brilliant scene of verdure and beauty, as upon a map, and lingers long on his way, to study minutely every feature of it.

THE RIVER BELUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF GLASS.

About midway between Haifa and Acre, the traveler, pausing at some resting-place in the progress of his ascent, may trace the course of the river Belus, as it meanders through the plain beneath him, northwardly, toward an outlet just in the rear of Acre, where it empties into the sea. The course and direction of the stream are delineated upon the map near the commencement of this article. This river is celebrated as the place where, according to ancient story, the discovery of the art of making glass was first made by means of an accidental vitrification which chanced to take place under certain peculiar circumstances, on its shores.* Glass is composed essentially of silicious substances—such as sand—combined with certain alkalies by fusion. For sand, though very refractory if exposed alone to the influence of heat, when mixed with these alkaline substances fuses easily, and *vitrifies*, that is it forms a glass, which is more or less perfect according to the precise nature of the substances employed, and the arrangements of the process. The story of the origin of the discovery is, that a vessel came into the mouth of the Belus from the Bay of Acre, laden with certain fossil alkalies which were found somewhere along the coast, and were used



THE ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A short distance further on, the traveler comes to another branch, where a mule-path turns off to the left from the main road, and leads up the mountain. The ascent is steep, but the path is so guarded by a parapet on the outer side wherever required, that it awakens no sense of danger. The declivities of the mountain, above and below the path, are clothed with trees and herbage, with gray walls, forming picturesque cliffs, and precipices, appearing here and there among them. There is a profusion, too, of wild flowers of every form and hue, which attract and charm the traveler, wherever he turns. He looks off at every salient point that he passes in his ascent, over the bay. He sees the white walls of the city of Acre rising from the margin of the water at the extremity of it, far in the distance—and never ceases to admire the smooth and beautiful beach which lies spread out before him, its broad expanse broken, perhaps, here and

in those times for certain purposes, and that the sailors landed on the beach and built a fire there, with a view of taking supper on the shore. When the fire was made they looked about the beach for stones to use as a support for their kettle; but the soil being alluvial and sandy they were not able to find any stones, and so they brought instead three fragments of the alkaline fossil, whatever it might have been,

* It is somewhat doubtful whether the very first discovery of the art of making glass, took place here or not, as learned men have noticed a considerable number of allusions in various writings of a very high antiquity, which they have thought might possibly refer to this substance. An example of this kind is found in the book of Job, where a word, translated crystal, is used. The writer, speaking of wisdom, says, "It can not be equaled with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal can not equal it." It has been considered doubtful whether the word crystal, in this connection, is meant to denote a glass or some transparent mineral.

with which their vessel was loaded. These fragments they placed in the margin of the fire which they had built upon the sand, and rested the kettle upon them; thus by means of the al-



THE DISCOVERY OF GLASS.

kali, the sand, the metal, and the fire, all the conditions were combined that are essential to produce a vitrification, and after their supper was ended the seamen found the glassy substance which had been produced, lying beneath the fire. They made their discovery known, and the experiment was repeated. Soon after this the regular manufacture of glass for vessels and ornaments was commenced in the city of Sidon, which lies on the coast of the Mediterranean, not many miles north of the mouth of the Belus, and from Sidon the art soon spread into every part of the civilized world.

THE CONVENT.

The time required for the ascent from Haifa to the convent is about an hour—the buildings of the institution, though often spoken of as upon the top of the mountain, being really only about two-thirds of the way up to the highest summit. The condition in which the various travelers who have visited the spot within the last hundred years have found the institution, and the accounts which they have given of the edifice and of the inmates, varies extremely according to the time of the visit. In fact, after Napoleon's defeat before Acre, the convent was entirely destroyed, and the spot was for a time deserted. The cause of this was that Napoleon took possession of the edifice for the purpose of using it as a hospital, and quartered his wounded and disabled soldiers there. The Turks, consequently, when they came and found the institution in the possession of the French, considered themselves authorized to regard it as a post of the enemy. They accordingly slaughtered the troops which they found there, drove away the monks, and blew up the buildings. From this time the convent remained desolate and in ruins for more than twenty years.

At length, between 1820 and 1830, a celebrated monk, known by the name of John Baptist, undertook the work of building up the institution again. With great zeal, and with untiring patience and perseverance, he traversed many

countries of Europe and Asia to gather funds for the work, and to remove the various obstacles which are always in the way in the case of such an undertaking. He succeeded, at length, in accomplishing the work, and the convent was rebuilt in a more complete and extended form than ever before. Since that time, accordingly, the traveler finds, when he reaches the brow of the mountain where the convent buildings stand, a stately and commodious edifice ready to receive him. Like most of the other convents and monasteries of Asia, the institution serves the purpose of an inn. A monk receives the traveler and his party, and conducts them to a commodious sitting-room, furnished with a carpet, with tables, and with chairs. A corridor from this apartment leads to bed-rooms in the rear, furnished likewise in a very comfortable manner, with beds, chairs, and tables;—articles which attract the attention of the traveler, and are specially mentioned in his journal, as they are very rarely to be found in the East. On the terraces and balconies of the building the visitor, wearied with the toil of the ascent, finds seats where he reposes in peace, and enjoys the illimitable prospect which the view commands, both up and down the coast, and far out over the waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

Travelers are entertained at the convent as at an inn, except that in place of a formal reckoning when they depart, they make their acknowledgment for the hospitality which they have received in the form of a donation to the monastery, the amount of which custom prescribes. The rule is that no guest is to remain longer than a fortnight—the arrangements being designed for the accommodation of travelers, and not of permanent guests. This rule, however, is not strictly enforced, except so far as to give to parties newly arriving the precedence in respect to choice of rooms, over those whose fortnight has expired. While the guests remain, they are very kindly and hospitably entertained by the monks,

who appear before them clothed in a hood and cassock of coarse brown cloth, with a rope girdle around the loins, and sandals upon the feet—the ancient habit of the order. Their countenances wear a thoughtful and serious, if not sad expression.

THE GROTTOS AND CAVES.

The halo of sacredness which invests Mt. Carmel proceeds from the memory of the prophet Elijah, who, while he lived on the earth, made this mountain his frequent resort, if not his usual abode. This we learn from the Scriptures themselves, as well as from the long and unbroken testimony of ancient tradition. The memorable transactions connected with the destruction of the priests of Baal, in the time of Ahab, at the conclusion of which came the sudden rain, as described in the passage already quoted, is supposed to have taken place at the foot of the mountain near this spot—and the ground on which the priests were slain is still shown, as identified by ancient tradition, on the banks of the Kishon, a little way up the valley.* The mountain above is full of grottos and caves. It is said that more than a thousand have been counted. The one which is supposed to have been Elijah's special abode is now within the buildings of the convent. Higher up, among the rocks behind the convent, is another which is called Elisha's cave, and at some distance below, in the bottom of a frightful chasm, into which the traveler descends by a steep and dangerous path, and which opens toward the sea, is another cavern, the largest and most noted of all. It forms a large and lofty apartment, vaulted above, and is said to have been the place where Obadiah concealed and protected the company of prophets, one hundred and fifty in number, and fed them with bread and water while they remained in their retreat.† This cave is called accordingly the cave of the prophets. The situation of this grotto is beyond description solitary, desolate, and sublime. Nothing is to be seen from within it but the open sea, and no sound is heard but the breaking of the surf, as it rolls in upon the rocky shore six hundred feet below.

THE PETRIFICATIONS.

Among the other objects of interest and attraction for the pilgrims and travelers that visit Mt. Carmel, are certain curious stones, well known to geologists as a common mineral formation, but which pass with the pilgrims and monks for petrified grapes, dates, or melons, ac-

cording to their size and configuration. These stones are round in form, and are often hollow, being lined with a crystalline incrustation within, the crystals representing, in the imagination of the pilgrim, the seeds of the fruit from which the specimen was formed. These fossils are found in a part of the mountain remote from the convent, where a stream comes down from the heights above, and they are supposed to be miraculous in their origin. The legend accounting for the production of them is this.

In the time of Elijah there was a garden and a vineyard on the spot, and one day as Elijah was passing that way, weary and faint with his journey, he looked over the wall and asked the owner of the ground to give him some of the melons and fruits that he saw growing there. The man refused the wayfarer's request, saying jestingly in his refusal, that those things were not melons and fruits, but only stones. "Stones



ELIJAH AND THE GARDENER.

then let them be," said Elijah, and so passed on. The gardener, on turning to examine the fruits of his garden, found to his consternation that they had all been turned into stone, and ever since that day the ground has been under a curse, and has produced nothing but stony semblances of fruit, instead of the reality. These supposed petrifications are greatly prized by all who visit the mountain. Well informed travelers value them as specimens illustrative of a very singular superstition, and as souvenirs of their visit to the spot;—while monks and pilgrims believe them to possess some supernatural virtue. They suppose that though Elijah's denunciation proved a curse to the ground in respect to the owner, in causing it to produce these flinty mockeries, the stones themselves, being miraculous in their nature and origin, are endued with some supernatural power to protect and bless those who reverently collect and preserve them.

* See 1 Kings xviii. 17-46. For other passages of Scripture referring to Mt. Carmel see 2 Kings ii. 25; iv. 25; xix. 23. 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. Isa. xxxv. 2. Jer. xvi. 18. Amos i. 2; ix. 3. Micah vii. 14.

† 1 Kings xviii. 4

ORIGIN OF THE CARMELITE ORDER

The convent of Mt. Carmel, as alluded to and described by travelers during the last five hundred years is to be understood as denoting not a single building, but a series of buildings, that have risen, flourished, and gone to decay on the same spot, in a long succession, like a dynasty of kings following each other in a line on the same throne. The grottos and caverns which are found upon the mountain began to be occupied at a very early period by hermits and solitary monks, who lived probably at first in a state of separation from each other as well as of seclusion from the world. After a time however they began to combine together, and to live in edifices specially constructed for their use, and for the last thousand years the Carmelites have constituted a well known and numerous religious order, having spread from their original seat and centre to every part of Europe, and taken a very active and important part in the ecclesiastical affairs of modern times. Every religious order of the Roman Church prides itself on the antiquity of its origin, and the traditions of the Carmelites for a long time carried back the history of their society to a very remote period indeed—not merely to the Christian era, but from the time of Christ and the apostles back to Elijah, and from Elijah to Enoch. In discussing this subject, however, one ecclesiastical writer very gravely maintains that the Enoch, if there was one, among the founders of the Carmelite fraternity, could not have been the patriarch Enoch, the father of Methusaleh, since it is plain that there could have been no Carmelite monks among those saved in the ark, at the time of the deluge, for the vow of celibacy was an essential rule of the order from the beginning, and the sons of Noah, who were the only men besides Noah himself that were saved from the flood, were all married men, and took their wives with them when they went into the ark!

These traditions, however, ascribing a very high antiquity to the order of the Carmelites, were allowed to pass for many centuries with very little question; but at last, about two hundred years ago, certain religious historians belonging to other monastic orders, in the course of the investigations which they made into the early history of the church, came to the conclusion that the institution of the Carmelites was founded in the twelfth century of the Christian era. The earliest authentic information that they could find, they said, in respect to its origin was the account given by a traveler by the name of John Phocas, who visited the mountain in 1185, in the course of a tour which he was making in the Holy Land. He relates that he ascended Mt. Carmel, and that he found there the cave of Elijah, describing it as it now appears. He also states that there was a monastery there which had been founded a few years before by a venerable monk, gray-headed and advanced in years, who had come upon the mountain in obedience to a revelation which he had received from the Prophet Elijah, enjoining upon him so to do, and

that he had built a small tower for a dwelling, and a small chapel for the purpose of worship, and that he had established himself here with ten companions of the same religious profession with himself; and this was the true origin of the convent of Mt. Carmel.

A CONTROVERSY

The Carmelite monks throughout Europe were every where greatly displeased at the publication of this account, which cut off at a single blow some two thousand years from the antiquity of their order, even supposing their pretensions to go no farther back than to the time of Elijah. A protracted and very bitter controversy arose. Volumes after volumes were published—the quarrel, as is usual with religious disputes, degenerating in character as it advanced, and growing continually more and more rancorous and bitter, until at last the Pope interposed and put an end to the dispute by a bull. The bull did not attempt to decide the question; it only silenced the combatants. Nothing more was to be said by any party, or under any pretext, on the origin of the institution of the Carmelites, but the whole subject was entirely interdicted. This bull, the issuing of which was a most excellent act on the part of his Holiness, proved an effectual remedy for the evil which it was intended to suppress. The dispute was suddenly terminated, and though the question was in form left undecided, it was settled in fact, for it has since been generally admitted that the story of John Phocas was true, and that Mt. Carmel, though inhabited by hermits and individual recluses long before, was not the seat of a regularly organized society of Monks until nearly twelve centuries after the Christian era.

THE MONK ST. BASIL.

The Carmelites themselves were accustomed to maintain that the earliest written rule for the government of their order was given them by a very celebrated ancient monk, known in history as St. Basil. St. Basil lived about three hundred years after the time of Christ. He was descended from a distinguished family, and received an excellent education in early life, in the course of which he made very high attainments in all the branches of knowledge customarily pursued in those days. His mind, however, being strongly impressed with a sense of religious obligation, he determined not to engage in the duties of the profession for which he had been trained, but to seclude himself from the world, in accordance with the custom that prevailed in those days, and spend his life in religious meditation and prayer. As a preliminary step he determined on taking a journey into the countries where the practice of religious retirement had begun to prevail, in order to visit the hermits, recluses, and monks, in their dens and caves, and become practically acquainted with the mode of life which these voluntary exiles from the world were accustomed to lead. He accordingly set out upon his travels, and in the course of a few years he explored Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and other countries still

farther east, in order to visit and converse with all the monks and hermits that he could find, in the deserts and solitudes to which they had retired. We can not here give the subsequent particulars of his life. It is sufficient to say that his learning, his high rank, his exalted character, and perhaps his honest and conscientious piety, combined to raise him in the end to a very commanding position in respect to the whole monastic world while he lived, and to inspire many succeeding generations with a great veneration for his memory. He was believed to have been during his life an object of the special and miraculous protection of heaven; for it is recorded as sober historic truth, that at one time, during the latter part of his career, when certain theological enemies had prevailed in obtaining a sentence of banishment against him, and the decree, properly drawn up, was brought to the emperor to sign, the pen which was put into the emperor's hand broke suddenly into pieces as soon as it touched the paper. The emperor called for another pen, but on attempting to use it the same result followed. This was done three times, and at last, as the emperor seemed determined to persist in his design, his hand was seized with a sudden and uncontrollable trembling, and the chair upon which he was sitting broke down, and let him fall upon the floor. The emperor now perceived that he was contending against God, and taking up the decree he destroyed it by tearing it in pieces.

Now the Carmelites maintained that this St. Basil was a monk of their order, that he was one of the successors of Elijah, that they had obtained their first written rule of their order from him, and that the Basilians, an order of monks taking their name from him and well known throughout Europe in the middle ages, were to be considered as only a branch, or offshoot, from the ancient Carmelite institution. Out of this state of things there arose subsequently a very extraordinary controversy between the Basilians and the Carmelites as will presently appear

RULES OF THE ORDER.

The claim of the Carmelites to have received their first written charter from St. Basil is not very well sustained, as the earliest authentic evidence of any written rule for the government of the institution relates to one given them by the patriarch of Jerusalem in 1205, about thirty years after the time when the monastery was founded, according to John Phocas's narrative. This "rule," or charter as it would be called at the present day, consisted of sixteen articles, and some particulars of it may be interesting to the reader as illustrating the nature of this species of document. The first article treats of the election of the prior of the monastery, and of the obedience which was to be rendered to him by the other monks. The second treats of the cells in which the brethren were to live, and prescribes that they should be separated from each other in such a way that there could be no intercourse or communication between the respective inmates. The third contains regula-

tions in respect to the cell of the prior, its situation and relation to the other cells. The fifth requires the monks to remain constantly each within his own cell except when called away by regularly prescribed duties elsewhere, and to devote himself in his retirement to the work of prayer and meditation. The sixth prescribes certain regulations in respect to divine service. By the seventh the monks are forbidden to possess any private property of any kind. The eighth requires the brethren of the monastery to build an oratory or place of prayer in some central place, near the cells, and to assemble there every morning to hear mass. The ninth prescribes rules for the internal discipline of the institution. The tenth enjoins certain fast days. The eleventh forbids the use of flesh for food entirely. The twelfth exhorts the monks to clothe themselves with certain spiritual armor which it describes. The thirteenth enjoins upon them to labor with their hands, in cultivating the fruits of the earth in their little gardens. The fourteenth enjoins absolute silence upon them, from vespers until the break of day on the following morning. The fifteenth inculcates upon them the duty of humility and of devoting themselves to prayer; and the sixteenth closes the series by exhorting them to be always obedient and submissive to the prior.

EARLY MONASTIC LIFE.

There is no question that the monastic system of Christian Europe, established originally by such beginnings as these, led in the end to evil consequences and results of the most deplorable character, and we are accustomed, as Protestants, to believe that there is nothing that is not worthy of unqualified condemnation in it from beginning to end. But when we dismiss from our minds the ideas and associations with which the religious history of the last five hundred years has invested every thing that pertains to monastic life, and look at such a community as this of Mt. Carmel as it was in its original inception and design, we shall find it impossible to ascribe the conduct of those simple-minded recluses to any other motive than a desire to withdraw themselves from the world, in a spirit of honest self-denial, in order to live nearer to God, and enjoy the peace and happiness of daily and uninterrupted communion with him. And as to the delusion and folly of the course which they pursued, in order to judge impartially, we must look at the circumstances of the case as they really were, and see how effectually, in the arrangements which the hermits made, all the essential requisites for human comfort and happiness were secured. The mountain which they chose for their retreat was beautiful beyond description; the soil was fertile, the air was balmy and pure, and such was the climate that the season with them was an almost perpetual summer. They had gardens to till, which produced them an abundance of fruits and vegetables, and in those climes the human constitution requires no other food. The grottos in which they lived were dry, and formed undoubtedly very safe and not uncomfortable

dwellings. They suffered neither heat nor cold, for in Palestine cold is seldom known, and though the sun is sometimes hot, and the air sultry, in the valleys, the mountain which they dwelt upon rises into a region of perpetual salubrity, where there is always an atmosphere of soft and balmy air reposing in the groves, or breathing gently over the summit. Besides all these natural advantages of their situation, their course of daily duty gave them healthful and agreeable employ-



THE HERMITS OF MOUNT CARMEL.

ment. Their hours were systematically arranged, and their occupations, though varied in kind, were regular in rotation and order. Thus, on the whole, though there was doubtless much of superstition and of error in their ideas, still we are inclined to think that there are some usages and modes of life not at all monastic in their character—to be witnessed among the world-following Christians of the present day, in palaces of wealth and prosperity—which exhibit quite as much delusion and folly as was ever evinced by these poor world-abandoning monks, in the caves and grottos of Mt. Carmel.

THE DISPUTE WITH THE BASILIANS.

A society of monks once established, depends of course for its continuance and prosperity on external additions, and not on any internal growth; for since celibacy is the rule of all monastic orders, there can not be in such communities, as in the case of an ordinary hamlet or village, any natural sequence of generations. A man is never born a monk: so that monasticism has at least one of the marks and characteristics of a monstrosity. It does not propagate its kind.

Notwithstanding this, however, the institution on Mt Carmel gradually increased. Accessions

were made from time to time to the numbers of the monks, until at length the order became so numerous that several branch institutions were established in different parts of Europe, and the Carmelites became very generally known throughout the Christian world. We can not here, however, go away from the mountain to follow the society in its general history, though we will digress from our immediate subject so far as to give a brief account of the singular controversy which arose in subsequent years between the Carmelites and the Basilians, a controversy which not only exhibits in a striking point of view some of the peculiar ideas and religious usages of the times in which it occurred, but illustrates certain important principles in respect to the nature of religious controversy, that are applicable to the disputes of every age. The question in this case related to the costume in which the prophet Elijah was represented in a certain picture belonging to a church which the Basilians built near Messina, in the island of Sicily. The church was built in the year 1670, and the open controversy arose then; but the origin of it may be traced to a period antecedent to that time. It seems that in 1080, six hundred years before the dispute to which we are referring commenced, a

certain Sicilian potentate built a church near Mt. Etna, in honor of the prophet Elijah, as a token of his gratitude to the prophet for appearing to him in a visible form at one time when he was involved in very imminent danger, in his wars with the Saracens, and for interposing to protect him. He also built a monastery in connection with the church, and established a society of Basilian monks in it.

It seems that at the time when the church and monastery were built, a picture of the prophet Elijah was painted and hung in the church, where it remained without exciting any question, for six hundred years.

At length at the expiration of that time the buildings of the establishment having become very old, and being often greatly damaged, and the lives of the inmates seriously endangered by the shocks of earthquakes and the volcanic eruptions to which their situation so near to Mt. Etna exposed them, it was determined to remove the institution to another place, several miles distant from its original location, where the ground was more secure. The old picture of Elijah was however found to be too much decayed to be removed. A careful copy of it was therefore made, the artist taking care to transfer, as nearly as possible, to his copy, both the features and the costume of the original. The following engraving is a faithful representation of this portrait and of the dress which became the subject of the dispute, except of course that the colors are not shown. The shoulders are covered with a cloak which in the painting was red. Beneath the cloak was



THE ELIJAH OF THE BASILIANS.

a tunic, formed of the skin of some animal, which descended to the knees. There were sandals on the feet. There was a sword tipped with flame in the hand, and the head was covered with a red cap trimmed with ornaments of gold.

This painting in its original state had hung in its place in the old convent during the whole six hundred years without attracting any special notice; but when the copy was made and hung up in the new convent, it became an object of greater attention, and the Carmelites who saw or heard of it were much displeased with the costume, inasmuch as it was not the costume of their order. The painting by exhibiting the prophet in such a dress, seemed to deny that Elijah had been a Carmelite, and to claim him as belonging to some other order. They complained to the Basilians of the injustice done them, and demanded that the obnoxious costume should be changed. Finding, however, that their complaints and remonstrances were unavailing, they appealed to the Archbishop of Sicily, praying him to interpose his authority to redress the injury which they were suffering, and to compel the Basilians to take down the painting in question, the display of which was so dishonorable to the ancient order of Mt. Carmel. The Basilians in reply alleged that the costume of the portrait was no innovation of theirs, and they were not responsible for it at all. The work, they said, was a faithful copy of an ancient painting that had hung for six hundred years, unquestioned and uncomplained of, in their former monastery, and that they could not give up the ancient traditions and relics of their institution; and they were especially unwilling to consent that the prophet Elijah should be represented in their church in a Carmelite dress, since that would prejudice the ancient claims of the Basilian order.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE.

The Archbishop of Sicily, after a long hearing of the parties to this dispute, refused to interpose, and finally the case was carried by the Carmelites to Rome, and laid before a certain board of the Roman church called the College of Rites, a sort of tribunal having jurisdiction of all questions of this nature that might arise in the Catholic church, and assume sufficient importance to come before them. Here the Carmelites brought forward their cause, and offered their complaints in language more earnest than ever. They represented in very strong terms the deep dishonor which the Basilians were inflicting upon them in publicly exhibiting the prophet Elijah—the patriarch and the father of their order—dressed in a cloak, and wearing a red cap upon his head, as if he were a Turkish pashaw. To give force and emphasis to their plea they exhibited to the sacred college before whom the cause was to be tried, a representation of the picture, colored like the original, in order that the judges might see for themselves how flagrant was the wrong which they endured, and how much cause they had to complain. After many long and patient hearings of the case before the college, and many fruitless attempts to find some mode satisfactory to all parties, for settling the dispute, the college finally decided upon a middle course, a sort of forced compromise which gave the victory to neither party. The costume of the painting was ordered to be changed. The cap was to be taken away

from the head, and the sandals from the feet, and the red cloak was to be replaced by one of a saffron color. The tunic of skin was to be retained, and it was to be bound about the waist with a leathern girdle. A new picture was ac-



THE AUTHORIZED ELIJAH.

cordingly painted in accordance with this decision, as represented in the above engraving. The controversy occupied ten years; it gave rise to protracted and voluminous proceedings, and embroiled a great number of partisans among all ranks and orders of the church: and by comparing the two engravings the reader will see at a glance the amount of the difference about which the combatants were contending. It might excite surprise in our minds that a large section of the Christian church could thus be engaged for ten years in an earnest, expensive, and bitter controversy about the costume of a painting, were it not that we sometimes see examples at the present day, of disputes equally earnest and protracted, about points smaller and more shadowy still. It ought, however, in strict justice to be said that the real questions at issue in disputes about religious rites and forms, are not usually as insignificant as they seem. Within and beyond the outward symbol there usually lies some principle of religious faith, which is, after all, the real object of the controversy. In this case, for example, the comparative claims to antiquity and pre-eminence on the part of two powerful religious orders constituted the real

question at issue. The costume of the painting, formed only the accidental battle ground, as it were, on which the war was waged. It is thus with a great many religious controversies, where at first view it would seem that the point at issue is wholly inadequate to account for the degree of interest taken in the dispute. The explanation is that the apparent question is not the real one. The outward aspect of the contest seems to indicate that the combatants are merely disputing about a form, while they are really contending for a principle that lies concealed beneath it. They are like soldiers at a siege, who fight on outer walls, in themselves worthless, to defend homes and fire-sides that are concealed within, entirely out of view.

DESCENT FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

But we must return to the mountain, though we return to it only to come down, for it is time that our visit to it should be ended. In his excursions around the convent during his stay on the mountain, the visitor is somewhat restricted in respect to the range that he can safely take, by fear of the wild beasts that infest the jungles and thickets that grow densely on the declivities of the mountain, and around the base of it, especially on the southern side. Panthers, hyenas, wild boars, and strange serpents, make these forests their abode, occupying, perhaps, in many cases, the caves and grottos of the ancient recluses, for their dens. Many tales are told by the monks of these savage beasts, and of the dangers which pilgrims and travelers have incurred from them. There is an account of a child which was found in a certain situation dead, with a monstrous serpent coiled upon its breast. On examination of the body no mark of any bite or



THE SERPENT

wound could be perceived, and it was accordingly supposed that the life of the little sufferer had been extinguished by the chill of the body of the reptile, or by some other mysterious and

deadly agency, which it had power to exert. Even the roadway leading up and down the mountain is not always safe, it would seem, from these dangerous intruders. It is rocky and solitary, and is bordered every where with gloomy ravines and chasms, all filled with dense and entangled thickets, in which, and in the cavernous rocks of which the strata of the mountain are composed, wild beasts and noxious animals of every kind find a secure retreat. The monks relate that not many years ago a servant of the convent, who had been sent down the mountain to Haifa, to accompany a traveler, was attacked and seized by a panther on his return. The panther, however, instead of putting his victim immediately to death, began to play with him as a cat plays with a mouse which she has succeeded in making her prey—holding him gently with her claws, for a time, and then, after drawing back a little, darting upon him again, as if to

recommended it as a place of permanent resort for those who leave their homes in the West in pursuit of health, or in search of retirement and repose. The rule that requires those who have been guests of the convent more than two weeks to give place to others more recently arrived, proves in fact to be no serious difficulty. Some kind of an arrangement can in such cases always be made, though it is seldom that any occasion arises that requires it. The quarters, too, though plain and simple, are comfortable and neat, and although the visitor is somewhat restricted, from causes that have already been named, in respect to explorations of the mountain itself, there are many excursions that can be made in the country below, of a very attractive character. He can visit Haifa, he can ride or walk along the beach to Acre; he can go to Nazareth, or journey down the coast, passing round the western declivity of the mountain.

In these and similar rambles he will find scenes of continual novelty to attract him, and be surrounded every where with the forms and usages of Oriental life.

LEAVING MOUNT CARMEL.

The traveler who comes to Mt. Carmel by the way of Nazareth and the plain of Esdraelon, in going away from it generally passes round the western declivity of the mountain, and thence proceeds to the south, by the way of the sea. On reaching the foot of the descent, where the mountain mule-path comes out into the main road, as shown upon the map near the commencement of this article, he turns short to the left, and goes on round the base of the promontory, with the lofty declivities of the mountain on one hand, and a mass of dense forests on the other, lying between the road and the shore. As he passes on, the road, picturesque and romantic from the beginning, becomes gradually wild, solitary, and desolate. It leads him sometimes through tangled thickets, sometimes under shelving rocks, and sometimes it brings him out unexpectedly to the shore of the sea, where he sees the surf rolling in upon the beach at his feet, and far over



THE PANTHER.

repeat and renew the pleasure of capturing such a prize. This was continued so long, that the cries of the terrified captive brought to the spot some persons that chanced to be near, when the panther was terrified in her turn, and fled into the forests; and then the man was rescued from his horrible situation unharmed.

For these and similar reasons, travelers who ascend to the convent of Mt. Carmel, enjoy but little liberty there, but must confine their explorations in most cases to the buildings of the monks, and to some of the nearest caves of the ancient recluses. Still the spot is rendered so attractive by the salubrity of the air, the intrinsic beauty of the situation, the magnificence of the prospect, and the kind and attentive demeanor of the monks, that some visitors have

the water the setting sun going down to his rest beneath the western horizon. At length the twilight gradually disappears, and as the shades of the evening come on, lights glimmer in the solitary villages that he passes on his way; but there is no welcome for him in their beaming. At length when he deems it time to bring his day's journey to an end, he pitches his tent by the wayside in some unfrequented spot, and before he retires to rest for the night, comes out to take one more view of the dark and sombre mountain which he is about to leave forever. He stands at the door of his tent, and gazes at it long and earnestly, before he bids it farewell, equally impressed with the sublime magnificence of its situation and form, and with the solemn grandeur of its history.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

FIRST CONSUL FOR LIFE.

FRANCE was now at peace with all the world. It was universally admitted that Napoleon was the great pacificator. He was the idol of France. The masses of the people in Europe, every where regarded him as their advocate and friend, the enemy of aristocratic usurpation, and the great champion of equality. The people of France no longer demanded *liberty*. Weary years of woe had taught them gladly to relinquish the boon. They only desired a ruler who would take care of them, govern them, protect them from the power of allied despotism, and give them equal rights. Though Napoleon had now but the title of First Consul, and France was nominally a republic, he was in reality the most powerful monarch in Europe. His throne was established in the hearts of nearly forty millions of people. His word was law.

It will be remembered that Josephine contemplated the extraordinary grandeur to which her husband had attained, with intense solicitude. She saw that more than ordinary regal power had passed into his hands, and she was not a stranger to the intense desire which animated his heart to have an heir to whom to transmit his name and his glory. She knew that many were intimating to him that an heir was essential to the repose of France. She was fully informed that divorce had been urged upon him as one of the stern necessities of state. One day, when Napoleon was busy in his cabinet, Josephine entered softly, by a side door, and seating herself affectionately upon his knee, and passing her hand gently through his hair, said to him, with a burst of tenderness, "I entreat you, my friend, do not make yourself king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Napoleon smiled upon her kindly, and said, "Why, my poor Josephine, you are mad. You must not listen to these fables which the old dowagers tell you. But you interrupt me now; I am very busy; leave me alone."

It is recorded that Lucien ventured to suggest to Josephine that a law higher than the law of ordinary morality required that she must become a mother, even were it necessary, for the attainment of that end, that she should violate her nuptial vows. Brutalizing and vulgar infidelity had obliterated in France, nearly all the sacredness of domestic ties. Josephine, instinctively virtuous, and revering the religion of her childhood, which her husband had reinstated, bursting into tears, indignantly exclaimed, "This is dreadful. Wretched should I be were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal. Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible." "Well, then, madame," responded Lucien, "all that I can say is, that from my heart I pity you."

Josephine was at times almost delirious in apprehension of the awful calamity which threatened her. She knew the intensity of her hus-

band's love. She also knew the boundlessness of his ambition. She could not be blind to the apparent importance, as a matter of state policy, that Napoleon should possess an heir. She also was fully aware that throughout France marriage had long been regarded but as a partnership of convenience, to be formed and sundered almost at pleasure. "Marriage," said Madame de Stael, "has become but the sacrament of adultery." The nation, under the influence of these views, would condemn her for selfishly refusing assent to an arrangement apparently essential to the repose of France and of Europe. Never was a woman placed in a situation of more terrible trial. Never was an ambitious man exposed to a more fiery temptation. Laying aside the authority of Christianity, and contemplating the subject in the light of mere expediency, it seemed a plain duty for Napoleon and Josephine to separate. But gloriously does it illustrate the immutable truth of God's word, that even in such an exigence as this, the path which the Bible pointed out was the only path of safety and of peace. "In separating myself from Josephine," said Napoleon afterward, "and in marrying Maria Louisa, I placed my foot upon an abyss which was covered with flowers."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, beautiful, brilliant, and amiable, then but eighteen years of age, was strongly attached to Duroc, one of Napoleon's aids, a very fashionable and handsome man. Josephine, however, had conceived the idea of marrying Hortense to Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger brother. She said, one day, to Bourrienne, "My two brothers-in-law are my determined enemies. You see all their intrigues. You know how much uneasiness they have caused me. This projected marriage with Duroc, leaves me without any support. Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship, is nothing. He has neither fortune, rank, nor even reputation. He can afford me no protection against the enmity of the brothers. I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much. If I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my brothers-in-law." These remarks were reported to Napoleon. He replied, "Josephine labors in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other, and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc. He is well born. I have given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Le Clerc. I can as well give Hortense to Duroc. He is brave. He is as good as the others. He is general of division. Besides, I have other views for Louis."

In the palace the heart may throb with the same joys and griefs as in the cottage. In anticipation of the projected marriage Duroc was sent on a special mission to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. Duroc wrote often to Hortense while absent. When the private secretary whispered in her ear, in the midst of the brilliant throng of the Tuileries, "I have a letter," she would

immediately retire to her apartment. Upon her return her friends could see that her eyes were moistened with the tears of affection and joy. Josephine cherished the hope that could she succeed in uniting Hortense with Louis Bonaparte, should Hortense give birth to a son, Napoleon would regard him as his heir. The child would bear the name of Bonaparte; the blood of the Bonapartes would circulate in his veins; and he would be the offspring of Hortense, whom Napoleon regarded as his own daughter, and whom he loved with the strongest parental affection. Thus the terrible divorce might be averted. Urged by motives so powerful, Josephine left no means untried to accomplish her purpose.

Louis Bonaparte was a studious, pensive, imaginative man, of great moral worth, though possessing but little force of character. He had been bitterly disappointed in his affections, and was weary of the world. When but nineteen years of age he had formed a very strong attachment for a young lady whom he had met in Paris. She was the daughter of an emigrant noble, and his whole being became absorbed in the passion of love. Napoleon, then in the midst of those victories which paved his way to the throne of France, was apprehensive that the alliance of his brother with one of the old royalist families, might endanger his own ambitious projects. He therefore sent him away on a military commission, and secured, by his powerful instrumentality, the marriage of the young lady to another person. The disappointment preyed deeply upon the heart of the sensitive young man. All ambition died within him. He loved solitude, and studiously avoided the cares and pomp of state. Napoleon, not having been aware of the extreme strength of his brother's attachment, when he saw the wound which he had inflicted upon him, endeavored to make all the amends in his power. Hortense was beautiful, full of grace and vivacity. At last Napoleon fell in with the views of Josephine, and resolved, having united the two, to recompense his brother, as far as possible, by lavishing great favors upon them.

It was long before Louis would listen to the proposition of his marriage with Hortense. His affections still clung to the lost object of his idolatry, and he could not, without pain, think of union with another. Indeed a more uncongenial alliance could hardly have been imagined. In no one thing were their tastes similar. But who could resist the combined tact of Josephine and power of Napoleon. All obstacles were swept away, and the maiden, loving the hilarity of life, and its gayest scenes of festivity and splendor, was reluctantly led to the silent, pensive scholar, who as reluctantly received her as his bride. Hortense had become in some degree reconciled to the match, as her powerful father promised to place them in high positions of wealth and rank. Louis resigned himself to his lot, feeling that earth had no further joy in store for him. A magnificent *fête* was given in honor of this marriage, at which all the splen-

dors of the ancient royalty were revived. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, as President of the French Republic, succeeded Louis Philippe, the King of the French, was the only child of this marriage who survived his parents.

Napoleon had organized in the heart of Italy a republic containing about five millions of inhabitants. This republic could by no means maintain itself against the monarchies of Europe, unaided by France. Napoleon, surrounded by hostile kings, deemed it essential to the safety of France, to secure in Italy a nation of congenial sympathies and interests, with whom he could form the alliance of cordial friendship. The Italians, all inexperienced in self-government, regarding Napoleon as their benefactor and their sole supporter, looked to him for a constitution. Three of the most influential men of the Cisalpine Republic, were sent as delegates to Paris, to consult with the First Consul upon the organization of their government. Under the direction of Napoleon a constitution was drafted, which, considering the character of the Italian people, and the hostile monarchical influences which surrounded them, was most highly liberal. A President and Vice-president were to be chosen for ten years. There was to be a Senate of eight members and a House of Representatives of seventy-five members. These were all to be selected from a body composed of 300 landed proprietors, 200 merchants, and 200 of the clergy and prominent literary men. Thus all the important interests of the state were represented.

In Italy, as in all the other countries of Europe at that time, there were three prominent parties. The Loyalists sought the restoration of monarchy and the exclusive privileges of kings and nobles. The Moderate Republicans wished to establish a firm government, which would enforce order and confer upon all equal rights. The Jacobins wished to break down all distinctions, divide property, and to govern by the blind energies of the mob. Italy had long been held in subjection by the spiritual terrors of the priests and by the bayonets of the Austrians. Ages of bondage had enervated the people and there were no Italian statesmen capable of taking the helm of government in such a turbulent sea of troubles. Napoleon resolved to have himself proposed as President, and then reserving to himself the supreme direction, to delegate the details of affairs to distinguished Italians, until they should, in some degree, be trained to duties so new to them. Says Thiers, "This plan was not, on his part, the inspiration of ambition, but rather of great good sense. His views on this occasion were unquestionably both pure and exalted." But nothing can more strikingly show the almost miraculous energies of Napoleon's mind, and his perfect self-reliance, than the readiness with which, in addition to the cares of the Empire of France, he assumed the responsibility of organizing and developing another nation of five millions of inhabitants. This was in 1802. Napoleon was then but thirty-three years of age

To have surrendered those Italians, who had rallied around the armies of France in their hour of need, again to Austrian domination, would have been an act of treachery. To have abandoned them, in their inexperience, to the Jacobin mob on the one hand, and to royalist intrigues on the other, would have insured the ruin of the Republic. But by leaving the details of government to be administered by Italians, and at the same time sustaining the constitution by his own powerful hand, there was a probability that the republic might attain prosperity and independence. As the press of business rendered it extremely difficult for Napoleon to leave France, a plan was formed for a vast congress of the Italians, to be assembled in Lyons, about half way between Paris and Milan, for the imposing adoption of the republican constitution. Four hundred and fifty-two deputies were elected to cross the frozen Alps, in the month of December. The extraordinary watchfulness and foresight of the First Consul, had prepared every comfort for them on the way. In Lyons sumptuous preparations were made for their entertainment. Magnificent halls were decorated in the highest style of earthly splendor for the solemnities of the occasion. The army of Egypt, which had recently landed, bronzed by an African sun, was gorgeously attired to add to the magnificence of the spectacle. The Lyonese youth, exultant with pride, were formed into an imposing body of cavalry. On the 11th of January, 1802, Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, arrived in Lyons. The whole population of the adjoining country had assembled along the road, anxiously watching for his passage. At night immense fires illumined his path, blazing upon every hill side and in every valley. One continuous shout of "Live Bonaparte," rolled along with the carriage from Paris to Lyons. It was late in the evening when Napoleon arrived in Lyons. The brilliant city flamed with the splendor of noon-day. The carriage of the First Consul passed under a triumphal arch, surmounted by a sleeping lion, the emblem of France, and Napoleon took up his residence in the Hotel de Ville, which, in most princely sumptuousness had been decorated for his reception. The Italians adored Napoleon. They felt personally ennobled by his renown, for they considered him their countryman. The Italian language was his native tongue, and he spoke it with the most perfect fluency and elegance. The moment that the name of Napoleon was suggested to the deputies as President of the Republic, it was received with shouts of enthusiastic acclamation. A deputation was immediately sent to the First Consul to express the unanimous and cordial wish of the convention that he would accept the office. While these things were transpiring, Napoleon, ever intensely occupied, was inspecting his veteran soldiers of Italy and of Egypt, in a public review. The elements seemed to conspire to invest the occasion with splendor. The day was cloudless, the sun brilliant, the sky serene, the air invigorating. All the inhab-

itants of Lyons and the populace of the adjacent country thronged the streets. No pen can describe the transports with which the hero was received, as he rode along the lines of these veterans, whom he had so often led to victory. The soldiers shouted in a frenzy of enthusiasm. Old men, and young men, and boys caught the shout and it reverberated along the streets in one continuous roar. Matrons and maidens, waving banners and handkerchiefs, wept in excess of emotion. Bouquets of flowers were showered from the windows, to carpet his path, and every conceivable demonstration was made of the most enthusiastic love. Napoleon himself was deeply moved by the scene. Some of the old grenadiers, whom he recognized, he called out of the ranks, kindly talked with them, inquiring respecting their wounds and their wants. He addressed several of the officers, whom he had seen in many encounters, shook hands with them, and a delirium of excitement pervaded all minds. Upon his return to the Hotel de Ville, he met the deputation of the convention. They presented him the address, urging upon him the acceptance of the Presidency of the Cisalpine Republic. Napoleon received the address, intimated his acceptance, and promised, on the following day, to meet the convention.

The next morning dawned brightly upon the city. A large church, embellished with richest drapery, was prepared for the solemnities of the occasion. Napoleon entered the church, took his seat upon an elevated platform, surrounded by his family, the French ministers, and a large number of distinguished generals and statesmen. He addressed the assembly in the Italian language, with as much ease of manner, elegance of expression, and fluency of utterance as if his whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of the powers of oratory. He announced his acceptance of the dignity with which they would invest him, and uttered his views respecting the measures which should be adopted to secure the prosperity of the *Italian Republic*, as the new state was henceforth to be called. Repeated bursts of applause interrupted his address, and at its close one continuous shout of acclamation testified the assent and the delight of the assembled multitude. Napoleon remained at Lyons twenty days, occupied, apparently every moment, with the vast affairs which then engrossed his attention. And yet he found time to write daily to Paris, urging forward the majestic enterprises of the new government in France. The following brief extracts, from this free and confidential correspondence, afford an interesting glimpse of the motives which actuated Napoleon at this time, and of the great objects of his ambition.

"I am proceeding slowly in my operations. I pass the whole of my mornings in giving audience to the deputations of the neighboring departments. The improvement in the happiness of France is obvious. During the past two years the population of Lyons has increased more than 20,000 souls. All the manufacturers tell me that their works are in a state of high activity. All

minds seem to be full of energy, not that energy which overturns empires, but that which re-establishes them, and conducts them to prosperity and riches."

"I beg of you particularly to see that the unruly members, whom we have in the constituted authorities, are every one of them removed. The wish of the nation is, that the government shall not be obstructed in its endeavors to act for the public good, and that the head of Medusa shall no longer show itself, either in our tribunes or in our assemblies. The conduct of Sieyès, on this occasion, completely proves that, having contributed to the destruction of all the constitutions since '91, he wishes now to try his hand against the present. He ought to burn a wax candle to Our Lady, for having got out of the scrape so fortunately and in so unexpected a manner. But the older I grow, the more I perceive that each man must fulfill his destiny. I recommend you to ascertain whether the provisions for St. Domingo have actually been sent off. I take it for granted that you have taken proper measures for demolishing the *Châtelet*. If the Minister of Marine should stand in need of the frigates of the King of Naples, he may make use of them. General Jourdan gives me a satisfactory account of the state of Piedmont."

"I wish that citizen Royer be sent to the 16th military division, to examine into the accounts of the paymaster. I also wish some individual, like citizen Royer, to perform the same duty for the 13th and 14th divisions. It is complained that the receivers keep the money as long as they can, and that the paymasters postpone payment as long as possible. The paymasters and the receivers are the greatest nuisance in the state."

"Yesterday I visited several factories. I was pleased with the industry and the severe economy which pervaded these establishments. Should the wintry weather continue severe, I do not think that the \$25,000 a month, which the Minister of the Interior grants for the purposes of charity, will be sufficient. It will be necessary to add five thousand dollars for the distribution of wood, and also to light fires in the churches and other large buildings to give warmth to a great number of people."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the 31st of January. In the mean time, there had been a new election of members of the *Tribunate* and of the Legislative body. All those who had manifested any opposition to the measures of Napoleon, in the re-establishment of Christianity, and in the adoption of the new civil code, were left out, and their places supplied by those who approved of the measures of the First Consul. Napoleon could now act unembarrassed. In every quarter there was submission. All the officers of the state, immediately upon his return, sought an audience, and, in that pomp of language which his majestic deeds and character inspired, presented to him their congratulations. He was already a sovereign, in possession of regal power, such as no other monarch in Europe enjoyed.

Upon one object all the energies of his mighty mind were concentrated. France was his estate, his diadem, his all. The glory of France was his glory, the happiness of France his happiness, the riches of France his wealth. Never did a father with more untiring self-denial and toil labor for his family, than did Napoleon through days of Herculean exertion and nights of sleeplessness devote every energy of body and soul to the greatness of France. He loved not ease, he loved not personal indulgence, he loved not sensual gratification. The elevation of France to prosperity, wealth, and power, was a limitless ambition. The almost supernatural success which had thus far attended his exertions, did but magnify his desires and stimulate his hopes. He had no wish to elevate France upon the ruins of other nations. But he wished to make France the pattern of all excellence, the illustrious leader, at the head of all nations, guiding them to intelligence, to opulence, and to happiness. Such, at this time, was the towering ambition of Napoleon, the most noble and comprehensive which was ever embraced by the conception of man. Of course, such ambition was not consistent with the equality of other nations, for he determined that France should be the first. But he manifested no disposition to destroy the prosperity of others; he only wished to give such an impulse to humanity in France, by the culture of mind, by purity of morals, by domestic industry, by foreign commerce, by great national works, as to place France in the advance upon the race course of greatness. In this race France had but one antagonist—England. France had nearly forty millions of inhabitants. The island of Great Britain contained but about fifteen millions. But England, with her colonies, girdled the globe, and, with her fleets, commanded all seas. "France," said Napoleon, "must also have her colonies and her fleets." "If we permit that," the statesmen of England rejoined, "we may become a secondary power, and may thus be at the mercy of France." It was undeniably so. Shall history be blind to such fatality as this? Is man, in the hour of triumphant ambition, so moderate, that we can be willing that he should attain power which places us at his mercy? England was omnipotent upon the seas. She became arrogant, and abused that power, and made herself offensive to all nations. Napoleon developed no special meekness of character to indicate that he would be, in the pride of strength which no nation could resist, more moderate and conciliating. Candor can not censure England for being unwilling to yield her high position—to surrender her supremacy on the seas—to become a secondary power—to allow France to become her master. And who can censure France for seeking the establishment of colonies, the extension of commerce, friendly alliance with other nations, and the creation of fleets to protect her from aggression upon the ocean, as well as upon the land? Napoleon himself, with that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, though at times exasperated by the hostility

which he now encountered, yet often spoke in terms of respect of the influences which animated his foes. It is to be regretted that his antagonists so seldom reciprocated this magnanimity. There was here, most certainly, a right and a wrong. But it is not easy for man accurately to adjust the balance. God alone can award the issue. The mind is saddened as it wanders amid the labyrinths of conscientiousness and of passion, of pure motives and of impure ambition. This is, indeed, a fallen world. The drama of nations is a tragedy. Melancholy is the lot of man.

England daily witnessed, with increasing alarm, the rapid and enormous strides which France was making. The energy of the First Consul seemed superhuman. His acts indicated the most profound sagacity, the most far-reaching foresight. To-day the news reaches London that Napoleon has been elected President of the Italian Republic. Thus in an hour five millions of people are added to his empire! To-morrow it is announced that he is establishing a colony at Elba, that a vast expedition is sailing for St. Domingo, to re-organize the colony there. England is bewildered. Again it is proclaimed that Napoleon has purchased Louisiana of Spain, and is preparing to fill the fertile valley of the Mississippi with colonists. In the mean time, all France is in a state of activity. Factories, roads, bridges, canals, fortifications are every where springing into existence. The sound of the ship hammer reverberates in all the harbors of France, and every month witnesses the increase of the French fleet. The mass of the English people contemplate with admiration this development of energy. The statesmen of England contemplate it with dread.

For some months, Napoleon, in the midst of all his other cares, had been maturing a vast system of public instruction for the youth of France. He drew up, with his own hand, the plan for their schools, and proposed the course of study. It is a little singular that, with his strong scientific predilections, he should have assigned the first rank to classical studies. Perhaps this is to be accounted for from his profound admiration of the heroes of antiquity. His own mind was most thoroughly stored with all the treasures of Greek and Roman story. All these schools were formed upon a military model, for, situated as France was, in the midst of monarchies, at heart hostile, he deemed it necessary that the nation should be universally trained to bear arms. Religious instruction was to be communicated in all these schools by chaplains, military instruction by old officers who had left the army, and classical and scientific instruction by the most learned men Europe could furnish. The First Consul also devoted special attention to female schools. "France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration," said he, "as good mothers." To attract the youth of France to these schools, one million of dollars was appropriated for over six thousand gratuitous exhibitions for the pupils. Ten schools of law were

established, nine schools of medicine, and an institution for the mechanical arts, called the "School of Bridges and Roads," the first model of those schools of art which continue in France until the present day, and which are deemed invaluable. There were no exclusive privileges in these institutions. A system of perfect equality pervaded them. The pupils of all classes were placed upon a level, with an unobstructed arena before them. "This is only a commencement," said Napoleon, "but-and-by we shall do more and better."

Another project which Napoleon now introduced was vehemently opposed—the establishment of the Legion of Honor. One of the leading principles of the revolution was the entire overthrow of all titles of distinction. Every man, high or low, was to be addressed simply as *Citizen*. Napoleon wished to introduce a system of rewards which should stimulate to heroic deeds, and which should ennoble those who had deserved well of humanity. Innumerable foreigners of distinction had thronged France since the peace. He had observed with what eagerness the populace had followed these foreigners, gazing with delight upon their gay decorations. The court-yard of the Tuileries was ever crowded when these illustrious strangers arrived and departed. Napoleon, in his council, where he was always eloquent and powerful, thus urged his views:

"Look at these vanities, which genius pretends so much to disdain. The populace is not of that opinion. It loves these many-colored ribbons, as it loves religious pomp. The democrat philosopher calls it vanity. Vanity let it be. But that vanity is a weakness common to the whole human race, and great virtues may be made to spring from it. With these so much despised baubles heroes are made. There must be worship for the religious sentiment. There must be visible distinctions for the noble sentiment of glory. Nations should not strive to be singular any more than individuals. The affectation of acting differently from the rest of the world, is an affectation which is reproved by all persons of sense and modesty. Ribbons are in use in all countries. Let them be in use in France. It will be one more friendly relation established with Europe. Our neighbors give them only to the man of noble birth. I will give them to the man of merit—to the one who shall have served best in the army or in the state, or who shall have produced the finest works."

It was objected that the institution of the Legion of Honor was a return to the aristocracy which the revolution had abolished. "What is there aristocratic," Napoleon exclaimed, "in a distinction purely personal, and merely for life, bestowed on the man who has displayed merit, whether civil or military—bestowed on him alone, bestowed for his life only, and not passing to his children. Such a distinction is the reverse of aristocratic. It is the essence of aristocracy that its titles are transmitted from the man who

has earned them, to the son who possesses no merit. The ancient régime, so battered by the ram of the revolution, is more entire than is believed. All the emigrants hold each other by the hand. The Vendéens are secretly enrolled. The priests, at heart, are not very friendly to us. With the words 'legitimate king,' thousands might be roused to arms. It is needful that the men who have taken part in the revolution should have a bond of union, and cease to depend on the first accident which might strike one single head. For ten years we have only been making ruins. We must now found an edifice. Depend upon it, the struggle is not over with Europe. Be assured that struggle will begin again."

It was then urged by some, that the Legion of Honor should be confined entirely to military merit. "By no means," said Napoleon, "Rewards are not to be conferred upon soldiers alone. All sorts of merit are brothers. The courage of the President of the Convention, resisting the populace, should be compared with the courage of Kleber, mounting to the assault of Acre. It is right that civil virtues should have their reward, as well as military virtues. Those who oppose this course, reason like barbarians. It is the religion of brute force they commend to us. Intelligence has its rights before those of force. Force, without intelligence, is nothing. In barbarous ages, the man of stoutest sinews was the chieftain. Now the general is the most intelligent of the brave. At Cairo, the Egyptians could not comprehend how it was that Kleber, with his majestic form, was not commander-in-chief. When Mourad Bey had carefully observed our tactics, he could comprehend how it was that I, and no other, ought to be the general of an army so conducted. You reason like the Egyptians, when you attempt to confine rewards to military valor. The soldiers reason better than you. Go to their bivouacs; listen to them. Do you imagine that it is the tallest of their officers, and the most imposing by his stature, for whom they feel the highest regard? Do you imagine even that the bravest stands first in their esteem. No doubt they would despise the man whose courage they suspected; but they rank above the merely brave man him whom they consider the most intelligent. As for myself, do you suppose that it is solely because I am reputed a great general that I rule France? No! It is because the qualities of a statesman and a magistrate are attributed to me. France will never tolerate the government of the sword. Those who think so are strangely mistaken. It would require an abject servitude of fifty years before that could be the case. France is too noble, too intelligent a country to submit to material power. Let us honor intelligence, virtue, the civil qualities; in short, let us bestow upon them, in all professions, the like reward."

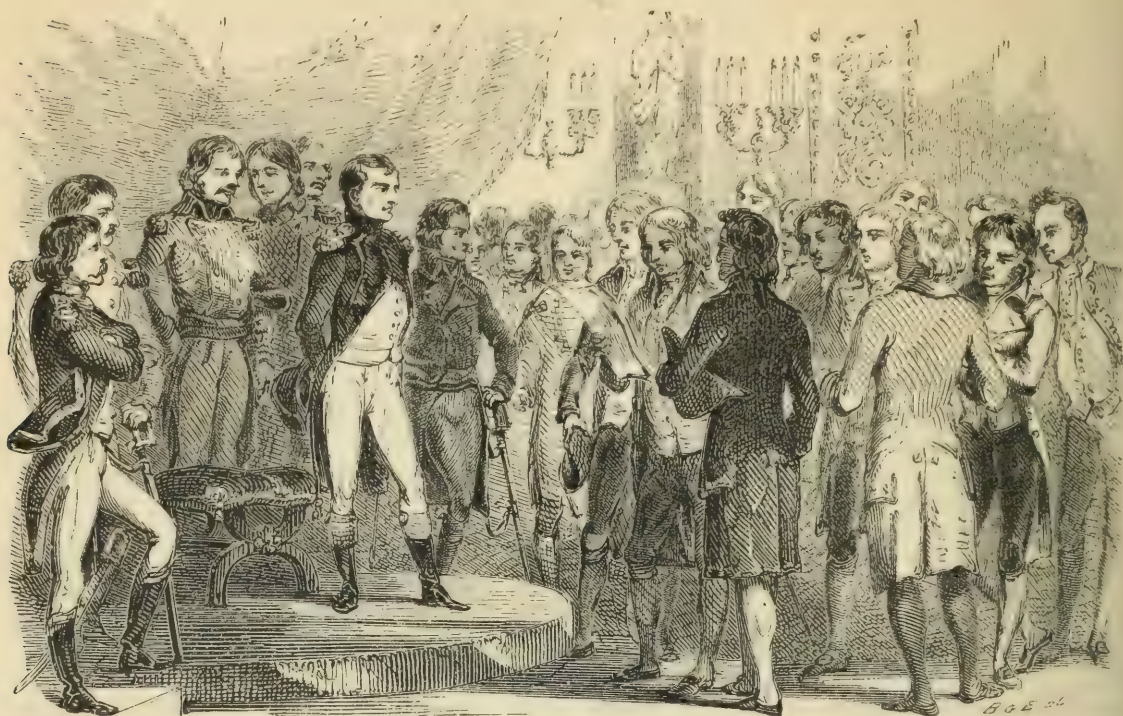
The true spirit of republicanism is certainly equality of rights, not of attainments and honors; the abolition of hereditary distinctions and privileges, not of those which are founded upon

merit. The badge of the Legion of Honor was to be conferred upon all who, by genius, self-denial, and toil, had won renown. The prizes were open to the humblest peasant in the land. Still the popular hostility to any institution which bore a resemblance to the aristocracy of the ancient nobility was so strong, that though a majority voted in favor of the measure, there was a strong opposition. Napoleon was surprised. He said to Bourrienne: "You are right. Prejudices are still against me. I ought to have waited. There was no occasion for haste in bringing it forward. But the thing is done; and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not yet gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You will see that extraordinary results will arise from it."

The order was to consist of six thousand members. It was constituted in four ranks: grand officers, commanders, officers, and private legionaries. The badge was simply a red ribbon, in the button-hole. To the first rank, there was allotted an annual salary of \$1000; to the second, \$400; to the third, \$200; to the fourth, \$50. The private soldier, the retired scholar, and the skillful artist were thus decorated with the same badge of distinction which figured upon the breasts of generals, nobles, and monarchs. That this institution was peculiarly adapted to the state of France, is evident from the fact, that it has survived all the revolutions of subsequent years. "Though of such recent origin," says Thiers, "it is already consecrated as if it had passed through centuries; to such a degree has it become the recompense of heroism, of knowledge, of merit of every kind—so much have its honors been coveted by the *grands* and the princes of Europe the most proud of their origin."

The popularity of Napoleon was now unbounded. A very general and earnest disposition was expressed to confer upon the First Consul a magnificent testimonial of the national gratitude—a testimonial worthy of the illustrious man who was to receive it, and of the powerful nation by which it was to be bestowed. The President of the Tribunal thus addressed that body: "Among all nations public honors have been decreed to men who, by splendid actions, have honored their country, and saved it from great dangers. What man ever had stronger claims to the national gratitude than General Bonaparte? His valor and genius have saved the French people from the excesses of anarchy, and from the miseries of war; and France is too great, too magnanimous to leave such benefits without reward."

A deputation was immediately chosen to confer with Napoleon upon the subject of the tribute of gratitude and affection which he should receive. Surrounded by his colleagues and the principal officers of the state, he received them the next day in the Tuileries. With seriousness and modesty he listened to the high eulogium upon his achievements which was pronounced,



RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES.

and then replied: "I receive with sincere gratitude the wish expressed by the Tribune. I desire no other glory than that of having completely performed the task imposed upon me. I aspire to no other reward than the affection of my fellow-citizens. I shall be happy if they are thoroughly convinced, that the evils which they may experience, will always be to me the severest of misfortunes; that life is dear to me solely for the services which I am able to render to my country; that death itself will have no bitterness for me, if my last looks can see the happiness of the republic as firmly secured as is its glory."

But how was Napoleon to be rewarded? That was the great and difficult question. Was wealth to be conferred upon him? For wealth he cared nothing. Millions had been at his disposal, and he had emptied them all into the treasury of France. Ease, luxury, self-indulgence had no charms for him. Were monuments to be reared to his honor, titles to be lavished upon his name? Napoleon regarded these but as means for the accomplishment of ends. In themselves they were nothing. The one only thing which he desired was *power*, power to work out vast results for others, and thus to secure for himself renown, which should be pure and imperishable. But how could the *power* of Napoleon be increased? He was already almost absolute. Whatever he willed, he accomplished. Senators, legislators, and tribunes all co-operated in giving energy to his plans. It will be remembered, that Napoleon was elected First Consul for a period of ten years. It seemed that there was absolutely nothing which could be done, gratifying to the First Consul, but to prolong the term of his Consulship, by either adding to it another period of ten years, or by continuing it during his life. "What does he

wish?" was the universal inquiry. Every possible means were tried, but in vain, to obtain a single word from his lips, significant of his desires. One of the senators went to Cambaceres, and said, "What would be gratifying to General Bonaparte? Does he wish to be king? Only let him say so, and we are all ready to vote for the re-establishment of royalty. Most willingly will we do it for him, for he is worthy of that station." But the First Consul shut himself up in impenetrable reserve. Even his most intimate friends could catch no glimpse of his secret wishes. At last the question was plainly and earnestly put to him. With great apparent humility, he replied: "I have not fixed my mind upon any thing. Any testimony of the public confidence will be sufficient for me, and will fill me with satisfaction." The question was then discussed whether to add ten years to his Consulship, or to make him First Consul for life. Cambaceres knew well the boundless ambition of Napoleon, and was fully conscious, that any limited period of power would not be in accordance with his plans. He ventured to say to him. "You are wrong not to explain yourself. Your enemies, for notwithstanding your services, you have some left even in the Senate, will abuse your reserve." Napoleon calmly replied: "Let them alone. The majority of the Senate is always ready to do more than it is asked. They will go further than you imagine."

On the evening of the 8th of May, 1802, the resolution was adopted, of prolonging the powers of the First Consul for *ten years*. Napoleon was probably surprised and disappointed. He, however, decided to return a grateful answer, and to say that not from the Senate, but from the suffrages of the people alone could he accept a prolongation of that power to which their

voices had elevated him. The following answer was transmitted to the Senate, the next morning :

"The honorable proof of your esteem, given in your deliberation of the 8th, will remain forever engraven on my heart. In the three years which have just elapsed fortune has smiled upon the republic. But fortune is fickle. How many men whom she has loaded with favors, have lived a few years too long. The interest of my glory and that of my happiness, would seem to have marked the term of my public life, at the

moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and the happiness of the citizen ought to be silent, when the interest of the state, and the public partiality, call him. You judge that I owe a new sacrifice to the people. I will make it, if the wishes of the people command what your suffrage authorizes."

Napoleon immediately left Paris for his country-seat at Malmaison. This beautiful chateau was about ten miles from the metropolis. Josephine had purchased the peaceful, rural retreat at Napoleon's request, during his first



MALMAISON.

Italian campaign. Subsequently, large sums had been expended in enlarging and improving the grounds; and it was ever the favorite residence of both Napoleon and Josephine. Cambaceres called an extraordinary meeting of the Council of State. After much deliberation, it was resolved, by an immense majority, that the following proposition should be submitted to the people: "Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be First

Consul for life?" It was then resolved to submit a second question: "Shall the First Consul have the power of appointing his successor?" This was indeed re-establishing monarchy, under a republican name.

Cambaceres immediately repaired to Malmaison, to submit these resolutions to Napoleon. To the amazement of all, he immediately and firmly rejected the second question. Energet-



ELECTION FOR CONSUL FOR LIFE

ically, he said: "Whom would you have me appoint my successor? My brothers? But will France, which has consented to be governed by me, consent to be governed by Joseph or Lucien? Shall I nominate you consul, Cambacères? You? Dare you undertake such a task? And then the will of Louis XIV. was not respected; is it likely that mine would be? A dead man, let him be who he will, is nobody." In opposition to all urgency, he ordered the second question to be erased, and the first only to be submitted to the people. It is impossible to divine the motive which influenced Napoleon in this most unexpected decision. Some have supposed that even then he had in view the Empire and the hereditary monarchy, and that he wished to leave a chasm in the organization of the government, as a reason for future change. Others have supposed that he dreaded the rivalries which would arise among his brothers and his nephews, from his having at his disposal so resplendent a gift as the Empire of France. But the historian

treads upon dangerous ground, when he begins to judge of motives. That which Napoleon actually *did* was moderate and noble in the highest degree. He declined the power of appointing his successor, and submitted his election to the suffrages of the people. A majority of 3,568,885 voted for the Consulate for life, and only eight thousands and a few hundreds, against it. Never before, or since, was an earthly government established by such unanimity. Never had a monarch a more indisputable title to his throne. Upon this occasion Lafayette added to his vote these qualifying words: "I can not vote for such a magistracy, until public freedom is sufficiently guaranteed. When that is done, I give my voice to Napoleon Bonaparte." In a private conversation with the First Consul, he added: "A free government, and you at its head—that comprehends all my desires." Napoleon remarked: "In theory Lafayette is perhaps right. But what is theory? A mere dream, when applied to the masses of mankind. He thinks he is still

in the United States—as if the French were Americans. He has no conception of what is required for this country.”

A day was fixed for a grand diplomatic festival, when Napoleon should receive the congratulations of the constituted authorities, and of the foreign ambassadors. The soldiers, in brilliant uniform, formed a double line, from the Tuileries to the Luxembourg. The First Consul was seated in a magnificent chariot, drawn by eight horses. A cortège of gorgeous splendor accompanied him. All Paris thronged the streets through which he passed, and the most enthusiastic applause rent the heavens. To the congratulatory address of the Senate, Napoleon replied: “The life of a citizen belongs to his country. The French nation wishes that mine should be wholly consecrated to France. I obey its will. Through my efforts, by your assistance, citizen-senators, by the aid of the authorities, and by the confidence and support of this mighty people, the liberty, equality, and prosperity of France will be rendered secure against the caprices of fate, and the uncertainty of futurity. The most virtuous of nations will be the most happy, as it deserves to be; and its felicity will contribute to the general happiness of all Europe. Proud then of being thus called, by the command of that Power from which every thing emanates, to bring back order, justice, and equality to the earth, when my last hour approaches, I shall yield myself up with resignation, and, without any solicitude respecting the opinions of future generations.”

On the following day the new articles, modifying the constitution in accordance with the change in the consulship, were submitted to the Council of State. The First Consul presided, and with his accustomed vigor and perspicuity, explained the reasons of each article, as he recounted them one by one. The articles contained the provision that Napoleon should nominate his successor to the Senate. To this, after a slight resistance, he yielded. The most profound satisfaction now pervaded France. Even Josephine began to be tranquil and happy. She imagined that all thoughts of royalty and of hereditary succession had now passed away. She contemplated with no uneasiness the power which Napoleon possessed of choosing his successor. Napoleon sympathized cordially with her in her high gratification that Hortense was soon to become a mother. This child was already, in their hearts, the selected heir to the power of Napoleon. On the 15th of August, Paris magnificently celebrated the anniversary of the birth-day of the First Consul. This was another introduction of monarchical usages. All the high authorities of the Church and the State, and the foreign diplomatic bodies, called upon him with congratulations. At noon, in all the churches of the metropolis, a *Te Deum* was sung, in gratitude to God for the gift of Napoleon. At night the city blazed with illuminations. The splendors and the etiquette of royalty were now rapidly introduced; and the same fickle populace who had

so recently trampled princes and thrones into blood and ruin, were now captivated with the re-introduction of these discarded splendors. Napoleon soon established himself in the beautiful chateau of St. Cloud, which he had caused to be repaired with great magnificence. On the Sabbath the First Consul, with Josephine, invariably attended divine service. Their example was soon followed by most of the members of the court, and the nation as a body returned to Christianity, which, even in its most corrupt form, saves humanity from those abysses of degradation into which infidelity plunges it. Immediately after divine service he conversed in the gallery of the chateau with the visitors who were then waiting for him. The brilliance of his intellect, and his high renown, caused him to be approached with emotions of awe. His words were listened to with intensest eagerness. He was the exclusive object of observation and attention. No earthly potentate had ever attained such a degree of homage, pure and sincere, as now circled around the First Consul.

Napoleon was very desirous of having his court a model of decorum and of morals. Lucien owned a beautiful rural mansion near Neuilly. Upon one occasion he invited Napoleon, and all the inmates of Malmaison, to attend some private theatricals at his dwelling. Lucien and Eliza were the performers in a piece called *Alzire*. The ardor of their declamation, the freedom of their gestures, and above all the indelicacy of the costume which they assumed, displeased Napoleon exceedingly. As soon as the play was over he exclaimed, “It is a scandal. I ought not to suffer such indecencies. I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it.” As soon as Lucien entered the saloon, having resumed his usual dress, Napoleon addressed him before the whole company, and requested him in future to desist from all such representations. “What!” said he, “when I am endeavoring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon a platform, almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!”

One day at this time Bourrienne, going from Malmaison to Ruel, lost a beautiful watch. He proclaimed his loss by means of the bellman at Ruel. An hour after, as he was sitting down to dinner, a peasant boy brought him the watch, which he had found on the road. Napoleon heard of the occurrence. Immediately he instituted inquiries respecting the young man and the family. Hearing a good report of them, he gave the three brothers employment, and amply rewarded the honest lad. “Kindness,” says Bourrienne, “was a very prominent trait in the character of Napoleon.”

If we now take a brief review of what Napoleon had accomplished since his return from Egypt, it must be admitted that the records of the world are to be searched in vain for a similar recital. No mortal man before ever accomplished so much, or accomplished it so well, in so short a time.

Let us for a moment return to his landing at

Frejus on the 8th of October, 1799, until he was chosen First Consul for life, in August, 1802, a period of not quite three years. Proceeding to Paris, almost alone, he overthrew the Directory, and seized the supreme power; restored order into the administration of government, established a new and very efficient system for the collection of taxes, raised public credit, and supplied the wants of the suffering army. By great energy and humanity he immediately terminated the horrors of that unnatural war which had for years been desolating La Vendee. Condescending to the attitude of suppliant, he implored of Europe peace. Europe chose war. By a majestic conception of military combinations, he sent Moreau with a vast army to the Rhine; stimulated Massena to the most desperate strife at Genoa, and then, creating as by magic, an army, from materials which excited but the ridicule of his foes, he climbed, with artillery and horse, and all the munitions of war, the icy pinnacles of the Alps, and fell like an avalanche upon his foes upon the plain of Marengo. With far inferior numbers, he snatched the victory from the victors; and in the exultant hour of the most signal conquest, wrote again from the field of blood imploring peace. His foes, humbled, and at his mercy, gladly availed themselves of his clemency, and promised to treat. Perfidiously, they only sought time to regain their strength. He then sent Moreau to Hohenlinden, and beneath the walls of Vienna extorted peace with continental Europe. England still prosecuted the war. The First Consul, by his genius, won the heart of Paul of Russia, secured the affection of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, and formed a league of all Europe against the Mistress of the Seas. While engaged in this work, he paid the creditors of the State, established the Bank of France, overwhelmed the highway robbers with utter destruction, and restored security in all the provinces; cut magnificent communications over the Alps, founded hospitals on their summits, surrounded exposed cities with fortifications, opened canals, constructed bridges, created magnificent roads, and commenced the compilation of that civil code which will remain an ever-during monument of his labors and his genius. In opposition to the remonstrances of his best friends, he re-established Christianity, and with it proclaimed perfect liberty of conscience. Public works were every where established, to encourage industry. Schools and colleges were founded. Merit of every kind was stimulated by abundant rewards. Vast improvements were made in Paris, and the streets cleaned and irrigated. In the midst of all these cares, he was defending France against the assaults of the most powerful nation on the globe; and he was preparing, as his last resort, a vast army, to carry the war into the heart of England. Notwithstanding the most atrocious libels with which England was filled against him, his fame shone resplendent through them all, and he was popular with the English people. Many of the most illustrious of the English statesmen advocated

his cause. His gigantic adversary, William Pitt, vanquished by the genius of Napoleon, was compelled to retire from the ministry—and the world was at peace.

The difficulties, perplexities, embarrassments which were encountered in these enterprises, were infinite. Says Napoleon, with that magnanimity which history should recognize and applaud, "We are told that all the First Consul had to look to, was to do justice. But to whom was he to do justice? To the proprietors whom the revolution had violently despoiled of their properties, for this only, that they had been faithful to their legitimate sovereign and to the principle of honor which they had inherited from their ancestors; or to those new proprietors, who had purchased these domains, adventuring their money on the faith of laws flowing from an illegitimate authority? Was he to do justice to those royalist soldiers, mutilated in the fields of Germany, La Vendee, and Quiberon, arrayed under the white standard of the Bourbons, in the firm belief that they were serving the cause of their king against a usurping tyranny; or to the million of citizens, who, forming around the frontiers a wall of brass, had so often saved their country from the inveterate hostility of its enemies, and had borne to so transcendent a height the glory of the French eagle? Was he to do justice to that clergy, the model and the example of every Christian virtue, stripped of its birth-right, the reward of fifteen hundred years of benevolence; or to the recent acquirers, who had converted the convents into workshops, the churches into warehouses, and had turned to profane uses all that had been deemed most holy for ages!"

"At this period," says Thiers, "Napoleon appeared so moderate, after having been so victorious, he showed himself so profound a legislator, after having proved himself so great a commander, he evinced so much love for the arts of peace, after having excelled in the arts of war, that well might he excite illusions in France and in the world. Only some few among the personages who were admitted to his councils, who were capable of judging futurity by the present, were filled with as much anxiety as admiration, on witnessing the indefatigable activity of his mind and body, and the energy of his will, and the impetuosity of his desires. They trembled even at seeing him do good, in the way he did—so impatient was he to accomplish it quickly, and upon an immense scale. The wise and sagacious Tronchet, who both admired and loved him, and looked upon him as the saviour of France, said, nevertheless, one day in a tone of deep feeling to Cambaceres, 'This young man begins like Cæsar; I fear that he will end like him.'"

The elevation of Napoleon to the supreme power for life was regarded by most of the states of continental Europe with satisfaction, as tending to diminish the dreaded influences of republicanism, and to assimilate France with the surrounding monarchies. Even in England, the prime minister, Mr. Addington, assured the

French ambassador of the cordial approbation of the British government of an event, destined to consolidate order and power in France. The King of Prussia, the Emperor Alexander, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, sent him their friendly congratulations. Even Catharine, the haughty Queen of Naples, mother of the Empress of Austria, being then at Vienna, in ardent expression of her gratification to the French ambassador said, "General Bonaparte is a great man. He has done me much injury, but that shall not prevent me from acknowledging his genius. By checking disorder in France, he has rendered a service to all of Europe. He has attained the government of his country because he is most worthy of it. I hold him out every day as a pattern to the young princes of the imperial family. I exhort them to study that extraordinary personage, to learn from him how to direct nations, how to make the yoke of authority endurable, by means of genius and glory."

But difficulties were rapidly rising between England and France. The English were much disappointed in not finding that sale of their manufactures which they had anticipated. The cotton and iron manufactures were the richest branches of industry in England. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the development of the manufacturing resources of France, encouraged those manufactures by the almost absolute prohibition of the rival articles. William Pitt and his partisans, still retaining immense influence, regarded with extreme jealousy the rapid strides which Napoleon was making to power, and incessantly declaimed, in the journals, against the ambition of France. Most of the royalist emigrants, who had refused to acknowledge the new government, and were still devoted to the cause of the Bourbons, had taken refuge in London. They had been the allies with England in the long war against France. The English government could not refrain from sympathizing with them in their sufferings. It would have been ungenerous not to have done so. The emigrants were many of them supported by pensions paid them by England. At the same time they were constantly plotting conspiracies against the life of Napoleon, and sending assassins to shoot him. "I will yet teach those Bourbons," said Napoleon, in a moment of indignation, "that I am not a man to be shot at like a dog." Napoleon complained bitterly that his enemies, then attempting his assassination, were in the pay of the British government. Almost daily the plots of these emigrants were brought to light by the vigilance of the French police.

A Bourbon pamphleteer, named Peltier, circulated widely through England the most atrocious libels against the First Consul, his wife, her children, his brothers and sisters. They were charged with the most low, degrading, and revolting vices. These accusations were circulated widely through England and America. They produced a profound impression. They were believed. Many were interested in the circulation of these reports, wishing to destroy the popu-

larity of Napoleon, and to prepare the populace of England for the renewal of the war. Napoleon remonstrated against such infamous representations of his character being allowed in England. But he was informed that the British press was free; that there was no resource but to prosecute for libel in the British courts; and that it was the part of true greatness to treat such slanders with contempt. But Napoleon felt that such false charges were exasperating nations, were paving the way to deluge Europe again in war, and that causes tending to such woes were too potent to be despised.

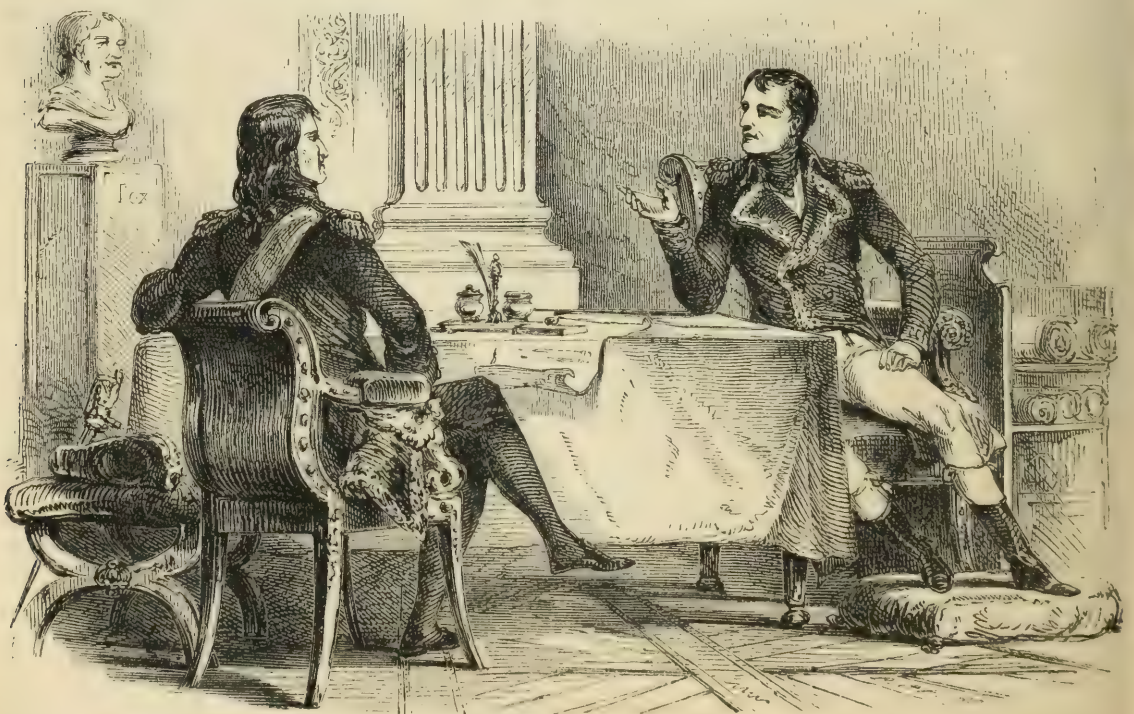
The Algerines were now sweeping with their piratic crafts the Mediterranean, exacting tribute from all Christian powers. A French ship had been wrecked upon the coast, and the crew were made prisoners. Two French vessels and a Neapolitan ship had also been captured and taken to Algiers. The indignation of Napoleon was aroused. He sent an officer to the Dey with a letter, informing him that if the prisoners were not released and the captured vessels instantly restored, and a promise given to respect in future the flags of France and Italy, he would send a fleet and an army and overwhelm him with ruin. The Dey had heard of Napoleon's career in Egypt. He was thoroughly frightened, restored the ships and the prisoners, implored clemency, and with barbarian injustice doomed to death those who had captured the ships in obedience to his commands. Their lives were saved only through the intercession of the French minister. Napoleon then performed one of the most gracious acts of courtesy toward the Pope. The feeble monarch had no means of protecting his coasts from the pirates who still swarmed in those seas. Napoleon selected two fine brigs in the naval arsenal at Toulon, equipped them with great elegance, armed them most effectively, filled them with naval stores, and conferring upon them the apostolical names of St. Peter and St. Paul, sent them as a present to the Pontiff. With characteristic grandeur of action, he carried his attentions so far as to send a cutter to bring back the crews, that the papal treasury might be exposed to no expense. The venerable Pope, in the exuberance of his gratitude, insisted upon taking the French seamen to Rome. He treated them with every attention in his power; exhibited to them St. Peter's, and dazzled them with the pomp and splendor of cathedral worship. They returned to France loaded with humble presents, and exceedingly gratified with the kindness with which they had been received.

It was stipulated in the treaty of Amiens, that both England and France should evacuate Egypt, and that England should surrender Malta to its ancient rulers. Malta, impregnable in its fortifications, commanded the Mediterranean, and was the key of Egypt. Napoleon had therefore, while he professed a willingness to relinquish all claim to the island himself, insisted upon it, as an essential point, that England should do the same. The question upon which the treaty hinged, was the surrender of Malta to a neutral

power. The treaty was signed. Napoleon promptly and scrupulously fulfilled his agreements. Several embarrassments, for which England was not responsible, delayed for a few months the evacuation of Malta. But now nearly a year had passed since the signing of the treaty. All obstacles were removed from the way of its entire fulfillment, and yet the troops of England remained both in Egypt and in Malta. The question was seriously discussed in Parliament and in the English journals, whether England were bound to fulfill her engagements, since France was growing so alarmingly powerful. Generously and eloquently Fox exclaimed, "I am astonished at all I hear, particularly when I consider who they are that speak such words. Indeed I am more grieved than any of the honorable friends and colleagues of Mr. Pitt, at the growing greatness of France, which is daily extending her power in Europe and in America. That France, now accused of interfering with the concerns of others, we invaded, for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, and of obliging her to accept the family of the Bourbons, whose yoke she spurned. By one of those sublime movements, which history should recommend to imitation, and preserve in eternal memorial, she repelled her invaders. Though warmly attached to the cause of England, we have felt an involuntary movement of sympathy with that generous outburst of liberty, and we have no desire to conceal it. No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties. But because France now appears too great to us—greater than we thought her at first—to break a solemn engagement, to retain Malta, for instance, would be an unworthy breach of faith, which would compromise the honor of Britain. I am sure that if

there were in Paris an assembly similar to that which is debating here, the British navy and its dominion over the seas would he talked of, in the same terms as we talk in this house of the French armies, and their dominion over the land."

Napoleon sincerely wished for peace. He was constructing vast works to embellish and improve the empire. Thousands of workmen were employed in cutting magnificent roads across the Alps. He was watching with intensest interest the growth of fortifications and the excavation of canals. He was in the possession of absolute power, was surrounded by universal admiration, and, in the enjoyment of profound peace, was congratulating himself upon being the pacificator of Europe. He had disbanded his armies, and was consecrating all the resources of the nation to the stimulation of industry. He therefore left no means of forbearance and conciliation untried to avert the calamities of war. He received Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador in Paris, with great distinction. The most delicate attentions were paid to his lady, the Duchess of Dorset. Splendid entertainments were given at the Tuileries and at St. Cloud in their honor. Talleyrand consecrated to them all the resources of his courtly and elegant manners. The two Associate Consuls, Cambaceres and Lebrun, were also unwearied in attentions. Still all these efforts on the part of Napoleon to secure friendly relations with England were unavailing. The British government still, in open violation of the treaty, retained Malta. The honor of France was at stake in enforcing the sacredness of treaties. Malta was too important a post to be left in the hands of England. Napoleon at last resolved to have a personal interview himself with Lord Whitworth, and to explain to him, with all frankness, his sentiments and his resolves.



NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH EMBASSADOR.

It was on the evening of the 18th of February, 1803, that Napoleon received Lord Whitworth in his cabinet in the Tuileries. A large writing-table occupied the middle of the room. Napoleon invited the ambassador to take a seat at one end of the table, and seated himself at the other. "I have wished," said he, "to converse with you in person, that I may fully convince you of my real opinions and intentions." Then with that force of language and that perspicuity which no man ever excelled, he recapitulated his transactions with England from the beginning; that he had offered peace immediately upon his accession to the consulship; that peace had been refused; that eagerly he had renewed negotiations as soon as he could with any propriety do so: and that he had made great concessions to secure the peace of Amiens. "But my efforts," said he, "to live on good terms with England, have met

with no friendly response. The English newspapers breathe but animosity against me. The journals of the emigrants are allowed a license of abuse which is not justified by the British constitution. Pensions are granted to Georges and his accomplices, who are plotting my assassination. The emigrants, protected in England, are continually making excursions to France to stir up civil war. The Bourbon princes are received with the insignia of the ancient royalty. Agents are sent to Switzerland and Italy to raise up difficulties against France. Every wind which blows from England brings me but hatred and insult. Now we have come to a situation from which we must relieve ourselves. Will you or will you not execute the treaty of Amiens? I have executed it on my part with scrupulous fidelity. That treaty obliged me to evacuate Naples, Tarento, and the Roman States, within three



months. In less than two months, all the French troops were out of those countries. Ten months have elapsed since the exchange of the ratifications, and the English troops are still in Malta, and at Alexandria. It is useless to try to deceive us on this point. Will you have peace, or will you have war? If you are for war, only say so; we will wage it unrelentingly. If you wish for peace, you must evacuate Alexandria and Malta. The rock of Malta, on which so many fortifications have been erected, is, in a maritime point of view, an object of great importance; but, in my estimation, it has an importance infinitely greater, inasmuch as it implicates the honor of France. What would the world say, if we were to allow a solemn treaty, signed with us, to be violated? It would doubt our energy. For my part, my resolution is fixed. I had rather see you in possession of the Heights of Montmartre, than in possession of Malta."

"If you doubt my desire to preserve peace, listen, and judge how far I am sincere. Though yet very young, I have attained a power, a renown to which it would be difficult to add. Do you imagine that I am solicitous to risk this power, this renown, in a desperate struggle? If I have a war with Austria, I shall contrive to find the way to Vienna. If I have a war with you, I will take from you every ally upon the Continent. You will blockade us; but I will blockade you in my turn. You will make the Continent a prison for us; but I will make the seas a prison for you. However, to conclude the war, there must be more direct efficiency. There must be assembled 150,000 men, and an immense flotilla. We must try to cross the Strait, and perhaps I shall bury in the depths of the sea my fortune, my glory, my life. It is an awful temerity, my lord, the invasion of England." Here, to the amazement of Lord Whitworth, Napoleon enumerated frankly and powerfully all the perils of the enterprise: the enormous preparations it would be necessary to make of ships, men, and

munitions of war—the difficulty of eluding the English fleet. "The chance that we shall perish," said he, "is vastly greater than the chance that we shall succeed. Yet this temerity, my lord, awful as it is, I am determined to hazard, if you force me to it. I will risk my army and my life. With me that great enterprise will have chances which it can not have with any other. See now if I ought, prosperous, powerful, and peaceful as I now am, to risk power, prosperity, and peace in such an enterprise. Judge, if when I say I am desirous of peace, if I am not sincere. It is better for you; it is better for me to keep within the limits of treaties. You must evacuate Malta. You must not harbor my assassins in England. Let me be abused, if you please, by the English journals, but not by those miserable emigrants, who dishonor the protection you grant them, and whom the Alien Act permits you to expel from the country. Act cordially with me, and I promise you, on my part, an entire cordiality. See what power we should exercise over the world, if we could bring our two nations together. You have a navy, which, with the incessant efforts of ten years, in the employment of all my resources, I should not be able to equal. But I have 500,000 men ready to march, under my command, whithersoever I choose to lead them. If you are masters of the seas, I am master of the land. Let us then think of uniting, rather than of going to war, and we shall rule at pleasure the destinies of the world. France and England united, can do every thing for the interests of humanity."

England, however, still refused, upon one pretense and another, to yield Malta; and both parties were growing more and more exasperated, and were gradually preparing for the renewal of hostilities. Napoleon, at times, gave very free utterance to his indignation. "Malta," said he, "gives the dominion of the Mediterranean. Nobody will believe that I consent to surrender the Mediterranean to the English, unless I fear their power. I thus loose the most important sea in



SEA COMBAT.

the world, and the respect of Europe. I will fight to the last, for the possession of the Mediterranean; and if I once get to Dover, it is all over with those tyrants of the seas. Besides, as we must fight, sooner or later, with a people to whom the greatness of France is intolerable, the sooner the better. I am young. The English are in the wrong; more so than they will ever be again. I had rather settle the matter at once. They shall not have Malta."

Still Napoleon assented to the proposal for negotiating with the English for the cession of some other island in the Mediterranean. "Let them obtain a port to put into," said he. "To that I have no objection. But I am determined that they shall not have two Gibaltars in that sea: one at the entrance, and one in the middle." To this proposition, however, England refused assent.

Napoleon then proposed that the Island of Malta should be placed in the hands of the Emperor of Russia; leaving it with him in trust, till the discussions between France and England were decided. It had so happened that the emperor had just offered his mediation, if that could be available, to prevent a war. This the English government also declined, upon the plea that it did not think that Russia would be willing to accept the office thus imposed upon her. The English ambassador now received instructions to demand that France should cede to England, Malta for ten years; and that England, by way of compensation, would recognize the Italian republic. The ambassador was ordered to apply for his passports, if these conditions were not accepted within seven days. To this proposition France would not accede. The English minister demanded his passports, and left France. Immediately the English fleet commenced its attack upon French merchant-ships, wherever they could be found. And the world was again deluged in war.

THE PALACES OF FRANCE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

FRANCE has recorded her past history and her present condition, in the regal palaces she has reared. Upon these monumental walls are inscribed, in letters more legible than the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and as ineffaceable, the long and dreary story of kingly vice, voluptuousness and pride, and of popular servility and oppression. The unthinking tourist saunters through these magnificent saloons, upon which have been lavished the wealth of princes and the toil of ages, and admires their gorgeous grandeur. In marbled floors and gilded ceilings and damask tapestry, and all the appliances of boundless luxury and opulence, he sees but the triumphs of art, and bewildered by the dazzling spectacle, forgets the burning outrage upon human rights which it proclaims. Half-entranced, he wanders through uncounted acres of groves and lawns, and parterres of flowers, embellished with lakes, fountains, cascades, and the most voluptuous

statuary, where kings and queens have reveled, and he reflects not upon the millions who have toiled, from dewy morn till the shades of night, through long and joyless years, eating black bread, clothed in coarse raiment—the man, the woman, the ox, companions in toil, companions in thought—to minister to this indulgence. But the palaces of France proclaim, in trumpet tones, the shame of France. They say to her kings, Behold the undeniable monuments of your pride, your insatiate extortion, your measureless extravagance and luxury. They say to the people, Behold the proofs of the outrages which your fathers, for countless ages, have endured. They lived in mud hovels that their licentious kings might riot haughtily in the apartments, canopied with gold, of Versailles, the Tuileries, and St. Cloud—the Palaces of France. The mind of the political economist lingers painfully upon them. They are gorgeous as specimens of art. They are sacred as memorials of the past. Vandalism alone would raze them to their foundations. Still, the *judgment* says, It would be better for the political regeneration of France, if, like the Bastille, their very foundations were plowed up, and sown with salt. For they are a perpetual provocative to every thinking man. They excite unceasingly democratic rage against aristocratic arrogance. Thousands of noble women, as they traverse those gorgeous halls, feel those fires of indignation glowing in their souls, which glowed in the bosom of Madame Roland. Thousands of young men, with compressed lip and moistened eye, lean against those marble pillars, lost in thought, and almost excuse even the demoniac and blood-thirsty mercilessness of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. These palaces are a perpetual stimulus and provocative to governmental aggression. There they stand, in all their gorgeousness, empty, swept, and garnished. They are resplendently beautiful. They are supplied with every convenience, every luxury. King and Emperor dwelt there. Why should not the *President*? Hence the palace becomes the home of the Republican President. The expenses of the palace, the retinue of the palace, the court etiquette of the palace become the requisitions of good taste. In America, the head of the government, in his convenient and appropriate mansion, receives a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. In France, the President of the Republic receives four hundred thousand dollars a year, and yet, even with that vast sum, can not keep up an establishment at all in accordance with the dwellings of grandeur which invite his occupancy, and which unceasingly and irresistibly stimulate to regal pomp and to regal extravagance. The palaces of France have a vast influence upon the present politics of France. There is an unceasing conflict between those marble walls of monarchical splendor, and the principles of republican simplicity. This contest will not soon terminate, and its result no one can foresee. Never have I felt my indignation more thoroughly aroused than when wan-

dering hour after hour through the voluptuous sumptuousness of Versailles. The triumphs of taste and art are admirable, beyond the power of the pen to describe. But the moral of execrable oppression is deeply inscribed upon all. In a brief description of the Palaces of France, I shall present them in the order in which I chanced to visit them.

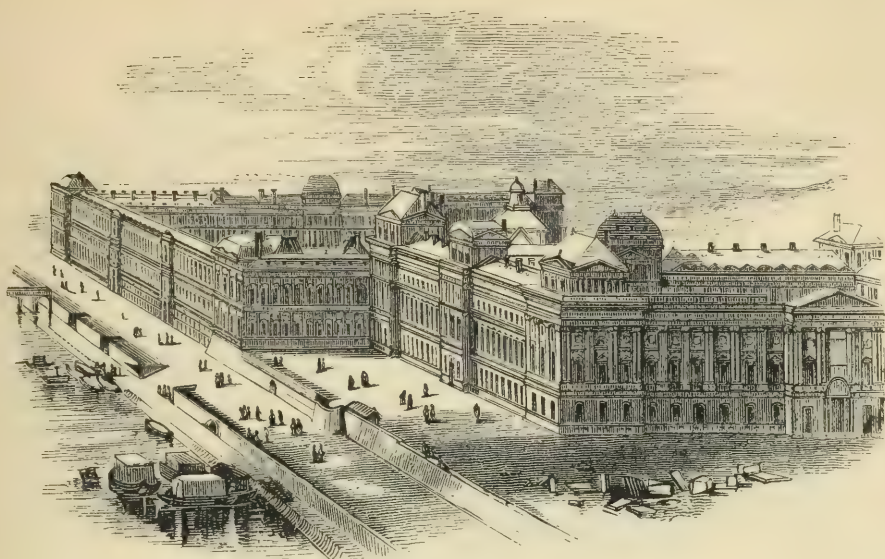
1. *Palais des Thermes*.—In long-gone centuries, which have faded away into oblivion, a wandering tribe of barbarians alighted from their canoes, upon a small island in the Seine, and there reared their huts. They were called the Parisii. The slow lapse of centuries rolled over them, and there were wars and woes, bridal and burials, and still they increased in numbers and in strength, and fortified their little isle against the invasions of their enemies; for man, whether civilized or savage, has ever been the most ferocious wild beast man has had to encounter. But soon the tramp of the Roman legions was heard upon the banks of the Seine, and all Gaul with its sixty tribes, came under the power of the Cæsars. Extensive marshes and gloomy forests surrounded the barbarian village; but, gradually, Roman laws and institutions were introduced; and Roman energy changed the aspect of the country. Immediately the proud conquerors commenced rearing a palace for the provincial governor. The Palace of Warm Baths rose, with its massive walls, and in imposing grandeur. Roman spears drove the people to the work; and Roman ingenuity knew well how to extort from the populace the revenue which was required. Large remains of that palace continue to the present day. It is the most interesting memorial of the past which can now be found in France. The magnificence of its proportions still strike the beholder with awe. "Behold," says a writer, who trod its marble floors nearly a thousand years ago: "Behold the Palace of the Kings, whose turrets pierce the skies, and whose foundations penetrate even to the empire of the dead." Julius Cæsar gazed proudly upon those turrets; and here the shouts of Roman legions, fifteen hundred years ago, proclaimed Julian emperor; and Roman maidens, with throbbing hearts, trod these floors in the mazy dance. No one can enter the grand hall of the baths, without being deeply impressed with the majestic aspect of the edifice, and with the grandeur of its gigantic proportions. The decay of nearly two thousand years has left its venerable impress upon those walls. Here Roman generals proudly strode, encased in brass and steel, and the clatter of their arms resounded through these arches. In these mouldering, crumbling tubs of stone, they laved their sinewy limbs. But where are those fierce warriors now? In what employments have their turbulent spirits been engaged, while generation after generation has passed on earth, in the enactment of the comedies and the tragedies of life? Did their rough tutelage in the camp, and their proud bearing in the court, prepare them for the love, the kindness, the gentleness, the devotion of

Heaven? In fields of outrage, clamor, and blood, madly rushing to the assault, shouting in frenzy, dealing, with iron hand, every where around, destruction and death, did they acquire a taste for the "green pastures and the still waters?" Alas! for the mystery of our being! They are gone, and gone forever! Their name has perished—their language is forgotten.

"The storm which wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's gentlest sigh,
Which shuts the rose."

Upon a part of the ruins of this old palace of the Cæsars, there has been reared, by more *modern* ancients, still another palace, where mirth and revelry have resounded, where pride has elevated her haughty head, and vanity displayed her costly robes—but over all those scenes of splendor, death has rolled its oblivious waves. About four hundred years ago, upon a portion of the crumbling walls of this old Roman mansion, the Palace of Cluny was reared. For three centuries, this palace was one of the abodes of the kings of France. The tide of regal life ebbed and flowed through those saloons, and along those corridors. There is the chamber where Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII., and widow of Louis XII., passed the weary years of her widowhood. It is still called the chamber of the "white queen," from the custom of the queens of France to wear white mourning. Three hundred years ago, these Gothic turrets, and gorgeously ornamented lucarne windows, gleamed with illuminations, as the young King of Scotland, James V., led Madeleine, the blooming daughter of Francis I., to the bridal altar. Here the haughty family of the Guises ostentatiously displayed their regal retinue—vying with the kings of France in splendor, and outvying them in power. These two palaces, now blended by the nuptials of decay into one, are converted into a museum of antiquities—silent depositories of memorials of the dead. Sadly one loiters through their deserted halls. They present one of the most interesting sights of Paris. In the reflective mind they awaken emotions which the pen can not describe.

2. *The Louvre*.—When Paris consisted only of the little island in the Seine, and kings and feudal lords, with wine and wassail were reveling in the saloons of Cluny, a hunting-seat was reared in the dense forest which spread itself along the banks of the river. As the city extended, and the forest disappeared, the hunting-seat was enlarged, strengthened, and became a fortress and a state-prison. Thus it continued for three hundred years. In its gloomy dungeons prisoners of state, and the victims of crime, groaned and died; and countless tragedies of despotic power there transpired, which the Day of Judgment alone can reveal. Three hundred years ago, Francis I. tore down the dilapidated walls of this old castle, and commenced the magnificent Palace of the Louvre upon their foundations. But its construction has required



THE LOUVRE.

the labor of ages, and upon it has been expended millions, which despotic power has extorted from the hard hands of penury. This gorgeous palace contains a wilderness of saloons and corridors, and flights of stairs; and seems rather adapted to accommodate the population of a city, than to be merely one of the residences of a royal family. The visitor wanders bewildered through its boundless magnificence. The spirits of the dead rise again, and people these halls. Here the pure and the noble Jeanne d'Albret was received in courtly grandeur, by the impure and the ignoble Catherine de Medici. Here Henry IV. led his profligate and shameless bride to the altar. From this window Charles IX. shot down the Protestants as they fled, amidst the horrors of the perfidious massacre of St. Bartholomew. In this gilded chamber, with its lofty ceiling and its tapestried walls, Catherine de Medici died in the glooms of remorse and despair. Her bed of down, her despotic power could present no refuge against the King of Terrors; and the mind is appalled with the thought, that from this very room, now so silent and deserted, her guilty spirit took its flight to the tribunal of the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. Successive generations of haughty sovereigns have here risen and died. And if there be any truth in history, they have been, almost without exception, proud, merciless, licentious oppressors. The orgies of sin have filled this palace. Defiance to God and man has here held its high carnival.

The mind is indeed bewildered with a flood of emotions rushing through it, as one is pointed to the alcove where Henry IV. was accustomed to sleep three hundred years ago, and to the very spot where, in anguish, he gasped and died, after having been stabbed by Ravallac. Here one sees the very helmet worn by Henry II. on that unfortunate day, when the tilting spear of the Count of Montgomeri, entering his eye, pierced his brain. It requires the labor of a day even to saunter through the innumera-

ble rooms of this magnificent abode. But it will never again resound with the revelries of kings and queens. Royalty has forsaken it forever. Democracy has now taken strange and anomalous possession of its walls. It is converted into the most splendid museum in the world—filled with the richest productions of ancient and modern art. The people now enter freely that sanctuary, where once none but kings and courtiers ventured to appear. The Louvre now is useful to the world; but upon its massive walls are registered deeds of violence, oppression, and crime which make the ear to tingle.

3. *Malmaison*.—When Napoleon was in the midst of his Egyptian campaign, he wrote to Josephine, to purchase somewhere in the vicinity of Paris, a pleasant rural retreat, to which they could retire from the bustle of the metropolis, and enjoy the luxury of green fields and shady groves. Josephine soon found a delightful chateau, about nine miles from Paris, and five from Versailles, which she purchased, with many acres of land around it, for about one hundred thousand dollars. The great value of the place was in the spacious and beautiful grounds, not in the buildings. The chateau itself was plain, substantial, simple, far less ostentatious in its appearance than many a country-seat erected upon the banks of the Hudson, or in the environs of Boston. Here Josephine resided most of the time during the eighteen months of Napoleon's absence in Egypt. Upon Napoleon's return, this became the favorite residence of them both. Amid all the splendors of the Empire, it was ever their great joy to escape to the rural quietude of Malmaison. There they often passed the Sabbath, in the comparative happiness of private life. Often Napoleon said, as he left those loved haunts, to attend to the cares and toils of the Tuileries, "Now I must again put on the yoke of misery." Napoleon ever spoke of the hours passed at Malmaison, as the happiest of his life. He erected for himself there, in a retired grove,



THE INNER COURT OF THE LOUVRE.

a little pavilion, very simple, yet beautiful, in its structure, which still retains the name of the Pavilion of the Emperor. Here he passed many hours of uninterrupted solitude, in profound study of his majestic plans and enterprises. Directly behind the chateau there was a smooth and beautiful lawn, upon a level with the ground floor of the main saloon. The windows, extending to the floor, opened upon this lawn. When all the kings of Europe were doing homage to the mighty emperor, crowds of visitors were often assembled at Malmaison; and upon this lawn, with the characteristic gayety of the French, many mirthful games were enacted. The favorite amusement here was the game of prisoners. Frequently, after dinner, the most distinguished gentlemen and ladies, not of France only, but of all Europe, were actively and mirthfully engaged in this sport. Kings and queens, and princes of the blood royal were seen upon the green esplanade, pursuing and pursued. Napoleon occasionally joined in the sport. He was a poor runner, and not unfrequently fell and rolled over upon the grass, while he and his companions were convulsed with laughter. Josephine, fond of deeds of benevolence, loved to visit the cottages in the vicinity of Malmaison; and her sympathy and kindness gave her enthronement in the hearts of all their inmates. After the divorce of Josephine, the Palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with all those attractions which he thought could soothe the anguish of his wounded, weeping, discarded wife, was assigned to Josephine. A jointure of six hundred thousand dollars a year was settled upon her, and she retained the title and the rank of Empress Queen. Here Napoleon frequently called to see her; though from motives of delicacy, he never saw her alone. Taking her arm, he would walk for hours through those embowered avenues, confiding to her all his plans.

Just before Napoleon set out for his fatal cam-

paign to Russia, he called to see Josephine. Taking her hand, he led her out to a circular seat in the garden, in front of the mansion, and for two hours continued engaged with her in the most earnest conversation. At last he rose and affectionately kissed her hand. She followed him to his carriage and bade him adieu. This was their last interview but one. He soon returned a fugitive from Moscow. All Europe was in arms against him. He earnestly sought a hurried interview with the faithful wife of his youth in her retreat at Malmaison. As he gazed upon her beloved features, tenderly and sadly he exclaimed, "Josephine! I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not any one in this wide world but you upon whom I can repose." With a moistened eye he bade her farewell. They met not again.

When the allied armies entered Paris a guard was sent, out of respect to Josephine, to protect Malmaison. The Emperor Alexander, with a number of illustrious guests, dined with the Empress Queen, and in the evening walked out upon the beautiful lawn. Josephine, whose health was shattered by sympathy and sorrow, took cold, and after the illness of a few days died. It was the 29th of May, 1814. It was the serene and cloudless evening of a tranquil summer's day. The windows of the apartment were open where the Empress was dying. The sun was silently sinking behind the trees of Malmaison, and its rays, struggling through the foliage, shone cheerfully upon the bed of death. The air was filled with the songs of birds, warbling, as it were, the vespers of Josephine's most eventful life. Thus sweetly her gentle spirit sank into its last sleep. In the antique village church of Ruel, about two miles from Malmaison, the mortal remains of this most lovely of women now slumber. A beautiful monument of white mar-

ble, with a statue representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes, is erected over her burial place, with this simple but affecting inscription :

TO
JOSEPHINE,
BY
EUGENE AND HORTENSE.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when I took a carriage, with a friend, and set out from Paris to visit Malmaison. We had been informed that the property had passed into the hands of Christina, the Queen-Mother of Spain, and that she had given strict injunctions that no visitors should be admitted to the grounds. My great desire, however, to visit Malmaison induced me to make special efforts to accomplish the object. A recent rain had laid the dust, the trees were in full leaf, the grass was green and rich, the grain was waving in the wind, and the highly cultivated landscape surrounding Paris presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. We rode quietly along, enjoying the luxury of the emotions which the scene inspired, till we came to the village of Ruel. A French village has no aspect of beauty. It is merely the narrow street of a city set down by itself in the country. The street is paved, the cheerless, tasteless houses are huddled as closely as possible together. There is no yard for shrubbery and flowers, apparently no garden, no barn-yards with lowing herds. The flowers of the empire have been garnered in the palaces of the kings. The taste of the empire has been concentrated upon the Tuileries, Versailles, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and none has been left to embellish the home of the peasant. The man who tills the field must toil day and night, with his wife, his daughter, and his donkey, to obtain food and clothing for his family, as animals. This centralization of taste and opulence in particular localities, is one of the greatest of national mistakes and wrongs. America has no Versailles. May God grant that she never may have. But thousands of American farmers have homes where poets would love to dwell. Their daughters trim the shrubbery in the yard, and cultivate the rose, and partake themselves of the purity and the refinement of the rural scenes in the midst of which they are reared. In the village of Ruel, so unattractive to one accustomed to the rich beauty of New England towns, we found the church, an old, cracked, mouldering and crumbling stone edifice, built five hundred years ago. It was picturesque in its aspect, venerable from its historical associations, and as poorly adapted as can well be imagined for any purposes to which we in America appropriate our churches. The floor was of crumbling stone, worn by the footfalls of five centuries. There were enormous pillars supporting the roof, alcoves running in here and there, a pulpit stuck like the mud nest of a swallow upon a rock. The village priest was there catechising the children. A large number of straight-backed, rush-bottomed chairs were scattered about in confusion, instead of pews. These old Gothic churches, built in a

semi-barbarian age, and adapted to a style of worship in which the pomp of paganism and a corrupted Christianity were blended, are to my mind gloomy memorials of days of darkness. Visions of hooded monks, of deluded penitents, of ignorant, joyless generations toiling painfully through them to the grave, impress and oppress the spirit. In one corner of the church, occupying a space some twenty feet square, we saw the beautiful monument reared by Eugene and Hortense to their mother. It was indeed a privilege to stand by the grave of Josephine ; there to meditate upon life's vicissitudes, there to breathe the prayer for preparation for that world of spirits to which Josephine has gone. How faithful her earthly love ; how affecting her dying prayer ! clasping the miniature of the Emperor fervently to her bosom, she exclaimed, " O God ! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas ! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings ? Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated ! Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer were for him and for my children."

As the Emperor Alexander gazed upon her lifeless remains, he exclaimed, " She is no more ; that woman whom France named the Beneficent ; that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her contemporaries."

In the same church, opposite to the tomb of Josephine, stands the monument of her daughter Hortense. Her life was another of those tragedies of which this world has been so full. Her son, the present President of France, has reared to her memory a tasteful monument of various colored marble, emblematic, as it were, of the vicissitudes of her eventful life. The monument bears the inscription—" To Queen Hortense, by Prince Louis Bonaparte." She is represented kneeling in sorrowful meditation. As I stood by their silent monuments, and thought of the bodies mouldering to dust beneath them, the beautiful lines of Kirke White rose most forcibly to my mind :

" Life's labor done, securely laid
In this their last retreat,
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat."

From Ruel we rode slowly along, through vineyards and fields of grain, with neither hedges nor fences to obstruct the view, for about two miles, when we arrived at the stone wall and iron entrance-gate of the chateau of Malmaison. The concierge, a pleasant-looking woman, came from the porter's lodge, and looking through the bars of the gate very politely and kindly told us that we could not be admitted. I gave her my passport, my card, and a copy of the Life of Josephine, which I had written in America, and requested her to take them to the head man of the

establishment, and to say to him that I had written the life of Josephine, and that I had come to France to visit localities which had been made memorable by Napoleon and Josephine, and that I was exceedingly desirous to see Malmaison. The good woman most obligingly took my parcel, and tripping away as lightly as a girl, disappeared in the windings of the well-graveled avenue, skirted with trees and shrubbery. In about ten minutes she returned, and smiling and shaking her head, said that the orders were positive, and that we could not be admitted. I then wrote a note to the keeper, in French, which I fear was not very classical, informing him "that I was writing the life of Napoleon; that it was a matter of great importance that I should see Malmaison, his favorite residence; that I had recently been favored with a private audience with the Prince President, and that he had assured me that he would do every thing in his power to facilitate my investigations, and that he would give me free access to all sources of information. But that as I knew the chateau belonged to the Queen of Spain, I had made no efforts to obtain from the French authorities a ticket of admission." Then for the first time I reflected that the proper course for me to have pursued was to have called upon the Spanish ambassador, a very gentlemanly and obliging man, who would unquestionably have removed every obstacle from my way. Giving the good woman a franc to quicken her steps, again she disappeared, and after a considerable lapse of time came back, accompanied by the keeper. He was a plain, pleasant-looking man, and instead of addressing me with that angry rebuff, which, in all probability in America one, under similar circumstances, would have encountered, he politely touched his hat, and begged that I would not consider his refusal as caprice in him, but that the Queen of Spain did not allow any visitors to enter the grounds of Malmaison. The French are so polite, that an American is often mortified by the consciousness of his own want of corresponding courtesy. Assuming, however, all the little suavity at my command, I very politely touched my hat, and said: "My dear sir, is it not rather a hard case? I have crossed three thousand miles of stormy ocean to see Malmaison. Here I am at the very gate of the park, and these iron bars won't let me in." The kind-hearted man hesitated for a moment, looked down upon the ground as if deeply thinking, and then said, "Let me see your passports again, if you please." My companion eagerly drew out his passport, and pointed to the cabalistic words—"Bearer of dispatches." Whether this were the talisman which at last touched the heart of our friend I know not, but suddenly relenting he exclaimed, with a good-natured smile, "Eh bien! Messieurs, entrez, entrez," and rolling the iron gate back upon its hinges, we found ourselves in the enchanting park of Malmaison.

Passing along a beautiful serpentine avenue, embowered in trees and shrubbery, and presenting a scene of very attractive rural beauty, we

came in sight of the plain, comfortable home-like chateau. A pleasant garden, smiling with flowers, bloomed in solitude before the windows of the saloon, and a statue of Napoleon, in his familiar form, was standing silently there. An indistinguishable air of loneliness and yet of loveliness was spread over the scene. It was one of the most lovely of May days. Nearly all the voices of nature are pensive; the sighing of the zephyr and the wailing of the tempest, the trickling of the rill and the roar of the ocean, the vesper of the robin and the midnight cry of the wild beast in his lair. Nature this morning and in this scene displayed her mood of most plaintive pathos. There was Napoleon, standing in solitude in the garden. All was silence around him. The chateau was empty and deserted. Josephine and Hortense were mouldering to dust in the damp tombs of Ruel. The passing breeze rustled the leaves of the forest, and the birds with gushes of melody sung their touching requiems. Shall I be ashamed to say that emotions uncontrollable overcame me, and I freely wept? No! For there are thousands who will read this page who will sympathize with me in these feelings, and who will mingle their tears with mine.

We entered the house, and walked from room to room through all its apartments. Here was the library of Napoleon, for he loved books. Christina has converted it into a billiard-room, for she loves play. Here was the little boudoir where Napoleon and Josephine met in their hours of sacred confidence, and the tapestry and the window curtains, in their simplicity, remain as arranged by Josephine's own hands. Here is the chamber in which Josephine died, and the very bed upon which she breathed her last. The afternoon sun was shining brilliantly in thorough the windows, which we had thrown open, as it shone forty years ago upon the wasted form and pallid cheek of the dying Josephine. The forest, so secluded and beautiful, waved brightly in the sun and in the breeze then as now; the birds then filled the air with the same plaintive melody. The scene of nature and of art—house, lawn, shrubbery, grove, cascade, grotto—remains unchanged; but the billows of revolution and death have rolled over the world-renowned inmates of Malmaison, and they are all swept away.

An old-serving man, eighty years of age, conducted us through the silent and deserted apartments. The affection with which he spoke of Napoleon and of Josephine amounted almost to adoration. He was in their service when the Emperor and Empress, arm-in-arm, sauntered through these apartments and these shady walks. There must have been some most extraordinary fascination in Napoleon, by which he bound to him so tenaciously all those who were brought near his person. His history in that respect is without a parallel. No mortal man, before or since, has been so enthusiastically loved. The column in the Place Vendome is still hung with garlands of flowers by the hand of affection. It is hardly too much to say, that the spirit of

Napoleon, emerging from his monumental tomb under the dome of the Invalids, still reigns in France. Louis Napoleon is nothing in himself. His power is but the reflected power of the Emperor.

We passed from the large saloon, upon the smooth green lawn, which has so often resounded with those merry voices, which are now all hushed in death. We looked upon trees which Napoleon and Josephine had planted, wandered through the walks along which their footsteps had strayed, reclined upon the seats where they had found repose, and culling many wild flowers, as memorials of this most beautiful spot, with

lingering footsteps retired. Nothing which I have seen in France has interested me so much as Malmaison. Galignani's Guide-Book says: "The park and extensive gardens in which Josephine took so much delight are nearly destroyed. The chateau still exists, but the Queen Dowager of Spain, to whom Malmaison now belongs, has strictly forbidden all visits." This appears to be, in part, a mistake. The park and the grounds immediately around the mansion, as well as the chateau itself, remain essentially as they were in the time of Josephine. France contains no spot more rich in touching associations.



THE TUILERIES.

4. *The Tuileries.*—"Will Prince Louis Napoleon," inquired a gentleman, of a French lady, "take up his residence in the Tuileries?" "He had better not," was the laconic reply. "It is an unlucky place." It requires not a little effort of imagination to invest this enormous pile of blackened buildings with an aspect of beauty. Three hundred years ago the palace was commenced by Catherine de Medici. But it has never been a favorite residence of the kings of France, and no effort of the imagination, and no concomitants of regal splendor can make it an agreeable home. It has probably witnessed more scenes of woe, and more intensity of unutterable anguish, than any other palace upon the surface of the globe. Its rooms are of spacious, lofty, cheerless grandeur. Though millions have been expended upon this structure, it has had but occasional occupants. A few evenings ago I was honored with an invitation to a party given by Prince Louis Napoleon in the palace of the Tuileries. Four thousand guests were invited. The vast palace, had all its rooms been thrown open, might perhaps have accommodated twice as many more. When I arrived at half-past nine o'clock at the massive gateway which opens an entrance to the court of the Tuileries, I found a band of soldiers stationed there to preserve order. Along the street, also, for some distance, armed sentinels were station-

ed on horseback, promptly to summon, in case of necessity, the 80,000 troops who, with spear and bayonet, keep the restless Parisians tranquil. The carriage, following a long train, and followed by a long train, entered, between files of soldiers with glittering bayonets, the immense court-yard of the palace, so immense that the whole military force of the capital can there be assembled. The court-yard was illuminated with almost the brilliance of noon-day, by various pyramids of torches; and dazzling light gleamed from the brilliant windows of the palace, proclaiming a scene of great splendor within. A band of musicians, stationed in the courtyard, pealed forth upon the night air the most animating strains of martial music. At the door, an armed sentry looked at my ticket of invitation, and I was ushered into a large hall. It was brilliantly lighted, and a swarm of servants, large, imposing-looking men in gorgeous livery, thronged it. One of these servants very respectfully conducted the guest through the hall to a spacious ante-room. This room also was dazzling with light, and numerous servants were there to take the outer garments of the guests, and to give them tickets in return. My number was 2004. We then ascended a magnificent flight of marble stairs, so wide that twenty men could, with ease, march up them abreast. Sentinels in rich uniform stood upon the stairs with

glittering bayonets. We were ushered into the suit of grand saloons extending in long perspective, with regal splendor. Innumerable chandeliers suspended from the lofty gilded ceilings, threw floods of light upon the brilliant throng which crowded this abode of royalty. In two different saloons bands of musicians were stationed, and their liquid notes floated through the hum of general conversation. Men of lofty lineage were there, rejoicing in their illustrious birth, and bearing upon their breasts the jeweled insignia of their rank. Generals of armies were there, decorated with garments inwoven with gold. Ladies, almost aerial in their gossamer robes, floated like visions through the animated assembly. Occasionally the dense throng was pressed aside, and a little space made for the dancers. The rooms were warm, the crowd immense, the champagne abundant, and the dancers seemed elated and happy. As the hours of the night wore away, and the throng was a little diminished, and the bottles emptied, I thought that I could perceive that the polka and the waltz were prosecuted with a decided increase of fervor. I must confess that, with my Puritan notions, I should not like to see a friend of mine, whose maiden delicacy I desired to cherish, exposed to such hugs and such twirls.

About half-past ten o'clock, a wide door was thrown open at one end of the long suit of rooms, and the Prince President, accompanied by a long retinue of lords, ladies, ambassadors, &c., entered the apartments. They passed along through the crowd, which opened respectfully before them, and entering one of the main saloons, took their seats upon an elevated platform, which had been arranged and reserved for them. All eyes were fastened upon the President. Every one seemed to feel an intense curiosity to see him. Wherever he moved, a circle, about ten feet in diameter, was left around him. It was curious to see the promptness with which the crowd would disperse before him, and close up behind him, whenever he changed his position. There were two immense refreshment rooms, supplied with every luxury, at the two ends of the suit of apartments, filled with guests. These rooms of vast capacity—for four thousand hungry people were to be provided for—were fitted up with counters running along three of their sides like those of a shop. Behind these counters stood an army of waiters; before them, all the evening long, a eager crowd. As soon as one had obtained his supply, there were two or three others ready to take his place. In one of the rooms there were provided wines, meats of all kinds, and a most luxurious variety of substantial viands. In the other refreshment-room, at the other end of the thronged apartments, there were ices, confectionery, fruits, and all the delicacies of the dessert.

This was seeing the Palace of the Tuileries in all its glory. Embassadors of all nations were there—the turbaned Turk, the proud Persian, the white-robed Arab. Many of the ladies

were glittering with diamonds and every variety of precious stones.

"Music was there with her voluptuous swell,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

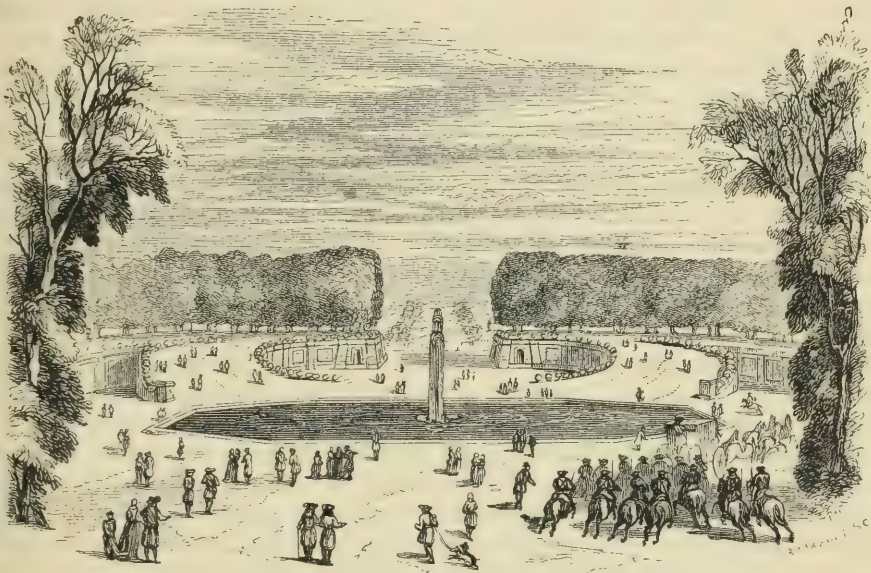
But as I sauntered through the brilliant scene, visions of other days, and of spectacles more impressive, filled my mind. Through these very halls, again and again, has rolled an inundation of all that Paris can furnish of vulgarity, degradation, and violence. Into the embrasure of this very window the drunken mob of men and women drove, with oaths and clubs, Louis XVI., and compelled him to drink the cup of humiliation to its very dregs. It was from this window that the hapless Maria Antoinette looked, when the sentinel beneath brutally exclaimed to her, "I wish, Austrian woman, that I had your head upon my bayonet here, that I might pitch it over the wall to the dogs in the street!" It was upon this balcony that the sainted Madame Elizabeth and Maria Antoinette stepped, that dark and dreadful night when frenzied Paris, from all its garrets, and all its kennels, was surging like the billows of the ocean against the Tuileries. Their hearts throbbed with terror as they heard the tolling of the alarm bells, the rumbling of artillery wheels, and the rattle of musketry, as the infuriate populace thronged the palace, thirsting for their blood. From this balcony that awful night, Maria entered the chamber where her beautiful son was sleeping, gazed earnestly upon him, and left a mother's loving kiss upon his cheek. She then went to the apartment of her daughter. The beautiful child, fifteen years of age, comprehending the peril of the hour, could not sleep. Maria pressed her to her throbbing heart, and a mother's tenderness triumphed over the stoicism of the Queen. Her pent-up feelings burst through all restraints, and she wept with anguish unendurable.

The Tuileries! It is, indeed, an "unlucky palace." This saloon, now resounding with music and mirth, is the very spot where Josephine, with swollen eyes and heart of agony, signed that cruel deed of divorcement which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which a human heart can cherish. History contains not a more affecting incident than her final adieu to her husband, which occurred in this chamber the night after the divorce. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful wife, when the door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed. Here, irresolutely stopping, she burst into a flood of tears. She seemed for a moment to reflect that it was no longer proper for her to approach the bed of Napoleon. But suddenly the pent-up fountains of love and grief in her heart burst forth; and, forgetting every thing, in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" wept in agony which could not be

controlled. The firm spirit of Napoleon was vanquished: he folded her to his bosom, pressed her cheek to his, and their tears were mingled together. He assured her of his love, of his ardent and undying love, and endeavored in every way to sooth her anguish.

It was down this marble staircase, now thronged with brilliant guests, that the next morning Josephine descended, veiled from head to foot. Her grief was too deep for utterance. Waving an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her, she entered her carriage, sank back upon the cushion, buried her face in her handkerchief, and, sobbing bitterly, left the Tuileries forever. It is not probable that the Tuileries will ever again be inhabited by royalty.

There are too many mournful associations connected with the place ever to render it agreeable as a residence. When Louis Philippe was driven from the Tuileries, the mob again sacked it, and its vast saloons are unfurnished and empty. Four years ago, the Provisional Government passed a decree that this palace should be converted into a hospital for invalid workmen. The Provisional Government, however, has passed away, and the decree has not been carried into effect. After the insurrection in June of 1848 it was used as a hospital for the wounded. More recently it has been used as a museum for the exhibition of paintings. Its days of regal pride and splendor have now passed away forever.



GRAND AVENUE OF THE TUILERIES.

5. *The Palace Elysée.*—This is a beautiful rural home in the very heart of Paris. It is now occupied by Prince Louis Napoleon. For a regal residence it is quite unostentatious, and few abodes could any where be found, combining more attractions, for one of refined and simple tastes. Through the kindness of our minister, Mr. Rives, I obtained an audience with Count Roguet, who is at the head of the Presidential household, and through him secured an "audience particulière" with Prince Louis Napoleon in the Elysée. As I alighted from a hackney-coach at the massive gateway of the palace, armed sentinels were walking to and fro upon the pavements, surrounding the whole inclosure of the palace with a vigilant guard. At the open iron gate two more were stationed. I passed between their bayonets and was directed into a small office where a dignified-looking official examined my credentials, and then pointed my steps along the spacious court-yard to the door of the mansion. Armed soldiers were walking their patrols along the yard, and upon the flight of steps two stood guarding the door, with their glittering steel. They glanced at my note of invitation, and I

entered the door. Several servants were there, evidently picked men, large and imposing in figure, dressed in small-clothes, and silk stockings, and laced with rich livery. One glanced at my letter, and conducting me across the hall, introduced me into another room. There I found another set of servants and three clerks writing at a long table. One took my note of invitation and sat down, as if to copy it, and I was ushered into the third room. This was a large room in the interior of the palace, richly ornamented with gilded pilasters and ceiling. The walls were painted with landscapes, representing many scenes of historic interest. There were ten gentlemen, who had come before me, waiting for an audience. Some were nobles, with the full display upon their breasts of the decorations of their rank. Others were generals, in brilliant military costume. Several I observed with the modest red ribbon in the button hole, indicating that they were members of the Legion of Honor. All spoke in low and subdued tones of voice, and with soft footsteps moved about the room. Occasionally, an officer of the household would enter the room with a paper in his hands, apparently containing a list

of the names of those who had arrived, and softly would call out the name of one, who immediately followed him into another room. As I at once saw that I had at least an hour to wait in the ante-room, I turned my thoughts to the scenes which, in years gone by, have transpired in this palace of Elysium. Nearly 150 years ago, the Count of Evreux built it for his aristocratic city residence. It was afterward purchased, enlarged, and beautified for the residence of Madame de Pompadour, the frail, voluptuous, intriguing paramour of Louis XV.; and often have they, arm-in-arm, paced this floor. They have passed out at these open French windows into the beautiful lawn which spreads before the mansion, and sauntered until lost in the wilderness of fountains, flowers, shrubbery, grove, and serpentine walks which spread over these enchanting grounds. But inexorable death struck down both king and mistress, and they passed away to the Judgment. The Revolution came, the awful retribution for centuries of kingly pride and oppression, and the regal palace became a printing-office for the irreligion of Voltaire, and the Jacobinism of Marat. These saloons and boudoirs were turned into eating rooms, and smoking rooms. The girls of the street crowded this spacious parlor, and where kings and queens had danced before them, they proudly danced with *liberté, fraternité, égalité*, in red cap and blouse. Then came the young soldier from Corsica, and with a whip of small cords drove printer, blouse, and grisette into the street. By his side stands the tall, athletic, mustached inn-keeper's boy, who had learned to ride when grooming the horses of his father's guests. With his whirlwind cloud of cavalry he had swept Italy and Egypt, and now enriched and powerful, Murat claims the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, the sister of the great conqueror. With his bride he takes the palace of the Elysée, and lives here in extravagance which even Louis XV. could not surpass. These paintings on the wall, Murat placed here. These pyramids of Egypt ever remind his guests that Murat, with his crushing squadrons, trampled down the defiant Mamelukes upon the Nile. This lady, walking beneath the trees of the forest, is Caroline, his wife. The children filling this carriage so joyously, are his sons and daughters. But he who had crowns at his disposal, places his brother-in-law upon the throne of Naples, and Napoleon himself chooses this charming spot for his favorite city residence. Weary with the cares of empire, he has often sought repose in these shady bowers. But allied Europe drove him from his Elysium, and the combined forces of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, take possession of the capital of his empire, and reinstate the Bourbons upon the throne from which they had been driven. Napoleon returns from Elba, and again hastens to his beloved Elysée. A hundred days glide swiftly by, and he is a prisoner, bound to St. Helena, to die a captive in a dilapidated stable. As I was reflecting upon the changes, and upon the pain-

ful contrast which must have presented itself to Napoleon, between the tasteful and exquisite seclusion of the Elysée, and the cheerless, barren, mist-enveloped rock of St. Helena, I was awakened from my reverie by a low tone of voice calling my name. I followed the messenger through a door, expecting to enter the presence of Louis Napoleon. Instead of that I was ushered into a large, elegantly furnished saloon—the council chamber of the Emperor Napoleon, but it was empty. There was a large folio volume, resembling one of the account books of a merchant, lying open upon a table. The messenger who summoned me, with my note of invitation in his hand, went to the book, passed his finger down the page, and soon I saw it resting upon my name. He read, apparently, a brief description of my character, and then, leaving me alone, went into another room, I suppose to inform the President who was to be introduced to him. In a few moments he returned, and I was ushered into the presence of the Prince President of Republican France. He was seated in an arm-chair, at the side of a table covered with papers. Louis Napoleon is a small man, with a mild, liquid, rather languid eye, and a countenance expressive of much passive resolution rather than of active energy. In his address, he is courteous, gentle, and retiring, and those who know him best, assign him a far higher position in the grade of intellect than is usually in our country allotted to him. His government is an utter despotism, sustained by the bayonets of the army. I have made great efforts, during the two months in which I have been in Paris, to ascertain the state of public opinion respecting the government of Louis Napoleon. Circumstances have thrown me much into French society, both into the society of those who are warm friends, and bitter enemies of the present government. So far as I can ascertain facts, they seem to be these. There are four parties who divide France—the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Socialists, and the Bonapartists. Like the military chieftains in Mexico, they are all struggling for dominion. There is not sufficient intelligence and virtue in France, for it to be governed by *opinion*, by a *vote*. The bayonet is the all-availing argument. If Louis Napoleon is overthrown, it must be to give place to some one, who, like him, must call the army and despotic power to his support. Consequently, multitudes say, What shall we gain by the change? We shall have new barricades in the street, new rivulets of blood trickling down our gutters, and simply another name in the Elysée.—I can see no indication that Louis Napoleon has any personal popularity. The glory of his uncle overshadows him and renders him available. The army and the church, but without any enthusiasm, are in his favor. Most of the men in active business who seek protection and good order, support his claims. The American merchants, settled in Paris, generally feel that the overthrow of Louis Napoleon would be to them a serious calamity, and that they should hardly dare in

that case, to remain in Paris. His government is submitted to, not merely as a choice of evils, but there is a kind of approval of his despotism as necessary to sustain him in power, and for the repose of France. I do not say that these views are correct. I only say, that so far as I can learn, this appears to me to be the state of the public mind.

It is very evident that no portion of the people regard Louis Napoleon with enthusiasm. At the great fête in the Champs Elysée, which called all Europe to Paris, to witness the restoration of the ancient eagles of France to the standards of the army, it was almost universally supposed out of Paris, that the hundred thousand troops then passing in proud array before the President would hail him *Emperor*. A countless throng encircled the area of that vast field. It was estimated that nearly a million of people were there assembled. Yet when Louis Napoleon made his appearance with his brilliant staff, I did not hear one single *citizen's* voice raised in applause. As he rode along the ranks of the army, a murmur of recognition followed his progress, but no shouts of enthusiasm.

Immediately after the fête, a magnificent ball and entertainment were given by the army, to Prince Louis Napoleon. It is said, that one hundred and sixty thousand dollars were expended in canoppying the vast court yard of the Ecole Militaire, and in decorating it for this occasion. Fifteen thousand guests were invited. The scene of brilliance and splendor, no pen can describe. About half-past twelve o'clock the President entered upon an elevated platform, accompanied by the foreign ministers and the members of his court. But not one single voice even shouted a welcome. He remained a couple of hours conversing with those around him, and then bowing to the enormous throng of those whose invited guest he was, retired. One man, by my side, shouted in a clear, shrill voice which filled the vast saloons, "Vive l'Empereur," two others promptly responded, "Vive Napoleon." No other acclaim was heard.

The prospect of France is gloomy. Such a government as the present can not be popular. No other seems possible. No one seems to expect that the government can last for many years. And yet a change is dreaded. Rich men are transferring their property to England and America. Never did I love my own country as now. Never did I appreciate as now, the rich legacy we have inherited from our fathers. The hope of the world is centred in America. We must let Europe alone. To mortal vision her case is hopeless. We must cultivate our country, spread over our land, virtue and intelligence, and freedom; and welcome to peaceful homes in the new world, all who can escape from the taxation and despotism of the old. In half a century from now, the United States will be the most powerful nation upon which our sun has ever shone. Then we can speak with a voice that shall be heard. Our advice will have the efficiency of commands. Europe now has

apparently but to choose between the evils of despotism, and the evils of anarchy. And still it is undeniable that the progress, though slow and painful is steadily onward toward popular liberty.

In this paper I have but commenced the description of the Palaces of France. In a subsequent number I may continue the subject.

A LEAF FROM A TRAVELER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY MAUNSELL B. FIELD.

"ANOTHER flask of Orvieto, Gaetano, and tell the vetturino that we start to-morrow morning, punctually at six," exclaimed one of three foreigners, seated around a table, in the smokiest corner of the "*Lepre*"—the artist-haunt of the *Via Condotti*.

The speaker was a plain looking French gentleman, who, under the simplest exterior, concealed the most admirable mind and the highest personal qualities. A Provincial by birth, a Parisian by education, and a cosmopolite by travel, he united all the peculiar sagacity of his nation with that more dignified tone of character so rarely met with in his countrymen. Descended from a family of Lorraine, who had inherited the magistracy for centuries, and who, ruined at the emigration, had only partially recovered their fortunes at the restoration, our friend (*ours*, at least, reader) found himself, on attaining his majority, possessed of a sufficient competency to enable him to travel in a moderate way, so long as the taste should continue. And here he had been residing in Rome a twelvemonth (not *rushing through* it with cis-Atlantic steam-power), studying art with devotion, and living the intense life of Italian existence. His companions at the moment our recital commences, were an old Hollander, who had emerged from commerce into philosophy (no very usual exit!) and myself, whom chance had made a loungeur in European capitals—a pilgrim from both Mecca and Jerusalem—and a connoisseur in every vintage from Burgundy to Xeres.

Carnival, with its fantastic follies, when the most constitutionally sedate by a species of frenzied reaction become the most reckless in absurdity, was past. Holy Week, with its gorgeous ecclesiastical mummary—its magnificent fire-works, and its still more magnificent illumination was likewise gone. Nearly all the travelers who had been spending the winter in Rome, including the two thousand English faces which, from their constant repetition at every public place, seemed at least two hundred thousand, had disappeared. Our own party had lingered after the rest, loth to leave, perhaps forever, the most fascinating city in the world to an intelligent mind. But at last we too, had determined to go, and our destination was Naples.

That very afternoon we had taken one of the tumble-down carriages, which station on the *Piazza di Spagna*, to make a farewell *giro* through the Forum. Leaving Rome is not like

leaving any other town. Associations dating from early childhood, and linking the present with the past, make familiar, before they are known, objects in themselves so intrinsically interesting and beautiful, that the strongest attachment is sure to follow a first actual acquaintance with them. And when that acquaintance has been by daily intercourse matured, it is hard to give it up.

The weather was delicious. And as our crazy vehicle rattled over the disjointed pavement of the Appian way, among sandaled monks, lounging Jesuits, and herdsmen from the Campagna, a heart-sickness came over us which, in the instance of one, at least, of the party, has since settled down into a chronic *mal du pays*.

We had been taking our last meal at the "*Trattoria Lepre*," where we had so often, after a hard day's work, feasted upon *cignale* (wild boar), or something purporting so to be, surrounded by the bearded *pensionnaires* of all the academies.

Our Figaro-like attendant, who had served us daily for so many months, was more than commonly officious in the consciousness that the next morning we proposed to start for Naples. And, in fact, on the succeeding day at an early hour, an antediluvian vehicle, with chains and baskets slung beneath, drawn by three wild uncouth-looking animals, under the guidance of a good-for-nothing, half-bandit Trasteverino, in a conical hat and unwashed lineaments, might be seen emerging from the *Porta San Giovanni*, with their three *Excellenzas* in the inside.

The hearts of all three were too full for utterance—several miles we jogged on in silence, straining our eyes with last glimpses of St. Peter's, the Pantheon, and St. John Lateran.

At Albano we proposed to breakfast; and, while the meal was being prepared and the horses being refreshed, we started for a walk to the Lake, familiar to all the party from previous visits.

As we were seated on the bank, cigars in mouth, and as moody as might be, the Frenchman first endeavored to turn the current of our thoughts by speaking of Naples, which he alone of us knew. The effort was not particularly successful. But the Frenchman promised that when we resumed our journey, he would tell us a Neapolitan story, the effect of which, he hoped, would be to raise our spirits.

After returning to the inn, and breakfasting upon those mysterious Italian cutlets, the thick breeding upon which defies all satisfactory investigation into their original material, we resumed our journey.

Legs dovetailed, and cigars relighted, the Frenchman thus commenced the story of

CARLO CARRERA.

The summer before last, after a shocking soaking in crossing the Apennines, I contracted one of those miserable fevers that nature seems to exact as a toll from unfortunate Trans-Alpines for a summer's residence in Italy. I had no faith in Italian doctors, and as there was no medical man from my own country in Florence, I was

persuaded to call in Doctor Playfair a Scotch physician, long domiciled in Italy, and as I afterwards discovered, both a skillful practitioner and a charming companion. I was kept kicking my heels against the footboard in all some six weeks, and when I had become sufficiently convalescent to sit up, the doctor used to make me long and friendly visits. In these visits he kept me posted up with all the chit-chat of the town; and upon one occasion related to me, better than I can tell it, the following story, of the truth of which (in all seriousness), he was perfectly satisfied, having heard it from the mouth of one of the parties concerned.

"Do throw some *bajocchi* to those clamorous natives, my dear Republican, that I may proceed with my story in peace."

Well, then, to give you a little preliminary history—don't be alarmed—a very little. The liberal government established in Naples in the winter of 1820-21, on the basis of the Spanish Cortes of 1812, was destined to a speedy dissolution. The despotic powers of the Continent, at the instigation of Austria, refused to enter into diplomatic relations with a kingdom which had adopted the representative system, after an explicit and formal engagement to maintain the institutions of absolutism. An armed intervention was decided upon at the Congress of Laybach, with the full consent and approbation of Ferdinand I., who treacherously abandoned the cause of his subjects. It was agreed to send an Austrian army, backed by a Russian one, into the Neapolitan dominions, for the purpose of putting down the Carbornari and other insurgents who, to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand men, badly armed, badly clothed, and badly disciplined, had assembled under the command of that notorious adventurer, Guiliemo Pepe, for the protection of those feebly secured liberties which had resulted to their country from the Sicilian revolution of the previous summer. This foreign force was to be maintained entirely at the expense of Ferdinand, and to remain in his kingdom, if necessary, for three years. The feeble resistance offered by the patriots to the invading forces—their defeat at the very outset—and their subsequent flight and disbandment—constitute one of those disgraceful denouements so common to Italian attempts at political regeneration.

"By all the storks in Holland," exclaimed the Dutchman, "cut short your story—I see nothing in it particularly enlivening."

"*Badinage à part*," resumed the Frenchman, "I have done in a word."

After the disastrous engagement of March 7, at Rieti, and the restoration of the old government, the patriot forces were scattered over the country; and as has too often been the case in southern Europe upon the discomfiture of a revolutionary party, many bands of banditti were formed from the disorganized remnants of the defeated army. For a long time the whole of the kingdom, particularly the Calabrias, was infested by robber gangs, whose boldness only equalled

their necessities. Most of these banditti were hunted down and transferred to the galleys. The Neapolitan police has at all times been active in the suppression of disorders known or suspected to have a political origin. Fear of a revolution has ever been a more powerful incentive to the government than respect for justice or love of order; and "*Napoli la Fidelissima*" has so far reserved the name, and inspired such confidence in the not particularly intellectual sovereign who now sits on the throne, that the last time that I was there, his Majesty was in the habit of parading his bewhiskered legions through the streets of his capital, completely equipped at all points—except that they were unarmed!

And now for the story.

Among the most notorious of the banditti chieftains was one Carlo Carrera. This person, who had been a subaltern officer, succeeded for a long time, with some thirty followers, in defying the attempts of the police to capture him. Driven from hold to hold, and from fastness to fastness, he had finally been pursued to the neighborhood of Naples. Here the gendarmes of the government were satisfied that he was so surrounded as soon to be compelled to surrender at discretion. This was late in the following winter.

About this time his Britannic Majesty's frigate "*Tagus*," commanded by Captain, now Vice-Admiral, Sir George Dundas, was cruising in the Mediterranean. In the month of February Sir George anchored in the bay of Naples, with the intention of remaining there some weeks. It happened that another officer in his Majesty's navy, Captain, now Vice-Admiral, Sir Edward Owen, was wintering at Naples for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his wife and her sister, Miss V——, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments. Sir George and Sir Edward were old friends. They had been together in the same ship as captain and first-lieutenant on the African station, and their accidental meeting when equals in rank was as cordial as it was unexpected.

A few days after the arrival of the frigate, a pic-nic excursion to the shores of Lake Agnano was proposed. The party was to consist of the persons of whom I have just been speaking, together with a few other English friends, chiefly gentlemen from the embassy. Accordingly they set off on one of those delightful mornings which are of themselves almost sufficient to make strangers exclaim with the enthusiastic Neapolitans, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori!*" The surpassing loveliness of the scene, its perfect repose with so many elements of action, brought to the soul such a luxurious sense of passive enjoyment, that it seemed like the echo of all experienced happiness. I can not say if the *Strada Nuova*, in all its present paved perfection, then existed; but there must have been some sort of a road following the indentations of that lovely shore.

I have traced from Genoa to Nice the famed windings of the Maritime Alps—I have sailed along the glittering shores of the Bosphorus—I have admired the boasted site of the Lusi-

tanian capital—and yet I feel, as all travelers must feel, that the combined charms of all these would fail to make another Naples.

Far out before them lay the fair island of Capri, like a sea goddess, with arms outstretched to receive the playful waters of the Mediterranean. Behind, Vesuvius rose majestically, the blue smoke lazily curling from its summit, as peaceful as if it had only been placed there as an accessory to the beauty of the scene; and further on, as they turned the promontory, lay the bright islets of Nisita and Procida, so fantastic in their shapes and so romantic in their outlines.

On reaching the shore of Lake Agnano, our travelers left their carriage near the villa of Lucullus. Of course they suffocated themselves, according to the approved habit of tourists, in the vapor baths of San Germano—and according to the same approved habit, devoted an unfortunate dog to temporary strangulation in the mephitic air of the *Grotta del cane*. After doing up the lions of the neighborhood, our friends seated themselves near the shore, to partake of the cold fowls and champagne, of which ample provision had been made for the excursion.

"I should have preferred the native *Lachrymæ Christi* to champagne," interrupted the Dutchman, "if the usual quality compares with that of some I once drank at Rotterdam."

The repast finished, resumed the Frenchman, most of the party strolled off to the other extremity of the lake—until after a short time no one was left but Miss V——, who was amusing herself by making a sketch of the landscape. What a pity that the women of other nations are so rarely accomplished in drawing, while the English ladies are almost universally so!

Well then, our fair heroine for the moment, had got on most industriously with her work, when suddenly, on raising her eyes from her paper to a stack of decayed vines, she was disagreeably surprised at finding a pair of questionable optics leveled upon her. Retaining her composure of manner, she continued tranquilly her occupation, until she had time to remark that the intruder was accompanied by at least a dozen companions. At this moment the personage whom she had first seen, quietly left his place of partial concealment, walked up to the astonished lady, folded his arms, and stationed himself behind her back. He was a large, heavy, good-looking person—but the circumstances under which he presented himself, rather than any peculiarity in his appearance, caused Miss V—— to suspect the honesty of his profession.

"Indeed you are making an uncommonly pretty picture there, if you will permit me to say so," remarked the stranger.

"I am glad you like it," replied the young lady. "I think, however, that it would be vastly improved, if you would permit me to sketch your figure in the foreground."

"Nothing would flatter me more. But, cara signorina, my present object is a much less romantic one than sitting for my portrait to so fair an artist. Will you allow me to gather up for my-

self and my half famished friends, the fragments of your recent meal?"

"You are quite welcome to them, I assure you."

The dialogue had proceeded thus far when it was interrupted by the return, to the no small satisfaction of one of the party at least, of the two English officers and some others of the stragglers.

The stranger, in no way disconcerted, turned to Sir Edward Owen, and said,

"I believe that I have the honor of addressing his Excellency, the commander of the British frigate in the harbor."

"Excuse me," said Sir George Dundas, "I am that person."

"Sono il servitore di Vostra Eccellenza. The young lady whom I found here has given me permission to make use of the food that has been left by your party. But if your Excellency, and you, sir," addressing the other officer, "will grant me the favor of a moment's private conversation, you will increase the obligation already conferred."

The three, thereupon, retired to a short distance from the rest of the company, when the stranger resumed:

"If your Excellencies have been in this poor country long enough, you must have heard speak of one Carlo Carrera. You may or you may not be surprised to hear that I am he—and that my followers are not far off. I have no desire to inconvenience your Excellencies, your friends, or, least of all, the ladies who accompany you, and shall, therefore, be but too happy to release you at once—I say *release*, for you are in my power—upon the single condition, however, that you two gentlemen give me your word of honor that you will both, or either of you, come to me whenever or wherever I shall send for you during the next two weeks—and that you will not speak of this conversation to any one."

Disposed at all hazards to extricate the ladies from any thing like an adventure, our travelers willingly entered into the required engagement, and, with a mutual "*a rivederla*," the two parties separated.

Our English friends returned to Naples, amused at the singular episode to their excursion, and rather disposed to admire the gallant behavior of the intruder than to regard him with any unfavorable sentiments.

Some three days after this, as Sir George Dundas was strolling about nightfall in the Villa Reale, a person in the dress of a priest approached him, and beckoned him to follow. Leading the officer into an obscure corner behind one of the numerous statues, the stranger informed him that he came from the bandit of Lake Agnano, and that he was directed to request him to be at seven o'clock that evening in front of the Filomarini Chapel, in the Church of the Santissimi Apostoli.

The gallant captain did not hesitate to obey. At the appointed hour, on entering the church

and advancing to the indicated chapel, he found before it what appeared to be an old woman on her knees, engaged in the deepest devotion. At a sign from the pretended worshiper, the captain fell upon his knees at her side. The old crone briefly whispered to him, that it was known to Carrera that his Excellency was invited to a ball at the British Embassy the next evening—that he must by no means fail to go—but that at midnight precisely he must leave the ball-room, return home, remove his uniform, put on a plain citizen's dress, and be at the door of the same church at one o'clock in the morning.

After these directions the old woman resumed her devotions, and the captain left the church, his curiosity considerably excited by the adventurous turn that things were taking. His brother officer, to whom he related the particulars of the meeting at the Villa Reale, and of the interview in the church, strongly urged him to fulfill the promise which he had made at Lake Agnano, and to follow to the letter the mysterious instructions which he had received.

Of course, the ball at the British Embassy on the following evening was graced by the presence of nearly all the distinguished foreigners in town. The English wintered at Naples at that time in almost as large numbers as they do at present; and in all matters of gayety and festivity, display and luxury, they as far exceeded the Italians as they now do. It is a curious circumstance, which both of you must have had occasion to remark, that the English, so rigid and austere at home, when transplanted south of the Alps, surpass the natives themselves in license and frivolity.

Our captain was of course there, and at an early hour. After mingling freely in the gayeties of the evening, at midnight precisely he withdrew from the ball-room, *sans congé*, and hastened to his apartments. Changing his dress, and arming himself with a brace of pistols, he hurried to the Church of the Apostoli. In his excess of punctuality, he arrived too early at the rendezvous; and it was only after the expiration of some twenty minutes, that he was joined by the withered messenger before employed to summon him. Bidding him follow her, the old woman led the way with an activity little to have been expected in one apparently so feeble. Turning down the *Chiaja*, they followed the course of the bay a weary way beyond the grotto of *Posilipo*. The captain was already tolerably exhausted when the guide turned off abruptly to the right, and commenced the ascent of one of those vine-clad hills which border the road. The hill was thickly planted with the vine, so that their progress was both difficult and fatiguing.

They had been toiling upward more than an half hour since leaving the highway, and the patience of Sir George was all but exhausted, when on a sudden they came to one of those huts constructed of interlaced boughs, which are temporarily used by the vine-dressers in the south of Italy. The entrance was closed by a plaited mat of leaves and stalks. Raising this

mat, the old woman entered, followed by her companion.

The hut was dimly lighted by a small lantern. Closing the entrance as securely as the nature of the fastening would permit, the pretended old woman threw off her disguise and disclosed the well-remembered features of the courteous bandit of Lake Agnano.

Thanking his guest for the punctuality with which he had kept his appointment, Carrera motioned him to follow him to the further extremity of the hut. Taking the lantern in his hand, and stooping, the Italian raised a square slab of stone, which either from the skill with which it was adjusted or from the partial obscurity which surrounded him, had escaped Sir George's eye. As he did this a flood of light poured into the hut. Descending by a flight of a dozen or more steps, followed by the robber chieftain, who drew back the stone after them, the captain found himself in one of those spacious catacombs so common in the neighborhood of Naples. Seated around a table were a score or more of as fierce looking vagabonds as the imagination could paint, who all rose to their feet as their leader entered with his guest, saluting both with that propriety of address so peculiar to the lower classes of Italians and Spaniards.

When all were seated, Carrera turned to the Englishman, and said,

"Your Excellency will readily suppose that I had a peculiar motive for desiring an interview. God knows that I was not brought up to wrong and violence—but evil times have sadly changed the current of my life. A poor soldier, I have become a poorer brigand—at least in these latter days, when hunted like a wild beast I am at last enveloped in the toils of my pursuers, egress from which is now impossible by my own unaided efforts. I have no particular claim upon your excellency's sympathy, but I have thought that mere pity might induce you to receive me and my followers on board your frigate, and transport us to some place of safety beyond the limits of unhappy Italy."

Here the astonished Englishman sprang to his feet, protesting that his position as a British officer prevented him from entertaining for a moment so extraordinary a proposition.

"Your Excellency will permit me, with all respect, to observe," Carrera resumed, "that I have treated you and yours generously. Do not compel me to regret that I have done so; and do not force me to add another to the acts of violence which already stain my hands. Your Excellency knows too many of our secrets; we could not, consistently with our own safety, permit you to exist otherwise than as a friend."

The discussion was long. The robbers pleaded hard, pledging themselves not to disgrace the captain's generosity, if he would consent to save them. Sir George could not prevent himself from somewhat sympathizing with these unfortunate men, who had been driven to the irregular life they led as much by the viciousness of the government under which they lived as by any

evil propensities of their own. It is not at all probable that the threat had any thing to do with his decision, but certain it is, that the dialogue terminated by a conditional promise on his part to yield to their request.

"If your Excellency will send a boat to a spot on the shore, directly opposite where we now are, to-morrow, at midnight, it will be easy for us to dispatch the sentinel and jump aboard," continued Carrera.

"I will send the boat," answered the Englishman, "but will under no circumstances consent to any bloodshed. You forget your own recently-expressed scruples on the same subject."

It was finally decided that the boat should be sent—that the captain should arrange some plan to divert the attention of the sentinel—and that to their rescuer alone should be left the choice of their destination.

Matters being thus arranged, Carrera resumed his disguise, and conducted his guest homeward as far as the outskirts of the town.

The following night at the appointed hour, a boat with muffled oars silently approached the designated spot. An officer, wrapped in a boat cloak was seated in the stern. As the boat drew near the shore, the sentinel presented his musket, and challenged the party. The officer, with an under-toned "*Amici*," sprang to the beach.

A few hundred yards from the spot where the landing had been effected, stood an isolated house with a low verandah. The officer, slipping a scudo into the sentinel's hand, told him that he was come for the purpose of carrying off a young girl residing in that house, and begged him to assist him by making a clatter on the door at the opposite side, so as to divert the attention of the parents while he received his innamorata from the verandah. The credulous Neapolitan was delighted to have an opportunity to earn a scudo by so easy a service.

The moment that he disappeared, Carrera and his band rushed to the boat. A few powerful strokes of the oars and they were out of the reach of musket-shot before the bewildered sentry could understand that in some way or other his credulity had been imposed upon.

That night the "*Tagus*" weighed anchor for Malta. The port of destination was reached after a short and prosperous voyage. Sir George remained there only sufficiently long to discharge his precious cargo, who left him, as may be imagined, with protestations of eternal gratitude.

The fact that the frigate was on a cruise prevented any particular surprise at her sudden disappearance from the waters of Naples. And when she returned to her anchorage after a short absence, even the party to the pic-nic were far from conjecturing that there was any connection between her last excursion and the adventure of Lake Agnano.

Carrera and his band enlisted in a body into one of the Maltese regiments. A year or two later, becoming dissatisfied, they passed over into Albania, and took service with Ali Pasha.

Some seven years after these events, Sir George Dundas was again at Naples. As he was lounging one day in the Villa Reale, a tall and noble-looking man, whose countenance seemed familiar, approached him. Shaking him warmly by the hand, the stranger whispered in his ear,

"Il suo servitore Carrera!"

And thus ends the Frenchman's story.

ALL BAGGAGE AT THE RISK OF THE OWNER.

A STORY OF THE WATERING-PLACES.

"Water, water, every where,
And not a drop to drink!"

I COULD never understand why we call our summer resorts *Watering-Places*. I am but an individual, quite anonymous, as you see, and only graduated this summer, yet I have "known life," and there was no fool of an elephant in our college town, and other towns and cities where I have passed vacations. Now, if there have been any little anti-Maine-Law episodes in my life, they have been my occasional weeks at the Watering-Places.

It was only this summer, as I was going down the Biddle staircase at Niagara, that Keanne, who was just behind me, asked quietly, and in a wondering tone, "Why do cobblers drive the briskest trade of all, from Nahant to Niagara?" I was dizzy with winding down the spiral stairs, and gave some philosophical explanation, showing up my political economy. But when in the evening, at the hotel, he invited me to accompany him in an inquiry into the statistics of cobblers, I understood him better.

So far from being Watering-Places, it is clear that there is not only a spiritual but a sentimental intoxication at all these pleasant retreats. There is universal exhilaration. Youth, beauty, summer, money, and moonlight conspire to make water, or any thing of which water is a type, utterly incredible. There is no practical joke like that of asking a man if he came to Saratoga to drink the waters. Every man justly feels insulted by such a suspicion. "Am I an invalid, sir? Have I the air of disease, I should like to know?" responds Brummell, fiercely, as he turns suddenly round from tying his cravat, upon which he has lavished all his genius, and with which he hoped to achieve successes. "Do I look weak, sir? Why the deuce should you think I came to Saratoga to drink the waters?"

At Niagara it is different. There you naturally speak of water—over your champagne or chambertin at dinner; and at evening you take a little tippie to protect yourself against the night air as you step out to survey the moonlight effects of the cataract. You came professedly to see the water. There is nothing else to see or do there, but to look at the falls, eat dinner, drink cobblers, and smoke. If you have any doubt upon this point, run up in the train and see. I think you will find people doing those things and nothing else. I am not sure, indeed, but you will find some young ladies upon

the piazza overhanging the rapids, rapt and fascinated by the delirious dance of the water beneath, who add a more alluring terror to the weird awe that the cataract inspires, by wild tales of ghosts and midnight marvels, which, haply, some recent graduate more frightfully emphasizes by the ready coinage of his brain.

No, it is a melancholy misnomer. To call these gay summer courts of Bacchus and Venus Watering-Places, is like the delightful mummery of the pastoral revels of the king in the old Italian romance, who attired himself as an abbot, and all his rollicking court as monks and nuns, and shaping his pavilion into the semblance of a monastery, stole, from contrast, a sharper edge for pleasure.

I must laugh when you call Saratoga, for instance, a Watering-Place; because there, this very summer, I was intoxicated with that elixir of life, which young men do not name, and which old men call love. Let me tell you the story; for, if your eye chances to fall upon this page while you are loitering at one of those pleasant places, you can see in mine your own experience, and understand why Homer is so intelligible to you. Are you not all the time in the midst of an Iliad? That stately woman who is now passing along the piazza is beautiful Helen, although she is called Mrs. Bigge in these degenerate days, and Bigge himself is really the Menelaus of the old Trojan story, although he deals now in cotton. Paris, of course, is an habitué of Saratoga in the season, goes to Newport in the middle of August, and always wears a mustache. But Paris is not so dangerous to the connubial felicity of Menelaus Bigge, as he was in the gay Grecian days.

Now what I say is this, that you who are swimming down the current of the summer at a Watering-Place, are really surrounded by the identical material out of which Homer spun his Iliad—yes, and Shakspeare his glowing and odorous Romeo and Juliet—only it goes by different names at Saratoga, Newport, and Niagara. And to point the truth of what I say, I shall tell you my little story, illustrative of summer life, and shall leave your wit to define the difference between my experience and yours. It is of the simplest kind, mark you, and "as easy as lying."

I left college, in the early summer, flushed with the honors of the valedictory. It was in one of those quiet college towns which are the pleasantest spots in New England, that I had won and worn my laurels. After four years—so long in passing, such a swift line of light when passed—the eagerly-expected commencement day arrived. It was the greatest day in the year in that village, and I was the greatest man of the day.

Ah! I shall always see the gathering groups of students and alumni upon the college lawn, in the "ambrosial darkness" of broad-branching elms. I can yet feel the warm sunshine of that quiet day—and see our important rustling about in the black silk graduating gowns—I, chiefest

of all, and pointed out, to the classes just entered, as the valedictorian, saluted as I passed by the homage of their admiring glances. Then winding down the broad street, over which the trees arched, and which they walled with green, again my heart dilates upon the swelling music, that pealed in front of the procession, while all the town made holiday, and clustered under the trees to see us pass. I hear still chiming, and a little muffled even now, through memory, the sweet church bell that rang gayly and festally, not solemnly, that day—and how shall I forget the choking and exquisite delight and excitement with which, in the mingled confusion of ringing bell and clanging martial instruments, we passed from the warm, bright sunshine without, into the cool interior of the church. As we entered, the great organ aroused from its majestic silence, and drowned bell and band in its triumphant torrent of sound, while, to my excited fancy, the church seemed swaying in the music, it was so crowded with women, in light summer muslins, bending forward, and whispering, and waving fans. The rattling of pew-doors—the busy importance of the “Professor of Elocution and Belles-Lettres”—the dying strains of the organ—the brief silence—the rustling rising to hear the President’s prayer—it is all as distinct in my mind as in yours, my young friend fresh from college, and “watering” for your first season.

Then, when the long list was called, and the degrees had been conferred, came my turn—“the valedictory addresses.” In that moment, as I gathered my gown around me and ascended the platform, I did not envy Demosthenes nor Cicero, nor believe that a sweeter triumph was ever won. That soft, country summer-day, and I the focus of a thousand enthusiastic eyes to which the low words of farewell I spoke to my companions, brought a sympathetic moisture—that is a picture which must burn forever, illuminating life. The first palpable and visible evidence of your power over others is that penetrating aroma of success—sweeter than success itself—which comes only once, and only for a moment, but for that single moment is a dream made real. The memory of that day makes June in my mind forever.

You see I am growing garrulous, and do not come to Saratoga by steam. But I did come, fresh from that triumph, and full of it. I had been the greatest man of the greatest day in a town not five hundred miles away, and could not but feel that my fame must have excited Saratoga. With what modest trembling I wrote my name in the office-book. The man scarcely looked at it, but wrote a number against it, shouted to the porter to take Mr. —’s (excuse my name) luggage to No. 310, and I mechanically followed that functionary, and observed that not a single loiterer in the office raised his head at my name.

But worse than that, the name seemed to be of no consequence. I was no longer Mr. — with “the valedictory addresses,” &c., &c. (in-

cluding the thousand eyes). I was merely No. 310—and you too have already observed, I am sure, wherever you are passing the summer, that you are not an individual at a Watering-Place. You lose your personal identity in a great summer hotel, as you would in a penitentiary; you are No. this or No. that. It is No. 310 who wishes his Champagne frappé. It is No. 310 who wishes his card taken to No. 320. It is No. 310 who goes in the morning, pays his bill, and hears, as the porter slings on his luggage and takes his shilling, “put No. 310 in order.”

This is one of the humiliating aspects of Watering-Place life. You are one of a mass, and distinguished by your number. Yet you can never know the mortifying ignominy of such treatment until it comes directly upon the glory of a commencement, at which you have absorbed all other individuality into yourself.

I reached Saratoga and came down to dinner. I could not help laughing at the important procession of negro-waiters stamping in with the different courses, and concentrating attention upon their movements. I felt then, instinctively, how it is the last degree of vulgarity—that the serving at table instead of being noiseless as the wind that blows the ship along, is the chief spectacle and amusement at dinner. Dinner at Saratoga, or Newport, or Niagara is a grand military movement of black waiters, who advance, halt, load, present, and fire their dishes, and in which the elegant ladies and the elegant gentlemen are merely lay-figures, upon which the African army exercise their skill by not hitting or spilling. For the first days of my residence it was a quiet enjoyment to me to see with what elaborate care the fine ladies and gentlemen arrayed themselves to play their inferior parts at dinner. The chief actors in the ceremony—the negro waiters—ran, a moment before the last bell, to put on clean white jackets and when the bell rang, and the puppets were seated—fancying, with charming naïveté, that they were the principle objects of the feast—then thundered in the sable host and deployed right and left, tramping like the ghost in Don Giovanni, thumping, clashing, rattling, and all thought of elegance or propriety was lost in the universal tumult.

People who submit to this, consider themselves elegant. But what if in their own houses and dining-rooms there should be this “alarum, enter an army,” as the old play-books say, whenever they entertained their friends at dinner.

I was lonely at first. Nothing is so solitary as a gay and crowded Watering-Place, where you have few friends. The excessive hilarity of others emphasizes your own quiet and solitude. And especially at Saratoga, where there is no resource but the company. You must bowl, or promenade the piazza, or flirt, with the women. You must drink, smoke, chat, and game a little with the men. But if you know neither women nor men, and have no prospect of knowing them, then take the next train to Lake George.

It is very different elsewhere. At Newport, for instance, if you are only No. 310 at your hotel and nothing more; if you know no one, and have to drink your wine, and smoke, and listen to the music alone, you have only to leap into your saddle, gallop to the beach, and as you pace along the margin of the sea, that will laugh with you at the frivolities you have left behind—will sometimes howl harsh scorn upon the butterflies, who are not worth it, and who do not deserve it—and the Atlantic will be to you lover, counselor, and sweet society.

Toward the end of my first Saratoga week, I met an old college friend. It was my old chum, Herbert, from the South. Herbert, who, over many a midnight glass and wasting weed, had leaned out of my window in the moonlight, and recited those burning lines of Byron which all students do recite to that degree, that I have often wondered what students did, in romantic moonlights, before Byron was born. In those midnight recitals Herbert used often to stop, and say to me:

"I wonder if you would like my sister?"

Her name was not mentioned, but Herbert was so handsome in the southern style; he was so picturesque, and manly, and graceful—a kind of Sidney and Bayard—that I was sure his sister was not less than Amy Robsart, or Lucy of Lammermoor, or perhaps Zuleika.

Toward the close of our course, we were one day sauntering beyond the little college-town, and dreaming dreams of that Future which, to every ambitious young man, seems a stately palace waiting to be royally possessed by him, when Herbert, who really loved me, said:

"I wish you knew Lulu."

"I wish I did know Lulu."

And that was all we ever said about it.

When we met at Saratoga it was a pleasant surprise to both, and doubly so to me, for I was sadly bored by my want of acquaintances. We fell into an earnest conversation, in the midst of which Herbert suddenly said:

"Ah! there, I must run and join Lulu!" and left me.

Who has not had just this experience, or a similar one, at any Watering-Place? One day you suddenly discover that some certain person has arrived; and when you go to your room to dress for dinner, your boots look splayed—your waistcoats are not the thing—your coat isn't half as handsome as other coats—and you spoil all your cravats in your nervous efforts to tie them exquisitely. You get dressed, however, and descend to dinner, giving yourself a Vivian Grey-ish air—a combination of the coxcomb, the poet, and the politician—and yet wonder why your hands seem so large, and why you do not feel at your ease, although every thing is the same as yesterday, except that Lulu has arrived.

And there she sits!

So sat Lulu, Herbert's sister, cool in light muslin, as if that sultry summer day she were Undine draped in mist. She had the self-pos-

session, which many children have, and which greatly differs from the elaborate *sang froid* of elegant manners. There was no haughty reserve, no cold unconsciousness, as if the world were not worth her treading. But when Herbert nodded to me—and I, knowing that she was about to look at me, involuntarily put forward the poet-aspect of Vivian—she turned and looked toward me earnestly and unaffectedly for a few moments, while I played with a sweetbread, and looked abstracted. It is a pity that we men make such fools of ourselves when we are in the callow state! Lulu turned back and said something to Herbert; of course, it was telling him her first impression of me! Do you think I wished to hear it?

She was not tall nor superb: her face was very changeful and singularly interesting. I watched her during dinner, and such were my impressions. If they were wrong, it was the fault of my perceptions.

We met upon the piazza after dinner while the beautifully-dressed throng was promenading, and the band was playing. It was an Arcadian moment and scene.

"Lulu, this is my friend, Mr. —, of whom I have spoken to you so often."

Herbert remained but a moment. I offered my arm to his sister, and we moved with the throng. The whole world seemed a festival. The day was golden—the music swelled in those long, delicious chords, which imparadise the moment, and make life poetry. In that strain, and with that feeling, our acquaintance commenced. It was Lulu's first summer at a Watering-Place (at least she said so); it was my first, too, at a Watering-Place—but not my first at a flirtation, thought I, loftily. She had all the cordial freshness of a Southern girl, with that geniality of manner which, without being in the least degree familiar, is confiding and friendly, and which to us, reserved and suspicious Northerners, appears the evidence of the complete triumph we have achieved, until we see that it is a general and not a particular manner.

The band played on: the music seemed only to make more melodious and expressive all that we said. At intervals, we stopped and leaned upon the railing by a column wreathed with a flowering vine, and Lulu's eye seeking the fairest blossom, found it, and her hand placed it in mine. I forgot commencement-day, and the glory of the valedictory. Lulu's eyes were more inspiring than the enthusiastic thousand in the church; and the remembered bursts of the band that day were lost in the low whispers of the girl upon my arm. I do not remember what we said. I did not mean to flirt, in the usual sense of that word (men at a Watering-Place never do). It was an intoxication most fatal of all, and which no Maine law can avert.

Herbert joined us later in the afternoon, and proposed a drive; he was anxious to show me his horses. We parted to meet at the door. Lulu gently detached her arm from mine; said gayly, "Au revoir, bientôt!" as she turned

away; and I bounded into the hall, sprang upstairs into my room, and sat down, stone-still, upon a chair.

I looked fixedly upon the floor, and remained perfectly motionless for five minutes. I was lost in a luxury of happiness! Without a profession, without a fortune, I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward this girl;—and the very fascination lay here, that I knew, however wild and wonderful a feeling I might indulge, it was all hopeless. We should enjoy a week of supreme happiness—suffer in parting—and presently be solaced, and enjoy other weeks of supreme felicity with other Lulus!

My young friends of the Watering-Places, deny having had just such an emotion and "course of thought," if you dare!

We drove to the lake, and the whole world of Saratoga with us. Herbert's new bays sped neatly along—he driving in front, Lulu and I chatting behind. Arrived at the lake, we sauntered down the steep slope to the beach. We stepped into a boat and drifted out upon the water. It was still and gleaming in the late afternoon; and the pensive tranquillity of evening was gathering before we returned. We sang those passionate, desperate love-songs which young people always sing when they are happiest and most sentimental. So rapidly had we advanced—for a Watering-Place is the very hot-bed of romance—that I dropped my hand idly upon Lulu's; and finding that hers was not withdrawn, gradually and gently clasped it in mine. So, hand-in-hand, we sang, floating homeward in the golden twilight.

There was a dance in the evening at the hotel. Lulu was to dance with me, of course, the first set, and as many waltzes as I chose. She was so sparkling, so evidently happy, that I observed the New York belles, to whom happiness is an inexplicable word, scanned her with an air of lofty wonder and elegant disdain. But Lulu was so genuinely graceful and charming; she remained so quietly superior in her simplicity to the assuming *hauteur* of the metropolitan misses, that I kept myself in perfect good-humor, and did not feel myself at all humbled in the eyes of the Young America of that city, because I was the cavalier of the unique Southerner. So far did this go, that in my desire to revenge myself upon the New Yorkers, I resolved to increase their chagrin by praising Lulu to the chief belle of the set.

To her I was introduced. A New York belle at a Watering-Place! "There's a divinity doth hedge her," and a mystery too. She looked at me with supreme indifference as I advanced to the ordeal of presentation, evidently measuring my claims upon her consideration by the general aspect of my outer man. I moved with a certain pride, because although I felt awkward before the glance of Lulu, I was entirely self-possessed in the consciousness of unexceptionable attire before the unmeaning stare of the fashionable *parvenue*. You see I do get a little warm in speaking of her, and yet I was as cool as an

autumn morning, when I made my bow, and requested her hand for the next set.

We danced *vis-a-vis* to Lulu. My partner swung her head around upon her neck, as none but Juno or Minerva should venture to do, and looked at the other *personal* of the quadrille, to see if she were in a perfectly safe set. I ventured a brief remark upon nothing—the weather, probably. The Queen of the Cannibal Islands bent majestically in a monosyllabic response.

"It is very warm to-night," continued I.

"Yes, very warm," she responded.

"You have been long here?"

"Two weeks."

"Probably you came from Niagara?"

"No, from Sharon."

"Shall you go to Lake George?"

"No, we go to Newport."

There I paused, and fondled my handkerchief, while the impassible lady relapsed into her magnificent silence, and offered no hope of any conversation in any direction. But I would not be balked of my object, and determined that if the living stream did run "quick below," the glaring polish of ice which these "fine manners" presented, my remark should be an Artesian bore to it.

"How handsome our *vis-a-vis* is?" said I.

My stately lady said nothing, but tossed her head slightly, without changing her expression, except to make it more pointedly frigid, in a reply which was a most vociferous negative, petrified by politeness into ungracious assent.

"She is what Lucia of Lammermoor might have been before she was unhappy," continued I, plunging directly off into the sea of trouble.

"Ah! I don't know Miss Lammermoor," responded my partner, with *sang-froid*.

I am conscious that I winced at this. A New York belle, hedged with divinity and awfulness, &c., *not know Miss Lammermoor*. Such stately *naïveté* of ignorance drew a smile into my eyes, and I concluded to follow the scent.

"You misunderstand me," said I. "I was speaking of Scott's Lucia—the Waverley novel, you know."

"Waverley, Waverley," replied my Cannibal Queen, who moved her head like Juno, but this time lisping and somewhat confused, as if she knew that, by the mention of books, we were possibly nearing the verge of sentiment. "Waverley—I don't know what you mean: you're too deep for me."

I was silent for that moment, and sat a mirthful Marius, among the ruins of my proud idea of a metropolitan belle. Had she not exquisitely perfected my revenge? Could the contrast of my next dance with Lulu have been pointed with more diamond distinctness than by the unweeting lady, whom I watched afterward, with my eyes swimming in laughter, as she glided, passionlessly, without smiling, without grace, without life—like a statue clad in muslin, over grass-cloth, around the hall. Once again, during the evening, I went to her and said:

"How graceful that Baltimore lady is."

"The Baltimore ladies may have what you call grace and ease," said she, with the same delicious hauteur, "and the Boston ladies are very 'strong-minded,'" she continued, in a tone intended for consuming satire, the more unhappy that it was clear she could make no claim to either of the qualities—"but the New York women have *air*," she concluded, and sailed away with what "might be air," said Herbert, who heard her remark, "but certainly very bad air."

Learn from this passage of my experience, beloved reader, you who are for the first time encountering that Sphinx, a New York belle, that she is not terrible. You shall find her irreproachable in *tournure*, but it is no more exclusively beautiful or admirable, than New York is exclusively the fine city of the country. I am a young man, of course, and inexperienced; but I prefer that lovely languor of the Southern manners, which is expressed in the negligence, and sometimes even grotesqueness of dress, to the vapid superciliousness, which is equally expressed in the coarse grass cloth that imparts the adorable *Je ne sais quoi* of style. "It is truly amusing," Herbert says, who has been a far traveler, "to see these nice New Yorkers assuming that the whole country outside their city is provincial." A Parisian lady who should affect to treat a Florentine as a provincial, would be exiled by derision from social consideration. Fair dames of New York, I am but an anonymous valedictorian; yet why not make your beauty more beautiful, by that courtesy which is loftier than disdain, and superior to superciliousness?

Ah, well! it was an aromatic evening. Disraeli says that Ferdinand Armine had a Sicilian conversation with Henrietta Temple, in the conservatory. You know how it ended, and they knew how it would end,—they were married. But if Ferdinand had plunged into that abyss of excitement, knowing that however Sicilian his conversation might be, it would all end in a bachelor's quarters, with Henrietta as a lay figure of memory, which he might amuse himself in draping with a myriad rainbow fancies—if he had known this, ought he to have advanced farther in the divine darkness of that prospect? Ought he not to have said, "Dear Miss Temple, my emotions are waxing serious, and I am afraid of them, and will retire."

You will say, "certainly," of course. We all say, "certainly," when we read or talk about it quietly. Young men at Saratoga and Newport say, "certainly," over their cigars. But when the weed is whiffed away, they dress for conquest, and draw upon the Future for the consequences. Unhappily, the Future is perfectly "good," and always settles to the utmost cop-

per. At least, so Herbert says, and he is older than I am. I only know—in fact, I only cared, that the evening fled away like a sky-lark singing up to the sun at daybreak—(that was a much applauded sentence in my valedictory). I deliber-

ately cut every cable of remorse that might have held me to the "ingenuous course," as it is called, and drove out into the shoreless sea of enjoyment. I revelled in Lulu's beauty, in her grace, in her thousand nameless charms. I was naturally sorry for her. I knew her young affections would "run to waste, and water but the desert." But if a girl will do so! Summer and the midsummer sun shone in a cloudless sky. There was nothing to do but live and love, and Lulu and I did nothing else. Through the motley aspects of Watering-Place existence, our life shot like a golden thread, embroidering it with beauty. We strolled on the piazza at morning and evening. During the forenoon we sat in the parlor, and Lulu worked a bag or a purse, and I sat by her, gossiping that gossip which is evanescent as foam upon champagne—yes, and as odorous and piercing, for the moment it lasts. We only parted to dress for dinner. I relinquished the Vivian Grey style, and returned to my own. Every day Lulu was more exquisitely dressed, and when the band played, after dinner, and the sunlight lay, golden-green, upon the smooth, thick turf, our conversation was inspired by the music, as on the first day, which seemed to me centuries ago, so natural and essential to my life had Lulu become. Toward sunset we drove to the lake. Sometimes in a narrow little wagon, not quite wide enough for two, and in which I sat overdrifted by the azure mist of the dress she wore—nor ever dreaming of the Autumn or the morrow; and sometimes with Herbert and his new horses.

Young America sipping cobblers, and roving about in very loose and immoral coats, voted it "a case." The elderly ladies thought it a "shocking flirtation." The old gentlemen who smoke cigars in the easy chairs under the cool colonnade, watched the course of events through the slow curling clouds of tobacco, and looked at me, when I passed them, as if I were juvenile for a Lothario; while the great dancing, bowling, driving, flirting, and fooling mass of the Saratoga population thought it all natural and highly improper.

It is astonishing to recur to an acquaintance which has become a large and luminous part of your life, and discover that it lasted a week. It is saddening to sit among the withered rose-leaves of a summer, and remember that each rose in its prime seemed the sweetest of roses. The old ladies called it "shocking," and the young ladies sigh that it is "heartless," and the many condemn, while the few wrap themselves in scornful pride at the criminal fickleness of men.

One such I met on a quiet Sunday morning when Lulu had just left me to go and read to her mother.

"You are a vain coxcomb," was the promising prelude of my friend's conversation. But she *was* a friend, so I did not frown nor play that I was offended.

"Why a coxcomb?"

"Because you are flirting with that girl mere-

ly for your own amusement. You know perfectly well that she loves you, and you know equally well that you mean nothing. You are a flippant, shallow Arthur Pendennis—"

"*Pas trop vite*. If I meet a pleasant person in a pleasant place, and we like each other, I, for my part, will follow the whim of the hour. I will live while I live—provided, always, that I injure no other person in following that plan—and in every fairly supposable case of this kind the game is equal. Good morning."

Now you will say that I was afraid to continue the argument, and that I felt self-convicted of folly. Not at all; but I chanced to see Lulu returning, and I strolled down the piazza to meet her.

She was flushed, and tears were ill-concealed in her eyes. Her mother had apprised her that she was to leave in the morning. It was all over.

I did not dare to trust my tongue, but seized her hand a moment, and then ran for my life—literally for my life. Reaching my room I sat down in my chair again, and stared upon the floor. I loved Lulu more than any woman in the world. Yet I remembered precisely similar occasions before, when I felt as if the sun and life were departing when certain persons left my side, and I therefore could not trust my emotion, and run back again and swear absolute and eternal fidelity. You think I was a great fool, and destitute of feeling, and better not venture any more into general female society. Perhaps so. But it was written upon my consciousness suddenly and dazzlingly, as the mystic words upon Nebuchadnezzar's hall, that this, though sweet and absorbing, was but a summer fancy—offspring of sunshine, flowers, and music—not the permanent reality which all men seek in love. It was one of the characteristic charms of the summer life. It made the weeks a pleasant Masque of Truth—a paraphrase of the poetry of Love. I would not avoid it. I would not fail to sail among the isles of Greece, though but for a summer day—though Memory might forever yearningly revert to that delight—conscious of no dishonor, of no more selfishness than in enjoying a day or a flower—exposed to all the risks to which my partner in the delirious and delicious game was exposed.

We met at dinner. We strolled after dinner, and I felt the trembling of the arm within mine, as we spoke of travel, of Niagara, of Newport, and of parting. "Lulu," said I, "the pleasure of a Watering-Place is the meeting with a thousand friends whom we never saw before, and shall never see again."

That was the way I began.

"We meet here, Lulu, like travelers upon a mountain-top, one coming from the clear, green north, another from the sun-loved south; and we sit together for an hour talking, each of his own, and each story by its strangeness fascinating the other hearer. Then we rise, say farewell, and each pursues his journey alone, yet never forgetting that meeting on the mountain, and the sweet discourse that charmed the hours."

I found myself again delivering valedictory addresses, and to an audience more moved than the first.

Yet who would not have had the day upon the mountain? Who would not once have seen Helen, though he might never see her more? Who would not wish to prove by a thousand-fold experience Shelley's lines—

"True love in this differs from gold to clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

Lulu said nothing, and we walked silently on.

"I hate the very name Watering-Place," said she, at length.

I did not ask her why.

When the full moonlight came, we went to the ball-room. It is the way they treat moonlights at a Watering-Place.

"Yes," said Lulu, "let us die royally, wreathed with flowers."

And she smiled as she said it. Why did she smile? It was just as we parted, and mark the result. The moment I suspected that the flirtation was not all on one side, I discovered—beloved budding Flirt, male or female, of this summer, you will also discover the same thing in similar cases—that I was seriously in love. Now that I fancied there was no reason to blind my eyes to the fact, I stared directly upon it.

We went into the hall. It was a wild and melancholy dance that we danced. There was a frenzy in my movements; for I knew that I was clasping for the last time the woman for whom my admiring and tender compassion was by her revelation of superiority to loving me, suddenly kindled into devotion! She was very beautiful—at least, she was so to me, and I could not but mark a kind of triumph in her air, which did not much perplex, but overwhelmed me. At length she proposed stepping out upon the piazza, and then we walked in the cool moonlight while I poured out to her the overflowing enthusiasm of my passion. Lulu listened patiently, and then she said:

"My good friend (fancy such a beginning in answer to a declaration), you have much to learn. I thought from what you said this afternoon that you were profoundly acquainted with the mystery of Watering-Place life. You remember you delivered a very polished disquisition on the subject to me—to a woman who, you had every reason to suppose, was deeply in love with you. My good sir, a Watering-Place passion, you ought to know, is an affair of sunshine, music, and flowers. We meet upon a mountain-top, and enjoy ourselves, then part with longing and regret."

Here she paused a moment, and my knees smote together.

"You are a very young man, with very much to learn, and if you mean to make the tour of the Watering-Places during this or any summer, you must understand this; and, as Herbert tells me you were a very moving valedictorian this year, this shall be my moving valedictory to you, for I leave to-morrow—in all summer encounters of the heart or head, at any of the

leisure resorts where there is nothing to do but to do nothing, never forget that *all baggage is at the risk of the owner.*"

And so saying, Lulu slipped her arm from mine, glided up the stairs into the hall, and the next moment was floating down the room to a fragrant strain of Strauss.

I, young reader, remained a few moments bewildered in the moonlight, and the next morning naturally left Saratoga. I am meditating whether to go to Newport; but I am sure Lulu is there. Let me advise you, meanwhile, to beware, let me urge you to adapt the old proverb to the meridian of a Watering-Place by reversing it—that "whoever goes out to find a kingdom may return an ass."

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

ABOUT eight o'clock on the night of the 22d of January, 1793, while the Reign of Terror was still at its height in Paris, an old woman descended the rapid eminence in that city, which terminates before the Church of St. Laurent. The snow had fallen so heavily during the whole day, that the sound of footsteps was scarcely audible. The streets were deserted; and the fear that silence naturally inspires, was increased by the general terror which then assailed France. The old woman passed on her way, without perceiving a living soul in the streets; her feeble sight preventing her from observing in the distance, by the lamp-light, several foot passengers, who flitted like shadows over the vast space of the Faubourg, through which she was proceeding. She walked on courageously through the solitude, as if her age were a talisman which could shield her from every calamity. No sooner, however, had she passed the Rue des Morts, than she thought she heard the firm and heavy footsteps of a man walking behind her. It struck her that she had not heard this sound for the first time. Trembling at the idea of being followed, she quickened her pace, in order to confirm her suspicions by the rays of light which proceeded from an adjacent shop. As soon as she had reached it, she abruptly turned her head, and perceived, through the fog, the outline of a human form. This indistinct vision was enough: she shuddered violently the moment she saw it—doubting not that the stranger had followed her from the moment she had quitted home. But the desire to escape from a spy soon renewed her courage, and she quickened her pace, vainly thinking that, by such means, she could escape from a man necessarily much more active than herself.

After running for some minutes, she arrived at a pastry-cook's shop—entered—and sank, rather than sat down, on a chair which stood before the counter. The moment she raised the latch of the door, a woman in the shop looked quickly through the windows toward the street; and, observing the old lady, immediately opened a

drawer in the counter, as if to take out some thing which she had to deliver to her. Not only did the gestures and expression of the young woman show her desire to be quickly relieved of the new-comer, as of a person whom it was not safe to welcome; but she also let slip a few words of impatience at finding the drawer empty. Regardless of the old lady's presence, she unceremoniously quitted the counter, retired to an inner apartment, and called her husband, who at once obeyed the summons.

"Where have you placed the—?" inquired she, with a mysterious air, glancing toward the visitor, instead of finishing the sentence.

Although the pastry-cook could only perceive the large hood of black silk, ornamented with bows of violet-colored ribbon, which formed the old lady's head-dress, he at once cast a significant look at his wife, as much as to say, "Could you think me careless enough to leave what you ask for, in such a place as the shop!" and then hurriedly disappeared.

Surprised at the silence and immobility of the stranger lady, the young woman approached her; and, on beholding her face, experienced a feeling of compassion—perhaps, we may add, a feeling of curiosity as well.

Although the complexion of the old lady was naturally colorless, like that of one long accustomed to secret austerities, it was easy to see that a recent emotion had cast over it an additional paleness. Her head-dress was so disposed as completely to hide her hair; and thereby to give her face an appearance of religious severity. At the time of which we write, the manners and habits of people of quality were so different from those of the lower classes, that it was easy to identify a person of distinction from outward appearance alone. Accordingly, the pastry-cook's wife at once discovered that the strange visitor was an ex-aristocrat—or, as we should now express it, "a born lady."

"Madame!" she exclaimed, respectfully, forgetting, at the moment, that this, like all other titles, was now proscribed under the Republic.

The old lady made no answer, but fixed her eyes steadfastly on the shop windows, as if they disclosed some object that terrified her.

"What is the matter with you, citizen?" asked the pastry-cook, who made his appearance at this moment, and disturbed her reverie by handing her a small pasteboard box, wrapped up in blue paper.

"Nothing, nothing, my good friends," she replied, softly. While speaking, she looked gratefully at the pastry-cook; then, observing on his head the revolutionary red cap, she abruptly exclaimed: "You are a Republican! you have betrayed me!"

The pastry-cook and his wife indignantly disclaimed the imputation by a gesture. The old lady blushed as she noticed it—perhaps with shame, at having suspected them—perhaps with pleasure, at finding them trustworthy.

"Pardon me," said she, with child-like gentleness, drawing from her pocket a louis d'or.

"There," she continued, "there is the stipulated price."

There is a poverty which the poor alone can discover. The pastry-cook and his wife felt the same conviction as they looked at each other—it was perhaps the last louis d'or which the old lady possessed. When she offered the coin her hand trembled: she had gazed upon it with some sorrow, but with no avarice; and yet, in giving it, she seemed to be fully aware that she was making a sacrifice. The shop-keepers, equally moved by pity and interest, began by comforting their consciences with civil words.

"You seem rather poorly, citizen," said the pastry-cook.

"Would you like to take any refreshment, madame?" interrupted his wife.

"We have some excellent soup," continued the husband.

"The cold has perhaps affected you, madame," resumed the young woman; "pray, step in, and sit and warm yourself by our fire."

"We may be Republicans," observed the pastry-cook; "but the devil is not always so black as he is painted."

Encouraged by the kind words addressed to her by the shop-keepers, the old lady confessed that she had been followed by a strange man, and that she was afraid to return home by herself.

"Is that all?" replied the valiant pastry-cook. "I'll be ready to go home with you in a minute, citizen."

He gave the louis d'or to his wife, and then—animated by that sort of gratitude which all tradesmen feel at receiving a large price for an article of little value—hastened to put on his National Guard's uniform, and soon appeared in complete military array. In the mean while, however, his wife had found time to reflect; and in her case, as in many others, reflection closed the open hand of charity. Apprehensive that her husband might be mixed up in some misadventure, she tried hard to detain him; but, strong in his benevolent impulse, the honest fellow persisted in offering himself as the old lady's escort.

"Do you imagine, madame, that the man you are so much afraid of, is still waiting outside the shop?" asked the young woman.

"I feel certain of it," replied the lady.

"Suppose he should be a spy! Suppose the whole affair should be a conspiracy! Don't go! Get back the box we gave her." These words whispered to the pastry-cook by his wife, had the effect of cooling his courage with extraordinary rapidity.

"I'll just say two words to that mysterious personage outside, and relieve you of all annoyance immediately," said he, hastily quitting the shop.

The old lady, passive as a child, and half-bewildered, reseated herself.

The pastry-cook was not long before he returned. His face, which was naturally ruddy, had turned quite pale; he was so panic-stricken,

that his legs trembled under him, and his eyes rolled like the eyes of a drunken man.

"Are you trying to get our throats cut for us, you rascally aristocrat?" cried he, furiously. "Do you think you can make *me* the tool of a conspiracy? Quick! show us your heels! and never let us see your face again!"

So saying, he endeavored to snatch away the box, which the old lady had placed in her pocket. No sooner, however, had his hands touched her dress, than, preferring any perils in the street to losing the treasure for which she had just paid so large a price, she darted with the activity of youth toward the door, opened it violently, and disappeared in a moment from the eyes of the bewildered shopkeepers.

Upon gaining the street again, she walked at her utmost speed; but her strength soon failed, when she heard the spy who had so remorselessly followed her, crunching the snow under his heavy tread. She involuntarily stopped short: the man stopped short too! At first, her terror prevented her from speaking, or looking round at him; but it is in the nature of us all—even of the most infirm—to relapse into comparative calm immediately after violent agitation; for, though our feelings may be unbounded, the organs which express them have their limits. Accordingly, the old lady, finding that she experienced no particular annoyance from her imaginary persecutor, willingly tried to convince herself that he might be a secret friend, resolved at all hazards to protect her. She reconsidered the circumstances which had attended the stranger's appearance, and soon contrived to persuade herself that his object in following her, was much more likely to be a good than an evil one.

Forgetful, therefore, of the fear with which he had inspired the pastry-cook, she now went on her way with greater confidence. After a walk of half an hour, she arrived at a house situated at the corner of a street leading to the Barrière Pantin—even at the present day, the most deserted locality in all Paris. A cold northeasterly wind whistled sharply across the few houses, or rather tenements, scattered about this almost uninhabited region. The place seemed, from its utter desolation, the natural asylum of penury and despair.

The stranger, who still resolutely dogged the poor old lady's steps, seemed struck with the scene on which his eyes now rested. He stopped—erect, thoughtful, and hesitating—his figure feebly lighted by a lamp, the uncertain rays of which scarcely penetrated the fog. Fear had quickened the old lady's eyes. She now thought she perceived something sinister in the features of the stranger. All her former terrors returned and she took advantage of the man's temporary indecision, to steal away in the darkness toward the door of a solitary house. She pressed a spring under the latch, and disappeared with the rapidity of a phantom.

The stranger, still standing motionless, contemplated the house, which bore the same appearance of misery as the rest of the Faubourg.

Built of irregular stones, and stuccoed with yellowish plaster, it seemed, from the wide cracks in the walls, as if a strong gust of wind would bring the crazy building to the ground. The roof, formed of brown tiles, long since covered with moss, was so sunk in several places that it threatened to give way under the weight of snow which now lay upon it. Each story had three windows, the frames of which, rotted with damp and disjointed by the heat of the sun, showed how bitterly the cold must penetrate into the apartments. The comfortless, isolated dwelling resembled some old tower which Time had forgotten to destroy. One faint light glimmered from the windows of the gable in which the top of the building terminated; the remainder of the house was plunged in the deepest obscurity.

Meanwhile, the old woman ascended with some difficulty a rude and dilapidated flight of stairs, assisting herself by a rope, which supplied the place of bannisters. She knocked mysteriously at the door of one of the rooms situated on the garret-floor, was quickly let in by an old man, and then sank down feebly into a chair which he presented to her.

"Hide yourself! Hide yourself!" she exclaimed. "Seldom as we venture out, our steps have been traced; our proceedings are known!"

"What is the matter?" asked another old woman, seated near the fire.

"The man whom we have seen loitering about the house since yesterday, has followed me this evening," she replied.

At these words, the three inmates of the miserable abode looked on each other in silent terror. The old man was the least agitated—perhaps for the very reason that his danger was really the greatest. When tried by heavy affliction, or threatened by bitter persecution, the first principle of a courageous man is, at all times, to contemplate calmly the sacrifice of himself for the safety of others. The expression in the faces of his two companions showed plainly, as they looked on the old man, that he was the sole object of their most vigilant solicitude.

"Let us not distrust the goodness of God, my sisters," said he, in grave, reassuring tones. "We sang His praises even in the midst of the slaughter that raged through our Convent. If it was His good-will that I should be saved from the fearful butchery committed in that holy place by the Republicans, it was no doubt to reserve me for another destiny, which I must accept without a murmur. God watches over His chosen, and disposes of them as seems best to His good-will. Think of yourselves, my sisters—think not of me!"

"Impossible!" said one of the women. "What are *our* lives—the lives of two poor nuns—in comparison with *yours*; in comparison with the life of a priest?"

"Here, father," said the old nun, who had just returned; "here are the consecrated wafers of which you sent me in search." She

handed him the box which she had received from the pastry-cook.

"Hark!" cried the other nun; "I hear footsteps coming up-stairs."

They all listened intently. The noise of footsteps ceased.

"Do not alarm yourselves," said the priest. "Whatever happens, I have already engaged a person, on whose fidelity we can depend, to escort you in safety over the frontier; to rescue you from the martyrdom which the ferocious will of Robespierre and his coadjutors of the Reign of Terror would decree against every servant of the church."

"Do you not mean to accompany us?" asked the two nuns, affrightedly.

"My place, sisters, is with the martyrs—not with the saved," said the old priest, calmly.

"Hark! the steps on the staircase!—the heavy steps we heard before!" cried the women.

This time it was easy to distinguish, in the midst of the silence of night, the echoing sound of footsteps on the stone stairs. The nuns, as they heard it approach nearer and nearer, forced the priest into a recess at one end of the room, closed the door, and hurriedly heaped some old clothes against it. The moment after, they were startled by three distinct knocks at the outer door.

The person who demanded admittance appeared to interpret the terrified silence which had seized the nuns on hearing his knock, into a signal to enter. He opened the door himself, and the affrighted women immediately recognized him as the man whom they had detected watching the house—the spy who had watched one of them through the streets that night.

The stranger was tall and robust, but there was nothing in his features or general appearance to denote that he was a dangerous man. Without attempting to break the silence, he slowly looked round the room. Two bundles of straw, strewn upon boards, served as a bed for the two nuns. In the centre of the room was a table, on which were placed a copper-candlestick, some plates, three knives, and a loaf of bread. There was but a small fire in the grate, and the scanty supply of wood piled near it, plainly showed the poverty of the inmates. The old walls, which at some distant period had been painted, indicated the miserable state of the roof, by the patches of brown streaked across them by the rain, which had filtered, drop by drop, through the ceiling. A sacred relic, saved probably from the pillage of the convent to which the two nuns and the priest had been attached, was placed on the chimney-piece. Three chairs, two boxes, and an old chest-of-drawers completed the furniture of the apartment.

At one corner near the mantle-shelf, a door had been constructed which indicated that there was a second room in that direction.

An expression of pity appeared on the countenance of the stranger, as his eyes fell on the

two nuns, after having surveyed their wretched apartment. He was the first to break the strange silence that had hitherto prevailed, by addressing the two poor creatures before him in such tones of kindness as were best adapted to the nervous terror under which they were evidently suffering.

"Citizens!" he began, "I do not come to you as an enemy." He stopped for a moment, and then continued: "If any misfortune has befallen you, rest assured that I am not the cause of it. My only object here is to ask a great favor of you."

The nuns still kept silence.

"If my presence causes you any anxiety," he went on, "tell me so at once, and I will depart; but, believe me, I am really devoted to your interests; and if there is any thing in which I can befriend you, you may confide in me without fear. I am, perhaps, the only man in Paris whom the law can not assail, now that the kings of France are no more."

There was such a tone of sincerity in these words, as he spoke them, that Sister Agatha (the nun to whom the reader was introduced at the outset of this narrative, and whose manners exhibited all the court refinement of the old school) instinctively pointed to one of the chairs, as if to request the stranger to be seated. His expression showed a mixture of satisfaction and melancholy, as he acknowledged this little attention, of which he did not take advantage until the nuns had first seated themselves.

"You have given an asylum here," continued he, "to a venerable priest, who has miraculously escaped from massacre at a Carmelite convent."

"Are you the person," asked Sister Agatha, eagerly, "appointed to protect our flight from—?"

"I am not the person whom you expected to see," he replied, calmly.

"I assure you, sir," interrupted the other nun, anxiously, "that we have no priest here; we have not, indeed."

"You had better be a little more careful about appearances on a future occasion," he replied, gently, taking from the table a Latin breviary. "May I ask if you are both in the habit of reading the Latin language?" he inquired, with a slight inflexion of sarcasm in his voice.

No answer was returned. Observing the anguish depicted on the countenance of the nuns, the trembling of their limbs, the tears that filled their eyes, the stranger began to fear that he had gone too far.

"Compose yourselves," he continued, frankly. "For three days I have been acquainted with the state of distress in which you are living. I know your names, and the name of the venerable priest whom you are concealing. It is—"

"Hush! do not speak it," cried Sister Agatha, placing her finger on her lips.

"I have now said enough," he went on, "to

show that if I had conceived the base design of betraying you, I could have accomplished my object before now."

On the utterance of these words, the priest, who had heard all that had passed, left his hiding-place, and appeared in the room.

"I can not believe, sir," said he, "that you are leagued with my persecutors; and I therefore willingly confide in you. What do you require of me?"

The noble confidence of the priest—the saint-like purity expressed in his features—must have struck even an assassin with respect. The mysterious personage who had intruded on the scene of misery and resignation which the garter presented, looked silently for a moment on the three beings before him, and then, in tones of secrecy, thus addressed the priest:

"Father, I come to entreat you to celebrate a mortuary mass for the repose of the soul of—of a—of a person whose life the laws once held sacred, but whose corpse will never rest in holy ground."

An involuntary shudder seized the priest, as he guessed the hidden meaning in these words. The nuns unable to imagine what person was indicated by the stranger, looked on him with equal curiosity and alarm.

"Your wish shall be granted," said the priest, in low, awe-struck tones. "Return to this place at midnight, and you will find me ready to celebrate the only funeral service which the church can offer in expiation of the crime to which I understand you to allude."

The stranger trembled violently for a moment, then composed himself, respectfully saluted the priest and the two nuns, and departed without uttering a word.

About two hours afterward, a soft knock at the outer door announced the mysterious visitor's return. He was admitted by Sister Agatha, who conducted him into the second apartment of their modest retreat, where every thing had been prepared for the midnight mass. Near the fire-place the nuns had placed their old chest of drawers, the clumsy workmanship of which was concealed under a rich altar-cloth of green velvet. A large crucifix, formed of ivory and ebony was hung against the bare plaster wall. Four small tapers, fixed by sealing-wax on the temporary altar, threw a faint and mysterious gleam over the crucifix, but hardly penetrated to any other part of the walls of the room. Thus almost exclusively confined to the sacred objects immediately above and around it, the glow from the tapers looked like a light falling from heaven itself on that unadorned and unpretending altar. The floor of the room was damp. The miserable roof, sloping on either side, was pierced with rents, through which the cold night air penetrated into the rooms. Nothing could be less magnificent, and yet nothing could be more truly solemn than the manner in which the preliminaries of the funeral ceremony had been arranged. A deep, dread silence, through which the slightest noise in the street could be heard,

added to the dreary grandeur of the midnight scene—a grandeur majestically expressed by the contrast between the homeliness of the temporary church, and the solemnity of the service to which it was now devoted. On each side of the altar, the two aged women kneeling on the tiled floor, unmindful of its deadly dampness, were praying in concert with the priest, who, clothed in his sacerdotal robes, raised on high a golden chalice, adorned with precious stones, the most sacred of the few relics saved from the pillage of the Carmelite Convent.

The stranger, approaching after an interval, knelt reverently between the two nuns. As he looked up toward the crucifix, he saw, for the first time, that a piece of black crape was attached to it. On beholding this simple sign of mourning, terrible recollections appeared to be awakened within him; the big drops of agony started thick and fast on his massive brow.

Gradually, as the four actors in this solemn scene still fervently prayed together, their souls began to sympathize the one with the other, blending in one common feeling of religious awe. Awful, in truth, was the service in which they were now secretly engaged! Beneath that mouldering roof, those four Christians were then interceding with Heaven for the soul of a martyred King of France; performing, at the peril of their lives, in those days of anarchy and terror, a funeral service for that hapless Louis the Sixteenth, who died on the scaffold, who was buried without a coffin or a shroud! It was, in them, the purest of all acts of devotion—the purest, from its disinterestedness, from its courageous fidelity. The last relics of the loyalty of France were collected in that poor room, enshrined in the prayers of a priest and two aged women. Perhaps, too, the dark spirit of the Revolution was present there as well, impersonated by the stranger, whose face, while he knelt before the altar, betrayed an expression of the most poignant remorse.

The most gorgeous mass ever celebrated in the gorgeous Cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome, could not have expressed the sincere feeling of prayer so nobly as it was now expressed, by those four persons, under that lowly roof!

There was one moment, during the progress of the service, at which the nuns detected that tears were trickling fast over the stranger's cheeks. It was when the Pater Noster was said.

On the termination of the midnight mass, the priest made a sign to the two nuns, who immediately left the room. As soon as they were alone, he thus addressed the stranger:

"My son, if you have imbrued your hands in the blood of the martyred king, confide in me, and in my sacred office. Repentance so deep and sincere as yours appears to be, may efface even the crime of regicide in the eyes of God."

"Holy father," replied the other, in trembling accents, "no man is less guilty than I am of shedding the king's blood."

"I would fain believe you," answered the priest. He paused for a moment as he said this,

looked steadfastly on the penitent man before him, and then continued:

"But remember, my son, you can not be absolved of the crime of regicide, because you have not co-operated in it. Those who had the power of defending their king, and who, having that power, still left the sword in the scabbard, will be called to render a heavy account at the day of judgment, before the King of kings; yes, a heavy and an awful account indeed! for, in remaining passive, they became the involuntary accomplices of the worst of murders."

"Do you think then, father," murmured the stranger, deeply abashed, "that all indirect participations are visited with punishment? Is the soldier guilty of the death of Louis who obeyed the order to guard the scaffold?"

The priest hesitated.

"I should be ashamed," continued the other, betraying by his expression some satisfaction at the dilemma in which he had placed the old man—"I should be ashamed of offering you any pecuniary recompense for such a funeral service as you have celebrated. It is only possible to repay an act so noble by an offering which is priceless. Honor me by accepting this sacred relic. The day perhaps will come when you will understand its value."

So saying, he presented to the priest a small box, extremely light in weight, which the aged ecclesiastic took, as it were, involuntarily; for he felt awed by the solemn tones in which the man spoke as he offered it. Briefly expressing his thanks for the mysterious present, the priest conducted his guest into the outer room, where the two nuns remained in attendance.

"The house you now inhabit," said the stranger, addressing the nuns as well as the priest, "belongs to a landlord who outwardly affects extreme republicanism, but who is at heart devoted to the royal cause. He was formerly a huntsman in the service of one of the Bourbons, the Prince de Condé, to whom he is indebted for all that he possesses. So long as you remain in this house you are safer than in any other place in France. Remain here, therefore. Persons worthy of trust will supply all your necessities, and you will be able to await in safety the prospect of better times. In a year from this day, on the 21st of January, should you still remain the occupants of this miserable abode, I will return to repeat with you the celebration of to-night's expiatory mass." He paused abruptly, and bowed without adding another word; then delayed a moment more, to cast a parting look on the objects of poverty which surrounded him, and left the room.

To the two simple-minded nuns, the whole affair had all the interest of a romance. Their faces displayed the most intense anxiety, the moment the priest informed them of the mysterious gift which the stranger had so solemnly presented to him. Sister Agatha immediately opened the box, and discovered in it a handkerchief, made of the finest cambric, and soiled with marks of perspiration. They unfolded it

eagerly, and then found that it was defaced in certain places with dark stains.

"Those stains are *blood stains*!" exclaimed the priest.

"The handkerchief is marked with the royal crown!" cried Sister Agatha.

Both the nuns dropped the precious relic, marked by the King's blood, with horror. To their simple minds, the mystery which was attached to the stranger, now deepened fearfully. As for the priest, from that moment he ceased, even in thought, to attempt identifying his visitor, or discovering the means by which he had become possessed of the royal handkerchief.

Throughout the atrocities practiced during a year of the Reign of Terror, the three refugees were safely guarded by the same protecting interference, ever at work for their advantage. At first, they received large supplies of fuel and provisions; then the two nuns found reason to imagine that one of their own sex had become associated with their invisible protector, for they were furnished with the necessary linen and clothing which enabled them to go out without attracting attention by any peculiarities of attire. Besides this, warnings of danger constantly came to the priest in the most unexpected manner, and always opportunely. And then, again, in spite of the famine which at that period afflicted Paris, the inhabitants of the garret were sure to find placed every morning at their door, a supply of the best wheaten bread, regularly left for them by some invisible hand.

They could only guess that the agent of the charitable attentions thus lavished on them, was the landlord of the house, and that the person by whom he was employed was no other than the stranger who had celebrated with them the funeral mass for the repose of the King's soul. Thus, this mysterious man was regarded with especial reverence by the priest and the nuns, whose lives for the present, and whose hopes for the future, depended on their strange visitor. They added to their usual prayers at night and morning, prayers for *him*.

At length the long-expected night of the 21st of January arrived, and, exactly as the clock struck twelve, the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs announced the approach of the stranger. The room had been carefully prepared for his reception, the altar had been arranged, and, on this occasion, the nuns eagerly opened the door, even before they heard the knock.

"Welcome back again! most welcome!" cried they; "we have been most anxiously awaiting you."

The stranger raised his head, looked gloomily on the nuns, and made no answer. Chilled by his cold reception of their kind greeting, they did not venture to utter another word. He seemed to have frozen at their hearts, in an instant, all the gratitude, all the friendly aspirations of the long year that had passed. They now perceived but too plainly that their visitor desired to remain a complete stranger to them,

and that they must resign all hope of ever making a friend of him. The old priest fancied he had detected a smile on the lips of their guest when he entered, but that smile—if it had really appeared—vanished again the moment he observed the preparations which had been made for his reception. He knelt to hear the funeral mass, prayed fervently as before, and then abruptly took his departure; briefly declining, by a few civil words, to partake of the simple refreshment offered to him, on the expiration of the service, by the two nuns.

Day after day wore on, and nothing more was heard of the stranger by the inhabitants of the garret. After the fall of Robespierre, the church was delivered from all actual persecution, and the priest and the nuns were free to appear publicly in Paris, without the slightest risk of danger. One of the first expeditions undertaken by the aged ecclesiastic led him to a perfumer's shop, kept by a man who had formerly been one of the Court tradesmen, and who had always remained faithful to the Royal Family. The priest, clothed once more in his clerical dress, was standing at the shop door talking to the perfumer, when he observed a great crowd rapidly advancing along the street.

"What is the matter yonder?" he inquired of the shopkeeper.

"Nothing," replied the man carelessly, "but the cart with the condemned criminals going to the place of execution. Nobody pities them—and nobody ought!"

"You are not speaking like a Christian," exclaimed the priest. "Why not pity them?"

"Because," answered the perfumer, "those men who are going to the execution are the last accomplices of Robespierre. They only travel the same fatal road which their innocent victims took before them."

The cart with the prisoners condemned to the guillotine had by this time arrived opposite the perfumer's shop. As the old priest looked curiously toward the state criminals, he saw, standing erect and undaunted among his drooping fellow prisoners, the very man at whose desire he had twice celebrated the funeral service for the martyred King of France!

"Who is that standing upright in the cart?" cried the priest, breathlessly.

The perfumer looked in the direction indicated, and answered—

"THE EXECUTIONER OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH!"

PERSONAL HABITS AND APPEARANCE OF ROBESPIERRE.

VISIONARIES are usually slovens. They despise fashions, and imagine that dirtiness is an attribute of genius. To do the honorable member for Artois justice, he was above this affectation. Small and neat in person, he always appeared in public tastefully dressed, according to the fashion of the period—hair well combed back, frizzled, and powdered; copious frills at the breast and wrists; a stainless white waist-

coat; light-blue coat, with metal buttons; the sash of a representative tied round his waist; light-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Such was his ordinary costume; and if we stick a rose in his button-hole, or place a nosegay in his hand, we shall have a tolerable idea of his whole equipment. It is said he sometimes appeared in top-boots, which is not improbable; for this kind of boot had become fashionable among the republicans, from a notion that as top-boots were worn by gentlemen in England, they were allied to constitutional government. Robespierre's features were sharp, and enlivened by bright and deeply-sunk blue eyes. There was usually a gravity and intense thoughtfulness in his countenance, which conveyed an idea of his being thoroughly in earnest. Yet, his address was not unpleasing. Unlike modern French politicians, his face was always smooth, with no vestige of beard or whiskers. Altogether, therefore, he may be said to have been a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, animated with proper self-respect, and having no wish to court vulgar applause by neglecting the decencies of polite society.

Before entering on his public career in Paris, Robespierre had probably formed his plans, in which, at least to outward appearance, there was an entire negation of self. A stern incorruptibility seemed the basis of his character; and it is quite true that no offers from the court, no overtures from associates, had power to tempt him. There was only one way by which he could sustain a high-souled independence, and that was the course adopted in like circumstances by Andrew Marvel—simple wants, rigorous economy, a disregard of fine company, an avoidance of expensive habits. Now, this is the curious thing in Robespierre's history. Perhaps there was a tinge of pride in his living a life of indigence; but in fairness it is entitled to be called an honest pride, when we consider that the means of profusion were within his reach. On his arrival in Paris, he procured a humble lodging in the Marais, a populous district in the northeastern faubourgs; but it being represented to him sometime afterward, that, as a public man, it was unsafe to expose himself in a long walk daily to and fro from this obscure residence, he removed to a house in the Rue St. Honoré, now marked No. 396, opposite the Church of the Assumption. Here he found a lodging with M. Duplay, a respectable but humble cabinet-maker, who had become attached to the principles of the Revolution; and here he was joined by his brother, who played an inferior part in public affairs, and is known in history as "the Younger Robespierre." The selection of this dwelling seems to have fallen in with Robespierre's notions of economy; and it suited his limited patrimony, which consisted of some rents irregularly paid by a few small farmers of his property in Artois. These ill-paid rents, with his salary as a representative, are said to have supported three persons—himself, his brother, and his sister; and so straitened was he in circumstances, that he had to

borrow occasionally from his landlord. Even with all his pinching, he did not make both ends meet. We have it on authority, that at his death he was owing £160; a small debt to be incurred during a residence of five years in Paris, by a person who figured as a leader of parties; and the insignificance of this sum attests his remarkable self-denial.

Lamartine's account of the private life of Robespierre in the house of the Duplays is exceedingly fascinating, and we should suppose is founded on well-authorized facts. "The house of Duplay," he says, "was low, and in a court surrounded by sheds filled with timber and plants, and had almost a rustic appearance. It consisted of a parlor opening to the court, and communicating with a sitting-room that looked into a small garden. From the sitting-room a door led into a small study, in which was a piano. There was a winding staircase to the first floor, where the master of the house lived, and thence to the apartment of Robespierre."

Here, long acquaintance, a common table, and association for several years, "converted the hospitality of Duplay into an attachment that became reciprocal. The family of his landlord became a second family to Robespierre, and while they adopted his opinions, they neither lost the simplicity of their manners nor neglected their religious observances. They consisted of a father, mother, a son yet a youth, and four daughters, the eldest of whom was twenty-five, and the youngest eighteen. Familiar with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, tender and almost brotherly with the young girls, he inspired and felt in this small domestic circle all those sentiments that only an ardent soul inspires and feels by spreading abroad its sympathies. Love also attached his heart, where toil, poverty, and retirement had fixed his life. Eléonore Duplay, the eldest daughter of his host, inspired Robespierre with a more serious attachment than her sisters. The feeling, rather predilection than passion, was more reasonable on the part of Robespierre, more ardent and simple on the part of the young girl. This affection afforded him tenderness without torment, happiness without excitement: it was the love adapted for a man plunged all day in the agitation of public life—a repose of the heart after mental fatigue. He and Eléonore lived in the same house as a betrothed couple, not as lovers. Robespierre had demanded the young girl's hand from her parents, and they had promised it to him.

"'The total want of fortune,' he said, 'and the uncertainty of the morrow, prevented him from marrying her until the destiny of France was determined; but he only awaited the moment when the Revolution should be concluded, in order to retire from the turmoil and strife, marry her whom he loved, go to reside with her in Artois, on one of the farms he had saved among the possessions of his family, and there to mingle his obscure happiness in the common lot of his family.'

"The vicissitudes of the fortune, influence, and popularity of Robespierre effected no change in his simple mode of living. The multitude came to implore favor or life at the door of his house, yet nothing found its way within. The private lodging of Robespierre consisted of a low chamber, constructed in the form of a garret, above some cart-sheds, with the window opening upon the roof. It afforded no other prospect than the interior of a small court, resembling a wood-store, where the sounds of the workmen's hammers and saws constantly resounded, and which was continually traversed by Madame Duplay and her daughters, who there performed all their household duties. This chamber was also separated from that of the landlord by a small room common to the family and himself. On the other side were two rooms, likewise attics, which were inhabited, one by the son of the master of the house, the other by Simon Duplay, Robespierre's secretary, and the nephew of his host.

"The chamber of the deputy contained only a wooden bedstead, covered with blue damask ornamented with white flowers, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. This apartment served him at once for a study and dormitory. His papers, his reports, the manuscripts of his discourses, written by himself in a regular but labored hand, and with many marks of erasure, were placed carefully on deal-shelves against the wall. A few chosen books were also ranged thereon. A volume of Jean Jacques Rousseau or of Racine was generally open upon his table, and attested his philosophical and literary predilections."

With a mind continually on the stretch, and concerned less or more in all the great movements of the day, the features of this remarkable personage "relaxed into absolute gayety when in-doors at table, or in the evening around the wood-fire in the humble chamber of the cabinet-maker. His evenings were all passed with the family, in talking over the feelings of the day, the plans of the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the dangers of the patriots, and the prospects of public felicity after the triumph of the Revolution. Sometimes Robespierre, who was anxious to cultivate the mind of his betrothed, read to the family aloud, and generally from the tragedies of Racine. He seldom went out in the evening; but two or three times a year he escorted Madame Duplay and her daughter to the theatre. On other days, Robespierre retired early to his chamber, lay down, and rose again at night to work. The innumerable discourses he had delivered in the two national assemblies, and to the Jacobins; the articles written for his journal while he had one; the still more numerous manuscripts of speeches which he had prepared, but never delivered; the studied style, so remarkable; the indefatigable corrections marked with his pen upon the manuscripts—attest his watchings and his determination.

"His only relaxations were solitary walks in imitation of his model, Jean Jacques Rousseau. His sole companion in these perambulations was

his great dog, which slept at his chamber-door, and always followed him when he went out. This colossal animal, well known in the district, was called Brount. Robespierre was much attached to him, and constantly played with him. Occasionally, on a Sunday, all the family left Paris with Robespierre; and the politician, once more the man, amused himself with the mother, the sisters, and the brother of Eléonore in the wood of Versailles or of Issy." Strange contradiction! The man who is thus described as so amiable, so gentle, so satisfied with the humble pleasures of an obscure family circle, went forth daily on a self-imposed mission of turbulence and terror.

THE TWO SISTERS.

YOU sometimes find in the same family, children of the same parents, who in all respects present the most striking contrast. They not only seem to be of different parentage, but of different races; unlike in physical conformation, in complexion, in features, in temperament, and in moral and intellectual qualities. They are sometimes to be found diametrically opposed to each other in tastes, pursuits, habits, and sympathies, though brought up under the same parental eye, subject to the same circumstances and conditions, and educated by the same teachers. Indeed, education does comparatively little toward the formation of character—that is to say, in the determination of the *individuality* of character. It merely brings out, or *e-duces* that character, the germs of which are born in us, and only want proper sunning, and warmth, and geniality, to bring them to maturity.

You could scarcely have imagined that Elizabeth and Jane Byfield were in any way related to each other. They had not a feature in common. The one was a brilliant beauty, the other was plain in the extreme. Elizabeth had a dazzling complexion, bright, speaking eyes, an oval face, finely turned nose and chin, a mouth as pouting as if "a bee had stung it newly;" she was tall and lithe; taper, yet rounded—in short, she was a regular beauty, the belle of her neighborhood, pursued by admirers, besonneted by poetasters, serenaded by musical amateurs, toasted by spirit-loving old foggy bachelors, and last, but not least, she was the subject of many a tit-bit piece of scandal among her young lady rivals in the country-town of Barkstone.

As for her sister Jane, with her demure, old-maidish air, her little dumpy, thick-set figure, her *retroussé* nose, and dingy features, nobody bestowed a thought upon her. She had no rival, she was no one's competitor, she offended nobody's sense of individual prowess in grace or charms, by *her* assumptions. Not at all. "That horrid little fright, Jane Byfield," as some of her stylish acquaintances would speak of her, behind her back, stood in no young lady's way. She was very much of a house-bird, was Jane. In the evenings, while her sister was dashing off some brilliant bravura in the drawing-room, Jane would be seated in a corner, talking to some person older than herself—or, perhaps you might

find her in the little back parlor, knitting or mending stockings. Not that she was without a spice of fun in her; for, among children, she romped like one of themselves; indeed, she was a general favorite with those who were much younger as well as much older than herself. Yet, among those of her own age, she never excited any admiration, except for her dutifulness—though that, you know, is a very dull sort of thing. Certainly, she never excited any young lady's envy, or attracted any young gentleman's homage, like her more highly favored sister. Indeed, by a kind of general consent, she was set down for "a regular old maid."

I wish I could have told my readers that Jane got married after all, and disappointed the prophetic utterances of her friends. I am sure that, notwithstanding her plainness, she would have made a thrifty manager and a thorough good housewife. But, as I am relating a true history, I can not thus indulge my readers. Jane remained single; but her temper continued unruffled. As she did not expect, so she was not disappointed. She preserved her cheerfulness, continued to be useful, kept her heart warm and her head well stored—for she was a great reader—another of her "old-maidish" habits, though, fortunately, the practice of reading good books by young women is now ceasing to be "singular;" readers are now of the plural number, and every day adds to the list.

But what of Elizabeth—the beauty? Oh, she got married—of course she did. The beautiful are always sought after, often when they have nothing but their beauty to recommend them. And, after all, we can not wonder at this. Nature has so ordered it, that beauty of person must command admirers; and, where beauty of heart and beauty of intellect are joined together in the person of a beautiful woman, really nothing in nature can be more charming. And so Elizabeth got married; and a "good match" she made, as the saying is, with a gentleman in extensive business, rather stylish, but prosperous—likely to get on in the world, and to accumulate a fortune. But the fortune was to make, and the business was speculative. Those in business well know that it is not all gold that glitters.

The married life of the "happy pair" commenced. First one, and then another "toddling wee thing" presented itself in the young mother's household, and the mother's cares and responsibilities multiplied. But, to tell the truth, Elizabeth, though a beauty, was not a very good manager. She could sit at the head of her husband's table, and do the honors of the house to perfection. But look into her wardrobe, into her drawers, into her kitchen, and you would say at once, there was the want of the managing head, and the ready hand. A good housewife, like a good poet, is "born, not made"—*nascitur non fit*. It's true. There are some women whom no measure of drilling can convert into good housewives. They may lay down systems, cultivate domesticity, study tidying, spending, house-drill-

ing, as an art, and yet they can not acquire it. To others it comes without effort, without consciousness, as a kind of second nature. They are "to the manner born." They don't know how it is themselves. Yet their hand seems to shed abroad order, regularity, and peace, in the household. Under their eye, and without any seeming effort on their part, every thing falls into its proper place, and every thing is done at its proper time. Elizabeth did not know how it was; yet, somehow, she could not get servants like any body else (how often imperfect management is set down to account of "bad servants!"); she could not get things to go smoothly; there was always something "getting across;" the house got out of order; dinners were not ready at the right time, and then the husband grew querulous; somehow, the rooms could not be kept very tidy, for the mistress of the household having her hands full of children, of course she "could not attend to every thing;" and, in short, poor Elizabeth's household was fast getting into a state of muddle.

Now, husbands don't like this state of things, and so, the result of it was, that Elizabeth's husband, though not a bad-natured man, sometimes grew cross and complaining, and the beautiful wife found that her husband had "a temper"—as who has not? And about the same time, the husband found that his wife was "no manager," notwithstanding her good looks. Though his wife studied economy, yet he discovered that, somehow, she got through a deal of money, and yet there was little comfort got in exchange for it. Things were evidently in a bad way, and going wrong entirely. What might have been the end, who knows? But, happily, at this juncture, aunt Jane, the children's pet, the "little droll old maid," appeared on the stage; and though sisters are not supposed to be of good omen in other sisters' houses, certainly it must be admitted that, in this case, the "old maid" at once worked a wonderful charm.

The quiet creature, in a few weeks, put quite a new feature on the face of affairs. Under her eye, things seemed at once to fall into their proper places—without the slightest "ordering," or bustling, or noise, or palaver. Elizabeth could not make out how it was, but sure enough Jane "had such a way with her," and always had. The positions of the sisters seemed now to be reversed. Jane was looked up to by her sister, who no longer assumed those airs of superiority, which, in the pride of her beauty and attractiveness, had come so natural to her. Elizabeth had ceased to be competed for by rival admirers; and she now discovered that the fleeting charms of her once beautiful person could not atone for the want of those more solid qualities which are indispensable in the house and the home. What made Jane's presence more valuable at this juncture was, that illness had come into the household, and, worst of all, it had seized upon the head of the family. This is always a serious calamity in any case; but in this case the consequences threatened to be more

serious than usual. An extensive business was interrupted; large transactions, which only the head of the concern himself, could adequately attend to, produced embarrassments, the anxiety connected with which impeded a cure. All the resources of medicine were applied; all the comfort, warmth, silence, and attention that careful nursing could administer, were tried; and tried in vain. The husband of Elizabeth died, and her children were fatherless; but the fatherless are not forsaken—they are the care of God.

Now it was that the noble nature of aunt Jane came grandly into view. Her sister was stricken down—swallowed up in grief. Life, for her, had lost its charm. The world was as if left without its sun. She was utterly overwhelmed. Even the faces of her children served only to awaken her to a quicker sense of misery. But aunt Jane's energies were only awakened to renewed life and vigor. To these orphans she was now both father and mother in one. What woman can interfere in *business* matters without risk of censure? But Jane interfered: she exerted herself to wind up the affairs of the deceased; and she did so; she succeeded! There was but little left; only enough to live upon, and that meanly. Every thing was sold off—the grand house was broken up—and the family subsided into the ranks of the genteel poor. Elizabeth could not bear up under such a succession of shocks. She was not querulous, but her sorrows were too much for her, and she fed upon them—she petted them, and they became her masters. A few years passed, and the broken-down woman was laid in the same grave with her husband.

But Jane's courage never flagged. The gentle, dear, good creature, now advancing into years, looked all manner of difficulties courageously in the face; and she overcame them. They fled before her resolution. Alone she bore the burden of that family of sons and daughters not her own, but as dear to her now as if they were. What scheming and thought she daily exercised to make the ends meet—to give to each of them alike such an amount of school education as would enable them "to make their way in the world," as she used to say—can not be described. It would take a long chapter to detail the patient industry, the frugal care, the motherly help, and the watchful up-bringing with which she tended the helpless orphans. But her arduous labors were all more than repaid in the end.

It was my privilege to know this noble woman. I used occasionally to join the little family circle in an evening, round their crackling fire, and contribute my quota of wonderful stories to the listening group. Aunt Jane herself, was a capital story-teller; and it was her wont thus, of an evening, to entertain the youngsters after the chief part of the day's work was done. She would tell the boys—John and Edward—of those self-helping and perseverant great men who had climbed the difficult steep of the world, and elevated themselves to the loftiest stations by

their own energy, industry, and self-denial. The great and the good were her heroes, and she labored to form those young minds about her after the best and noblest models which biographic annals could furnish. "Without goodness," she would say—and her bright, speaking looks (plain though her features were), with her animated and glowing expression, on such occasions, made the lessons root themselves firmly in their young minds and hearts—"Without goodness, my dear children, greatness is naught—mere gilding and lacker; goodness is the real jewel in the casket; so never forget to make that your end and aim."

I, too, used to contribute my share toward those delightful evenings' entertainments, and aunt Jane would draw me on to tell the group of the adventures and life of our royal Alfred—of his struggles, his valor, his goodness, and his greatness; of the old contests of the Danes and the Saxons; of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings; of William the Norman, and the troublous times which followed the Conquest; and of the valorous life of our forefathers, out of which the living English character, habits, and institutions had at length been formed. And oftentimes the shadow would flit across those young faces, by the fire's light, when they were told of perilous adventures on the lone sea; of shipwrecked and cast-away sailors; of the escape of Drake, and the adventures of Cook, and of that never-ending source of wonderment and interest—the life and wanderings of Robinson Crusoe. And there was merriment and fun, too, mixed with the marvelous and the imaginative—stories of giants, and fairies, and Sleeping Beauties—at which their eyes would glance brightly in the beams of the glowing fire. Then, first one little face, and then another, would grow heavy and listless, and their little heads begin to nod; at which the aunt would hear, one by one, their little petitions to their "Father which art in Heaven," and with a soft kiss and murmured blessing, would then lay them in their little cribs, draw the curtains, and leave them to sleep.

But, as for the good aunt, bless you, nearly half of her work was yet to do! There she would sit, far on into the night, till her eyes were red and her cheeks feverish, with her weary white seam in her hand; or, at another time, she would be mending, patching, and eking out the clothes of the children just put to bed—for their wardrobe was scanty, and often very far gone. Yes! poor thing! she was ready to work her fingers to the bone for these dear fatherless young ones, breathing so softly in the next room, and whose muttered dreams would now and then disturb the deep stillness of the night; when she would listen, utter a heartfelt "bless them," and then go on with her work again. The presence of those children seemed only to remind her of the need of more toil for their sakes. For them did aunt Jane work by day, and work by night; for them did she ply the brilliant needle, which, save in those gloam-

ing hours by the fireside, was scarcely ever out of her hand.

Sorrowful needle! What eyes have followed thee, strained themselves at thee, wept over thee! And what sorrow yet hangs about the glittering, polished, silver-eyed needle! What lives hang upon it! What toil and night-watching, what laughter and tears, what gossip and misery, what racking pains and weary moanings has it not witnessed! And, would you know the poetry it has inspired—then read poor Hood's terrible wail of "The Song of the Shirt!" The friend of the needy, the tool of the industrious, the helper of the starving, the companion of the desolate; such is that weakest of human instruments—the needle! It was all these to our aunt Jane!

I can not tell you the life-long endurance and courage of that woman; how she devoted herself to the cherishment and domestic training of the girls, and the intellectual and industrial education of the boys, and the correct moral culture of all the members of her "little family," as she styled them.

Efforts such as hers are *never* without their reward, even in this world; and of her better and higher reward, surely aunt Jane might well feel assured. Her children did credit to her. Years passed, and one by one they grew up toward maturity. The character of the aunt proved the best recommendation for the youths. The boys got placed out at business—one in a lawyer's office, the second in a warehouse. I do not specify further particulars; for the boys are now men, well-known in the world; respected, admired, and prosperous. One of them is a barrister of the highest distinction in his profession, and it has been said of him, that he has the heart of a woman, and the courage of a lion. The other is a well-known merchant, and he is cited as a model of integrity among his class. The girls have grown into women, and are all married. With one of these aunt Jane now enjoys, in quiet and ease, the well-earned comforts and independence of a green old age. About her knees now clamber a new generation—the children of her "boys and girls."

Need I tell you how that dear old woman is revered! how her patient toils are remembered and honored! how her nephews attribute all their successes in life to her, to her noble example, to her tender care, to her patient and long-suffering exertions on their behalf. Never was aunt so honored—so beloved! She declares they will "spoil her"—a thing she is not used to; and she often beseeches them to have done with their acknowledgments of gratitude. But she is never wearied of hearing them recall to memory those happy hours, by the evening's fire-light, in the humble cottage in which I was so often a sharer; and then her eye glistens, and a large tear of thankfulness droops upon the lower lid, which she wipes off as of old, and the same heartfelt benison of "Bless them," mutters on her quivering lips.

I should like, some day, to indulge myself in

telling a long story about that dear aunt Jane's experiences; but I am growing old and a little maudlin myself, and after all, her life and its results are best told in the character and the history of the children she has so faithfully nurtured and educated.

VENTRILLOQUISM.

THE art and practice of ventriloquism, has of late years exhibited so much improvement that it deserves and will reward a little judicious attention directed toward its all but miraculous phenomena, and the causes and conditions of their astonishing display. The art is of ancient date, the peculiarity of the vocal organs in which it originates, like other types of genius or aptitude, having been at intervals repeated. References in Scripture to "the familiar spirits that peep and mutter" are numerous. In the early Christian Church the practice also was known, and a treatise was written on it by Eustathius, Archbishop of Antioch, in Greek. The main argument of the book is the evocation of the ghost of Samuel.

By the Mosaic law the Hebrews were prohibited from consulting those who had familiar spirits. By one of such it is stated that the Witch of Endor divined, or perhaps that she was possessed by it; for the Hebrew *ob* designates both those persons in whom there is a familiar spirit, as well as those who divined by them. The plural *oboth* corresponds with the word ventriloquism. In the Septuagint, it is associated with gastromancy—a mode of ancient divination, wherein the diviner replied without moving his lips, so that the consulter believed he actually heard the voice of a spirit; from which circumstance, many theologians have doubted whether Samuel's ghost really appeared, or rather whether the whole were not a ventriloquial imposition on the superstitious credulity of Saul. We may see in this unfortunate monarch and his successor the distinction between true religion and false superstition; and, indeed, in the poets and prophets generally of the Israelites, who continually testify against the latter in all its forms. To them, to the Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Assyrians, ventriloquism was evidently well known. By reference to Leviticus, we shall find, as we have said, the law forbids the Hebrews to consult those having familiar spirits. The prophet Isaiah also draws an illustration from the kind of voice heard in a case of divination. "Thou shalt be brought down, shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust; thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." It is curious that the Mormons quote this text as prophetic of the discovery of their Sacred Book. In the Acts, Paul is described as depriving a young woman of a familiar spirit, in the city of Philippi in Macedonia;—she is announced as "a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, which brought her master much gain by sooth-saying." There is also that well-known tale in

Plutarch, which is so impressive even to this day on the Christian imagination—the story we mean, of Epitherses, who, having embarked for Italy in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, suddenly heard a voice from the shore, while becalmed one evening before the Paxe—two small islands in the Ionian sea, which lie between Corcyra and Leucadia; such voice addressing Thamus, a pilot, and an Egyptian by birth, who refused to answer till he received the third summons, whereupon it said, “When thou art come to the Palodes, proclaim aloud that the great Pan is dead!” It is added, that “the passengers were all amazed; but their amazement gave place to the most alarming emotions, when, on arriving at the specified place, Thamus stood in the stern of the vessel, and proclaimed what he had been commanded to announce.” St. Chrysostom and the early fathers mention divination by a familiar spirit as practiced in their day; and the practice is still common in the East; as it is also among the Esquimaux. As to the treatise of Eustathius, the good bishop’s notion was that the Witch of Endor was really possessed of a demon; whose deception the vision was, being produced by supernatural agency, not, as cited in the Septuagint, by Engastrimism, or Ventriloquy.

In the nineteenth century, we are told by Sir David Brewster, that ventriloquists made great additions to their art. The performances, he says, of Fitzjames and Alexandre were far superior to those of their predecessors. “Besides the art of speaking by the muscles of the throat and the abdomen, without moving those of the face, these artists had not only studied, with great diligence and success, the modifications which sounds of all kinds undergo from distance, obstructions, and other causes, but had acquired the art of imitating them in the highest perfection. The ventriloquist was therefore able to carry on a dialogue in which the *dramatis voces*, as they may be called, were numerous; and, when on the outside of an apartment, could personate a mob with its infinite variety of noise and vociferation. Their influence over the minds of an audience was still further extended by a singular power which they had obtained over the muscles of the body. Fitzjames actually succeeded in making the opposite or corresponding muscles act differently from each other; and while one side of his face was merry and laughing, the other side was full of sorrow and tears. At one time, he was tall, and thin, and melancholy, and after passing behind a screen, he came out bloated with obesity and staggering with fullness. M. Alexandre possessed the same power over his face and figure, and so striking was the contrast between two of these forms, that an excellent sculptor (M. Joseph) has perpetuated them in marble. This new acquirement of the ventriloquist of the nineteenth century, enabled him in his own single person, and with his own single voice, to represent a dramatic composition which would formerly have required the assistance of several actors. Although

only one character in the piece could be seen at the same time, yet they all appeared during its performance; and the change of face and figure on the part of the ventriloquist was so perfect that his personal identity could not be recognized in the *dramatis personæ*. This deception was rendered still more complete by a particular construction of the costumes, which enabled the performer to appear in a new character, after an interval so short that the audience necessarily believed that it was another person.”

Some amusing anecdotes may be gathered, illustrative of ventriloquism.

One M. St. Gille, a ventriloquist of France, had once occasion to shelter himself from a sudden storm in a monastery in the neighborhood of Avranche. The monks were at the time in deep sorrow for the loss of an esteemed member of their fraternity, whom they had recently buried. While lamenting over the tomb of their departed brother the slight honors which had been paid to his memory, a mysterious voice was heard to issue from the vaults of the church, bewailing the condition of the deceased in purgatory, and reproving the monks in melancholy tones for their want of zeal and reverence for departed worth. Tidings of the event flew abroad; and quickly brought the inhabitants to the spot. The miraculous speaker still renewed his lamentations and reproaches; whereupon the monks fell on their faces, and vowed to repair their neglect. They then chanted a *De profundis*, and at intervals the ghostly voice of the deceased friar expressed his satisfaction.

One Louis Brabant turned his ventriloquial talent to profitable account. Rejected by the parents of an heiress as an unsuitable match for their daughter, Louis, on the death of the father, paid a visit to the widow, during which the voice of her deceased husband was all at once heard thus to address her: “Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant:—he is a man of fortune and character, and I endure the pains of purgatory for having refused her to him. Obey this admonition, and give repose to the soul of your departed husband.” Of course, the widow complied; but Brabant’s difficulties were not yet all overcome. He wanted money to defray the wedding expenses, and resolved to work on the fears of an old usurer, a M. Cornu, of Lyons. Having obtained an evening interview, he contrived to turn the conversation on departed spirits and ghosts. During an interval of silence, the voice of the miser’s deceased father was heard, complaining of his situation in purgatory, and calling loudly upon his son to rescue him from his sufferings, by enabling Brabant to redeem the Christians at that time enslaved by the Turks. Not succeeding on the first occasion, Brabant was compelled to make a second visit to the miser, when he took care to enlist not only his father but all his deceased relations in the appeal; and in this way he obtained a thousand crowns.

There have been few female ventriloquists. Effects produced by the female organs of speech

have always manifested a deficiency of power. The artificial voices have been few in number, and those imperfectly defined. A woman at Amsterdam possessed considerable powers in this way. Conrad Amman, a Dutch doctor in medicine, who published a Latin treatise at Amsterdam in 1700, observes of her, that the effects she exhibited were produced by a sort of swallowing of the words, or forcing them to retrograde, as it were, by the trachea, by speaking during the inspiration of the breath, and not, as in ordinary speech, during expiration. The same writer notices also the performances of the famous Casimir Schreckenstein.

Different professors of ventriloquism have given different accounts of the manner in which they succeeded in producing their illusions. Baron Mengen, one of the household of Prince Lichtenstein, at Vienna, said that it consisted in a passion for counterfeiting the cries of animals and the voices of different persons. M. St. Gille referred his art to mimicry; and the French Academy, combining these views, defines the art as consisting in an accurate imitation of any given sound as it reaches the ear. Scientific solutions are various. Mr. Nicholson thought that artists in this line, by continual practice from childhood, acquire the power of speaking during inspiration with the same articulation as the ordinary voice, which is formed by expiration. M. Richerand declares that every time a professor exhibits his vocal peculiarities, he suffers distension in the epigastric region; and supposes that the mechanism of the art consists in a slow, gradual expiration, drawn in such a way, that the artist either makes use of the influence exerted by volition over the parietes of the thorax, or that he keeps the epiglottis down by the base of the tongue, the apex of which is not carried beyond the dental arches. He observes, that ventriloquists possess the power of making an exceedingly strong inspiration just before the long expiration, and thus convey into the lungs an immense quantity of air, by the artistical management of the egress of which they produce such astonishing effects upon the hearing and imagination of their auditors.

The theory propounded by Mr. Gough in the "Manchester Memoir," on the principle of reverberated sound, is untenable, because ventriloquism on that theory would be impossible in a crowded theatre, which admits not of the predicated echoes. Mr. Love, in his account of himself, asserts a natural aptitude, a physical predisposition of the vocal organs; which, in his case, discovered itself as early as the age of ten, and gradually improved with practice, without any artistic study whatever. He states that not only his pure ventriloquisms, but nearly all his lighter vocal imitations of miscellaneous sounds, were executed in the first instance on the spur of the moment, and without any premeditation. The artist must evidently possess great flexibility of larynx and tongue. Polyphony, according to our modern professor, is

produced by compression of the muscles of the chest, and is an act entirely different from any species of vocal deception or modulation. There is no method, he tells us, of manufacturing true ventriloquists. Nature must have commenced the operation, by placing at the artist's disposal a certain quality of voice adapted for the purpose, as the raw material to work upon. It is like a fine ear or voice for singing—the gift of Nature. It follows, therefore, that an expert polyphonist must be as rare a personage as any other man of genius in any particular art.

THE INCENDIARY.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

I KNEW James Dutton, as I shall call him, at an early period of life, when my present scanty locks of iron-gray were thick and dark, my now pale and furrowed cheeks were fresh and ruddy, like his own. Time, circumstance, and natural bent of mind, have done their work on both of us; and if his course of life has been less equable than mine, it has been chiefly so because the original impulse, the first start on the great journey, upon which so much depends, was directed by wiser heads in my case than in his. We were school-fellows for a considerable time; and if I acquired—as I certainly did—a larger stock of knowledge than he, it was by no means from any superior capacity on my part, but that his mind was bent on other pursuits. He was a born Nimrod, and his father encouraged this propensity from the earliest moment that his darling and only son could sit a pony or handle a light fowling-piece. Dutton, senior, was one of a then large class of persons, whom Cobbett used to call bull-frog farmers; men who, finding themselves daily increasing in wealth by the operation of circumstances, they neither created nor could insure or control—namely, a rapidly increasing manufacturing population, and tremendous war-prices for their produce—acted as if the chance-blown prosperity they enjoyed was the result of their own forethought, skill, and energy, and therefore, humanly speaking, indestructible. James Dutton was, consequently, denied nothing—not even the luxury of neglecting his own education; and he availed himself of the lamentable privilege to a great extent. It was, however, a remarkable feature in the lad's character, that whatever he himself deemed essential should be done, no amount of indulgence, no love of sport or dissipation, could divert him from thoroughly accomplishing. Thus he saw clearly, that even in the life—that of a sportsman-farmer he had chalked out for himself, it was indispensably necessary that a certain quantum of educational power should be attained; and so he really acquired a knowledge of reading, writing, and spelling, and then withdrew from school to more congenial avocations.

I frequently met James Dutton in after-years; but some nine or ten months had passed since I had last seen him, when I was directed by the chief partner in the firm to which Flint and I

subsequently succeeded, to take coach for Romford, Essex, in order to ascertain from a witness there what kind of evidence we might expect him to give in a trial to come off in the then Hilary term at Westminster Hall. It was the first week in January: the weather was bitterly cold; and I experienced an intense satisfaction when, after dispatching the business I had come upon, I found myself in the long dining-room of the chief market-inn, where two blazing fires shed a ruddy, cheerful light over the snow-white damask table-cloth, bright glasses, decanters, and other preparatives for the farmers' market-dinner. Prices had ruled high that day; wheat had reached £30 a load; and the numerous groups of hearty, stalwart yeomen present were in high glee, crowing and exulting alike over their full pockets and the news—of which the papers were just then full—of the burning of Moscow, and the flight and ruin of Bonaparte's army. James Dutton was in the room, but not, I observed, in his usual flow of animal spirits. The crape round his hat might, I thought, account for that, and as he did not see me, I accosted him with an inquiry after his health, and the reason of his being in mourning. He received me very cordially, and in an instant cast off the abstracted manner I had noticed. His father, he informed me, was gone—had died about seven months previously, and he was alone now at Ash Farm—why didn't I run down there to see him sometimes, &c.? Our conversation was interrupted by a summons to dinner, very cheerfully complied with; and we both—at least I can answer for myself—did ample justice to a more than usually capital dinner, even in those capital old market-dinner times. We were very jolly afterward, and amazingly triumphant over the frost-bitten, snow-buried soldier-banditti that had so long lorded it over continental Europe. Dutton did not partake of the general hilarity. There was a sneer upon his lip during the whole time, which, however, found no expression in words.

"How quiet you are, James Dutton!" cried a loud voice from out the dense smoke-cloud that by this time completely enveloped us. On looking toward the spot from whence the ringing tones came, a jolly, round face—like the sun as seen through a London fog—gleamed redly dull from out the thick and choking atmosphere.

"Every body," rejoined Dutton, "hasn't had the luck to sell two hundred quarters of wheat at to-day's price, as you have, Tom Southall."

"That's true, my boy," returned Master Southall, sending, in the plentitude of his satisfaction, a jet of smoke toward us with astonishing force. "And, I say, Jem, I'll tell 'ee what I'll do; I'll clap on ten guineas more upon what I offered for the brown mare."

"Done! She's yours, Tom, then, for ninety guineas!"

"Gie's your hand upon it!" cried Tom Southall, jumping up from his chair, and stretching a fist as big as a leg of mutton—well, say lamb—over the table. "And here—here," he added,

with an exultant chuckle, as he extricated a swollen canvas-bag from his pocket—"here's the dibs at once."

This transaction excited a great deal of surprise at our part of the table; and Dutton was rigorously cross-questioned as to his reason for parting with his favorite hunting mare.

"The truth is, friends," said Dutton at last, "I mean to give up farming, and—"

"Gie up farmin'!" broke in half-a-dozen voices. "Lord!"

"Yes; I don't like it. I shall buy a commission in the army. There'll be a chance against Boney, now; and it's a life I'm fit for."

The farmers looked completely agape at this announcement; but making nothing of it, after silently staring at Dutton and each other, with their pipes in their hands and not in their mouths, till they had gone out, stretched their heads simultaneously across the table toward the candles, relit their pipes, and smoked on as before.

"Then, perhaps, Mr. Dutton," said a young man in a smartly-cut velvet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, who had hastily left his seat farther down the table—"perhaps you will sell the double Manton, and Fanny and Slut?"

"Yes; at a price."

Prices were named; I forget now the exact sums, but enormous prices, I thought, for the gun and the dogs, Fanny and Slut. The bargain was eagerly concluded, and the money paid at once. Possibly the buyer had a vague notion, that a portion of the vender's skill might come to him with his purchases.

"You be in 'arnest, then, in this fool's business, James Dutton," observed a farmer, gravely. "I be sorry for thee; but as I s'pose the lease of Ash Farm will be parted with; why—John, waiter, tell Master Hurst at the top of the table yonder, to come this way."

Master Hurst, a well-to-do, highly respectable-looking, and rather elderly man, came in obedience to the summons, and after a few words in an under-tone with the friend that had sent for him, said, "Is this true, James Dutton?"

"It is true that the lease and stock of Ash Farm are to be sold—at a price. You, I believe, are in want of such a concern for the young couple just married."

"Well, I don't say I might not be a customer, if the price were reasonable."

"Let us step into a private room, then," said Dutton, rising. "This is not a place for business of that kind. Sharp," he added, *sotto voce*, "come with us; I may want you."

I had listened to all this with a kind of stupid wonderment, and I now, mechanically as it were, got up and accompanied the party to another room.

The matter was soon settled. Five hundred pounds for the lease—ten years unexpired—of Ash Farm, about eleven hundred acres, and the stock and implements; the plowing, sowing, &c., already performed, to be paid for at a valuation based on present prices. I drew out the agreement in form, it was signed in duplicate, a large

sum was paid down as deposit, and Mr. Hurst with his friend withdrew.

"Well," I said, taking a glass of port from a bottle Dutton had just ordered in—"here's fortune in your new career; but, as I am a living man, I can't understand what you can be thinking about."

"You haven't read the newspapers?"

"O yes, I have! Victory! Glory! March to Paris! and all that sort of thing. Very fine, I dare say; but rubbish, moonshine, I call it, if purchased by the abandonment of the useful, comfortable, joyous life of a prosperous yeoman."

"Is that all you have seen in the papers?"

"Not much else. What, besides, have you found in them?"

"Wheat, at ten or eleven pounds a load—less perhaps—other produce in proportion."

"Ha!"

"I see farther, Sharp, than you bookmen do, in some matters. Boney's done for; that to me is quite plain, and earlier than I thought likely; although I, of course, as well as every other man with a head instead of a turnip on his shoulders, knew such a raw-head-and-bloody-bones as that must sooner or later come to the dogs. And as I also know what agricultural prices were *before* the war, I can calculate without the aid of vulgar fractions, which, by-the-by, I never reached, what they'll be when it's over, and the thundering expenditure now going on is stopped. In two or three weeks, people generally will get a dim notion of all this; and I sell, therefore, while I can, at top prices."

The shrewdness of the calculation struck me at once.

"You will take another farm when one can be had on easier terms than now, I suppose?"

"Yes; if I can manage it. And I *will* manage it. Between ourselves, after all the old man's debts are paid, I shall only have about nine or ten hundred pounds to the good, even by selling at the present tremendous rates; so it was time, you see, I pulled up, and rubbed the fog out of my eyes a bit. And hark ye, Master Sharp!" he added, as we rose and shook hands with each other—"I have now done *playing* with the world—it's a place of work and business; and I'll do my share of it so effectually, that my children, if I have any, shall, if I do not, reach the class of landed gentry; and this you'll find, for all your sneering, will come about all the more easily that neither they nor their father will be encumbered with much educational lumber. Good-by."

I did not again see my old school-fellow till the change he had predicted had thoroughly come to pass. Farms were every where to let, and a general cry to parliament for aid rang through the land. Dutton called at the office upon business, accompanied by a young woman of remarkable personal comeliness, but, as a very few sentences betrayed, little or no education in the conventional sense of the word. She was the daughter of a farmer, whom—it was no fault of hers—a change of times had not found

in a better condition for weathering them.—Anne Mosley, in fact, was a thoroughly industrious, clever farm economist. The instant Dutton had secured an eligible farm, at his own price and conditions, he married her; and now, on the third day after the wedding, he had brought me the draft of his lease for examination.

"You are not afraid, then," I remarked, "of taking a farm in these bad times?"

"Not I—at a price. We mean to *rough* it, Mr. Sharp," he added gayly. "And, let me tell you, that those who will stoop to do that—I mean, take their coats off, tuck up their sleeves, and fling appearances to the winds—may, and will, if they understand their business, and have got their heads screwed on right, do better here than in any of the uncleared countries they talk so much about. You know what I told you down at Romford. Well, we'll manage that before our hair is gray, depend upon it, bad as the times may be—won't we, Nance?"

"We'll try, Jem," was the smiling response.

They left the draft for examination. It was found to be correctly drawn. Two or three days afterward, the deeds were executed, and James Dutton was placed in possession. The farm, a capital one, was in Essex.

His hopes were fully realized as to money-making, at all events. He and his wife rose early, sat up late, ate the bread of carefulness, and altogether displayed such persevering energy, that only about six or seven years had passed before the Duttons were accounted a rich and prosperous family. They had one child only—a daughter. The mother, Mrs. Dutton, died when this child was about twelve years of age; and Anne Dutton became more than ever the apple of her father's eye. The business of the farm went steadily on in its accustomed track: each succeeding year found James Dutton growing in wealth and importance; and his daughter in sparkling, catching comeliness—although certainly, not in the refinement of manner which gives a quickening life and grace to personal symmetry and beauty. James Dutton remained firm in his theory of the worthlessness of education beyond what, in a narrow acceptance of the term, was absolutely "necessary;" and Anne Dutton, although now heiress to very considerable wealth, knew only how to read, write, spell, cast accounts, and superintend the home-business of the farm. I saw a great deal of the Duttons about this time, my brother-in-law, Elsworthy and his wife having taken up their abode within about half a mile of James Dutton's dwelling-house; and I ventured once or twice to remonstrate with the prosperous farmer upon the positive danger, with reference to his ambitious views, of not at least so far cultivating the intellect and taste of so attractive a maiden as his daughter, that sympathy on her part with the rude, unlettered clowns, with whom she necessarily came so much in contact, should be impossible. He laughed my hints to scorn. "It is idleness—idleness alone," he said, "that puts love-fancies into girls' heads."

Novel-reading, jingling at a piano-forte—merely other names for idleness—these are the parents of such follies. Anne Dutton, as mistress of this establishment, has her time fully and usefully occupied; and when the time comes, not far distant now, to establish her in marriage, she will wed into a family I wot of; and the Romford prophecy of which you remind me will be realized, in great part at least."

He found, too late, his error. He hastily entered the office one morning, and although it was only five or six weeks since I had last seen him, the change in his then florid, prideful features was so striking and painful, as to cause me to fairly leap upon my feet with surprise.

"Good Heavens, Dutton!" I exclaimed, "What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, Mr. Sharp," he replied, "but what you predicted, and which, had I not been the most conceited dolt in existence, I too, must have foreseen. You know that good-looking, idle, and, I fear, irreclaimable young fellow, George Hamblin?"

"I have seen him once or twice. Has he not brought his father to the verge of a workhouse by low dissipation and extravagance?"

"Yes. Well, he is an accepted suitor for Anne Dutton's hand. No wonder that you start. She fancies herself hopelessly in love with him—Nay, Sharp, hear me out. I have tried expostulation, threats, entreaties, locking her up; but it's useless. I shall kill the silly fool if I persist, and I have at length consented to the marriage; for I can not see her die." I began remonstrating upon the folly of yielding consent to so ruinous a marriage, on account of a few tears and hysterics, but Dutton stopped me peremptorily.

"It is useless talking," he said. "The die is cast; I have given my word. You would hardly recognize her, she is so altered. I did not know before," added the strong, stern man, with trembling voice and glistening eyes, "that she was so inextricably twined about my heart—my life!" It is difficult to estimate the bitterness of such a disappointment to a proud, aspiring man like Dutton. I pitied him sincerely, mistaken, if not blameworthy, as he had been.

"I have only myself to blame," he presently resumed. "A girl of cultivated taste and mind could not have bestowed a second thought on George Hamblin. But let's to business. I wish the marriage-settlement, and my will, to be so drawn, that every farthing received from me during my life, and after my death, shall be hers, and hers only; and so strictly and entirely secured, that she shall be without power to yield control over the slightest portion of it, should she be so minded." I took down his instructions, and the necessary deeds were drawn in accordance with them. When the day for signing arrived, the bridegroom-elect demurred at first to the stringency of the provisions of the marriage-contract; but as upon this point, Mr. Dutton was found to be inflexible, the handsome, illiterate clown—he was little

better—gave up his scruples, the more readily as a life of assured idleness lay before him, from the virtual control he was sure to have over his wife's income. These were the thoughts which passed across his mind, I was quite sure, as taking the pen awkwardly in his hand, he affixed *his mark* to the marriage-deed. I reddened with shame, and the smothered groan which at the moment smote faintly on my ear, again brokenly confessed the miserable folly of the father in not having placed his beautiful child beyond all possibility of mental contact or communion with such a person. The marriage was shortly afterward solemnized, but I did not wait to witness the ceremony.

The husband's promised good-behavior did not long endure; ere two months of wedded life were past, he had fallen again into his old habits; and the wife, bitterly repentant of her folly, was fain to confess, that nothing but dread of her father's vengeance saved her from positive ill usage. It was altogether a wretched, unfortunate affair; and the intelligence—sad in itself—which reached me about a twelvemonth after the marriage, that the young mother had died in childbirth of her first-born, a girl, appeared to me rather a matter of rejoicing than of sorrow or regret. The shock to poor Dutton was, I understood, overwhelming for a time, and fears were entertained for his intellects. He recovered, however, and took charge of his grandchild, the father very willingly resigning the onerous burden.

My brother-in-law left James Dutton's neighborhood for a distant part of the country about this period, and I saw nothing of the bereaved father for about five years, save only at two business interviews. The business upon which I had seen him, was the alteration of his will, by which all he might die possessed of was bequeathed to his darling Annie. His health, I was glad to find, was quite restored; and although now fifty years of age, the bright light of his young days sparkled once more in his keen glance. His youth was, he said, renewed in little Annie. He could even bear to speak, though still with remorseful emotion, of his own lost child. "No fear, Sharp," he said, "that I make that terrible mistake again. Annie will fall in love, please God, with no unlettered, soulless booby! Her mind shall be elevated, beautiful, and pure as her person—she is the image of her mother—promises to be charming and attractive. You must come and see her." I promised to do so; and he went his way. At one of these interviews—the first it must have been—I made a chance inquiry for his son-in-law, Hamblin. As the name passed my lips, a look of hate and rage flashed out of his burning eyes. I did not utter another word, nor did he; and we separated in silence.

It was evening, and I was returning in a gig from a rather long journey into the country, when I called, in redemption of my promise, upon James Dutton. Annie was really, I found, an engaging pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired child; and I

was not so much surprised at her grandfather's doting fondness—a fondness entirely reciprocated, it seemed, by the little girl. It struck me, albeit, that it was a perilous thing for a man of Dutton's vehement, fiery nature to stake again, as he evidently had done, his all of life and happiness upon one frail existence. An illustration of my thought or fear occurred just after we had finished tea. A knock was heard at the outer door, and presently a man's voice, in quarreling, drunken remonstrance with the servant who opened it. The same deadly scowl I had seen sweep over Dutton's countenance upon the mention of Hamblin's name, again gleamed darkly there; and finding, after a moment or two, that the intruder would not be denied, the master of the house gently removed Annie from his knee, and strode out of the room.

"Follow grandpapa," whispered Mrs. Rivers, a highly respectable widow of about forty years of age, whom Mr. Dutton had engaged at a high salary to superintend Annie's education. The child went out, and Mrs. Rivers, addressing me, said in a low voice: "Her presence will prevent violence; but it is a sad affair." She then informed me that Hamblin, to whom Mr. Dutton allowed a hundred a year, having become aware of the grandfather's extreme fondness for Annie, systematically worked that knowledge for his own sordid ends, and precluded every fresh attack upon upon Mr. Dutton's purse by a threat to reclaim the child. "It is not the money," remarked Mrs. Rivers in conclusion, "that Mr. Dutton cares so much for, but the thought that he holds Annie by the sufferance of that wretched man, goads him at times almost to insanity."

"Would not the fellow waive his claim for a settled increase of his annuity?"

"No; that has been offered to the extent of three hundred a year; but Hamblin refuses, partly from the pleasure of keeping such a man as Mr. Dutton in his power, partly because he knows that the last shilling would be parted with rather than the child. It is a very unfortunate business, and I often fear will terminate badly." The loud but indistinct wrangling without ceased after a while, and I heard a key turn stiffly in a lock. "The usual conclusion of these scenes," said Mrs. Rivers. "Another draft upon his strong-box will purchase Mr. Dutton a respite as long as the money lasts." I could hardly look at James Dutton when he re-entered the room. There was that in his countenance which I do not like to read in the faces of my friends. He was silent for several minutes; at last he said quickly, sternly: "Is there no instrument, Mr. Sharp, in all the enginery of law, that can defeat a worthless villain's legal claim to his child?"

"None; except, perhaps, a commission of lunacy, or—"

"Tush! tush!" interrupted Dutton; "the fellow has no wits to lose. That being so—But let us talk of something else." We did so,

but on his part very incoherently, and I soon bade him good-night.

This was December, and it was in February the following year that Dutton again called at our place of business. There was a strange, stern, iron meaning in his face. "I am in a great hurry," he said, "and I have only called to say, that I shall be glad if you will run over to the farm to-morrow on a matter of business. You have seen, perhaps, in the paper, that my dwelling-house took fire the night before last. You have not? Well, it is upon that I would consult you. Will you come?" I agreed to do so, and he withdrew.

The fire had not, I found, done much injury. It had commenced in a kind of miscellaneous store-room; but the origin of the fire appeared to me, as it did to the police-officers that had been summoned, perfectly unaccountable. "Had it not been discovered in time, and extinguished," I observed to Mrs. Rivers, "you would all have been burned in your beds."

"Why, no," replied that lady, with some strangeness of manner. "On the night of the fire, Annie and I slept at Mr. Elsworth's" (I have omitted to notice, that my brother-in-law and family had returned to their old residence), "and Mr. Dutton remained in London, whither he had gone to see the play."

"But the servants might have perished?"

"No. A whim, apparently, has lately seized Mr. Dutton, that no servant or laborer shall sleep under the same roof with himself; and those new outhouses, where their bedrooms are placed, are, you see, completely detached, and are indeed, as regards this dwelling, made fire-proof."

At this moment Mr. Dutton appeared, and interrupted our conversation. He took me aside. "Well," he said, "to what conclusion have you come? The work of an incendiary, is it not? Somebody too, that knows I am not insured—"

"Not insured!"

"No; not for this dwelling-house. I did not renew the policy some months ago."

"Then," I jestingly remarked, "you, at all events, are safe from any accusation of having set fire to your premises with the intent to defraud the insurers."

"To be sure—to be sure, I am," he rejoined with quick earnestness, as if taking my remark seriously. "That is quite certain. Some one, I am pretty sure, it must be," he presently added, "that owes me a grudge—with whom I have quarreled, eh?"

"It may be so, certainly."

"It *must* be so. And what, Mr. Sharp, is the highest penalty for the crime of incendiarism?"

"By the recent change in the law, transportation only; unless, indeed, loss of human life occur in consequence of the felonious act; in which case, the English law construes the offense to be willful murder, although the incendiary may not have intended the death or injury of any person."

"I see. But here there could have been no loss of life."

"There might have been, had not you, Mrs. Rivers, and Annie, chanced to sleep out of the house."

"True—true—a diabolical villain, no doubt. But we'll ferret him out yet. You are a keen hand, Mr. Sharp, and will assist, I know. Yes, yes—it's some fellow that hates me—that I perhaps hate and loathe—" he added with sudden gnashing fierceness, and striking his hand with furious violence on the table—"as I do a spotted toad!"

I hardly recognized James Dutton in this fitful, disjointed talk, and as there was really nothing to be done or to be inquired into, I soon went away.

"Only one week's interval," I hastily remarked to Mr. Flint, one morning after glancing at the newspaper, "and another fire at Dutton's farm-house!"

"The deuce! He is in the luck of it, apparently," replied Flint, without looking up from his employment. My partner knew Dutton only by sight.

The following morning, I received a note from Mrs. Rivers. She wished to see me immediately on a matter of great importance. I hastened to Mr. Dutton's, and found, on arriving there, that George Hamblin was in custody, and undergoing an examination, at no great distance off, before two county magistrates, on the charge of having fired Mr. Dutton's premises. The chief evidence was, that Hamblin had been seen lurking about the place just before the flames broke out, and that near the window where an incendiary might have entered there were found portions of several lucifer matches, of a particular make, and corresponding to a number found in Hamblin's bedroom. To this Hamblin replied, that he had come to the house by Mr. Dutton's invitation, but found nobody there. This however, was vehemently denied by Mr. Dutton. He had made no appointment with Hamblin to meet at his (Dutton's) house. How should he, purposing as he did to be in London at the time? With respect to the lucifer matches, Hamblin said he had purchased them of a mendicant, and that Mr. Dutton saw him do so. This also was denied. It was further proved, that Hamblin, when in drink, had often said he would ruin Dutton before he died. Finally, the magistrates, though with some hesitation, decided that there was hardly sufficient evidence to warrant them in committing the prisoner for trial, and he was discharged, much to the rage and indignation of the prosecutor.

Subsequently, Mrs. Rivers and I had a long private conference. She and the child had again slept at Elsworthy's on the night of the fire, and Dutton in London. "His excuse is," said Mrs. Rivers, "that he can not permit us to sleep here unprotected by his presence." We both arrived at the same conclusion, and at last agreed upon what should be done—attempted rather—and that without delay.

Just before taking leave of Mr. Dutton, who was in an exceedingly excited state, I said: "By-the-by, Dutton, you have promised to dine with me on some early day. Let it be next Tuesday. I shall have one or two bachelor friends, and we can give you a shake-down for the night."

"Next Tuesday?" said he quickly. "At what hour do you dine?"

"At six. Not a half-moment later."

"Good! I will be with you." We then shook hands, and parted.

The dinner would have been without interest to me, had not a note previously arrived from Mrs. Rivers, stating that she and Annie were again to sleep that night at Elsworthy's. This promised results.

James Dutton, who rode into town, was punctual, and, as always of late, flurried, excited, nervous—not, in fact, it appeared to me, precisely in his right mind. The dinner passed off as dinners usually do, and the after-proceedings went on very comfortably till about half-past nine o'clock, when Dutton's perturbation, increased perhaps by the considerable quantity of wine he had swallowed, not drunk, became, it was apparent to every body, almost uncontrollable. He rose—purposeless it seemed—sat down again—drew out his watch almost every minute, and answered remarks addressed to him in the wildest manner. The decisive moment was, I saw, arrived, and at a gesture of mine, Elsworthy, who was in my confidence, addressed Dutton. "By the way, Dutton, about Mrs. Rivers and Annie. I forgot to tell you of it before."

The restless man was on his feet in an instant, and glaring with fiery eagerness at the speaker.

"What! what!" he cried with explosive quickness—"what about Annie? Death and fury!—speak! will you?"

"Don't alarm yourself, my good fellow. It's nothing of consequence. You brought Annie and her governess, about an hour before I started, to sleep at our house—"

"Yes—yes," gasped Dutton, white as death, and every fibre of his body shaking with terrible dread. "Yes—well, well, go on. Thunder and lightning! out with it, will you?"

"Unfortunately, two female cousins arrived soon after you went away, and I was obliged to escort Annie and Mrs. Rivers home again." A wild shriek—yell is perhaps the more appropriate expression—burst from the conscience and fear-stricken man. Another instant, and he had torn his watch from the fob, glanced at it with dilated eyes, dashed it on the table, and was rushing madly toward the door, vainly withstood by Elsworthy, who feared we had gone too far.

"Out of the way!" screamed the madman. "Let go, or I'll dash you to atoms!" Suiting the action to the threat, he hurled my brother-in-law against the wall with stunning force, and rushed on, shouting incoherently: "My

horse! There is time yet! Tom Edwards, my horse!"

Tom Edwards was luckily at hand, and although mightily surprised at the sudden uproar, which he attributed to Mr. Dutton being in drink, mechanically assisted to saddle, bridle, and bring out the roan mare; and before I could reach the stables, Dutton's foot was in the stirrup. I shouted "Stop," as loudly as I could, but the excited horseman did not heed, perhaps not hear me: and away he went, at a tremendous speed, hatless, and his long gray-tinted hair streaming in the wind. It was absolutely necessary to follow. I therefore directed Elsworthy's horse, a much swifter and more peaceful animal than Dutton's, to be brought out; and as soon as I got into the high country road, I too dashed along at a rate much too headlong to be altogether pleasant. The evening was clear and bright, and I now and then caught a distant sight of Dutton, who was going at a frantic pace across the country, and putting his horse at leaps that no man in his senses would have attempted. I kept the high-road, and we had thus ridden about half an hour perhaps, when a bright flame about a mile distant, as the crow flies, shot suddenly forth, strongly relieved against a mass of dark wood just beyond it. I knew it to be Dutton's house, even without the confirmation given by the frenzied shout which at the same moment arose on my left hand. It was from Dutton. His horse had been *staked*, in an effort to clear a high fence, and he was hurrying desperately along on foot. I tried to make him hear me, or to reach him, but found I could do neither: his own wild cries and imprecations drowned my voice, and there were impassable fences between the high-road and the fields across which he madly hasted.

The flames were swift this time, and defied the efforts of the servants and husbandmen who had come to the rescue, to stay, much less to quell them. Eagerly as I rode, Dutton arrived before the blazing pile at nearly the same moment as myself, and even as he fiercely struggled with two or three men, who strove by main force to prevent him from rushing into the flames, only to meet with certain death, the roof and floors of the building fell in with a sudden crash. He believed that all was over with the child, and again hurling forth the wild despairing cry I had twice before heard that evening, he fell down, as if smitten by lightning, upon the hard, frosty road.

It was many days ere the unhappy, sinful man recovered his senses, many weeks before he was restored to his accustomed health. Very cautiously had the intelligence been communicated to him, that Annie had not met the terrible fate, the image of which had incessantly pursued him through his fevered dreams. He was a deeply grateful, and, I believe, a penitent and altogether changed man. He purchased, through my agency, a valuable farm in a distant county, in order to be out of the way, not only of Hamblin, on whom he settled two hundred a

year, but of others, myself included, who knew or suspected him of the foul intention he had conceived against his son-in-law, and which, but for Mrs. Rivers, would, on the last occasion, have been in all probability successful, so cunningly had the evidence of circumstances been devised. "I have been," said James Dutton to me at the last interview I had with him, "all my life an overweening, self-confident fool. At Romford, I boasted to you that my children should ally themselves with the landed gentry of the country, and see the result! The future, please God, shall find me in my duty—mindful only of that, and content, while so acting, with whatever shall befall me or mine."

Dutton continues to prosper in the world; Hamblin died several years ago of delirium tremens; and Annie, I hear, *will* in all probability marry into the squirearchy of the country. All this is not perhaps what is called poetical justice, but my experience has been with the actual, not the ideal world.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIV.—DEPARTMENT.

RICHARD left us on the very next evening, to begin his new career, and committed Ada to my charge with great love for her, and great trust in me. It touched me then to reflect, and it touches me now, more nearly, to remember (having what I have to tell) how they both thought of me, even at that engrossing time. I was a part of all their plans, for the present and the future. I was to write to Richard once a week, making my faithful report of Ada, who was to write to him every alternate day. I was to be informed, under his own hand, of all his labors and successes; I was to observe how resolute and persevering he would be; I was to be Ada's bridesmaid when they were married; I was to live with them afterward; I was to keep all the keys of their house; I was to be made happy forever and a day.

"And if the suit *should* make us rich, Esther—which it may, you know!" said Richard, to crown all.

A shade crossed Ada's face.

"My dearest Ada," asked Richard, pausing, "why not?"

"It had better declare us poor at once," said Ada.

"O! I don't know about that," returned Richard; "but at all events, it won't declare any thing at once. It hasn't declared any thing in Heaven knows how many years."

"Too true," said Ada.

"Yes, but," urged Richard, answering what her look suggested rather than her words, "the longer it goes on, dear cousin, the nearer it must be to a settlement one way or other. Now, is not that reasonable?"

"You know best, Richard. But I am afraid if we trust to it, it will make us unhappy."

* Continued from the July Number.

"But, my Ada, we are not going to trust to it!" cried Richard, gayly. "We know it better than to trust to it. We only say that if it *should* make us rich, we have no constitutional objection to being rich. The Court is, by solemn settlement of law, our grim old guardian, and we are to suppose that what it gives us (when it gives us any thing) is our right. It is not necessary to quarrel with our right."

"No," said Ada, "but it may be better to forget all about it."

"Well, well!" cried Richard, "then we will forget all about it! We consign the whole thing to oblivion. Dame Durden puts on her approving face, and it's done!"

"Dame Durden's approving face," said I, looking out of the box in which I was packing his books, "was not very visible when you called it by that name; but it does approve, and she thinks you can't do better."

So, Richard said there was an end of it—and immediately began, on no other foundation, to build as many castles in the air as would man the great wall of China. He went away in high spirits. Ada and I, prepared to miss him very much, commenced our quieter career.

On our arrival in London, we had called with Mr. Jarndyce at Mrs. Jellyby's, but had not been so fortunate as to find her at home. It appeared that she had gone somewhere, to a tea-drinking, and had taken Miss Jellyby with her. Besides the tea-drinking, there was to be some considerable speech-making and letter-writing on the general merits of the cultivation of coffee, conjointly with natives, at the Settlement of Borrioboola Gha. All this involved, no doubt, sufficient active exercise of pen and ink, to make her daughter's part in the proceedings, any thing but a holiday.

It being, now, beyond the time appointed for Mrs. Jellyby's return, we called again. She was in town, but not at home, having gone to Mile End, directly after breakfast, on some Borrioboolan business, arising out of a Society called the East London Branch Aid Ramification. As I had not seen Peepy on the occasion of our last call (when he was not to be found any where, and when the cook rather thought he must have strolled away with the dustman's cart) I now inquired for him again. The oyster shells he had been building a house with, were still in the passage, but he was nowhere discoverable, and the cook supposed that he had "gone after the sheep." When we repeated, with some surprise, "The sheep?" she said, O yes, on market days he sometimes followed them quite out of town, and came back in such a state as never was!

I was sitting at the window with my Guardian, on the following morning, and Ada was busy writing—of course to Richard—when Miss Jellyby was announced, and entered, leading the identical Peepy, whom she had made some endeavors to render presentable, by wiping the dirt into corners of his face and hands, and making his hair very wet, and then violently frizzling it with her

fingers. Every thing the dear child wore, was either too large for him or too small. Among his other contradictory decorations he had the hat of a Bishop; and the little gloves of a baby. His boots were, on a small scale, the boots of a plowman: while his legs, so crossed and recrossed with scratches that they looked like maps, were bare, below a very short pair of plaid drawers, finished off with two frills of perfectly different patterns. The deficient buttons on his plaid frock had evidently been supplied from one of Mr. Jellyby's coats, they were so extremely brazen and so much too large. Most extraordinary specimens of needlework appeared on several parts of his dress, where it had been hastily mended; and I recognized the same hand on Miss Jellyby's. She was, however, unaccountably improved in her appearance, and looked very pretty. She was conscious of poor little Peepy being but a failure, after all her trouble, and she showed it as she came in, by the way in which she glanced, first at him, and then at us.

"O dear me!" said my Guardian, "Due East!"

Ada and I gave her a cordial welcome, and presented her to Mr. Jarndyce; to whom she said, as she sat down:

"Ma's compliments, and she hopes you'll excuse her, because she's correcting proofs of the plan. She's going to put out five thousand new circulars, and she knows you'll be interested to hear that. I have brought one of them with me. Ma's compliments." With which she presented it sulkily enough.

"Thank you," said my Guardian. "I am much obliged to Mrs. Jellyby. O dear me! This is a very trying wind!"

We were busy with Peepy; taking off his clerical hat; asking him if he remembered us; and so on. Peepy retired behind his elbow at first, but relented at the sight of sponge-cake, and allowed me to take him on my lap, where he sat munching quietly. Mr. Jarndyce then withdrawing into the temporary Growlery, Miss Jellyby opened a conversation with her usual abruptness.

"We are going on just as bad as ever in Thavies Inn," said she. "I have no peace of my life. Talk of Africa! I couldn't be worse off if I was a what's-his-name-man and a brother!"

I tried to say something soothing.

"O, it's of no use, Miss Summerson," exclaimed Miss Jellyby, "though I thank you for the kind intention all the same. I know how I am used, and I am not to be talked over. You wouldn't be talked over, if you were used so. Peepy, go and play at Wild Beasts under the piano!"

"I shan't!" said Peepy.

"Very well, you ungrateful, naughty, hard-hearted boy!" returned Miss Jellyby, with tears in her eyes. "I'll never take pains to dress you any more."

"Yes, I will go, Caddy!" cried Peepy, who

was really a good child, and who was so moved by his sister's vexation that he went at once.

"It seems a little thing to cry about," said poor Miss Jellyby, apologetically, "but I am quite worn out. I was directing the new circulars till two this morning. I detest the whole thing so, that that alone makes my head ache till I can't see out of my eyes. And look at that poor unfortunate child. Was there ever such a fright as he is!"

Peepy, happily unconscious of the defects in his appearance, sat on the carpet behind one of the legs of the piano, looking calmly out of his den at us, while he ate his cake.

"I have sent him to the other end of the room," observed Miss Jellyby, drawing her chair nearer ours; "because I don't want him to hear the conversation. Those little things are so sharp! I was going to say, we really are going on worse than ever. Pa will be a bankrupt before long, and then I hope Ma will be satisfied. There'll be nobody but Ma to thank for it."

We said we hoped Mr. Jellyby's affairs were not in so bad a state as that.

"It's of no use hoping, though it's very kind of you!" returned Miss Jellyby, shaking her head. "Pa told me, only yesterday morning (and dreadfully unhappy he is), that he couldn't weather the storm. I should be surprised if he could. When all our tradesmen send into our house any stuff they like, and the servants do what they like with it, and I have no time to improve things if I knew how, and Ma don't care about any thing, I should like to make out how Pa is to weather the storm. I declare if I was Pa, I'd run away!"

"My dear!" said I, smiling. "Your papa, no doubt, considers his family."

"O yes, his family is all very fine, Miss Summerson," replied Miss Jellyby; "but what comfort is his family to him? His family is nothing but bills, dirt, waste, noise, tumbles down stairs, confusion, and wretchedness. His scrambling home, from week's-end to week's-end, is like one great washing-day—only nothing's washed!"

Miss Jellyby tapped her foot upon the floor, and wiped her eyes.

"I am sure I pity Pa to that degree," she said, "and am so angry with Ma, that I can't find words to express myself! However, I am not going to bear it, I am determined. I won't be a slave all my life, and I won't submit to be proposed to by Mr. Quale. A pretty thing, indeed, to marry a Philanthropist! As if I hadn't had enough of *that*!" said poor Miss Jellyby.

I must confess that I could not help feeling rather angry with Mrs. Jellyby, myself; seeing and hearing this neglected girl, and knowing how much of bitterly satirical truth there was in what she said.

"If it wasn't that we had been intimate when you stopped at our house," pursued Miss Jellyby, "I should have been ashamed to come here to-day, for I know what a figure I must seem to you two. But, as it is, I made up my mind to call:

especially as I am not likely to see you again, the next time you come to town."

She said this with such great significance that Ada and I glanced at one another, foreseeing something more.

"No!" said Miss Jellyby, shaking her head. "Not at all likely! I know I may trust you two. I am sure you won't betray me. I am engaged."

"Without their knowledge at home?" said I.

"Why, good gracious me, Miss Summerson," she returned, justifying herself in a fretful but not angry manner, "how can it be otherwise? You know what Ma is—and I needn't make poor Pa more miserable by telling *him*."

"But would it not be adding to his unhappiness, to marry without his knowledge or consent, my dear?" said I.

"No," said Miss Jellyby, softening. "I hope not. I should try to make him happy and comfortable when he came to see me; and Peepy and the others should take it in turns to come and stay with me; and they should have some care taken of them, then."

There was a good deal of affection in poor Caddy. She softened more and more while saying this, and cried so much over the unwonted little home-picture she had raised in her mind, that Peepy, in his cave under the piano, was touched, and turned himself over on his back with loud lamentations. It was not until I had brought him to kiss his sister, and had restored him to his place in my lap, and had shown him that Caddy was laughing (she laughed expressly for the purpose), that we could recall his peace of mind; even then, it was for some time conditional on his taking us in turns by the chin, and smoothing our faces all over with his hand. At last, as his spirits were not yet equal to the piano, we put him on a chair to look out of window; and Miss Jellyby, holding him by one leg, resumed her confidence.

"It began in your coming to our house," she said.

We naturally asked how?

"I felt I was so awkward," she replied, "that I made up my mind to be improved in that respect, at all events, and to learn to dance. I told Ma I was ashamed of myself, and I must be taught to dance. Ma looked at me in that provoking way of hers, as if I wasn't in sight; but, I was quite determined to be taught to dance, and so I went to Mr. Turveydrop's Academy in Newman Street."

"And was it there, my dear —?" I began.

"Yes, it was there," said Caddy, "and I am engaged to Mr. Turveydrop. There are two Mr. Turveydrops, father and son. My Mr. Turveydrop is the son, of course. I only wish I had been better brought up, and was likely to make him a better wife; for I am very fond of him."

"I am sorry to hear this," said I, "I must confess."

"I don't know why you should be sorry," she retorted, a little anxiously, "but I am engaged to Mr. Turveydrop, whether or no, and he is very

fond of me. It's a secret as yet, even on his side, because old Mr. Turveydrop has a share in the connection, and it might break his heart, or give him some other shock, if he was told of it abruptly. Old Mr. Turveydrop is a very gentlemanly man, indeed—very gentlemanly."

"Does his wife know of it?" asked Ada.

"Old Mr. Turveydrop's wife, Miss Clare?" returned Miss Jellyby, opening her eyes. "There's no such person. He is a widower."

We were here interrupted by Peepy, whose leg had undergone so much on account of his sister's unconsciously jerking it, like a bell-rope, whenever she was emphatic, that the afflicted child now bemoaned his sufferings with a very low-spirited noise. As he appealed to me for compassion, and as I was only a listener, I undertook to hold him. Miss Jellyby proceeded, after begging Peepy's pardon with a kiss, and assuring him that she hadn't meant to do it.

"That's the state of the case," said Caddy. "If I ever blame myself, I still think it's Ma's fault. We are to be married whenever we can, and then I shall go to Pa at the office, and write to Ma. It won't much agitate Ma: I am only pen and ink to her. One great comfort is," said Caddy, with a sob, "that I shall never hear of Africa after I am married. Young Mr. Turveydrop hates it for my sake; and if old Mr. Turveydrop knows there is such a place, it's as much as he does."

"It was he who was very gentlemanly, I think?" said I.

"Very gentlemanly, indeed," said Caddy. "He is celebrated, almost every where, for his Deportment."

"Does he teach?" asked Ada.

"No, he don't teach any thing in particular," replied Caddy. "But his Deportment is beautiful."

Caddy went on to say, with considerable hesitation and reluctance, that there was one thing more she wished us to know, and felt we ought to know, and which, she hoped, would not offend us. It was, that she had improved her acquaintance with Miss Flite, the little crazy old lady; and that she frequently went there early in the morning, and met her lover for a few minutes before breakfast—only for a few minutes. "I go there, at other times," said Caddy, "but Prince does not come then. Young Mr. Turveydrop's name is Prince; I wish it wasn't, because it sounds like a dog, but of course he didn't christen himself. Old Mr. Turveydrop had him christened Prince, in remembrance of the Prince Regent. Old Mr. Turveydrop adored the Prince Regent on account of his Deportment. I hope you won't think the worse of me for having made these little appointments at Miss Flite's, where I first went with you; because I like the poor thing for her own sake, and I believe she likes me. If you could see young Mr. Turveydrop, I am sure you would think well of him—at least, I am sure you couldn't possibly think any ill of him. I am going there now, for my lesson. I couldn't ask you to go with me, Miss

Summerson; but if you would," said Caddy, who had said all this, earnestly and tremblingly, "I should be very glad—very glad."

It happened that we had arranged with my Guardian to go to Miss Flite's that day. We had told him of our former visit, and our account had interested him; but something had always happened to prevent our going there again. As I trusted that I might have sufficient influence with Miss Jellyby to prevent her taking any very rash step, if I fully accepted the confidence she was so willing to place in me, poor girl, I proposed that she, and I, and Peepy, should go to the Academy, and afterward meet my guardian and Ada at Miss Flite's—whose name I now learnt for the first time. This was on condition that Miss Jellyby and Peepy should come back with us to dinner. The last article of the agreement being joyfully acceded to by both, we smartened Peepy up a little, with the assistance of a few pins, some soap and water, and a hair-brush; and went out: bending our steps toward Newman Street, which was very near.

I found the academy established in a sufficiently dingy house at the corner of an arch-way, with busts in all the staircase windows. In the same house there were also established, as I gathered from the plates on the door, a drawing-master, a coal-merchant (there was, certainly, no room for his coals), and a lithographic artist. On the plate which, in size and situation, took precedence of all the rest, I read, MR. TURVEYDROP. The door was open, and the hall was blocked up by a grand piano, a harp, and several other musical instruments in cases, all in progress of removal, and all looking rakish in the daylight. Miss Jellyby informed me that the academy had been lent, last night, for a concert.

We went up-stairs—it had been quite a fine house once, when it was any body's business to keep it clean and fresh, and nobody's business to smoke in it all day—and into Mr. Turveydrop's great room, which was built out into a mews at the back, and was lighted by a skylight. It was a bare, resounding room, smelling of stables; with cane forms along the walls; and the walls ornamented at regular intervals with painted lyres, and little cut-glass branches for candles, which seemed to be shedding their old-fashioned drops as other branches might shed autumn leaves. Several young lady pupils, ranging from thirteen or fourteen years of age to two or three and twenty, were assembled; and I was looking among them for their instructor, when Caddy, pinching my arm, repeated the ceremony of introduction. "Miss Summerson, Mr. Prince Turveydrop!"

I courtesied to a little blue-eyed fair man of youthful appearance, with flaxen hair parted in the middle, and curling at the ends all round his head. He had a little fiddle, which we used to call at school a kit, under his left arm, and its little bow in the same hand. His little dancing-shoes were particularly diminutive, and he had a little innocent, feminine manner, which not only appealed to me in an amiable way, but



THE DANCING SCHOOL.

made this singular effect upon me : that I received the impression that he was like his mother, and that his mother had not been much considered or well used.

"I am very happy to see Miss Jellyby's friend," he said, bowing low to me. "I began to fear," with timid tenderness, "as it was past the usual time, that Miss Jellyby was not coming."

"I beg you will have the goodness to attribute that to me, who have detained her, and to receive my excuses, sir," said I.

"O dear!" said he.

"And pray," I entreated, "do not allow me to be the cause of any more delay."

With that apology I withdrew to a seat between Peepy (who, being well used to it, had already climbed into a corner-place), and an old lady of a censorious countenance, whose two nieces were in the class, and who was very indignant with Peepy's boots. Prince Turveydrop then tinkled the strings of his kit with his fingers, and the young ladies stood up to dance. Just then, there appeared from a side-door, old Mr. Turveydrop, in the full lustre of his Department.

He was a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He was pinched in and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neck-cloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape), and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had, under his arm, a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg, in a high-shouldered, round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had a snuff-box, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had every thing but any touch of nature; he was not like youth, he was not like age, he was like nothing in the world but a model of Department.

"Father! A visitor. Miss Jellyby's friend, Miss Summerson."

"Distinguished," said Mr. Turveydrop, "by Miss Summerson's presence." As he bowed to me in that tight state, I almost believed I saw creases come into the whites of his eyes.

"My father," said the son, aside to me, with quite an affecting belief in him, "is a celebrated character. My father is greatly admired."

"Go on, Prince! Go on!" said Mr. Turveydrop, standing with his back to the fire, and waving his gloves condescendingly. "Go on, my son!"

At this command, or by this gracious permission, the lesson went on. Prince Turveydrop, sometimes, played the kit, dancing; sometimes played the piano, standing; sometimes hummed the tune with what little breath he could spare, while he set a pupil right; always conscientious-

ly moved with the least proficient through every step and every part of the figure; and never rested for an instant. His distinguished father did nothing whatever, but stand before the fire, a model of Department.

"And he never does any thing else," said the old lady of the censorious countenance. "Yet, would you believe that it's *his* name on the door-plate?"

"His son's name is the same, you know," said I.

"He wouldn't let his son have any name, if he could take it from him," returned the old lady. "Look at the son's dress!" It certainly was plain—threadbare—almost shabby. "Yet the father must be garnished and tricked out," said the old lady, "because of his Department. I'd deport him! Transport him would be better!"

I felt curious to know more, concerning this person. I asked, "Does he give lessons in Department, now?"

"Now!" returned the old lady, shortly. "Never did."

After a moment's consideration, I suggested that perhaps fencing had been his accomplishment.

"I don't believe he can fence at all, ma'am," said the old lady.

I looked surprised and inquisitive. The old lady, becoming more and more incensed against the Master of Department as she dwelt upon the subject, gave me some particulars of his career, with strong assurances that they were mildly stated.

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, with a tolerable connection (having never in his life before done any thing but deport himself), and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position. At once to exhibit his Department to the best models, and to keep the best models constantly before himself, he had found it necessary to frequent all public places of fashionable and lounging resort; to be seen at Brighton and elsewhere at fashionable times; and to lead an idle life in the very best clothes. To enable him to do this, the affectionate little dancing-mistress had toiled and labored, and would have toiled and labored to that hour, if her strength had lasted so long. For, the main-spring of the story was, that, in spite of the man's absorbing selfishness, his wife (overpowered by his Department) had, to the last, believed in him, and had, on her death-bed in the most moving terms, confided him to their son as one who had an inextinguishable claim upon him, and whom he could never regard with too much pride and deference. The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the Department always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle.

"The airs the fellow gives himself!" said my informant, shaking her head at old Mr. Turveydrop with speechless indignation, as he drew on his tight gloves; of course unconscious of the homage she was rendering. "He fully believes he is one of the aristocracy! And he is so condescending to the son he so egregiously deludes, that you might suppose him the most virtuous of parents. O!" said the old lady, apostrophizing him with infinite vehemence, "I could bite you!"

I could not help being amused, though I heard the old lady out with feelings of real concern. It was difficult to doubt her, with the father and son before me. What I might have thought of them without the old lady's account, or what I might have thought of the old lady's account without them, I can not say. There was a fitness of things in the whole that carried conviction with it.

My eyes were yet wandering, from young Mr. Turveydrop working so hard to old Mr. Turveydrop deporting himself so beautifully, when the latter came ambling up to me, and entered into conversation.

He asked me, first of all, whether I conferred a charm and a distinction on London by residing in it? I did not think it necessary to reply that I was perfectly aware I should not do that, in any case, but merely told him where I did reside.

"A lady so graceful and accomplished," he said, kissing his right glove, and afterward extending it toward the pupils, "will look leniently on the deficiencies here. We do our best to polish—polish—polish!"

He sat down beside me; taking some pains to sit on the form, I thought, in imitation of the print of his illustrious model on the sofa. And really he did look very like it.

"To polish—polish—polish!" he repeated, taking a pinch of snuff, and gently fluttering his fingers. "But we are not—if I may say so, to one formed to be graceful both by Nature and Art;" with the high-shouldered bow, which it seemed impossible for him to make without lifting up his eyebrows and shutting his eyes—"we are not what we used to be in point of Deportment."

"Are we not, sir?" said I.

"We have degenerated," he returned, shaking his head, which he could do, to a very limited extent, in his cravat. "A leveling age is not favorable to Deportment. It develops vulgarity. Perhaps I speak with some little partiality. It may not be for me to say that I have been called, for some years now, Gentleman Turveydrop; or that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent did me the honor to inquire, on my removing my hat as he drove out of the Pavilion at Brighton (that fine building), 'Who is he? Who the Devil is he? Why don't I know him? Why hasn't he thirty thousand a year?' But these are little matters of anecdote—the general property, ma'am—still repeated, occasionally among the upper classes."

"Indeed?" said I.

He replied with the high-shouldered bow. "Where what is left among us of Deportment," he added, "still lingers. England—alas, and is degenerating every day. She has not many gentlemen left. We are few. I see nothing to succeed us, but a race of weavers."

"One might hope that the race of gentlemen would be perpetuated here," said I.

"You are very good," he smiled, with the high-shouldered bow again. "You flatter me. But, no—no! I have never been able to imbue my poor boy with that part of his art. Heaven forbid that I should disparage my dear child, but he has—no Deportment."

"He appears to be an excellent master," I observed.

"Understand me, my dear madam, he is an excellent master. All that can be acquired, he has acquired. All that can be imparted, he can impart. But there are things"—he took another pinch of snuff and made the bow again, as if to add, "this kind of thing, for instance."

I glanced toward the centre of the room, where Miss Jellyby's lover, now engaged with single pupils, was undergoing greater drudgery than ever.

"My amiable child," murmured Mr. Turveydrop, adjusting his cravat.

"Your son is indefatigable," said I.

"It is my reward," said Mr. Turveydrop, "to hear you say so. In some respects, he treads in the footsteps of his sainted mother. She was a devoted creature. But Wooman, lovely Wooman," said Mr. Turveydrop, with very disagreeable gallantry, "what a sex you are!"

I rose and joined Miss Jellyby, who was, by this time, putting on her bonnet. The time allotted to a lesson having fully elapsed, there was a general putting on of bonnets. When Miss Jellyby and the unfortunate Prince found an opportunity to become betrothed I don't know, but they certainly found none, on this occasion, to exchange a dozen words.

"My dear," said Mr. Turveydrop benignly to his son, "do you know the hour?"

"No, father." The son had no watch. The father had a handsome gold one, which he pulled out, with an air that was an example to mankind.

"My son," said he, "it's two o'clock. Recollect your school at Kensington at three."

"That's time enough for me, father," said Prince. "I can take a morsel of dinner, standing, and be off."

"My dear boy," returned his father, "you must be very quick. You will find the cold mutton on the table."

"Thank you, father. Are you off now, father?"

"Yes, my dear. I suppose," said Mr. Turveydrop, shutting his eyes and lifting up his shoulders, with modest consciousness, "that I must show myself, as usual, about town."

"You had better dine out comfortably, somewhere," said his son.

"My dear child, I intend to. I shall take my little meal, I think, at the French house, in the Opera Colonnade."

"That's right. Good-by, father!" said Prince, shaking hands.

"Good-by, my son. Bless you!"

Mr. Turveydrop said this in quite a pious manner, and it seemed to do his son good; who, in parting from him, was so pleased with him, so dutiful to him, and so proud of him, that I almost felt as if it were an unkindness to the younger man not to be able to believe implicitly in the elder. The few moments that were occupied by Prince in taking leave of us (and particularly of one of us, as I saw, being in the secret), enhanced my favorable impression of his almost childish character. I felt a liking for him, and a compassion for him, as he put his little kit in his pocket—and with it his desire to stay a little while with Caddy—and went away good-humoredly to his cold mutton and his school at Kensington, that made me scarcely less irate with his father than the censorious old lady.

The father opened the room door for us, and bowed us out, in a manner, I must acknowledge, worthy of his shining original. In the same style he presently passed us on the other side of the street, on his way to the aristocratic part of the town, where he was going to show himself among the few other gentlemen left. For some moments, I was so lost in reconsidering what I had heard and seen in Newman Street, that I was quite unable to talk to Caddy, or even to fix my attention on what she said to me; especially, when I began to inquire in my mind whether there were, or ever had been, any other gentlemen, not in the dancing profession, who lived and founded a reputation entirely on their Deportment. This became so bewildering, and suggested the possibility of so many Mr. Turveydrops, that I said, "Esther, you must make up your mind to abandon this subject altogether, and attend to Caddy." I accordingly did so, and we chatted all the rest of the way to Lincoln's Inn.

Caddy told me that her lover's education had been so neglected, that it was not always easy to read his notes. She said, if he were not so anxious about his spelling, and took less pains to make it clear, he would do better; but he put so many unnecessary letters into short words, that they sometimes quite lost their English appearance. "He does it with the best intentions," observed Caddy, "but it hasn't the effect he means, poor fellow!" Caddy then went on to reason, how could he be expected to be a scholar, when he had passed his whole life in the dancing-school, and had done nothing but teach and fag, fag and teach, morning, noon, and night! And what did it matter? She could write letters enough for both, as she knew to her cost, and it was far better for him to be amiable than learned. Besides, it's not as if I was an accomplished girl who had any right to give herself airs," said Caddy. "I know little enough, I am sure, thanks to Ma!"

"There's another thing I want to tell you, now we are alone," continued Caddy, "which I should not have liked to mention unless you had seen Prince, Miss Summerson. You know what a house ours is. It's of no use my trying to learn any thing that it would be useful for Prince's wife to know, in our house. We live in such a state of muddle that it's impossible, and I have only been more disheartened whenever I have tried. So, I get a little practice with—who do you think? Poor Miss Flite! Early in the morning, I help her to tidy her room, and clean her birds; and I make her cup of coffee for her (of course she taught me), and I have learnt to make it so well that Prince says it's the very best coffee he ever tasted, and would quite delight old Mr. Turveydrop, who is very particular indeed about his coffee. I can make little puddings too; and I know how to buy neck of mutton, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and a good many housekeeping things. I am not clever at my needle, yet," said Caddy, glancing at the repairs on Peepy's frock, "but perhaps I shall improve. And since I have been engaged to Prince, and have been doing all this, I have felt better-tempered, I hope, and more forgiving to Ma. It rather put me out, at first this morning, to see you and Miss Clare looking so neat and pretty, and to feel ashamed of Peepy and myself too; but on the whole, I hope I am better-tempered than I was, and more forgiving to Ma."

The poor girl, trying so hard, said it from her heart, and touched mine. "Caddy, my love," I replied, "I begin to have a great affection for you, and I hope we shall become friends." "Oh, do you?" cried Caddy; "how happy that would make me!" "My dear Caddy," said I, "let us be friends from this time; and let us often have a chat about these matters, and try to find the right way through them." Caddy was overjoyed. I said every thing I could, in my old-fashioned way, to comfort and encourage her; and I would not have objected to old Mr. Turveydrop, that day, for any smaller consideration than a settlement on his daughter-in-law.

By this time, we were come to Mr. Krook's, whose private door stood open. There was a bill, pasted on the door-post, announcing a room to let on the second floor. It reminded Caddy to tell me as we proceeded up-stairs, that there had been a sudden death there, and an inquest; and that our little friend had been ill of the fright. The door and window of the vacant room being open, we looked in. It was the room with the dark door, to which Miss Flite had secretly directed my attention when I was last in the house. A sad and desolate place it was; a gloomy, sorrowful place, that gave me a strange sensation of mournfulness and even dread. "You look pale," said Caddy, when we came out, "and cold!" I felt as if the room had chilled me.

We had walked slowly, while we were talking; and my Guardian and Ada were here before us. We found them in Miss Flite's garret. They were looking at the birds, while a medical

gentleman who was so good as to attend Miss Flite with much solicitude and compassion, spoke with her cheerfully by the fire.

"I have finished my professional visit," he said, coming forward. "Miss Flite is much better, and may appear in court (as her mind is set upon it) to-morrow. She has been greatly missed there, I understand."

Miss Flite received the compliment with complacency, and dropped a general courtesy to us.

"Honored, indeed," said she, "by another visit from the Wards in Jarndyce! Ve-ry happy to receive Jarndyce of Bleak House beneath my humble roof!" with a special courtesy. "Fitz-Jarndyce, my dear," she had bestowed that name on Caddy, it appeared, and always called her by it; "a double welcome!"

"Has she been very ill?" asked Mr. Jarndyce of the gentleman whom we had found in attendance on her. She answered for herself directly, though he had put the question in a whisper.

"O, decidedly unwell! O, very unwell indeed," she said, confidentially. "Not pain, you know—trouble. Not bodily so much as nervous, nervous! The truth is," in a subdued voice and trembling, "we have had death here. There was poison in the house. I am very susceptible to such horrid things. It frightened me. Only Mr. Woodcourt knows how much. My physician, Mr. Woodcourt!" with great stateliness. "The Wards in Jarndyce—Jarndyce of Bleak House—Fitz-Jarndyce!"

"Miss Flite," said Mr. Woodcourt, in a grave, kind voice as if he were appealing to her while speaking to us; and laying his hand gently on her arm; "Miss Flite describes her illness with her usual accuracy. She was alarmed by an occurrence in the house which might have alarmed a stronger person, and was made ill by the distress and agitation. She brought me here in the first hurry of the discovery, though too late for me to be of any use to the unfortunate man. I have compensated myself for that disappointment by coming here since, and being of small use to her."

"The kindest physician in the college," whispered Miss Flite to me. "I expect a Judgment. On the day of Judgment. And shall then confer estates."

"She will be as well, in a day or two," said Mr. Woodcourt, looking at her with an observant smile, "as she ever will be. In other words, quite well, of course. Have you heard of her good fortune?"

"Most extraordinary!" said Miss Flite, smiling brightly. "You never heard of such a thing, my dear! Every Saturday, Conversation Kenge, or Guppy (clerk to Conversation K.), places in my hand a paper of shillings. Shillings. I assure you! Always the same number in the paper. Always one for every day in the week. Now you know, really! So well-timed, is it not? Ye-es! From whence do these papers come, you say? That is the great question. Naturally. Shall I tell you what I think? I

think," said Miss Flite, drawing herself back with a very shrewd look, and shaking her right forefinger in a most significant manner, "that the Lord Chancellor, aware of the length of time during which the Great Seal has been open (for it has been open a long time!) forwards them. Until the Judgment I expect, is given. Now that's very creditable, you know. To confess in that way that he is a little slow for human life. So delicate! Attending Court the other day—I attend it regularly—with my documents—I taxed him with it, and he almost confessed. That is, I smiled at him from my bench, and he smiled at me from his bench. But it's great good fortune, is it not? And Fitz-Jarndyce lays the money out for me to great advantage. O, I assure you to the greatest advantage!"

I congratulated her (as she addressed herself to me) upon this fortunate addition to her income, and wished her a long continuance of it. I did not speculate upon the source from which it came, or wonder whose humanity was so considerate. My Guardian stood before me, contemplating the birds, and I had no need to look beyond him.

"And what do you call these little fellows, ma'am?" said he in his pleasant voice. "Have they any names?"

"I can answer for Miss Flite that they have," said I, "for she promised to tell us what they were. Ada remembers?"

Ada remembered very well.

"Did I?" said Miss Flite.—"Who's that at my door? What are you listening at my door for, Krook?"

The old man of the house, pushing it open before him, appeared there with his fur-cap in his hand, and his cat at his heels.

"I warn't listening, Miss Flite," he said. "I was going to give a rap with my knuckles, only you're so quick!"

"Make your cat go down. Drive her away!" the old lady angrily exclaimed.

"Bah, bah!—There ain't no danger, gentle-folks," said Mr. Krook, looking slowly and sharply from one to another, until he had looked at all of us; "she'd never offer at the birds when I was here, unless I told her to do it."

"You will excuse my landlord," said the old lady with a dignified air. "M, quite M! What do you want, Krook, when I have company?"

"Hi!" said the old man. "You know I am the Chancellor."

"Well?" returned Miss Flite. "What of that?"

"For the Chancellor," said the old man, with a chuckle, "not to be acquainted with a Jarndyce is queer, ain't it, Miss Flite? Mightn't I take the liberty?—Your servant, sir. I know Jarndyce and Jarndyce a'most as well as you do, sir. I knowed old Squire Tom, sir. I never to my knowledge see you afore though, not even in court. Yet, I go there a mortal sight of times in the course of the year, taking one day with another."

"I never go there," said Mr. Jarndyce (which

he never did on any consideration). "I would sooner go—somewhere else."

"Would you though?" returned Krook, grinning. "You're bearing hard upon my noble and learned brother in your meaning, sir; though, perhaps, it is but nat'ral in a Jarndyce. The burnt child, sir! What, you're looking at my lodger's birds, Mr. Jarndyce?" The old man had come by little and little into the room, until he now touched my Guardian with his elbow, and looked close up into his face with his spectacled eyes. "It's one of her strange ways, that she'll never tell the names of these birds if she can help it, though she named 'em all." This was in a whisper. "Shall I run 'em over, Flite?" he asked aloud, winking at us and pointing at her as she turned away, affecting to sweep the grate.

"If you like," she answered hurriedly.

The old man, looking up at the cages, after another look at us, went through the list.

"Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach. That's the whole collection," said the old man, "all cooped up together, by my noble and learned brother.

"This is a bitter wind!" muttered my Guardian.

"When my noble and learned brother gives his Judgment, they're to be let go free," said Krook, winking at us again. "And then," he added, whispering and grinning, "if that ever was to happen—which it won't—the birds that have never been caged would kill 'em."

"If ever the wind was in the east," said my Guardian, pretending to look out of the window for a weathercock, "I think it's there to-day!"

We found it very difficult to get away from the house. It was not Miss Flite who detained us; she was as reasonable a little creature in consulting the convenience of others, as there possibly could be. It was Mr. Krook. He seemed unable to detach himself from Mr. Jarndyce. If he had been linked to him, he could hardly have attended him more closely. He proposed to show us his Court of Chancery, and all the strange medley it contained; during the whole of our inspection (prolonged by himself) he kept close to Mr. Jarndyce, and sometimes detained him, under one pretense or other, until we had passed on, as if he were tormented by an inclination to enter upon some secret subject, which he could not make up his mind to approach. I can not imagine a countenance and manner more singularly expressive of caution and indecision, and a perpetual impulse to do something he could not resolve to venture on, than Mr. Krook's was, that day. His watchfulness of my Guardian was incessant. He rarely removed his eyes from his face. If he went on beside him, he observed him with the slyness of an old white fox. If he went before, he looked back. When we stood still, he got opposite to him, and drawing

his hand across and across his open mouth with a curious expression of a sense of power, and turning up his eyes, and lowering his gray eyebrows until they appeared to be shut, seemed to scan every lineament of his face.

At last, having been (always attended by the cat) all over the house, and having seen the whole stock of miscellaneous lumber, which was certainly curious, we came into the back part of the shop. Here, on the head of an empty barrel stood on end, were an ink-bottle, some old stumps of pens, and some dirty playbills; and against the wall were pasted several large printed alphabets in several plain hands.

"What are you doing here?" asked my Guardian.

"Trying to learn myself to read and write," said Krook.

"And how do you get on?"

"Slow. Bad," returned the old man, impatiently. "It's hard at my time of life."

"It would be easier to be taught by some one," said my Guardian.

"Ay, but they might teach me wrong!" returned the old man, with a wonderfully suspicious flash of his eye. "I don't know what I may have lost, by not being learned afore. I wouldn't like to lose any thing by being learned wrong now."

"Wrong?" said my Guardian, with his good-humored smile. "Who do you suppose would teach you wrong?"

"I don't know, Mr. Jarndyce of Bleak House!" replied the old man, turning up his spectacles on his forehead, and rubbing his hands. "I don't suppose as any body would—but I'd rather trust my own self than another!"

These answers, and his manner, were strange enough to cause my Guardian to inquire of Mr. Woodcourt, as we all walked across Lincoln's Inn together, whether Mr. Krook were really, as his lodger represented him, deranged? The young surgeon replied, no, he had seen no reason to think so. He was exceedingly distrustful, as ignorance usually was, and he was always more or less under the influence of raw gin: of which he drank great quantities, and of which he and his back shop, as we might have observed, smelt strongly; but he did not think him mad, as yet.

On our way home, I so conciliated Peepy's affections by buying him a windmill and two flour-sacks, that he would suffer nobody else to take off his hat and gloves, and would sit nowhere at dinner but at my side. Caddy sat upon the other side of me, next to Ada, to whom we imparted the whole history of the engagement as soon as we got back. We made much of Caddy, and Peepy too; and Caddy brightened exceedingly; and my Guardian was as merry as we were; and we were all very happy indeed; until Caddy went home at night in a hackney-coach, with Peepy fast asleep, but holding tight to the windmill.

I have forgotten to mention—at least I have

not mentioned—that Mr. Woodcourt was the same dark young surgeon whom we had met at Mr. Badger's. Or, that Mr. Jarndyce invited him to dinner that day. Or, that he came. Or, that when they were all gone, and I said to Ada, "Now, my darling, let us have a little talk about Richard!" Ada laughed, and said—

But, I don't think it matters what my darling said. She was always merry.

CHAPTER XV.—BELL YARD.

WHILE we were in London, Mr. Jarndyce was constantly beset by the crowd of excitable ladies and gentlemen whose proceedings had so much astonished us. Mr. Quale, who presented himself soon after our arrival, was in all such excitements. He seemed to project those two shining knobs of temples of his into every thing that went on, and to brush his hair farther and farther back, until the very roots were almost ready to fly out of his head in inappeasable philanthropy. All objects were alike to him, but he was always particularly ready for any thing in the way of a testimonial to any one. His great power seemed to be his power of indiscriminate admiration. He would sit, for any length of time, with the utmost enjoyment, bathing his temples in the light of any order of luminary. Having first seen him perfectly swallowed up in admiration of Mrs. Jellyby, I had supposed her to be the absorbing object of his devotion. I soon discovered my mistake, and found him to be train-bearer and organ-blower to a whole procession of people.

Mrs. Pardiggle came one day for a subscription to something—and with her, Mr. Quale. Whatever Mrs. Pardiggle said, Mr. Quale repeated to us; and just as he had drawn Mrs. Jellyby out, he drew Mrs. Pardiggle out. Mrs. Pardiggle wrote a letter of introduction to my Guardian, in behalf of her eloquent friend, Mr. Gusher. With Mr. Gusher, appeared Mr. Quale again. Mr. Gusher, being a flabby gentleman with a moist surface, and eyes so much too small for his moon of a face that they seemed to have been originally made for somebody else, was not at first sight prepossessing; yet, he was scarcely seated, before Mr. Quale asked Ada and me, not inaudibly, whether he was not a great creature—which he certainly was, flabbily speaking; though Mr. Quale meant in intellectual beauty—and whether we were not struck by his massive configuration of brow? In short, we heard of a great many missions of various sorts, among this set of people; but, nothing respecting them was half so clear to us, as that it was Mr. Quale's mission to be in ecstasies with everybody else's mission, and that it was the most popular mission of all.

Mr. Jarndyce had fallen into this company, in the tenderness of his heart and his earnest desire to do all the good in his power; but, that he felt it to be too often an unsatisfactory company, where benevolence took spasmodic forms; where charity was assumed, as a regular uniform, by loud professors and speculators in cheap notoriety, vehement in profession, restless and vain in

action, servile in the last degree of meanness to the great, adulatory of one another, and intolerable to those who were anxious quietly to help the weak from falling, rather than with a great deal of bluster and self-laudation to raise them up a little way when they were down; he plainly told us. When a testimonial was originated to Mr. Quale, by Mr. Gusher (who had already got one, originated by Mr. Quale), and when Mr. Gusher spoke for an hour and a half on the subject to a meeting, including two charity schools of small boys and girls, who were specially reminded of the widow's mite, and requested to come forward with half-pence and be acceptable sacrifices; I think the wind was in the east for three whole weeks.

I mention this, because I am coming to Mr. Skimpole again. It seemed to me that his off-hand professions of childishness and carelessness were a great relief to my Guardian, by contrast with such things, and were the more readily believed in; since, to find one perfectly undesigning and candid man, among many opposites, could not fail to give him pleasure. I should be sorry to imply that Mr. Skimpole divined this, and was politic: I really never understood him well enough to know. What he was to my Guardian, he certainly was to the rest of the world.

He had not been very well; and thus, though he lived in London, we had seen nothing of him until now. He appeared one morning, in his usual agreeable way, and as full of pleasant spirits as ever.

Well, he said, here he was! He had been bilious, but rich men were often bilious, and therefore he had been persuading himself that he was a man of property. So he was, in a certain point of view—in his expansive intentions. He had been enriching his medical attendant in the most lavish manner. He had always doubled, and sometimes quadrupled, his fees. He had said to the doctor, "Now my dear doctor, it is quite a delusion on your part to suppose that you attend me for nothing. I am overwhelming you with money—in my expansive intentions—if you only knew it!" And really (he said) he meant it to that degree, that he thought it much the same as doing it. If he had had those bits of metal or thin paper to which mankind attached so much importance, to put in the doctor's hand, he would have put them in the doctor's hand. Not having them, he substituted the will for the deed. Very well! If he really meant it—if his will were genuine and real: which it was—it appeared to him that it was the same as coin, and canceled the obligation.

"It may be, partly, because I know nothing of the value of money," said Mr. Skimpole, "but I often feel this. It seems so reasonable! My butcher says to me, he wants that little bill. It's a part of the pleasant unconscious poetry of the man's nature, that he always calls it a 'little' bill—to make the payment appear easy to both of us. I reply to the butcher, My good friend, if you knew it, you are paid. You haven't had the

trouble of coming to ask for the little bill. You are paid. I mean it."

"But suppose," said my Guardian, laughing, "he had meant the meat in the bill, instead of providing it?"

"My dear Jarndyce," he returned, "you surprise me. You take the butcher's position. A butcher I once dealt with, occupied that very ground. Says he, 'Sir, why did you eat spring lamb at eighteen pence a pound?' 'Why did I eat spring lamb at eighteen pence a pound, my honest friend?' said I, naturally amazed by the question. 'I like spring lamb!' This was so far convincing. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I wish I had meant the lamb, as you mean the money?' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'pray let us reason like intellectual beings. How could that be? It was impossible. You *had* got the lamb, and I have *not* got the money. You couldn't really mean the lamb without sending it in, whereas I can, and do, really mean the money without paying it?' He had not a word. There was an end of the subject."

"Did he take no legal proceedings?" inquired my Guardian.

"Yes, he took legal proceedings," said Mr. Skimpole. "But in that, he was influenced by passion; not by reason. Passion reminds me of Boythorn. He writes me that you and the ladies have promised him a short visit at his bachelor-house in Lincolnshire."

"He is a great favorite with my girls," said Mr. Jarndyce, "and I have promised for them."

"Nature forgot to shade him off, I think?" observed Mr. Skimpole to Ada and me. "A little too boisterous—like the sea? A little too vehement—like a bull who has made up his mind to consider every color scarlet? But I grant a sledge-hammering sort of merit in him!"

I should have been surprised if those two could have thought very highly of one another; Mr. Boythorn attaching so much importance to many things, and Mr. Skimpole caring so little for any thing. Besides which, I had noticed Mr. Boythorn more than once on the point of breaking out into some strong opinion, when Mr. Skimpole was referred to. Of course I merely joined Ada in saying that we had been greatly pleased with him.

"He has invited me," said Mr. Skimpole; "and if a child may trust himself in such hands: which the present child is encouraged to do, with the united tenderness of two angels to guard him: I shall go. He proposes to frank me down and back again. I suppose it will cost money? Shillings perhaps? Or pounds? Or something of that sort? By-the-by. Coavinses. You remember our friend Coavinses, Miss Summerson?"

He asked me as the subject arose in his mind, in his graceful, light-hearted manner, and without the least embarrassment.

"O yes?" said I.

"Coavinses has been arrested by the great

Bailiff," said Mr. Skimpole. "He will never do violence to the sunshine any more."

It quite shocked me to hear it; for, I had already recalled, with any thing but a serious association, the image of the man sitting on the sofa that night, wiping his head.

"His successor informed me of it yesterday," said Mr. Skimpole, "His successor is in my house now—in possession, I think he calls it. He came yesterday, on my blue-eyed daughter's birth-day. I put it to him. 'This is unreasonable and inconvenient. If you had a blue-eyed daughter, you wouldn't like *me* to come, uninvited, on *her* birthday?' But he staid."

Mr. Skimpole laughed at the pleasant absurdity, and lightly touched the piano by which he was seated.

"And he told me," he said, playing little chords where I shall put full stops. "That Coavinses had left. Three children. No mother. And that Coavinses' profession. Being unpopular. The rising Coavinses. Were at a considerable disadvantage."

Mr. Jarndyce got up, rubbing his head, and began to walk about. Mr. Skimpole played the melody of one of Ada's favorite songs. Ada and I both looked at Mr. Jarndyce, thinking that we knew what was passing in his mind.

After walking, and stopping, and several times leaving off rubbing his head, and beginning again, my Guardian put his hand upon the keys and stopped Mr. Skimpole's playing. "I don't like this, Skimpole," he said, thoughtfully.

Mr. Skimpole, who had quite forgotten the subject, looked up surprised.

"The man was necessary," pursued my Guardian, walking backward and forward in the very short space between the piano and the end of the room, and rubbing his hair up from the back of his head as if a high east wind had blown it into that form. "If we make such men necessary by our faults and follies, or by our want of worldly knowledge, or by our misfortunes, we must not revenge ourselves upon them. There was no harm in his trade. He maintained his children. One would like to know more about this."

"O! Coavinses?" cried Mr. Skimpole, at length perceiving what he meant. "Nothing easier. A walk to Coavinses head-quarters, and you can know what you will."

Mr. Jarndyce nodded to us, who were only waiting for the signal. "Come! We will walk that way, my dears. Why not that way, as soon as another!" We were quickly ready, and went out. Mr. Skimpole went with us, and quite enjoyed the expedition. It was so new and so refreshing, he said, for him to want Coavinses, instead of Coavinses wanting him!

He took us, first, to Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, where there was a house with barred windows, which he called Coavinses Castle. On our going into the entry and ringing a bell, a very hideous boy came out of a sort of office, and looked at us over a spiked wicket.

"Who did you want?" said the boy, fitting two of the spikes into his chin.

"There was a follower, or an officer, or something, here," said Mr. Jarndyce, "who is dead."

"Yes," said the boy. "Well?"

"I want to know his name, if you please."

"Name of Neckett," said the boy.

"And his address?"

"Bell Yard," said the boy. "Chandler's shop, left hand side, name of Blinder."

"Was he—I don't know how to shape the question," murmured my Guardian—"industrious?"

"Was Neckett?" said the boy. "Yes, very much so. He was never tired of watching. He'd sit upon a post at a street corner, eight or ten hours at a stretch, if he undertook to do it."

"He might have done worse," I heard my Guardian soliloquize. "He might have undertaken to do it, and not done it. Thank you. That's all I want."

We left the boy, with his head on one side, and his arms on the gate, fondling and sucking the spikes, and went back to Lincoln's Inn, where Mr. Skimpole, who had not cared to remain nearer Coavinses, awaited us. Then, we all went to Bell Yard: a narrow alley, at a very short distance. We soon found the chandler's shop. In it was a good-natured-looking old woman, with a dropsy or an asthma, or perhaps both."

"Neckett's children?" said she, in reply to my inquiry. "Yes, surely, miss. Three pair, if you please. Door right opposite the top of the stairs." And she handed me a key across the counter.

I glanced at the key, and glanced at her; but, she took it for granted that I knew what to do with it. As it could only be intended for the children's door, I came out, without asking any more questions, and led the way up the dark stairs. We went as quietly as we could; but four of us, made some noise on the aged boards; and, when we came to the second story, we found we had disturbed a man who was standing there, looking out of his room.

"Is it Gridley that's wanted?" he said, fixing his eyes on me with an angry stare.

"No, sir," said I, "I am going higher up."

He looked at Ada, and at Mr. Jarndyce, and at Mr. Skimpole: fixing the same angry stare on each in succession, as they passed and followed me. Mr. Jarndyce gave him good-day! Good-day!" he said, abruptly and fiercely. He was a tall sallow man, with a care-worn head, on which but little hair remained, a deeply-lined face, and prominent eyes. He had a combative look; and a chafing, irritable manner, which, associated with his figure—still large and powerful, though evidently in its decline—rather alarmed me. He had a pen in his hand, and, in the glimpse I caught of his room in passing, I saw that it was covered with a litter of papers.

Leaving him standing there, we went up to the top room. I tapped at the door, and a little shrill voice inside said, "We are locked in. Mrs. Blinder's got the key."

I applied the key on hearing this, and opened the door. In a poor room with a sloping ceiling, and containing very little furniture, was a mite of a boy, some five or six years old, nursing and hushing a heavy child of eighteen months. There was no fire, though the weather was cold; both children were wrapped in some poor shawls and tippets, as a substitute. Their clothing was not so warm, however, but that their noses looked red and pinched, and their small figures shrunken, as the boy walked up and down, nursing and hushing the child, with its head on his shoulder.

"Who has locked you up here alone?" we naturally asked.

"Charley," said the boy, standing still to gaze at us.

"Is Charley your brother?"

"No. She's my sister, Charlotte. Father called her Charley."

"Are there any more of you besides Charley?"

"Me," said the boy "and Emma," patting the limp bonnet of the child he was nursing. "And Charley."

"Where is Charley now?"

"Out a-washing," said the boy, beginning to walk up and down again, and taking the nankeen bonnet much too near the bedstead, by trying to gaze at us at the same time.

We were looking at one another, and at these two children, when there came into the room a very little girl, childish in figure but shrewd and older-looking in the face—pretty faced too—wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her, and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and wrinkled with washing, and the soap-suds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms. But for this, she might have been a child, playing at washing, and imitating a poor working woman with a quick observation of the truth.

She had come running from some place in the neighborhood, and had made all the haste she could. Consequently, though she was very light, she was out of breath, and could not speak at first, as she stood panting, and wiping her arms, and looking quietly at us.

"O, here's Charley!" said the boy.

The child he was nursing, stretched forth its arms, and cried out to be taken by Charley. The little girl took it, in a womanly sort of manner belonging to the apron and the bonnet, and stood looking at us over the burden that clung to her most affectionately.

"Is it possible," whispered my Guardian, as we put a chair for the little creature, and got her to sit down with her load: the boy keeping close to her, holding to her apron, "that this child works for the rest? Look at this! For God's sake look at this!"

It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third, and the third so young and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

"Charley, Charley!" said my Guardian. "How old are you?"

"Over thirteen, sir," replied the child.

"O! What a great age," said my Guardian.

"What a great age, Charley!"

I can not describe the tenderness with which he spoke to her; half playfully, yet all the more compassionately and mournfully.

"And do you live alone here with these babies, Charley?" said my Guardian.

"Yes, sir," returned the child, looking up into his face with perfect confidence, "since father died."

"And how do you live, Charley? O! Charley," said my Guardian, turning his face away for a moment, "how do you live?"

"Since father died, sir, I've gone out to work. I'm out washing to-day."

"God help you, Charley!" said my Guardian.

"You're not tall enough to reach the tub!"

"In pattens I am, sir," she said quickly.

"I've got a high pair as belonged to mother."

"And when did mother die? Poor mother!"

"Mother died, just after Emma was born," said the child, glancing at the face upon her bosom. "Then, father said I was to be as good a mother to her as I could. And so I tried. And so I worked at home, and did cleaning and nursing and washing, for a long time before I began to go out. And that's how I know how; don't you see, sir?"

"And do you often go out?"

"As often as I can," said Charley, opening her eyes, and smiling, "because of earning sixpences and shillings!"

"And do you always lock the babies up when you go out?"

"To keep 'em safe, sir, don't you see?" said Charley. "Mrs. Blinder comes up now and then, and Mr. Gridley comes up sometimes, and perhaps I can run in sometimes, and they can play, you know, and Tom ain't afraid of being locked up, are you, Tom?"

"No-o!" said Tom, stoutly.

"When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright—almost quite bright. Don't they, Tom?"

"Yes, Charley," said Tom, "almost quite bright."

"Then he's as good as gold," said the little creature—O! in such a motherly, womanly way! "And when Emma's tired, he puts her to bed. And when he's tired, he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle, and has a bit of supper, he sits up again and has it with me. Don't you, Tom?"

"O yes, Charley!" said Tom. "That I do!" And either in this glimpse of the great pleasure of his life, or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock, and passed from laughing into crying.

It was the first time since our entry, that a tear had been shed among these children. The little orphan girl had spoken of their father, and

their mother, as if all that sorrow were subdued by the necessity of taking courage, and by her childish importance in being able to work, and by her bustling busy way. But, now, when Tom cried; although she sat quite tranquil, looking quietly at us, and did not by any movement disturb a hair of the head of either of her little charges, I saw two silent tears fall down her face.

I stood at the window with Ada, pretending to look at the housetops, and the blackened stacks of chimneys, and the poor plants, and the birds in little cages belonging to the neighbors, when I found that Mrs. Blinder, from the shop below, had come in (perhaps it had taken her all this time to get up-stairs) and was talking to my Guardian.

"It's not much to forgive 'em the rent, sir," she said: "who could take it from them!"

"Well, well!" said my Guardian to us two.

"It is enough that the time will come when this good woman will find that it *was* much, and that forasmuch as she did it unto the least of these—! This child," he added, after a few moments, "could she possibly continue this?"

"Really, sir, I think she might," said Mrs. Blinder, getting her heavy breath by painful degrees. "She's as handy as it's possible to be. Bless you, sir, the way she tended them two children, after the mother died, was the talk of the yard! And it was a wonder to see her with him after he was took ill, it really was! 'Mrs. Blinder,' he said to me the very last he spoke—he was lying there—'Mrs. Blinder, whatever my calling may have been, I see a Angel sitting in this room last night along with my child, and I trust her to Our Father!'"

"He had no other calling?" said my Guardian.

"No, sir," returned Mrs. Blinder, "he was nothing but a follerer. When he first came to lodge here, I didn't know what he was, and I confess that when I found out I gave him notice. It wasn't liked in the yard. It wasn't approved by the other lodgers. It is *not* a genteel calling," said Mrs. Blinder, "and most people do object to it. Mr. Gridley objected to it, very strong; and he is a good lodger, though his temper has been hard tried."

"So you gave him notice?" said my Guardian.

"So I gave him notice," said Mrs. Blinder.

"But really when the time came, and I knew no other ill of him, I was in doubts. He was punctual and diligent; he did what he had to do, sir," said Mrs. Blinder, unconsciously fixing Mr. Skimpole with her eye; "and it's something, in this world, even to do that."

"So you kept him, after all?"

"Why, I said that if he could arrange with Mr. Gridley, I could arrange it with the other lodgers, and should not so much mind its being liked or disliked in the yard. Mr. Gridley gave his consent gruff—but gave it. He was always gruff with him, but he has been kind to the children since. A person is never known till a person is proved."

"Have many people been kind to the children?" asked Mr. Jarndyce.

"Upon the whole, not so bad, sir," said Mrs. Blinder, "but, certainly not so many as would have been, if their father's calling had been different. Mr. Coavins gave a guinea, and the follerers made up a little purse. Some neighbors in the yard, that had always joked and tapped their shoulders when he went by, came forward with a little subscription, and—in general—not so bad. Similarly with Charlotte. Some people won't employ her because she was a follerer's child; some people that do employ her, cast it at her; some make a merit of having her to work for them, with that and all her drawbacks upon her: and perhaps pay her less and put upon her more. But she's patienter than others would be, and is clever too, and always willing, up to the full mark of her strength and over. So I should say, in general, not so bad sir, but might be better."

Mrs. Blinder sat down to give herself a more favorable opportunity of recovering her breath, exhausted anew by so much talking before it was fully restored. Mr. Jarndyce was turning to speak to us, when his attention was attracted by the abrupt entrance into the room of the Mr. Gridley who had been mentioned, and whom we had seen on our way up.

"I don't know what you may be doing here, ladies and gentlemen," he said, as if he resented our presence, "but you'll excuse my coming in. I don't come in, to stare about me. Well, Charley! Well, Tom! Well, little one! How is it with us all to-day?"

He bent over the group, in a caressing way, and clearly was regarded as a friend by the children, though his face retained its stern character, and his manner to us was as rude as it could be. My Guardian noticed it, and respected it.

"No one, surely, would come here to stare about him," he said mildly.

"May be so, sir, may be so," returned the other, taking Tom upon his knee, and waving him off impatiently. "I don't want to argue with ladies and gentlemen. I have had enough of arguing, to last one man his life."

"You have sufficient reason, I dare say," said Mr. Jarndyce, "for being chafed and irritated—"

"There again!" exclaimed the man, becoming violently angry. "I am of a quarrelsome temper. I am irascible. I am not polite!"

"Not very, I think."

"Sir," said Gridley, putting down the child, and going up to him as if he mean to strike him, "Do you know any thing of Courts of Equity?"

"Perhaps I do, to my sorrow."

"To your sorrow?" said the man, pausing in his wrath. "If so, I beg your pardon. I am not polite, I know. I beg your pardon! Sir," with renewed violence, "I have been dragged for five-and-twenty years over burning iron, and I have lost the habit of treading upon velvet. Go into the Court of Chancery yonder, and ask what is one of the standing jokes that brighten up their

business sometimes, and they will tell you that the best joke they have, is the man from Shropshire. I," he said, beating one hand on the other passionately, "am the man from Shropshire."

"I believe, I and my family have also had the honor of furnishing some entertainment in the same grave place," said my Guardian, composedly. "You may have heard my name—Jarndyce."

"Mr. Jarndyce," said Gridley, with a rough sort of salutation, "you bear your wrongs more quietly than I can bear mine. More than that, I tell you—and I tell this gentleman, and these young ladies, if they are friends of yours—that if I took my wrongs in any other way, I should be driven mad! It is only by resenting them, and by revenging them in my mind, and by angrily demanding the justice I never get, that I am able to keep my wits together. It is only that!" he said, speaking in a homely, rustic way, and with great vehemence. "You may tell me that I over-excite myself. I answer that it's in my nature to do it, under wrong, and I must do it. There's nothing between doing it, and sinking into the smiling state of the poor little mad woman that haunts the Court. If I was once to sit down under it, I should become imbecile."

The passion and heat in which he was, and the manner in which his face worked, and the violent gestures with which he accompanied what he said, were most painful to see.

"Mr. Jarndyce," he said, "consider my case. As true as there is a Heaven above us, this is my case. I am one of two brothers. My father (a farmer) made a will, and left his farm and stock, and so forth, to my mother, for her life. After my mother's death, all was to come to me, except a legacy of three hundred pounds that I was then to pay my brother. My mother died. My brother, some time afterward, claimed his legacy. I, and some of my relations, said that he had had a part of it already, in board and lodging, and some other things. Now, mind! That was the question, and nothing else. No one disputed the will! no one disputed any thing but whether part of that three hundred pounds had been already paid or not. To settle that question, my brother filing a bill, I was obliged to go into this accursed Chancery; I was forced there, because the law forced me, and would let me go nowhere else. Seventeen people were made defendants to that simple suit! It first came on, after two years. It was then stopped for another two years, while the Master (may his head rot off!) inquired whether I was my father's son—about which, there was no dispute at all with any mortal creature. He then found out, that there were not defendants enough—remember, there were only seventeen as yet!—but, that we must have another who had been left out; and must begin all over again. The costs at that time—before the thing was begun!—were three times the legacy. My brother would have given up the legacy, and joyful, to escape more costs. My whole estate, left to me in that will of my

father's, has gone in costs. The suit still undecided, has fallen into rack, and ruin, and despair, with every thing else—and here I stand this day! Now, Mr. Jarndyce, in your suit there are thousands and thousands involved where in mine there are hundreds. Is mine less hard to bear, or is it harder to bear, when my whole living was in it, and has been thus shamefully sucked away?"

Mr. Jarndyce said that he consoled with him with all his heart, and that he set up no monopoly, himself, in being unjustly treated by this monstrous system.

"There again!" said Mr. Gridley, with no diminution of his rage. "The system! I am told, on all hands, it's the system. I mustn't look to individuals. It's the system. I mustn't go into Court, and say, 'My Lord, I beg to know this from you—is this right or wrong? Have you the face to tell me I have received justice, and therefore am dismissed?' My Lord knows nothing of it. He sits there to administer the system. I mustn't go to Mr. Tulkinghorn, the solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and say to him when he makes me furious, by being so cool and satisfied—as they all do; for I know they gain by it while I lose, don't I?—I mustn't say to him, I will have something out of some one for my ruin, by fair means or foul! He is not responsible. It's the system. But if I do no violence to any of them, here—I may! I don't know what may happen if I am carried beyond myself at last!—I will accuse the individual workers of that system against me, face to face, before the great eternal bar!"

His passion was fearful. I could not have believed in such rage without seeing it.

"I have done!" he said, sitting down and wiping his face. "Mr. Jarndyce, I have done! I am violent, I know. I ought to know it. I have been in prison for contempt of Court. I have been in prison for threatening the solicitor. I have been in this trouble, and that trouble, and shall be again. I am the man from Shropshire, and I sometimes go beyond amusing them—though they have found it amusing, too, to see me committed into custody, and brought up in custody, and all that. It would be better for me, they tell me, if I restrained myself. I tell them, that if I did restrain myself, I should become imbecile. I was a good-enough-tempered man once, I believe. People in my part of the country, say, they remember me so; but, now, I must have this vent under my sense of injury, or nothing could hold my wits together. 'It would be far better for you, Mr. Gridley,' the Lord Chancellor told me last week, 'not to waste your time here, and to stay, usefully employed, down in Shropshire.' 'My Lord, my Lord, I know it would,' said I to him, 'and it would have been far better for me never to have heard the name of your high office; but, unhappily for me, I can't undo the past, and the past drives me here!'—Besides," he added, breaking fiercely out, "I'll shame them. To the last, I'll show myself in that court to its shame. If I knew when I was

going to die, and could be carried there, and had a voice to speak with, I would die there, saying, 'You have brought me here, and sent me from here, many and many a time. Now send me out, feet foremost!'"

His countenance had, perhaps for years, become so set in its contentious expression that it did not soften, even now when he was quiet.

"I came to take these babies down to my room for an hour," he said, going to them again, "and let them play about. I didn't mean to say all this, but it don't much signify. You're not afraid of me, Tom; are you?"

"No!" said Tom. "You ain't angry with me."

"You are right, my child. You're going back, Charley? Ay? Come then, little one!" He took the youngest child on his arm, where she was willing enough to be carried. "I shouldn't wonder if we found a gingerbread soldier downstairs. Let's go and look for him!"

He made his former rough salutation, which was not deficient in a certain respect, to Mr. Jarndyce; and bowing slightly to us, went downstairs to his room.

Upon that, Mr. Skimpole began to talk, for the first time since our arrival, in his usual gay strain. He said, Well, it was really very pleasant to see how things lazily adapted themselves to purposes. Here was this Mr. Gridley, a man of a robust will, and surprising energy—intellectually speaking, a sort of inharmonious blacksmith—and he could easily imagine that there Gridley was, years ago, wandering about in life for something to expend his superfluous combativeness upon—a sort of Young Love among the thorns—when the Court of Chancery came in his way, and accommodated him with the exact thing he wanted. There they were, matched ever afterward! Otherwise he might have been a great general, blowing up all sorts of towns, or he might have been a great politician, dealing in all sorts of parliamentary rhetoric; but, as it was, he and the Court of Chancery had fallen upon each other in the pleasantest way, and nobody was much the worse, and Gridley was, so to speak, from that hour provided for. Then look at Coavinses! How delightfully poor Coavinses (father of these charming children) illustrated the same principle! He, Mr. Skimpole, himself, had sometimes repined at the existence of Coavinses. He had found Coavinses in his way. He could have dispensed with Coavinses. There had been times, when, if he had been a Sultan, and his Grand Vizier had said one morning, "What does the Commander of the Faithful require at the hands of his slave?" he might have even gone so far as to reply, "The head of Coavinses!" But what turned out to be the case? That, all that time, he had been giving employment to a most deserving man; that he had been a benefactor to Coavinses; that he had actually been enabling Coavinses to bring up these charming children in this agreeable way, developing these social virtues! Insomuch that his heart had just now swelled, and

the tears had come into his eyes, when he had looked round the room, and thought, "*I was the great patron of Coavinses, and his little comforts were my work!*"

There was something so captivating in his light way of touching these fantastic strings, and he was such a mirthful child by the side of the graver childhood we had seen, that he made my Guardian smile even as he turned toward us from a little private talk with Mrs. Blinder. We kissed Charley, and took her down stairs with us, and stopped outside the house to see her run away to her work. I don't know where she was going, but we saw her run, such a little, little creature, in her womanly bonnet and apron, through a covered way at the bottom of the court; and melt into the city's strife and sound, like a dew-drop in an ocean.

CHAPTER XVI.—TOM-ALL-ALONE'S.

My Lady Dedlock is restless, very restless. The astonished fashionable intelligence hardly knows where to have her. To day, she is at Chesney Wold; yesterday, she was at her house in town; to-morrow, she may be abroad, for any thing the fashionable intelligence can with confidence predict. Even Sir Leicester's gallantry has some trouble to keep pace with her. It would have more, but that his other faithful ally, for better and for worse—the gout—darts into the old oak bed-chamber at Chesney Wold, and grips him by both legs.

Sir Leicester receives the gout as a troublesome demon, but still a demon of the patrician order. All the Dedlocks, in the direct male line, through a course of time during and beyond which the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, have had the gout. It can be proved, sir. Other men's fathers may have died of the rheumatism, or may have taken base contagion from the tainted blood of the sick vulgar; but, the Dedlock family have communicated something exclusive, even to the leveling process of dying, by dying of their own family gout. It has come down, through the illustrious line, like the plate, or the pictures, or the place in Lincolnshire. It is among their dignities. Sir Leicester is, perhaps, not wholly without an impression, though he has never resolved it into words, that the angel of death in the discharge of his necessary duties may observe to the shades of the aristocracy, "My lords and gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you another Dedlock, certified to have arrived per the family gout."

Hence, Sir Leicester yields up his family legs to the family disorder, as if he held his name and fortune on that feudal tenure. He feels, that for a Dedlock to be laid upon his back and spasmodically twitched and stabbed in his extremities, is a liberty taken somewhere; but, he thinks, "We have all yielded to this; it belongs to us; it has, for some hundreds of years, been understood that we are not to make the vaults in the park interesting on more ignoble terms; and I submit myself to the compromise."

And a goodly show he makes, lying in a flush of crimson and gold, in the midst of the great drawing-room, before his favorite picture of my Lady, with broad strips of sunlight shining in, down the long perspective, through the long line of windows, and alternating with soft reliefs of shadow. Outside, the stately oaks, rooted for ages in the green ground which has never known plowshare, but was still a Chase when kings rode to battle with sword and shield, and rode a-hunting with bow and arrow; bear witness to his greatness. Inside, his forefathers, looking on him from the walls, say, "Each of us was a passing reality here, and left this colored shadow of himself, and melted into remembrance as dreamy as the distant voices of the rooks now lulling you to rest;" and bear their testimony to his greatness too. And he is very great, this day. And woe to Boythorn, or other daring wight, who shall presumptuously contest an inch with him!

My Lady is at present represented, near Sir Leicester, by her portrait. She has flitted away to town, with no intention of remaining there, and will soon flit hither again, to the confusion of the fashionable intelligence. The house in town is not prepared for her reception. It is muffled and dreary. Only one Mercury in powder, gapes disconsolate at the hall-window; and he mentioned last night to another Mercury of his acquaintance, also accustomed to good society, that if that sort of thing was to last—which it couldn't, for a man of his spirits couldn't bear it, and a man of his figure couldn't be expected to bear it—there would be no resource for him, upon his honor, but to cut his throat!

What connection can there be between the place in Lincolnshire, the house in town, the Mercury in powder, and the whereabouts of Jo the outlaw with the broom, who had that distant ray of light upon him when he swept the churchyard-step? What connection can there have been between many people in the innumerable histories of this world, who, from opposite sides of great gulfs, have, nevertheless, been very curiously brought together!

Jo sweeps his crossing all day long, unconscious of the link, if any link there be. He sums up his mental condition, when asked a question, by replying that he "don't know nothink." He knows that it's hard to keep the mud off the crossing in dirty weather, and harder still to live by doing it. Nobody taught him, even that much; he found it out.

Jo lives—that is to say, Jo has not yet died—in a ruinous place, known to the like of him by the name of Tom-all-alone's. It is a black, dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people; where the crazy houses were seized upon, when their decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who, after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings. Now these tumbling tenements contain, by night, a swarm of misery. As, on the ruined human wretch, vermin parasites appear, so, these ruined shelters have bred a crowd of foul existence, that

crawls in and out of gaps in walls and boards; and coils itself to sleep, in maggot numbers, where the rain drips in; and comes and goes, fetching and carrying fever, and sowing more evil in its every footprint than Lord Coodle, and Sir Thomas Doodle, and the Duke of Foodle, and all the fine gentlemen in office, down to Zoodle, shall set right in five hundred years—though born expressly to do it.

Twice, lately, there has been a crash and a cloud of dust, like the springing of a mine, in Tom-all-alone's; and, each time, a house has fallen. These accidents have made a paragraph in the newspapers, and have filled a bed or two in the nearest hospital. The gaps remain, and there are not unpopular lodgings among the rubbish. As several more houses are nearly ready to go, the next crash in Tom-all-alone's may be expected to be a good one.

This desirable property is in Chancery, of course. It would be an insult to the discernment of any man with half an eye, to tell him so. Whether "Tom" is the popular representative of the original plaintiff or defendant in Jarndyce and Jarndyce; or, whether Tom lived here when the suit had laid the street waste, all alone, until other settlers came to join him, or, whether the traditional title is a comprehensive name for a retreat cut off from honest company and put out of the pale of hope; perhaps nobody knows. Certainly, Jo don't know.

"For I don't," says Jo, "*I don't know no think.*"

It must be a strange state to be like Jo! To shuffle through the streets, unfamiliar with the shapes, and in utter darkness as to the meaning, of those mysterious symbols, so abundant over the shops, and at the corners of streets, and on the doors, and in the windows! To see people read, and to see people write, and to see the post-men deliver letters, and not to have the least idea of all that language—to be, to every scrap of it, stone blind and dumb! It must be very puzzling to see the good company going to the churches on Sundays, with their books in their hands, and to think (for perhaps Jo *does* think, at odd times) what does it all mean, and if it means any thing to any body, how comes it that it means nothing to me? To be hustled, and jostled and moved on; and really to feel that it would appear to be perfectly true that I have no business, here, or there, or any where; and yet to be perplexed by the consideration that I *am* here somehow too, and every body overlooked me until I became the creature that I am! It must be a strange state, not merely to be told that I am scarcely human (as in the case of my offering myself for a witness), but to feel it of my own knowledge all my life! To see the horses, dogs, and cattle, go by me, and to know that in ignorance I belong to them, and not to the superior beings in my shape, whose delicacy I offend! Jo's ideas of a Criminal Trial, or a Judge, or a Bishop, or a Government, or that inestimable jewel to him (if he only knew it) the Constitution, should be strange!

His whole material and immaterial life is wonderfully strange; his death, the strangest thing of all.

Jo comes out of Tom-all-alone's, meeting the tardy morning which is always late in getting down there, and munches his dirty bit of bread as he comes along. His way lying through many streets, and the houses not yet being open, he sits down to breakfast on the door-step of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and gives it a brush when he has finished, as an acknowledgment of the accommodation. He admires the size of the edifice, and wonders what it's all about. He has no idea, poor wretch, of the spiritual destitution of a coral reef in the Pacific, or what it costs to look up the precious souls among the cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit.

He goes to his crossing, and begins to lay it out for the day. The town awakes; the great tee-totum is set up for its daily spin and whirl; all that unaccountable reading and writing, which has been suspended for a few hours, recommences. Jo, and the other lower animals, get on in the unintelligible mess as they can. It is market-day. The blinded oxen, over-goaded, over-driven, never guided, run into wrong places and are beaten out; and plunge, red-eyed and foaming, at stone walls; and often sorely hurt the innocent, and often sorely hurt themselves. Very like Jo and his order; very, very like!

A band of music comes and plays. Jo listens to it. So does a dog—a drover's dog, waiting for his master outside a butcher's shop, and evidently thinking about those sheep he has had upon his mind for some hours, and is happily rid of. He seems perplexed respecting three or four; can't remember where he left them; looks up and down the street, as half expecting to see them astray; suddenly pricks up his ears and remembers all about it. A thoroughly vagabond dog, accustomed to low company and public-houses; a terrific dog to sheep; ready at a whistle to scamper over their backs, and tear out mouthfuls of their wool; but an educated, improved, developed dog, who has been taught his duties and knows how to discharge them. He and Jo listen to the music, probably with much the same amount of animal satisfaction; likewise, as to awakened association, aspiration or regret, melancholy or joyful reference to things beyond the senses, they are probably upon a par. But, otherwise, how far above the human listener is the brute!

Turn that dog's descendants wild, like Jo, and in a very few years they will so degenerate that they will lose even their bark—but not their bite.

The day changes as it wears itself away, and becomes dark and drizzly. Jo fights it out, at his crossing, among the mud and wheels, the horses, whips, and umbrellas, and gets but a scanty sum to pay for the unsavory shelter of Tom-all-alone's. Twilight comes on; gas begins to start up in the shops; the lamp-lighter, with his ladder, runs along the margin of the

pavement. A wretched evening is beginning to close in.

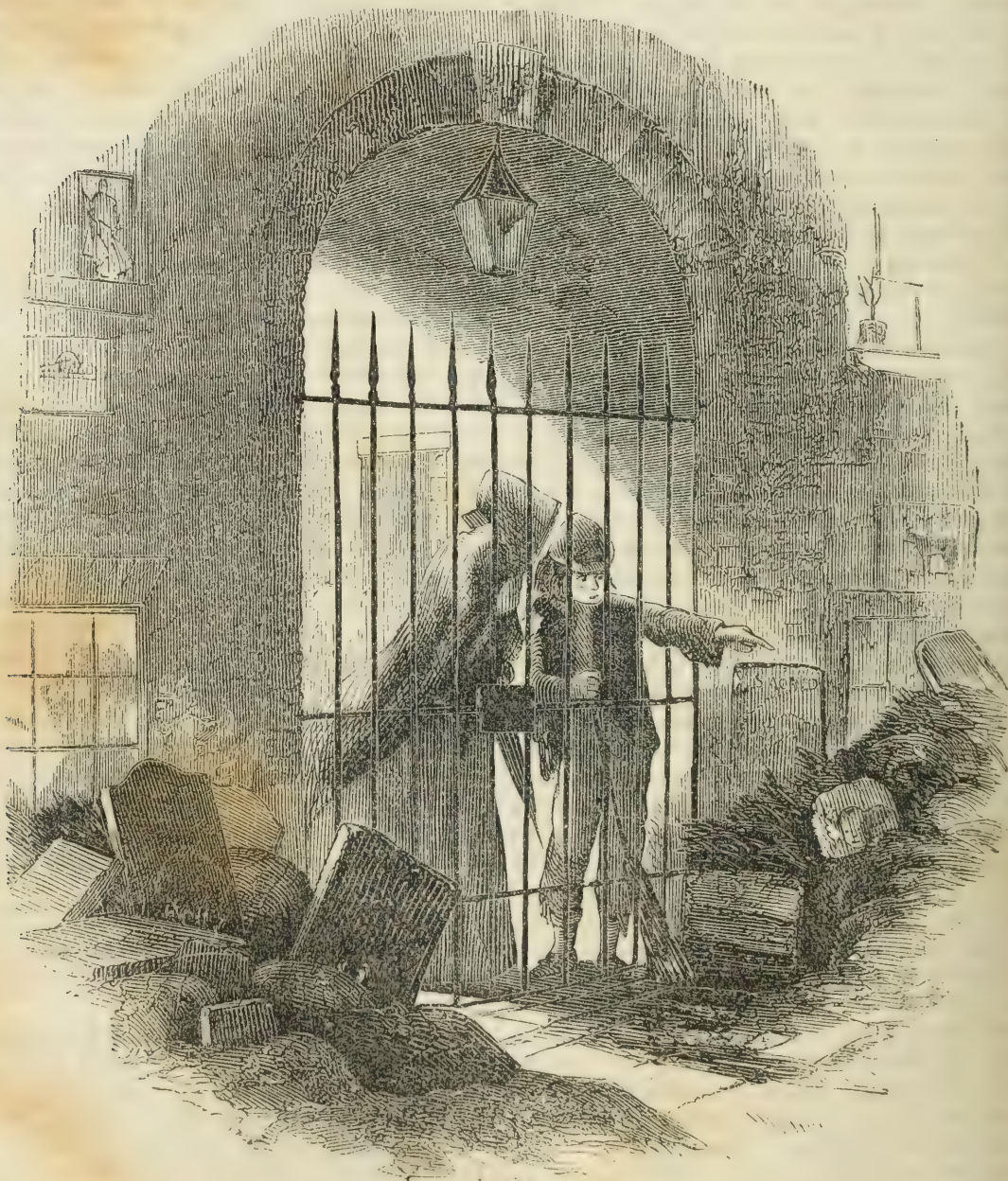
In his chambers, Mr. Tulkinghorn sits meditating an application to the nearest magistrate to-morrow morning for a warrant. Gridley, a disappointed suitor, has been here to-day, and has been alarming. We are not to be put in bodily fear, and that ill-conditioned fellow shall be held to bail again. From the ceiling, foreshortened allegory, in the person of one impossible Roman upside down, points with the arm of Samson (out of joint, and an odd one) obtrusively toward the window. Why should Mr. Tulkinghorn, for such no reason, look out of window? Is the hand not always pointing there? So he does not look out of window.

And if he did, what would it be to see a woman going by? There are women enough in the world, Mr. Tulkinghorn thinks—too many; they are at the bottom of all that goes wrong in it,

though, for the matter of that, they create business for lawyers. What would it be to see a woman going by, even though she were going secretly? They are all secret. Mr. Tulkinghorn knows that, very well.

But they are not all like the woman who now leaves him and his house behind; between whose plain dress, and her refined manner, there is something exceedingly inconsistent. She should be an upper servant by her attire, yet, in her air and step, though both are hurried and assumed—as far as she can assume in the muddy streets, which she treads with an unaccustomed foot—she is a lady. Her face is veiled, and still she sufficiently betrays herself to make more than one of those who pass her look round sharply.

She never turns her head. Lady or servant, she has a purpose in her, and can follow it. She never turns her head, until she comes to the crossing where Jo plies with his broom. He



CONSECRATED GROUND.

crosses with her, and begs. Still, she does not turn her head until she has landed on the other side. Then, she slightly beckons to him, and says, "Come here!"

Jo follows her, a pace or two, into a quiet court.

"Are you the boy I have read of in the papers?" she asks, behind her veil.

"I don't know," says Jo, staring moodily at the veil, "nothink about no papers. I don't know nothink about nothink at all."

"Were you examined at an Inquest?"

"I don't know nothink about no—where I was took by the beadle, do you mean?" says Jo. "Was the boy's name at the Inkwhich, Jo?"

"Yes."

"That's me!" says Jo.

"Come farther up."

"You mean about the man?" says Jo, following. "Him as was dead?"

"Hush! Speak in a whisper! Yes. Did he look, when he was living, so very ill and poor!"

"O jist!" says Jo.

"Did he look like—not like *you*?" says the woman with abhorrence.

"O not so bad as me," says Jo. "I'm a reg'lar one, *I* am! You didn't know him, did you?"

"How dare you ask me if I knew him?"

"No offense, my lady," says Jo, with much humility; for even he has got at the suspicion of her being a lady.

"I am not a lady. I am a servant."

"You are a jolly servant!" says Jo; without the least idea of saying any thing offensive; merely as a tribute of admiration.

"Listen and be silent. Don't talk to me, and stand farther from me! Can you show me all those places that were spoken of in the account I read? The place he wrote for, the place he died at, the place where you were taken to, and the place where he was buried? Do you know the place where he was buried?"

Jo answers with a nod; having also nodded as each other place was mentioned.

"Go before me, and show me all those dreadful places. Stop opposite to each, and don't speak to me unless I speak to you. Don't look back. Do what I want, and I will pay you well."

Jo attends closely while the words are being spoken; tells them off on his broom-handle, finding them rather hard; pauses to consider their meaning; considers it satisfactory, and nods his ragged head.

"I am fly," says Jo. "But fen larks, you know! Stow hooking it!"

"What does the horrible creature mean?" exclaims the servant, recoiling from him.

"Stow cutting away, you know!" says Jo.

"I don't understand you. Go on before! I will give you more money than you ever had in your life."

Jo screws up his mouth into a whistle, gives his ragged head a rub, takes his broom under

his arm, and leads the way; passing deftly, with his bare feet, over the hard stones, and through the mud and mire.

Cook's Court. Jo stops. A pause.

"Who lives here?"

"Him wot give him his writing, and give me half a bull," says Jo in a whisper, without looking over his shoulder.

"Go on to the next."

Krook's house. Jo stops again. A longer pause.

"Who lives here!"

"*He* lived here," Jo answers as before.

After a silence, he is asked "In which room?"

"In the back room up there. You can see the winder from this corner. Up there! That's where I see him striched out. This is the public ouse where I was took to."

"Go on to the next!"

It is a longer walk to the next; but, Jo relieved of his first suspicions, sticks to the terms imposed upon him, and does not look round. By many devious ways, reeking with offense of many kinds, they come to the little tunnel of a court, and to the gas-lamp (lighted now), and to the iron gate.

"He was put there," says Jo, holding to the bars and looking in.

"Where? O, what a scene of horror!"

"There!" says Jo, pointing. "Over yinder. Among them piles of bones, and close to that there kitchin winder! They put him very nigh the top. They was obliged to stamp upon it to git it in. I could unkiver it for you, with my broom, if the gate was open. That's why they locks it, I s'pose," giving it a shake. "It's always locked. Look at the rat!" cries Jo, excited. "Hi! Look! There he goes! Ho! Into the ground!"

The servant shrinks into a corner—into a corner of that hideous archway, with its deadly stains contaminating her dress; and putting out her two hands, and passionately telling him to keep away from her, for he is loathsome to her, so remains for some moments. Jo stands staring, and is still staring when she recovers herself.

"Is this place of abomination, consecrated ground?"

"I don't know nothink of consequential ground," says Jo, still staring.

"Is it blessed?"

"WHICH?" says Jo, in the last degree amazed.

"Is it blessed?"

"I'm blest if I know," says Jo, staring more than ever; "but I shouldn't think it warn't. Blest?" repeats Jo, something troubled in his mind. "It an't done it much good if it is. Blest? I should think it was t'othered myself. But *I* don't know nothink!"

The servant takes as little heed of what he says, as she seems to take of what she has said herself. She draws off her glove, to get some money from her purse. Jo silently notices how white and small her hand is, and what a jolly

servant she must be to wear such sparkling rings.

She drops a piece of money in his hand, without touching it, and shuddering as their hands approach. "Now," she adds, "show me the spot again!"

Joe thrusts the handle of his broom between the bars of the gate, and, with his utmost power of elaboration, points it out. At length, looking aside to see if he has made himself intelligible, he finds that he is alone.

His first proceeding is, to hold the piece of money to the gas-light, and to be overpowered at finding that it is yellow—gold. His next, is, to give it a one-sided bite at the edge, as a test of its quality. His next, to put it in his mouth for safety, and to sweep the step and passage with great care. His job done, he sets off for Tom-all-alone's; stopping in the light of innumerable gas-lamps to produce the piece of gold, and give it another one-sided bite, as a re-assurance of its being genuine.

The Mercury in powder is in no want of society to-night, for my Lady goes to a grand dinner and three or four balls. Sir Leicester is fidgety, down at Chesney Wold, with no better company than the gout; he complains to Mrs. Rouncewell that the rain makes such a monotonous pattering on the terrace, that he can't read the paper, even by the fireside in his own snug dressing-room.

"Sir Leicester would have done better to try the other side of the house, my dear," says Mrs. Rouncewell to Rosa. "His dressing-room is on my Lady's side. And in all these years I never heard the step upon the Ghost's Walk, more distinct than it is to-night!"

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XIII.

WE have seen Squire Hazeldean (proud of the contents of his pocket-book, and his knowledge of the mercenary nature of foreign women), set off on his visit to Beatrice di Negra. Randal, thus left musing lone in the crowded streets, revolved with astute complacency the probable results of Mr. Hazeldean's bluff negotiation; and, convincing himself that one of his vistas toward Fortune was becoming more clear and clear, he turned, with the restless activity of some founder of destined cities in a new settlement, to lop the boughs that cumbered and obscured the others. For truly, like a man in a vast Columbian forest, opening entangled space, now with the ready ax, now with the patient train, that kindles the slower fire, this child of civilized life went toiling on against surrounding obstacles, resolute to destroy, but ever scheming to construct. And now Randal has reached Levy's dainty business-room, and is buried deep in discussion how to secure to himself, at the expense of his patron, the representation of Lansmere, and how to complete the contract which shall reannex to his forlorn inheritance some fragments of its ancient wealth.

* Continued from the July Number.

Meanwhile, Chance fought on his side in the boudoir of May Fair. The Squire had found the Marchesa at home—briefly introduced himself and his business—told her she was mistaken if she had fancied she had taken in a rich heir in his son—that, thank Heaven, he could leave his estates to his plowman, if he so pleased, but that he was willing to do things liberally; and whatever she thought Frank was worth, he was very ready to pay for.

At another time Beatrice would perhaps have laughed at this strange address; or she might, in some prouder moment, have fired up with all a patrician's resentment and a woman's pride; but now her spirit was crushed, her nerves shattered; the sense of her degraded position, of her dependence on her brother, combined with her supreme unhappiness at the loss of those dreams with which Leonard had for a while charmed her wearied waking life—all came upon her. She listened, pale and speechless; and the poor Squire thought he was quietly advancing toward a favorable result, when she suddenly burst into a passion of hysterical tears; and just at that moment Frank himself entered the room. At the sight of his father, of Beatrice's grief, his sense of filial duty gave way. He was maddened by irritation—by the insult offered to the woman he loved, which a few trembling words from her explained to him; maddened yet more by the fear that the insult had lost her to him—warm words ensued between son and father, to close with the peremptory command and vehement threat of the last.

"Come away this instant, sir! Come with me, or before the day is over I strike you out of my will!"

The son's answer was not to his father; he threw himself at Beatrice's feet.

"Forgive him—forgive us both—"

"What! you prefer that stranger to me—to the inheritance of Hazeldean!" cried the Squire, stamping his foot.

"Leave your estates to whom you will; all that I care for in life is here!"

The Squire stood still a moment or so, gazing on his son, with a strange bewildered marvel at the strength of that mystic passion, which none not laboring under its fearful charm can comprehend, which creates the sudden idol that no reason justifies, and sacrifices to its fatal shrine alike the Past and the Future. Not trusting himself to speak, the father drew his hand across his eyes, and dashed away the bitter tear that sprang from a swelling indignant heart; then he uttered an inarticulate sound, and, finding his voice gone, moved away to the door, and left the house.

He walked through the streets, bearing his head very erect, as a proud man does when deeply wounded, and striving to shake off some affection that he deems a weakness; and his trembling, nervous fingers fumbled at the button of his coat, trying to tighten the garment across his chest, as if to confirm a resolution that still sought to struggle out of the revolting heart.

Thus he went on, and the reader, perhaps, will wonder whither; and the wonder may not lessen when he finds the Squire come to a dead pause in Grosvenor Square, and at the portico of his "distant brother's" stately house.

At the Squire's brief inquiry whether Mr. Egerton was at home, the porter summoned the groom of the chambers; and the groom of the chambers, seeing a stranger, doubted whether his master was not engaged, but would take in the stranger's card and see.

"Ay, ay," muttered the Squire, "this is true relationship—my child prefers a stranger to me. Why should I complain that I am a stranger in a brother's house. Sir," added the Squire aloud, and very meekly—"Sir, please to say to your master that I am William Hazeldean."

The servant bowed low, and without another word conducted the visitor into the statesman's library, and announcing Mr. Hazeldean, closed the door.

Audley was seated at his desk, the grim iron boxes still at his feet, but they were now closed and locked. And the ex-minister was no longer looking over official documents; letters spread open before him, of far different nature; in his hand there lay a long lock of fair silken hair, on which his eyes were fixed sadly and intently. He started at the sound of his visitor's name, and the tread of the Squire's stalwart footstep; and mechanically thrust into his bosom the relic of younger and warmer years, keeping his hand to his heart, which beat loud with disease, under the light pressure of that golden hair.

The two brothers stood on the great man's lonely hearth, facing each other in silence, and noting unconsciously the change made in each during the long years in which they had never met.

The Squire, with his portly size, his hardy, sun-burnt cheeks, the partial baldness of his unfurrowed open forehead, looked his full age—deep into middle life. Unmistakably he seemed the *paterfamilias*—the husband and the father—the man of social domestic ties. But about Audley (really some few years junior to the Squire), despite the lines of care on his handsome face, there still lingered the grace of youth. Men of cities retain youth longer than those of the country—a remark which Buffon has not failed to make and to account for. Neither did Egerton betray the air of the married man; for ineffable solitariness seemed stamped upon the man, whose private life had long been so stern a solitude. No ray from the focus of Home played round that reserved, unjoyous, melancholy brow. In a word, Audley looked still the man for whom some young female heart might fondly sigh; and not the less because of the cold eye and compressed lip, which challenged interest even while seeming to repel it.

Audley was the first to speak, and to put forth the right hand, which he stole slowly from its place at his breast, on which the lock of hair still stirred to and fro at the heave of the laboring heart. "William," said he, with his rich, deep

voice, "this is kind. You are come to see me, now that men say I am fallen. The minister you censured is no more; and you see again the brother."

The Squire was softened at once by this address. He shook heartily the hand tendered to him; and then, turning away his head, with an honest conviction that Audley ascribed to him a credit which he did not deserve, he said, "No, no, Audley; I am more selfish than you think me. I have come—I have come to ask your advice—no, not exactly that—your opinion. But you are busy—?"

"Sit down, William. Old days were coming over me when you entered; days earlier still return now—days, too, that leave no shadow when their suns are set."

The proud man seemed to think he had said too much. His practical nature rebuked the poetic sentiment and phrase. He re-collected himself, and added, more coldly, "You would ask my opinion? What on? Some public matter—some Parliamentary bill that may affect your property?"

"Am I such a mean miser as that? Property—property? What does property matter, when a man is struck down at his own hearth? Property, indeed! But you have no child—happy brother!"

"Ay, ay; as you say, I am a happy man; childless! Has your son displeased you? I have heard him spoken of well, too."

"Don't talk of him. Whether his conduct be good or ill is my affair," resumed the poor father with a testy voice—jealous alike of Audley's praise or blame of his rebellious son. Then he rose a moment, and made a strong gulp as if for air; and laying his broad brown hand on his brother's shoulder, said, "Randal Leslie tells me you are wise—a consummate man of the world. No doubt you are so. And Parson Dale tells me that he is sure you have warm feelings—which I take to be a strange thing for one who has lived so long in London, and has no wife and no child—a widower, and a Member of Parliament—for a commercial city, too. Never smile; it is no smiling matter with me. You know a foreign woman, called Negra or Negro—not a blackymoor, though, by any means—at least on the outside of her. Is she such a woman as a plain country gentleman would like his only son to marry—ay or no?"

"No, indeed," answered Audley, gravely; "and I trust your son will commit no action so rash. Shall I see him or her? Speak, my dear William. What would you have me do?"

"Nothing; you have said enough," replied the Squire, gloomily; and his head sank on his breast.

Audley took his hand, and pressed it fraternally. "William," said the statesman, "we have been long estranged; but I do not forget that when we last met, at—at Lord Lansmere's house, and when I took you aside, and said, 'William, if I lose this election, I must resign

all chance of public life: my affairs are embarrassed; I may need—I would not accept money from you—I would seek a profession, and you can help me there,' you divined my meaning, and said—'Take orders; the Hazeldean living is just vacant. I will get some one to hold it till you are ordained.' I do not forget that. Would that I had thought earlier of so serene an escape from all that then tormented me. My lot might have been far happier."

The Squire eyed Audley with a surprise that broke forth from his more absorbing emotions. "Happier! Why, all things have prospered with you; and you are rich enough now; and—you shake your head. Brother, is it possible! do you want money? Pooh, not accept money from your mother's son!—stuff." Out came the Squire's pocket-book. Audley put it gently aside.

"Nay," said he, "I have enough for myself; but since you seek and speak with me thus affectionately, I will ask you one favor. Should I die before I can provide for my wife's kinsman, Randal Leslie, as I could wish, will you see to his fortunes, so far as you can, without injury to others—to your own son?"

"My son! He is provided for. He has the Casino estate—much good may it do him. You have touched on the very matter that brought me here. This boy, Randal Leslie, seems a praiseworthy lad, and has Hazeldean blood in his veins. You have taken him up because he is connected with your late wife. Why should not I take him up, too, when his grandmother was a Hazeldean? I wanted to ask you what you meant to do for him; for if you did not mean to provide for him, why I will, as in duty bound. So your request comes at the right time; I think of altering my will. I can put him into the entail, besides a handsome legacy. You are sure he is a good lad—and it will please you too, Audley?"

"But not at the expense of your son. And stay, William—as to this foolish marriage with Madame di Negra, who told you Frank meant to take such a step?"

"He told me himself; but it is no matter. Randal and I both did all we could to dissuade him; and Randal advised me to come to you."

"He has acted generously, then, our kinsman Randal—I am glad to hear it"—said Audley, his brow somewhat clearing. "I have no influence with this lady; but at least, I can counsel her. Do not consider the marriage fixed because a young man desires it. Youth is ever hot and rash."

"Your youth never was," retorted the Squire, bluntly. "You married well enough, I'm sure. I will say one thing for you: you have been, to my taste, a bad politician—beg pardon—but you were always a gentleman. You would never have disgraced your family and married a—"

"Hush!" interrupted Egerton, gently. "Do not make matters worse than they are. Madame di Negra is of high birth in her own country; and if scandal—"

"Scandal!" cried the Squire, shrinking and turning pale. "Are you speaking of the wife of a Hazeldean? At least, she shall never sit by the hearth at which now sits his mother; and whatever I may do for Frank, her children shall not succeed. No mongrel cross-breed shall kennel in English Hazeldean. Much obliged to you, Audley, for your good feeling—glad to have seen you; and harkye, you startled me by that shake of your head, when I spoke of your wealth; and, from what you say about Randal's prospects, I guess that you London gentlemen are not so thrifty as we are. You *shall* let me speak. I say again, that I have some thousands quite at your service. And though you are not a Hazeldean, still you are my mother's son; and now that I am about to alter my will, I can as well scratch in the name of Egerton as that of Leslie. Cheer up, cheer up; you are younger than I am, and you have no child; so you will live longer than I shall."

"My dear brother," answered Audley, "believe me, I shall never live to want your aid. And as to Leslie, add to the £5000 I mean to give him, an equal sum in your will, and I shall feel that he has received justice."

Observing that the Squire, though he listened attentively, made no ready answer, Audley turned the subject again to Frank; and with the adroitness of a man of the world, backed by cordial sympathy in his brother's distress, he pleaded so well Frank's lame cause, urged so gently the wisdom of patience and delay, and the appeal to filial feeling rather than recourse to paternal threats, that the Squire grew mollified in spite of himself, and left his brother's house a much less angry, and less doleful man.

Mr. Hazeldean was still in the square when he came upon Randal himself, who was walking with a dark-whiskered, showy gentleman, toward Egerton's house. Randal and the gentleman exchanged a hasty whisper, and the former exclaimed,

"What, Mr. Hazeldean, have you just left your brother's house? Is it possible?"

"Why, you advised me to go there, and I did. I scarcely knew what I was about. I am very glad I did go. Hang politics! hang the landed interest! what do I care for either now?"

"Foiled with Madame di Negra?" asked Randal, drawing the Squire aside.

"Never speak of her again!" cried the Squire, fiercely. "And as to that ungrateful boy—but I don't mean to behave harshly to him—he shall have money enough to keep her if he likes—keep her from coming to me—keep him, too, from counting on my death, and borrowing post-obits on the Casino—for he'll be doing that next—no, I hope I wrong him there; I have been too good a father for him to count on my death already. After all," continued the Squire, beginning to relax, "as Audley says, the marriage is not yet made; and if the woman has taken him in, he is young, and his heart is warm. Make yourself easy, my boy. I don't forget how kindly you

took his part; and before I do any thing rash, I'll at least take advice with his poor mother."

Randal gnawed his pale lip, and a momentary cloud of disappointment passed over his face.

"True, sir," said he, gently; "true, you must not be rash. Indeed, I was thinking of you and poor dear Frank at the very moment I met you. It occurred to me whether we might not make Frank's very embarrassments a reason to induce Madame di Negra to refuse him; and I was on my way to Mr. Egerton, in order to ask his opinion, in company with the gentleman yonder."

"Gentleman yonder? Why should he thrust his long nose into my family affairs? Who the devil is he?"

"Don't ask, sir. Pray let me act."

But the Squire continued to eye askant the dark-whiskered personage thus thrust between himself and his son, and who waited patiently a few yards in the rear, carelessly readjusting the camellia in his button-hole.

"He looks very outlandish. Is he a foreigner, too?" asked the Squire, at last.

"No, not exactly. However, he knows all about Frank's embarrassments; and—"

"Embarrassments! what, the debt he paid for that woman? How did he raise the money?"

"I don't know," answered Randal; "and that is the reason I asked Baron Levy to accompany me to Egerton's, that he might explain in private what I have no reason—"

"Baron Levy!" interrupted the Squire. "Levy, Levy—I have heard of a Levy who has nearly ruined my neighbor, Thornhill—a money-lender. Zounds! is that the man who knows my son's affairs? I'll soon learn, sir."

Randal caught hold of the Squire's arm: "Stop, stop; if you really insist upon learning more about Frank's debts, you must not appeal to Baron Levy directly, and as Frank's father; he will not answer you. But if I present you to him as a mere acquaintance of mine, and turn the conversation, as if carelessly, upon Frank—why, since, in the London world, such matters are never kept secret except from the parents of young men—I have no doubt he will talk out openly."

"Manage it as you will," said the Squire.

Randal took Mr. Hazelden's arm, and joined Levy—"A friend of mine from the country, Baron." Levy bowed profoundly, and the three walked slowly on.

"By-the-by," said Randal, pressing significantly upon Levy's arm, "my friend has come to town upon the somewhat unpleasant business of settling the debts of another—a young man of fashion—a relation of his own. No one, sir (turning to the Squire), could so ably assist you in such arrangements as could Baron Levy."

BARON (modestly, and with a moralizing air).—"I have some experience in such matters, and I hold it a duty to assist the parents and relations of young men who, from want of reflection, often ruin themselves for life. I hope the young

gentleman in question is not in the hands of the Jews?"

RANDAL.—"Christians are as fond of good interest for their money as ever the Jews can be."

BARON.—"Granted, but they have not always so much money to lend. The first thing, sir (addressing the Squire)—the first thing for you to do is to buy up such of your relation's bills and notes of hand as may be in the market. No doubt we can get them a bargain, unless the young man is heir to some property that may soon be his in the course of nature."

RANDAL.—"Not soon—heaven forbid! His father is still a young man—a fine healthy man," leaning heavily on Levy's arm; "and as to post-obits—"

BARON.—"Post-obits on sound security cost more to buy up, however healthy the obstructing relative may be."

RANDAL.—"I should hope that there are not many sons who can calculate, in cold blood, on the death of their fathers."

BARON.—"Ha, ha—he is young, our friend, Randal; eh, sir?"

RANDAL.—"Well, I am not more scrupulous than others, I dare say: and I have often been pinched hard for money, but I would go barefoot rather than give security upon a father's grave! I can imagine nothing more likely to destroy natural feeling, nor to instill ingratitude and treachery into the whole character, than to press the hand of a parent, and calculate when that hand may be dust—than to sit down with strangers and reduce his life to the measure of an insurance table—than to feel difficulties gathering round one, and mutter in fashionable slang, 'But it will be all well if the governor would but die.' And he who has accustomed himself to the relief of post-obits must gradually harden his mind to all this."

The Squire groaned heavily; and had Randal proceeded another sentence in the same strain, the Squire would have wept outright. "But," continued Randal, altering the tone of his voice, "I think that our young friend of whom we were talking just now, Levy, before this gentleman joined us, has the same opinion as myself on this head. He may accept bills, but he would never sign post-obits."

BARON (who with the apt docility of a managed charger to the touch of a rider's hand, had comprehended and complied with each quick sign of Randal's).—"Pooh! the young fellow we are talking of? Nonsense. He would not be so foolish as to give five times the percentage he otherwise might. Not sign post-obits! Of course he has signed one."

RANDAL.—"Hist—you mistake, you mistake."

SQUIRE (leaving Randal's arm and seizing Levy's).—"Were you speaking of Frank Hazelden?"

BARON.—"My dear sir, excuse me; I never mention names before strangers."

SQUIRE.—"Strangers again! Man, I am the boy's father! Speak out, sir," and his hand

closed on Levy's arm with the strength of an iron vice.

BARON.—“Gently; you hurt me, sir; but I excuse your feelings. Randal, you are to blame for leading me into this indiscretion; but I beg to assure Mr. Hazeldean, that though his son has been a little extravagant—”

RANDAL.—“Owing chiefly to the arts of an abandoned woman.”

BARON.—“Of an abandoned woman; still he has shown more prudence than you would suppose; and this very post-obit is a proof of it. A simple act of that kind has enabled him to pay off bills that were running on till they would have ruined even the Hazeldean estate; whereas a charge on the reversion of the Casino—”

SQUIRE.—“He has done it then? He has signed a post-obit?”

RANDAL.—“No, no; Levy must be wrong.”

BARON.—“My dear Leslie, a man of Mr. Hazeldean's time of life can not have your romantic boyish notions. He must allow that Frank has acted in this like a lad of sense—very good head for business has my young friend Frank! And the best thing Mr. Hazeldean can do is quietly to buy up the post-obit, and thus he will place his son henceforth in his own power.”

SQUIRE.—“Can I see the deed with my own eyes?”

BARON.—“Certainly, or how could you be induced to buy it up? But on one condition; you must not betray me to your son. And, indeed, take my advice, and don't say a word to him on the matter.”

SQUIRE.—“Let me see it, let me see it with my own eyes. His mother else will never believe it—nor will I.”

BARON.—“I can call on you this evening.”

SQUIRE.—“Now—now.”

BARON.—“You can spare me, Randal; and you yourself can open to Mr. Egerton the other affair, respecting Lansmere. No time should be lost, lest L'Estrange suggest a candidate.”

RANDAL (whispering).—“Never mind me.—This is more important. (Aloud)—Go with Mr. Hazeldean. My dear kind friend (to the Squire), do not let this vex you so much. After all, it is what nine young men out of ten would do in the same circumstances. And it is best you should know it; you may save Frank from farther ruin, and prevent, perhaps, this very marriage.”

“We will see,” exclaimed the Squire, hastily. “Now, Mr. Levy, come.”

Levy and the Squire walked on not arm-in-arm, but side by side. Randal proceeded to Egerton's house.

“I am glad to see you, Leslie,” said the ex-minister. “What is it I have heard? My nephew, Frank Hazeldean, proposes to marry Madame di Negra against his father's consent? How could you suffer him to entertain an idea so wild? And how never confide it to me?”

RANDAL.—“My dear Mr. Egerton, it is only to-day that I was informed of Frank's engagement. I have already seen him, and expostu-

lated in vain; till then, though I knew your nephew admired Madame di Negra, I could never suppose he harbored a serious intention.”

EGERTON.—“I must believe you, Randal. I will myself see Madame di Negra, though I have no power, and no right, to dictate to her. I have but little time for all such private business. The dissolution of Parliament is so close at hand.”

RANDAL (looking down).—“It is on that subject that I wished to speak to you, sir. You think of standing for Lansmere. Well, Baron Levy has suggested to me an idea that I could not, of course, even countenance, till I had spoken to you. It seems that he has some acquaintance with the state of parties in that borough! He is informed that it is not only as easy to bring in two of our side, as to carry one; but that it would make your election still more safe, not to fight single-handed against two opponents; that if canvassing for yourself alone, you could not carry a sufficient number of plumper votes; that split votes would go from you to one or other of the two adversaries; that, in a word, it is necessary to pair you with a colleague. If it really be so, you of course will learn best from your own Committee; but should they concur in the opinion Baron Levy has formed—do I presume too much on your kindness—to deem it possible that you might allow me to be the second candidate on your side? I should not say this, but that Levy told me you had some wish to see me in Parliament, among the supporters of your policy. And what other opportunity can occur? Here the cost of carrying two would be scarcely more than that of carrying one. And Levy says, the party would subscribe for my election; you, of course, would refuse all such aid for your own; and indeed, with your great name, and Lord Lansmere's interest, there can be little beyond the strict legal expenses.”

As Randal spoke thus at length, he watched anxiously his patron's reserved, unrevealing countenance.

EGERTON (drily).—“I will consider. You may safely leave in my hands any matter connected with your ambition and advancement. I have before told you I hold it a duty to do all in my power for the kinsman of my late wife—for one whose career I undertook to forward—for one whom honor has compelled to share in my own political reverses.”

Here Egerton rang the bell for his hat, and gloves, and walking into the hall, paused at the street door. There beckoning to Randal, he said slowly, “You seem intimate with Baron Levy; I caution you against him—a dangerous acquaintance, first to the purse, next to the honor.”

RANDAL.—“I know it, sir; and am surprised myself at the acquaintance that has grown up between us. Perhaps its cause is in his respect for yourself.”

EGERTON.—“Tut.”

RANDAL.—“Whatever it be, he contrives to obtain a singular hold over one's mind, even

where, as in my case, he has no evident interest to serve. How is this? It puzzles me!"

EGERTON.—"For his interest, it is most secured where he suffers it to be least evident; for his hold over the mind, it is easily accounted for. He ever appeals to two temptations, strong with all men—Avarice and Ambition.—Good-day."

RANDAL.—"Are you going to Madame di Negra's? Shall I not accompany you? Perhaps I may be able to back your own remonstrances."

EGERTON.—"No, I shall not require you."

RANDAL.—"I trust I shall hear the result of your interview? I feel so much interested in it. Poor Frank!"

Audley nodded. "Of course, of course."

CHAPTER XIV.

ON entering the drawing-room of Madame di Negra, the peculiar charm which the severe Audley Egerton had been ever reputed to possess with women, would have sensibly struck one who had hitherto seen him chiefly in his relations with men in the business-like affairs of life. It was a charm in strong contrast to the ordinary manners of those who are emphatically called "Ladies' men." No artificial smile, no conventional hollow blandness, no frivolous gossip, no varnish either of ungenial gayety or affected grace. The charm was in a simplicity that unbent more into kindness than it did with men. Audley's nature, whatever its faults and defects, was essentially masculine; and it was the sense of masculine power that gave to his voice a music when addressing the gentler sex—a sort of indulgent tenderness that appeared equally void of insincerity and presumption.

Frank had been gone about half-an-hour, and Madame di Negra was scarcely recovered from the agitation into which she had been thrown by the affront from the father and the pleading of the son.

Egerton took her passive hand cordially, and seated himself by her side.

"My dear Marchesa," said he, "are we then likely to be near connections? And can you seriously contemplate marriage with my young nephew, Frank Hazeldean? You turn away. Ah, my fair friend, there are but two inducements to a free woman to sign away her liberty at the altar. I say a free woman, for widows are free, and girls are not. These inducements are, first, worldly position; secondly, love. Which of these motives can urge Madame di Negra to marry Mr. Frank Hazeldean?"

"There are other motives than those you speak of—the need of protection—the sense of solitude—the curse of dependence—gratitude for honorable affection. But you men never know women!"

"I grant that you are right there—we never do; neither do women ever know men. And yet each sex contrives to dupe and to fool the other! Listen to me. I have little acquaintance with my nephew, but I allow he is a handsome young gentleman, with whom a handsome young lady in her teens might fall in love in a ball-room.

But you who have known the higher order of our species—you who have received the homage of men, whose thoughts and mind leave the small talk of drawing-room triflers—so poor and bald—you can not look me in the face and say that it is any passion resembling love which you feel for my nephew. And as to position, it is right that I should inform you that if he marry you he will have none. He may risk his inheritance. You will receive no countenance from his parents. You will be poor, but not free. You will not gain the independence you seek for. The sight of a vacant, discontented face in that opposite chair will be worse than solitude. And as to grateful affection," added the man of the world, "it is a polite synonym for tranquil indifference."

"Mr. Egerton," said Beatrice, "people say you are made of bronze. Did you ever feel the want of a home?"

"I answer you frankly," replied the statesman, "if I had not felt it, do you think I should have been, and that I should be to the last, the joyless drudge of public life? Bronze though you call my nature, it would have melted away long since like wax in the fire, if I had sat idly down and dreamed of a *Home*!"

"But we women," answered Beatrice, with pathos, "have no public life, and we do idly sit down and dream. Oh," she continued, after a short pause, and clasping her hands firmly together, "you think me worldly; grasping, ambitious; how different my fate had been had I known a home!—known one whom I could love and venerate—known one whose smiles would have developed the good that was once within me, and the fear of whose rebuking or sorrowful eye would have corrected what is evil."

"Yet," answered Audley, "nearly all women in the great world have had that choice once in their lives, and nearly all have thrown it away. How few of your rank really think of home when they marry—how few ask to venerate as well as to love—and how many of every rank, when the home has been really gained, have willfully lost its shelter; some in neglectful weariness—some from a momentary doubt, distrust, caprice—a wild fancy—a passionate fit—a trifle—a straw—a dream! True, you women are ever dreamers. Common sense, common earth, is above or below your comprehension."

Both now were silent. Audley first roused himself with a quick, writhing movement. "We two," said he, smiling half sadly, half cynically—"we two must not longer waste time in talking sentiment. We know both too well what life, as it has been made for us by our faults or our misfortunes, truly is. And once again, I entreat you to pause before you yield to the foolish suit of my foolish nephew. Rely on it, you will either command a higher offer for your prudence to accept; or, if you needs must sacrifice rank and fortune, you, with your beauty and your romantic heart, will see one who, at least for a fair holiday season (if human love allows no more), can repay you for the sacrifice. Frank Hazeldean never can."

Beatrice turned away to conceal the tears that rushed to her eyes.

"Think over this well," said Audley, in the softest tone of his mellow voice. "Do you remember that when you first came to England, I told you that neither wedlock nor love had any lures for me. We grew friends upon that rude avowal, and therefore I now speak to you like some sage of old, wise because standing apart and aloof from all the affections and ties that mislead our wisdom. Nothing but real love—(how rare it is; has one human heart in a million ever known it!) nothing but real love can repay us for the loss of freedom—the cares and fears of poverty—the cold pity of the world that we both despise and respect. And all these, and much more, follow the step you would inconsiderately take—an imprudent marriage."

"Audley Egerton," said Beatrice, lifting her dark, moistened eyes, "you grant that real love does compensate for an imprudent marriage. You speak as if you had known such love—you! Can it be possible?"

"Real love—I thought that I knew it once. Looking back with remorse, I should doubt it now but for one curse that only real love, when lost, has the power to leave evermore behind it."

"What is that?"

"A void here," answered Egerton, striking his heart. "Desolation!—Adieu!"

He rose and left the room.

"Is it," murmured Egerton, as he pursued his way through the streets—"is it that, as we approach death, all the first fair feelings of young life come back to us mysteriously? Thus I have heard, or read, that in some country of old, children scattering flowers, preceded a funeral bier."

CHAPTER XV.

AND SO Leonard stood beside his friend's mortal clay, and watched, in the ineffable smile of death, the last gleam which the soul had left there; and so, after a time, he crept back to the adjoining room with a step as noiseless as if he had feared to disturb the dead. Wearied as he was with watching, he had no thought of sleep. He sate himself down by the little table, and leaned his face on his hand, musing sorrowfully. Thus time passed. He heard the clock from below strike the hours. In the house of death the sound of a clock becomes so solemn. The soul that we miss has gone so far beyond the reach of time! A cold, superstitious awe gradually stole over the young man. He shivered, and lifted his eyes with a start, half scornful, half deifying. The moon was gone—the gray, comfortless dawn gleamed through the casement, and carried its raw, chilling light through the open doorway, into the death-room. And there, near the extinguished fire, Leonard saw the solitary woman, weeping low, and watching still. He returned to say a word of comfort—she pressed his hand, but waved him away. He understood. She did not wish for other comfort than her quiet relief of tears. Again, he returned to his

own chamber, and his eyes this time fell upon the papers which he had hitherto disregarded. What made his heart stand still, and the blood then rush so quickly through his veins? Why did he seize upon those papers with so tremulous a hand—then lay them down—pause, as if to nerve himself—and look so eagerly again? He recognized the handwriting—those fair, clear characters—so peculiar in their woman-like delicacy and grace—the same as in the wild, pathetic poems, the sight of which had made an era in his boyhood. From these pages the image of the mysterious Nora rose once more before him. He felt that he was with a mother. He went back, and closed the door gently, as if with a jealous piety, to exclude each ruder shadow from the world of spirits, and be alone with that mournful ghost. For a thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust, is verily as a ghost. It is a likeness struck off of the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the church-yard yield to us like the writing of the dead?

The bulk of the papers had been once lightly sewn to each other—they had come undone, perhaps in Burley's rude hands; but their order was easily apparent. Leonard soon saw that they formed a kind of journal—not, indeed, a regular diary, nor always relating to the things of the day. There were gaps in time—no attempt at successive narrative. Sometimes, instead of prose, a hasty burst of verse, gushing evidently from the heart—sometimes all narrative was left untold, and yet, as it were, epitomized, by a single burning line—a single exclamation—of woe, or joy! Everywhere you saw records of a nature exquisitely susceptible; and where genius appeared, it was so artless, that you did not call it genius, but emotion. At the outset the writer did not speak of herself in the first person. The MS. opened with descriptions and short dialogues, carried on by persons to whose names only initial letters were assigned, all written in a style of simple, innocent freshness, and breathing of purity and happiness, like a dawn of spring. Two young persons, humbly born—a youth and a girl—the last still in childhood, each chiefly self-taught, are wandering on Sabbath evenings among green dewy fields, near the busy town, in which labor awhile is still. Few words pass between them. You see at once, though the writer does not mean to convey it, how far beyond the scope of her male companion flies the heavenward imagination of the girl. It is he who questions—it is she who answers; and soon there steals upon you, as you read, the conviction that the youth loves the girl, and loves in vain. All in this writing, though terse, is so truthful! Leonard, in the youth, already recognizes the rude, imperfect scholar—the village bard—Mark Fairfield. Then, there is a gap in description—but there are short weighty sentences, which show

deepening thought, increasing years, in the writer. And though the innocence remains, the happiness begins to be less vivid on the page.

Now, insensibly, Leonard finds that there is a new phase in the writer's existence. Scenes, no longer of humble work-day rural life, surround her. And a fairer and more dazzling image succeeds to the companion of the Sabbath eves. This image Nora evidently loves to paint—it is akin to her own genius—it captivates her fancy—it is an image that she (inborn artist, and conscious of her art) feels to belong to a brighter and higher school of the Beautiful. And yet the virgin's heart is not awakened—no trace of the heart yet there. The new image thus introduced is one of her own years, perhaps; nay, it may be younger still—for it is a boy that is described, with his profuse fair curls, and eyes new to grief, and confronting the sun as a young eagle's; with veins so full of the wine of life, that they overflow into every joyous whim; with nerves quivering alive to the desire of glory; with the frank generous nature rash in its laughing scorn of the world, which it has not tried. Who was this boy, it perplexed Leonard. He feared to guess. Soon, less told than implied, you saw that this companionship, however it chanced, brings fear and pain on the writer. Again (as before), with Mark Fairfield, there is love on the one side and not on the other; with her there is affectionate, almost sisterly, interest, admiration, gratitude—but a something of pride or of terror that keeps back love.

Here Leonard's interest grew intense. Were there touches by which conjecture grew certainty; and he recognized, through the lapse of years, the boy lover in his own generous benefactor?

Fragments of dialogue now began to reveal the suit of an ardent impassioned nature, and the simple wonder and strange alarm of a listener who pitied but could not sympathize. Some great worldly distinction of rank between the two became visible—that distinction seemed to arm the virtue and steel the affections of the lowlier born. Then a few sentences, half blotted out with tears, told of wounded and humbled feelings—some one invested with authority, as if the suitor's parent, had interfered, questioned, reproached, counseled. And it was now evident that the suit was not one that dishonored;—it wooed to flight, but still to marriage.

And now these sentences grew briefer still, as with the decision of a strong resolve. And to these there followed a passage so exquisite, that Leonard wept unconsciously as he read. It was the description of a visit spent at home previous to some sorrowful departure. There rose up the glimpse of a proud and vain, but a tender wistful mother—of a father's fonder but less thoughtful love. And then came a quiet soothing scene between the girl and her first village lover, ending thus—“So she put M's hand into her sister's, and said: ‘You loved me through the fancy, love her with the heart,’ and left them comprehending each other, and betrothed.”

Leonard sighed. He understood now how Mark Fairfield saw in the homely features of his unlettered wife the reflection of the sister's soul and face.

A few words told the final parting—words that were a picture. The long friendless highway, stretching on—on—toward the remorseless city. And the doors of home opening on the desolate thoroughfare—and the old pollard tree beside the threshold, with the ravens wheeling round it and calling to their young. He too had watched that threshold from the same desolate thoroughfare. He too had heard the cry of the ravens. Then came some pages covered with snatches of melancholy verse, or some reflections of dreamy gloom.

The writer was in London, in the house of some highborn patroness—that friendless shadow of a friend which the jargon of society calls “companion.” And she was looking on the bright storm of the world as through prison bars. Poor bird, afar from the greenwood, she had need of song—it was her last link with freedom and nature. The patroness seems to share in her apprehensions of the boy suitor, whose wild rash prayers the fugitive had resisted: but to fear lest the suitor should be degraded, not the one whom he pursues—fears an alliance ill-suited to a highborn heir. And this kind of fear stings the writer's pride, and she grows harsh in her judgment of him who thus causes but pain where he proffers love. Then there is a reference to some applicant for her hand, who is pressed upon her choice. And she is told that it is her duty so to choose, and thus deliver a noble family from a dread that endures so long as her hand is free. And of this fear, and of this applicant, there breaks out a petulant yet pathetic scorn. After this, the narrative, to judge by the dates, pauses for days and weeks, as if the writer had grown weary and listless—suddenly to reopen in a new strain, eloquent with hopes, and with fears never known before. The first person was abruptly assumed—it was the living “I” that now breathed and moved along the lines. How was this? The woman was no more a shadow and a secret unknown to herself. She had assumed the intense and vivid sense of individual being. And love spoke loud in the awakened human heart.

A personage not seen till then appeared on the page. And ever afterward this personage was only named as “*He*,” as if the one and sole representative of all the myriads that walk the earth. The first notice of this prominent character on the scene showed the restless, agitated effect produced on the writer's imagination. He was invested with a romance probably not his own. He was described in contrast to the brilliant boy whose suit she had feared, pitied, and now sought to shun—described with a grave and serious, but gentle mein—a voice that imposed respect—an eye and lip that showed collected dignity of will. Alas! the writer betrayed herself, and the charm was in the contrast, not to the character of the

earlier lover, but her own. And now, leaving Leonard to explore and guess his way through the gaps and chasms of the narrative, it is time to place before the reader what the narrative alone will not reveal to Leonard.

CHAPTER XVI.

NORA AVENEL had fled from the boyish love of Harley L'Estrange—recommended by Lady Lansmere to a valetudinarian relative of her own, Lady Jane Horton, as companion. But Lady Lansmere could not believe it possible that the low-born girl could long sustain her generous pride, and reject the ardent suit of one who could offer to her the prospective coronet of a countess. She continually urged upon Lady Jane the necessity of marrying Nora to some one of rank less disproportioned to her own, and empowered the lady to assure any such wooer of a dowry far beyond Nora's station. Lady Jane looked around, and saw in the outskirts of her limited social ring, a young solicitor, a peer's natural son, who was on terms of more than business-like intimacy with the fashionable clients whose distresses made the origin of his wealth. The young man was handsome, well-dressed, and bland. Lady Jane invited him to her house; and, seeing him struck dumb with the rare loveliness of Nora, whispered the hint of the dower. The fashionable solicitor, who afterward ripened into Baron Levy, did not need that hint; for, though then poor, he relied on himself for fortune, and, unlike Randal, he had warm blood in his veins. But Lady Jane's suggestions made him sanguine of success; and when he formally proposed, and was as formally refused, his self-love was bitterly wounded. Vanity in Levy was a powerful passion; and with the vain, hatred is strong, revenge is rankling. Levy retired, concealing his rage; nor did he himself know how vindictive that rage, when it cooled into malignancy, could become, until the arch-fiend OPPORTUNITY prompted its indulgence and suggested its design.

Lady Jane was at first very angry with Nora for the rejection of a suitor whom she had presented as eligible. But the pathetic grace of this wonderful girl had crept into her heart, and softened it even against family prejudice; and she gradually owned to herself that Nora was worthy of some one better than Mr. Levy.

Now, Harley had ever believed that Nora returned his love, and that nothing but her own sense of gratitude to his parents—her own instincts of delicacy, made her deaf to his prayers. To do him justice, wild and headstrong as he then was, his suit would have ceased at once had he really deemed it persecution. Nor was his error unnatural; for his conversation, till it had revealed his own heart, could not fail to have dazzled and delighted the child of genius; and her frank eyes would have shown the delight. How, at his age, could he see the distinction between the Poetess and the Woman? The poetess was charmed with rare promise in a soul of which the very errors were the extravagances of

richness and beauty. But the woman—no! the woman required some nature not yet undeveloped, and all at turbulent if brilliant strife with its own noble elements—but a nature formed and full grown. Harley was a boy, and Nora was one of those women who must find or fancy an Ideal that commands and almost awes them into love.

Harley discovered, not without difficulty, Nora's new residence. He presented himself at Lady Jane's, and she, with grave rebuke, forbade him the house. He found it impossible to obtain an interview with Nora. He wrote, but he felt sure that his letters never reached her, since they were unanswered. His young heart swelled with rage. He dropped threats, which alarmed all the fears of Lady Lansmere, and even the prudent apprehensions of his friend, Audley Egerton. At the request of the mother, and equally at the wish the son, Audley consented to visit at Lady Jane's, and make acquaintance with Nora.

"I have such confidence in you," said Lady Lansmere, "that if you once know the girl, your advice will be sure to have weight with her. You will show her how wicked it would be to let Harley break our hearts and degrade his station."

"I have such confidence in you," said young Harley, "that if you once know my Nora, you will no longer side with my mother. You will recognize the nobility which Nature only can create—you will own that Nora is worthy a rank more lofty than mine; and my mother so believes in your wisdom, that if you plead in my cause, you will convince even her."

Audley listened to both with his intelligent, half-incredulous smile; and wholly of the same advice as Lady Lansmere, and sincerely anxious to save Harley from an indiscretion that his own notions led him to regard as fatal, he resolved to examine this boasted pearl, and to find out its flaws. Audley Egerton was then in the prime of his earnest, resolute, ambitious youth. The stateliness of his natural manners had then a suavity and polish which, even in later and busier life, it never wholly lost; since, in spite of the briefer words and the colder looks by which care and powers mark the official man, the Minister had ever enjoyed that personal popularity which the indefinable, external something, that wins and pleases, can alone confer. But he had even then, as ever, that felicitous reserve which Rochefoucault has called the "mystery of the body"—that thin yet guardian vail which reveals but the strong outlines of character, and excites so much of interest by provoking so much of conjecture. To the man who is born with this reserve, which is wholly distinct from shyness, the world gives credit for qualities and talents beyond those that it perceives; and such characters are attractive to others in proportion as these last are gifted with the imagination which loves to divine the unknown.

At the first interview, the impression which this man produced upon Nora Avenel was profound and strange. She had heard of him before as the one whom Harley most loved and looked

up to; and she recognized at once in his mien, his aspect, his words, the very tone of his deep tranquil voice, the power to which woman, whatever her intellect, never attains; and to which, therefore, she imputes a nobility not always genuine—viz., the power of deliberate purpose, and self-collected, serene ambition. The effect that Nora produced on Egerton was not less sudden. He was startled by a beauty of face and form that belonged to that rarest order, which we never behold but once or twice in our lives. He was yet more amazed to discover that the aristocracy of mind could bestow a grace that no aristocracy of birth could surpass. He was prepared for a simple, blushing village girl, and involuntarily he bowed low his proud front at the first sight of that delicate bloom, and that exquisite gentleness which is woman's surest passport to the respect of man. Neither in the first, nor the second, nor the third interview, nor, indeed, till after many interviews, could he summon up courage to commence his mission, and allude to Harley. And when he did so at last, his words faltered. But Nora's words were clear to him. He saw that Harley was not loved; and a joy that he felt as guilty, darted through his whole frame. From that interview Audley returned home greatly agitated, and at war with himself. Often, in the course of this story, has it been hinted that under all Egerton's external coldness, and measured self-control, lay a nature capable of strong and stubborn passions. Those passions broke forth then. He felt that love had already entered into the heart, which the trust of his friend should have sufficed to guard.

"I will go there no more," said he, abruptly, to Harley.

"But why?"

"The girl does not love you. Cease then to think of her."

Harley disbelieved him, and grew indignant. But Audley had every worldly motive to assist his sense of honor. He was poor, though with the reputation of wealth—deeply involved in debt—resolved to rise in life—tenacious of his position in the world's esteem. Against a host of counteracting influences, love fought single-handed. Audley's was a strong nature; but, alas! in strong natures, if resistance to temptation is of granite, so the passions that they admit are of fire.

Trite is the remark, that the destinies of our lives often date from the impulses of unguarded moments. It was so with this man, to an ordinary eye so cautious and so deliberate. Harley one day came to him in great grief; he had heard that Nora was ill; he implored Audley to go once more and ascertain. Audley went. Lady Jane Horton, who was suffering under a disease which not long afterward proved fatal, was too ill to receive him. He was shown into the room set apart as Nora's. While waiting for her entrance, he turned mechanically over the leaves of an album which Nora, suddenly summoned away to attend Lady Jane, had left behind her on the

table. He saw the sketch of his own features; he read words inscribed below it—words of such artless tenderness, and such unhoping sorrow—words written by one who had been accustomed to regard her genius as her sole confidant, under Heaven, to pour out to it, as the solitary poet-heart is impelled to do, thoughts, feelings, and confession of mystic sighs, which it would never breathe to a living ear, and, save at such moments, scarcely acknowledge to itself. Audley saw that he was beloved, and the revelation, with a sudden light, consumed all the barriers between himself and his own love. And at that moment Nora entered. She saw him bending over the book. She uttered a cry—sprang forward—and then sank down, covering her face with her hands. But Audley was at her feet. He forgot his friend, his trust; he forgot ambition—he forgot the world. It was his own cause that he pleaded—his own love that burst forth from his lips. And when the two that day parted, they were betrothed each to each. Alas for them, and alas for Harley!

And now this man, who had hitherto valued himself as the very type of gentleman—whom all his young contemporaries had so regarded and so revered—had to press the head of a confiding friend and bid adieu to truth. He had to amuse, to delay, to mislead his boy-rival—to say that he was already subduing Nora's hesitating doubts—and that within a little time, she could be induced to consent to forget Harley's rank, and his parent's pride, and become his wife. And Harley believed in Egerton, without one suspicion on the mirror of his loyal soul.

Meanwhile Audley impatient of his own position—impatient, as strong minds ever are, to hasten what they have once resolved—to terminate a suspense that every interview with Harley tortured alike by jealousy and shame—to put himself out of the reach of scruples, and to say to himself, "Right or wrong, there is no looking back; the deed is done;"—Audley, thus hurried on by the impetus of his own power of will, pressed for speedy and secret nuptials—secret till his fortunes, then wavering, were more assured—his career fairly commenced. This was not his strongest motive, though it was one. He shrank from the discovery of his wrong to his friend—desired to delay the self-humiliation of such announcement, until, as he persuaded himself, Harley's boyish passion was over—had yielded to the new allurements that would naturally beset his way. Stifling his conscience, Audley sought to convince himself that the day would soon come when Harley could hear with indifference that Nora Avenel was another's. "The dream of an hour, at his age," murmured the elder friend; "but at mine, the passion of a life!" He did not speak of these latter motives for concealment to Nora. He felt that, to own the extent of his treason to a friend, would lower him in her eyes. He spoke therefore but slightly of Harley—treated the boy's suit as a thing past and gone. He dwelt only on reasons that com-

pelled self-sacrifice on his side or hers. She did not hesitate which to choose. And so, where Nora loved, so submissively did she believe in the superiority of the lover, that she would not pause to hear a murmur from her own loftier nature, or question the propriety of what he deemed wise and good.

Abandoning prudence in this arch affair of life, Audley still preserved his customary caution in minor details. And this indeed was characteristic of him throughout all his career—heedless in large things—wary in small. He would not trust Lady Jane Horton with his secret, still less Lady Lansmere. He simply represented to the former, that Nora was no longer safe from Harley's determined pursuit under Lady Jane's roof, and that she had better elude the boy's knowledge of her movements, and go quietly away for a while, to lodge with some connection of her own.

And so, with Lady Jane's acquiescence, Nora went first to the house of a very distant kinswoman of her mother's, and afterward to one that Egerton took as their bridal home, under the name of Bertram. He arranged all that might render their marriage most free from the chance of premature discovery. But it so happened, on the very morning of their bridal, that one of the witnesses he selected (a confidential servant of his own) was seized with apoplexy. Considering, in haste, where to find a substitute, Egerton thought of Levy, his own private solicitor, his own fashionable money-lender, a man with whom he was then as intimate as a fine gentleman is with the lawyer of his own age, who knows all his affairs, and has helped from pure friendship, to make them as bad as they are! Levy was thus suddenly summoned. Egerton, who was in great haste, did not at first communicate to him the name of the intended bride; but he said enough of the imprudence of the marriage, and his reasons for secrecy, to bring on himself the strongest remonstrances; for Levy had always reckoned on Egerton's making a wealthy marriage, leaving to Egerton the wife, and hoping to appropriate to himself the wealth, all in the natural course of business. Egerton did not listen to him, but hurried him on toward the place at which the ceremony was to be performed; and Levy actually saw the bride, before he had learned her name. The usurer masked his raging emotions, and fulfilled his part in the rites. His smile, when he congratulated the bride, might have shot cold into her heart; but her eyes were cast on the earth, seeing there but a shadow from heaven, and her heart was blindly sheltering itself in the bosom to which it was given evermore. She did not perceive the smile of hate that barbed the words of joy. Nora never thought it necessary later to tell Egerton that Levy had been a refused suitor. Indeed, with the exquisite taste of love, she saw that such a confidence, the idea of such a rival, would have wounded the pride of her high-bred, well-born husband.

And now, while Harley L'Estrange, frantic with the news that Nora had left Lady Jane's roof, and purposely misled into wrong directions, was seeking to trace her refuge in vain—now Egerton, in an assumed name, in a remote quarter, far from the clubs in which his word was oracular—far from the pursuits, whether of pastime or toil, that had hitherto engrossed his active mind, gave himself up, with wonder at himself, to the only vision of fairyland that ever weighs down the watchful eyelids of hard Ambition. The world for a while shut out, he missed it not. He knew not of it. He looked into two loving eyes that haunted him ever after, through a stern and arid existence, and said murmuringly, "Why, this, then, is real happiness!" Often, often, in the solitude of other years, to repeat to himself the same words, save that for *is*, he then murmured *was*! And Nora, with her grand, full heart, all her luxuriant wealth of fancy and of thought, child of light and of song, did she then never discover that there was something comparatively narrow and sterile in the nature to which she had linked her fate? Not there, could ever be sympathy in feelings, brilliant and shifting as the tints of the rainbow. When Audley pressed her heart to his own, could he comprehend one finer throb of its beating? Was all the iron of his mind worth one grain of the gold she had cast away in Harley's love?

Did Nora already discover this? Surely no. Genius feels no want, no repining, while the heart is contented. Genius in her paused and slumbered: it had been as the ministrant of solitude: it was needed no more. If a woman loves deeply some one below her own grade in the mental and spiritual orders, how often we see that she unconsciously quits her own rank, comes meekly down to the level of the beloved, is afraid lest he should deem her the superior—she who would not even be the equal. Nora knew no more that she had genius; she only knew that she had love.

And so here, the journal which Leonard was reading changed its tone, sinking into that quiet happiness which is but quiet because it is so deep. This interlude in the life of a man like Audley Egerton could never have been long; many circumstances conspired to abridge it. His affairs were in great disorder; they were all under Levy's management. Demands that had before slumbered, or been mildly urged, grew menacing and clamorous. Harley, too, returned to London from his futile researches, and looked out for Audley. Audley was forced to leave his secret Eden, and re-appear in the common world; and thenceforward it was only by stealth that he came to his bridal home—a visitor, no more the inmate. But more loud and fierce grew the demands of his creditors, now when Egerton had most need of all which respectability, and position, and belief of pecuniary independence can do to raise the man who has encumbered his arms, and crippled his steps toward fortune. He was threatened with writs, with prisons. Levy said

"that to borrow more would be but larger ruin"—shrugged his shoulders, and even recommended a voluntary retreat to the King's Bench. "No place so good for frightening one's creditors into compounding their claims; but why," added Levy, with covert sneer, "why not go to young L'Estrange—a boy made to be borrowed from?"

Levy, who had known from Lady Jane of Harley's pursuit of Nora, had learned already how to avenge himself on Egerton. Audley could not apply to the friend he had betrayed. And as to other friends, no man in town had a greater number. And no man in town knew better that he should lose them all if he were once known to be in want of their money. Mortified, harassed, tortured—shunning Harley—yet ever sought by him—fearful of each knock at his door, Audley Egerton escaped to the mortgaged remnant of his paternal estate, on which there was a gloomy manor-house long uninhabited, and there applied a mind, afterward renowned for its quick comprehension of business, to the investigation of his affairs, with a view to save some wreck from the flood that swelled momentarily around him.

And now—to condense as much as possible a record that runs darkly on into pain and sorrow—now Levy began to practice his vindictive arts; and the arts gradually prevailed. On pretense of assisting Egerton in the arrangement of his affairs—which he secretly contrived, however, still more to complicate—he came down frequently to Egerton Hall for a few hours, arriving by the mail, and watching the effect which Nora's almost daily letters produced on the bridegroom, irritated by the practical cares of life. He was thus constantly at hand to instill into the mind of the ambitious man a regret for the imprudence of hasty passion, or to embitter the remorse which Audley felt for his treachery to L'Estrange. Thus ever bringing before the mind of the harassed debtor images at war with love, and with the poetry of life, he disattuned it (so to speak) for the reception of Nora's letters, all musical as they were with such thoughts as the most delicate fancy inspires to the most earnest love. Egerton was one of those men who never confide their affairs frankly to women. Nora, when she thus wrote, was wholly in the dark as to the extent of his stern prosaic distress. And so—and so—Levy always near—(type of the prose of life in its most cynic form)—so, by degrees, all that redundant affluence of affection, with its gushes of grief for his absence, prayers for his return, sweet reproach if a post failed to bring back an answer to the woman's yearning sighs—all this grew, to the sensible, positive man of real life, like sickly romantic exaggeration. The bright arrows shot too high into heaven to hit the mark set so near to the earth. Ah! common fate of all superior natures! What treasure, and how wildly wasted!

"By-the-by," said Levy, one morning, as he was about to take leave of Audley and return to town—"by-the-by, I shall be this evening in the neighborhood of Mrs. Egerton."

EGERTON.—"Say Mrs. Bertram!"

LEVY.—"Ay; will she not be in want of some pecuniary supplies?"

EGERTON.—"My wife!—not yet. I must first be wholly ruined before she can want; and if I were so, do you think I should not be by her side?"

LEVY.—"I beg pardon, my dear fellow; your pride of gentleman is so susceptible that it is hard for a lawyer not to wound it unawares. Your wife, then, does not know the exact state of your affairs?"

EGERTON.—"Of course not. Who would confide to a woman things in which she could do nothing, except to tease one the more?"

LEVY.—"True, and a poetess, too! I have prevented your finishing your answer to Mrs. Bertram's last letter. Can I take it—it may save a day's delay—that is, if you do not object to my calling on her this evening."

EGERTON (sitting down to his unfinished letter).—"Object! no!"

LEVY (looking at his watch).—"Be quick, or I shall lose the coach."

EGERTON (sealing the letter).—"There. And I should be obliged to you if you *would* call; and without alarming her as to my circumstances, you can just say that you know I am much harassed about important affairs at present, and so soothe the effects of my very short answers—"

LEVY.—"To those doubly-crossed, very long letters—I will."

"Poor Nora," said Egerton, sighing, "she will think this answer brief and churlish enough. Explain my excuses kindly, so that they will serve for the future. I really have no time, and no heart for sentiment. The little I ever had is well-nigh worried out of me. Still I love her fondly and deeply."

LEVY.—"You must have done so. I never thought it in you to sacrifice the world to a woman."

EGERTON.—"Nor I either; but," added the strong man, conscious of that power which rules the world infinitely more than knowledge—conscious of tranquil courage—"but I have not sacrificed the world yet. This right arm shall bear up her and myself too."

LEVY.—"Well said! But in the mean while, for heaven's sake, don't attempt to go to London, nor to leave this place; for, in that case, I know you will be arrested, and then adieu to all hopes of Parliament—of a career."

Audley's haughty countenance darkened; as the dog, in his bravest mood, turns dismayed from the stone plucked from the mire, so, when Ambition rears itself to defy mankind, whisper "disgrace and a jail," and, lo, crest-fallen, it slinks away! That evening Levy called on Nora, and ingratiating himself into her favor by praise of Egerton, with indirect humble apologetic allusions to his own former presumption, he prepared the way to renewed visits; she was so lonely, and she so loved to see one who was fresh from seeing Audley—one who would talk to her of *him*! By degrees the friendly respectful vis-

itor thus stole into her confidence; and then, with all his panegyrics on Audley's superior powers and gifts, he began to dwell upon the young husband's worldly aspirations, and care for his career; dwelt on them so as vaguely to alarm Nora—to imply that, dear as she was, she was still but second to Ambition. His way thus prepared, he next began to insinuate his respectful pity at her equivocal position, dropped hints of gossip and slander, feared that the marriage might be owned too late to preserve reputation. And then what would be the feelings of the proud Egerton if his wife were excluded from that world, whose opinion he so prized? Insensibly thus he led her on to express (though timidly) her own fear—her own natural desire, in her letters to Audley. When could the marriage be proclaimed? Proclaimed! Audley felt that to proclaim such a marriage, at such a moment, would be to fling away his last cast for fame and fortune. And Harley, too—Harley still so uncured of his frantic love. Levy was sure to be at hand when letters like these arrived.

And now Levy went further still in his determination to alienate these two hearts. He contrived, by means of his various agents, to circulate through Nora's neighborhood the very slanders at which he had hinted. He contrived that she should be insulted when she went abroad, outraged at home by the sneers of her own servant, and tremble with shame at her own shadow upon her abandoned bridal hearth.

Just in the midst of this intolerable anguish, Levy reappeared. His crowning hour was ripe. He intimated his knowledge of the humiliations Nora had undergone, expressed his deep compassion, offered to intercede with Egerton "to do her justice." He used ambiguous phrases that shocked her ear and tortured her heart, and thus provoked her on to demand him to explain; and then, throwing her into a wild state of indefinite alarm, in which he obtained her solemn promise not to divulge to Audley what he was about to communicate, he said, with villainous hypocrisy of reluctant shame, "that her marriage was not strictly legal; that the forms required by the law had not been complied with; that Audley, unintentionally or purposely, had left himself free to disown the rite and desert the bride." While Nora stood stunned and speechless at a falsehood which, with lawyer-like show, he contrived to make truth-like to her inexperience, he hurried rapidly on, to reawake on her mind the impression of Audley's pride, ambition, and respect for worldly position. "These are your obstacles," said he; "but I think I may induce him to repair the wrong, and right you at last." Righted at last—oh infamy!

Then Nora's anger burst forth. She believed such a stain on Audley's honor!

"But where was the honor when he betrayed his friend? Did you not know that he was intrusted by Lord L'Estrange to plead for him. How did he fulfill the trust?"

Plead for L'Estrange! Nora had not been ex-

actly aware of this. In the sudden love preceding those sudden nuptials, so little touching Harley (beyond Audley's first timid allusions to his suit, and her calm and cold reply) had been spoken by either.

Levy resumed. He dwelt fully on the trust and the breach of it, and then said—"In Egerton's world, man holds it far more dishonor to betray a man than to dupe a woman; and if Egerton could do the one, why doubt that he would do the other? But do not look at me with those indignant eyes. Put himself to the test; write to him to say that the suspicions amid which you live have become intolerable—that they infect even yourself, despite your reason—that the secrecy of your nuptials, his prolonged absence, his brief refusal, on unsatisfactory grounds, to proclaim your tie, all distract you with a terrible doubt. Ask him, at least (if he will not yet declare your marriage), to satisfy you that the rites were legal."

"I will go to him," cried Nora impetuously.

"Go to him!—in his own house! What a scene, what a scandal! Could he ever forgive you?"

"At least, then, I will implore him to come here. I can not write such horrible words; I can not—I can not—Go, go."

Levy left her, and hastened to two or three of Audley's most pressing creditors—men, in fact, who went entirely by Levy's own advice. He bade them instantly surround Audley's country residence with bailiffs. Before Egerton could reach Nora, he would thus be lodged in a jail. These preparations made, Levy himself went down to Audley, and arrived, as usual, an hour or two before the delivery of the post.

And Nora's letter came; and never was Audley's grave brow more dark than when he read it. Still, with his usual decision, he resolved to obey her wish—rang the bell, and ordered his servant to put up a change of dress, and send for post-horses.

Levy then took him aside, and led him to the window.

"Look under yon trees. Do you see those men? They are bailiffs. This is the true reason why I come to you to-day. You can not leave this house."

Egerton recoiled. "And this frantic, foolish letter at such a time," he muttered, striking the open page, full of love in the midst of terror, with his clenched hand.

O Woman, Woman! if thy heart be deep, and its chords tender, beware how thou lovest the man with whom all that plucks him from the hard cares of the work-day world is a frenzy or a folly! He will break thy heart, he will shatter its chords, he will trample out from its delicate frame-work every sound that now makes musical the common air, and swells into unison with the harps of angels.

"She has before written to me," continued Audley, pacing the room with angry, disordered strides, "asking me when our marriage can be pro-

claimed, and I thought my replies would have satisfied any reasonable woman. But now, now this is worse, immeasurably worse—she actually doubts my honor! I, who have made such sacrifices—actually doubts whether I, Audley Egerton, an English gentleman, could have been base enough to—”

“What?” interrupted Levy, “to deceive your friend L’Estrange? Did not she know *that*?”

“Sir,” exclaimed Egerton, turning white.

“Don’t be angry—all’s fair in love as in war; and L’Estrange will live yet to thank you for saving him from such a *mésalliance*. But you are seriously angry; pray, forgive me.”

With some difficulty, and much fawning, the usurer appeased the storm he had raised in Audley’s conscience. And he then heard, as if with surprise, the true purport of Nora’s letter.

“It is beneath me to answer, much less to satisfy such a doubt,” said Audley. “I could have seen her, and a look of reproach would have sufficed; but to put my hand to paper, and condescend to write, ‘I am not a villain, and I will give you the proofs that I am not’—never.”

“You are quite right; but let us see if we can not reconcile matters between your pride and her feelings. Write simply this: ‘All that you ask me to say or to explain, I have instructed Levy, as my solicitor, to say and explain for me; and you may believe him as you would myself.’”

“Well, the poor fool, she deserves to be punished; and I suppose that answer will punish her more than a lengthier rebuke. My mind is so distracted I can not judge of these trumpery woman-fears and whims; there, I have written as you suggest. Give her all the proof she needs, and tell her that in six months at farthest, come what will, she shall bear the name of Egerton, as henceforth she must share his fate.”

“Why say six months?”

“Parliament must be dissolved before then. I shall either obtain a seat, be secure from a jail, have won field for my energies, or—”

“Or what?”

“I shall renounce ambition altogether—ask my brother to assist me toward whatever debts remain when all my property is fairly sold—they can not be much. He has a living in his gift—the incumbent is old, and, I hear, very ill. I can take orders.”

“Sink into a country parson!”

“And learn content. I have tasted it already. She was *then* by my side. Explain all to her. This letter, I fear, is too unkind—But to doubt me thus!”

Levy hastily placed the letter in his pocket-book; and, for fear it should be withdrawn, took his leave.

And of that letter he made such use, that the day after he had given it to Nora, she had left the house—the neighborhood; fled, and not a trace! Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time most annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart

—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love. The moment the anchor snaps, the storm comes on—the stars vanish behind the cloud.

When Levy returned, filled with the infamous hope which had stimulated his revenge—the hope that if he could succeed in changing into scorn and indignation Nora’s love for Audley, he might succeed also in replacing that broken and degraded idol—his amaze and dismay were great on hearing of her departure. For several days he sought her traces in vain. He went to Lady Jane Horton’s—Nora had not been there. He trembled to go back to Egerton. Surely Nora would have written to her husband, and, in spite of her promise, revealed his own falsehood; but as days passed and not a clew was found, he had no option but to repair to Egerton Hall, taking care that the bailiffs still surrounded it. Audley had received no line from Nora. The young husband was surprised and perplexed, uneasy—but had no suspicion of the truth.

At length Levy was forced to break to Audley the intelligence of Nora’s flight. He gave his own color to it. Doubtless she had gone to seek her own relations, and take, by their advice, steps to make her marriage publicly known. This idea changed Audley’s first shock into deep and stern resentment. His mind so little comprehended Nora’s, and was ever so disposed to what is called the common-sense view of things, that he saw no other mode to account for her flight and her silence. Odious to Egerton as such a proceeding would be, he was far too proud to take any steps to guard against it. “Let her do her worst,” said he, coldly, masking emotion with his usual self-command; “it will be but a nine-days’ wonder to the world—a fiercer rush of my creditors on their hunted prey—”

“And a challenge from Lord L’Estrange.”

“So be it,” answered Egerton, suddenly placing his hand at his heart.

“What is the matter? Are you ill?”

“A strange sensation here. My father died of a complaint of the heart, and I myself was once told to guard, through life, against excess of emotion. I smiled at such a warning then. Let us sit down to business.”

But when Levy had gone, and solitude reclosed round that Man of the Iron Mask, there grew upon him more and more the sense of a mighty loss, Nora’s sweet loving face started from the shadows of the forlorn walls. Her docile, yielding temper—her generous, self-immolating spirit—came back to his memory, to refute the idea that wronged her. His love, that had been suspended for awhile by busy cares, but which, if without much refining sentiment, was still the master-passion of his soul, flowed back into all his thoughts—circumfused the very atmosphere with a fearful softening charm. He escaped under cover of the night from the watch of the bailiffs. He arrived in London. He himself sought every where he could think of for his missing bride. Lady Jane Horton was confined

to her bed, dying fast—incapable even to receive and reply to his letter. He secretly sent down to Lansmere to ascertain if Nora had gone to her parents. She was not there. The Avenels believed her still with Lady Jane Horton.

He now grew most seriously alarmed; and, in the midst of that alarm, Levy contrived that he should be arrested for debt; but he was not detained in confinement many days. Before the disgrace got wind, the writs were discharged—Levy baffled. He was free. Lord L'Estrange had learned from Audley's servant what Audley would have concealed from him out of all the world. And the generous boy—who, besides the munificent allowance he received from the Earl, was heir to an independent and considerable fortune of his own, when he should obtain his majority—hastened to borrow the money and discharge all the obligations of his friend. The benefit was conferred before Audley knew of it, or could prevent. Then a new emotion, and perhaps scarce less stinging than the loss of Nora, tortured the man who had smiled at the warning of science; and the strange sensation at the heart was felt again and again.

And Harley, too, was still in search of Nora—would talk of nothing but her—and looked so haggard and grief-worn. The bloom of the boy's youth was gone. Could Audley then have said, "She you seek is another's; your love is razed out of your life. And, for consolation, learn that your friend has betrayed you?" Could Audley say this? He did not dare. Which of the two suffered the most?

And these two friends, of characters so different, were so singularly attached to each other. Inseparable at school—thrown together in the world, with a wealth of frank confidences between them, accumulated since childhood. And now, in the midst of all his own anxious sorrow, Harley still thought and planned for Egerton. And self-accusing remorse, and all the sense of painful gratitude, deepened Audley's affection for Harley into a devotion as to a superior, while softening it into a reverential pity that yearned to relieve, to atone;—but how—oh; how?

A general election was now at hand, still no news of Nora. Levy kept aloof from Audley, pursuing his own silent search. A seat for the borough of Lansmere was pressed upon Audley not only by Harley, but his parents, especially by the Countess, who tacitly ascribed to Audley's wise counsels Nora's mysterious disappearance.

Egerton at first resisted the thought of a new obligation to his injured friend; but he burned to have it some day in his power to repay at least his pecuniary debt: the sense of that debt humbled him more than all else. Parliamentary success might at last obtain for him some lucrative situation abroad, and thus enable him gradually to remove this load from his heart and his honor. No other chance of repayment appeared open to him. He accepted the offer, and went down to Lansmere. His brother, lately married, was asked to meet him; and there, also, was Miss

Leslie the heiress, whom Lady Lansmere secretly hoped her son Harley would admire, but who had long since, no less secretly, given her heart to the unconscious Egerton.

Meanwhile, the miserable Nora, deceived by the arts and representations of Levy—acting on the natural impulse of a heart so susceptible to shame—flying from a home which she deemed dishonored—flying from a lover whose power over her she knew to be so great, that she dreaded lest he might reconcile her to dishonor itself—had no thought save to hide herself forever from Audley's eye. She would not go to her relations—to Lady Jane; that were to give the clew, and invite the pursuit. An Italian lady of high rank had visited at Lady Jane's—taken a great fancy to Nora—and the lady's husband, having been obliged to precede her return to Italy, had suggested the notion of engaging some companion—the lady had spoken of this to Nora and to Lady Jane Horton, who had urged Nora to accept the offer, elude Harley's pursuit, and go abroad for a time. Nora then had refused;—for she then had seen Audley Egerton.

To this Italian lady she now went, and the offer was renewed with the most winning kindness, and grasped at in the passion of despair. But the Italian had accepted invitations to English country houses before she finally departed for the Continent. Meanwhile Nora took refuge in a quiet lodging in a sequestered suburb, which an English servant in the employment of the fair foreigner recommended. Thus had she first come to the cottage in which Burley died. Shortly afterward she left England with her new companion, unknown to all—to Lady Jane as to her parents.

All this time the poor girl was under a moral delirium—a confused fever—haunted by dreams from which she sought to fly. Sound physiologists agree that madness is rarest among persons of the finest imagination. But those persons are, of all others, liable to a temporary state of mind in which judgment sleeps—imagination alone prevails with a dire and awful tyranny. A single idea gains ascendancy—expels all others—presents itself every where with an intolerable blinding glare. Nora was at that time under the dread one idea—to fly from shame!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HENRY CLAY.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

WE have just returned from the Park and City-Hall, and from witnessing the long procession, "melancholy, slow," that accompanied the remains of the "Great Commoner" and great statesman, HENRY CLAY, to their temporary resting-place in the Governor's Room. It was not the weeping flags at half-mast throughout the city; not the tolling of the bells, the solemn booming of the minute-guns, nor the plaintive strains of funereal music, which brought the tears to the eyes of thousands, as the mournful cavalcade passed on. For here were the lifeless limbs, the dimmed eye, the hushed voice, that

never should move, nor sparkle, nor resound in eloquent tones again!

The last time we had seen Henry Clay was, standing in an open barouche, on the very spot where his hearse now paused, in front of the City-Hall. He was addressing then a vast concourse of his fellow-citizens, who had assembled to do him honor; and never shall we forget the exquisite grace of his gestures, the melodious tones of his matchless voice, and the *interior look* of his eyes—as if he were rather spoken *from*, than *speaking*. It was an occasion not to be forgotten.

It is proposed, in the present article, to afford the reader some opportunity of judging of the character and manner of Mr. Clay, both as an orator and a man, and of his general habits, from a few characteristic anecdotes and incidents, which have been well authenticated heretofore, or are now for the first time communicated to the writer. Biography, in Mr. Clay's case, has already occupied much of the space of all our public journals; we shall, therefore, omit particulars which are now more or less familiar to the general reader.

It was the remark of a distinguished Senator, that Mr. Clay's eloquence was absolutely intangible to delineation; that the most labored and thrilling description could not embrace it; and that, to be understood, it must be *seen* and *felt*. During his long public life he enchanted millions, and no one could tell *how* he did it. He was *an orator by nature*. His eagle eye burned with true patriotic ardor, or flashed indignation and defiance upon his foes, or was suffused with tears of commiseration or of pity; and it was because *he* felt, that he made *others* feel. "The clear conception, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object"—*this* was the eloquence of Henry Clay; or, rather, to pursue the definition, "it was something greater and higher than eloquence; it was *action*—noble, sublime, God-like."

While the coffin containing all that remained of the great Orator of Nature was being carried up the steps of the City-Hall, a by-stander remarked, in hearing of the writer:

Well, we never shall look upon *his* like again. What an orator he was! I heard him speak but once, yet that once I shall always remember. It was a good many years ago, now. It was in the immense car-house, or *dépôt*, at Syracuse. The crowd was immense; and every eye was turned toward the platform from which he was to speak, as if the whole crowd were but one expectant face.

Presently he arose—tall, erect as a statue; looked familiarly around upon the audience, as if he were in an assembly of personal friends (as in truth he was), and began. He commenced amidst the most breathless silence; and as he warmed up with his subject, there was not a look of his eye, not a movement of his long, graceful right arm, not a swaying of his body, that was

not full of grace and effect. Such a voice I never heard. It was wonderful!*

Once he took out his snuff-box, and, after taking a pinch of snuff, and returning the box to his pocket, he illustrated a point which he was making by an anecdote:

"While I was abroad," said he, "laboring to arrange the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, there appeared a report of the negotiations, or letters relative thereto; and several quotations from my remarks or letters, touching certain stipulations in the treaty, reached Kentucky, and were read by my constituents.

"Among them, was an odd old fellow, who went by the nickname of '*Old Sandusky*,' and he was reading one of these letters, one evening, at a near resort, to a small collection of the neighbors. As he read on, he came across the sentence, '*This must be deemed a sine qua non.*'"

"'What's a *sine qua non*?' said a half-dozen by-standers:

"'Old Sandusky' was a little bothered at first, but his good sense and natural shrewdness was fully equal to a 'mastery of the Latin.'

"'Sine—qua—non?' said 'Old Sandusky,' repeating the question very slowly; 'why, *Sine Qua Non* is three islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, and Harry Clay is the last man to give them up! 'No *Sine Qua Non*, no treaty,' he says; and he'll stick to it!'"

You should have seen the laughing eye, the change in the speaker's voice and manner, said the narrator, to understand the electric effect the story had upon the audience.

Previous to Mr. Clay's entrance upon public life in the service of his country, and while he was yet young in the practice of the law, in Kentucky, the following striking incident is related of him:

Two Germans, father and son, were indicted for murder, and were tried for the crime. Mr. Clay was employed to defend them. The act of killing was proved by evidence so clear and strong, that it was considered not only a case of murder, but an exceedingly aggravated one. The trial lasted five days, at the close of which he addressed the jury in the most impassioned and eloquent manner; and they were so moved by his pathetic appeals, that they rendered a verdict of manslaughter only. After another hard day's struggle, he succeeded in obtaining an arrest of judgment, by which his clients, in whose case he thought there was an absence of all "malice prepense," were set at liberty.

* A gentleman, after hearing one of Mr. Clay's magnificent performances in the Senate, thus describes him: "Every muscle of the orator's face was at work. His whole body seemed agitated, as if each part was instinct with a separate life; and his small white hand, with its blue veins apparently distended almost to bursting, moved gracefully, but with all the energy of rapid and vehement gesture. The appearance of the speaker seemed that of a pure intellect, wrought up to its mightiest energies, and brightly shining through the thin and transparent vail of flesh that invested it." It is much to be lamented that no painting exists of the departed statesman that really does him justice. What a treasure to the country, and to the friends of the "Great Commoner," would be a portrait, at this time, from the faithful and glowing pencil of our pre-eminent artist, Elliott! But it is now "too late."

They expressed their gratitude in the warmest terms to their deliverer, in which they were joined by an old and ill-favored female, the wife of one and the mother of the other, who adopted a different mode, however, of tendering her thanks, which was by throwing her arms round Mr. Clay's neck, and repeatedly kissing him, in the presence of a crowded court-room!

Mr. Clay respected her feelings too much to repulse her; but he was often afterward heard to say, that it was "the longest and strongest embrace he ever encountered in his professional practice!"

In civil suits, at this period, Mr. Clay gained almost equal celebrity, and especially in the settlement of land claims, at that time an important element in Western litigation. It is related of him, at this stage of his career, that being engaged in a case which involved immense interests, he associated with him a prominent lawyer to whom he intrusted its management, as urgent business demanded his absence from court. Two days were occupied in discussing the legal points that were to govern the instructions of the court to the jury, on every one of which his colleague was frustrated. Mr. Clay returned, however, before a decision was rendered, and without acquainting himself with the nature of the testimony, or ascertaining the manner in which the discussion had been conducted, after conferring a few moments with his associate, he prepared and presented in a few words the form in which he wished the instructions to be given, accompanying it with his reasons, which were so convincing that the suit was terminated in his favor in less than one hour after he re-entered the court-room.

Thus early, and in a career merely professional, did Henry Clay commence his sway over the minds of deliberative men.

The subjoined incident, connected with Mr. Clay's style of "stump-speaking" is related in "Mallory's Life" of our illustrious subject. It illustrates his tact and ingenuity in seizing and turning to good account trivial circumstances:

Mr. Clay had been speaking for some time, when a company of riflemen, who had been performing military exercise, attracted by his attitude, concluded to "go and hear what the fellow had to say," as they termed it, and accordingly drew near. They listened with respectful attention, and evidently with deep interest, until he closed, when one of their number, a man of about fifty years of age, who had seen much back-wood's service, stood leaning on his rifle, regarding the young speaker with a fixed and sagacious look.

He was apparently the Nimrod of the company, for he exhibited every characteristic of a "mighty hunter." He had buckskin breeches, and hunting-shirt, coon-skin cap, black bushy beard, and a visage of the color and texture of his bullet-pouch. At his belt hung the knife and hatchet, and the huge, indispensable powder-horn across a breast bare and brown as the hills he traversed in his forays, yet it covered a brave and noble heart.

He beckoned with his hand to Mr. Clay to approach him.

Mr. Clay immediately complied.

"Young man," said he, "you want to go to the Legislature, I see."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Clay; "yes, I *should* like to go, since my friends have put me up as a candidate before the people. I don't wish to be defeated, of course; few people do."

"Are you a good shot, young man?" asked the hunter.

"I consider myself as good as any in the county."

"Then you shall go: but you must give us a specimen of your skill; we must see you shoot."

"I never shoot any rifle but my own, and that is at home," said the young orator.

"No matter," quickly responded the hunter, here's *Old Bess*; she never failed yet in the hands of a marksman. She has put a bullet through many a squirrel's head at a hundred yards, and day-light through many a red-skin *twice* that distance. If you can shoot *any* gun, young man, you can shoot 'Old Bess!'"

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Clay, "put up your mark! put up your mark!"

The target was placed at about the distance of eighty yards, when, with all the coolness and steadiness of an old experienced marksman, he drew "*Old Bess*" to his shoulder, and fired. The bullet pierced the target near the centre.

"Oh, that's a chance-shot! a chance-shot!" exclaimed several of his political opponents; "he might shoot all day, and not hit the mark again. Let him try it over!—let him try it over!"

"No, no," retorted Mr. Clay, *beat that, and then I will!*"

As no one seemed disposed to make the attempt, it was considered that he had given satisfactory proof of being, as he said, "the best shot in the county;" and this unimportant incident gained him the vote of every hunter and marksman in the assembly, which was composed principally of that class of persons, as well as the support of the same throughout the county. Mr. Clay was frequently heard to say: "I had never before fired a rifle, and have not since!"

It was in turning little things like these to account, that Mr. Clay, in the earlier period of his career, was so remarkable. Two other instances in this kind, although not new, may be appropriately mentioned in this connection.

In 1805 an attempt was made to obtain the removal of the capital from Frankfort, Kentucky. Mr. Clay, in a speech delivered at the time, reverted to the physical appearance of the place, as furnishing an argument in favor of the proposed removal. Frankfort is walled in on all sides by towering, rocky precipices, and in its general conformation, is not unlike a great pit. "It presents," said Mr. Clay, in his remarks upon the subject, "the model of an inverted hat. Frankfort is the body of the hat, and the lands adjacent are the brim. To change the figure, it is Nature's great penitentiary; and if the members would know the bodily condition of the

prisoners, let them look at those poor creatures in the gallery."

As he said this, he directed the attention of the members of the Legislature to some half-dozen emaciated, spectre-like specimens of humanity, who happened to be moping about there, looking as if they had just stolen a march from the grave-yard. On observing the eyes of the House thus turned toward them, and aware of their ill-favored aspect, they screened themselves with such ridiculous precipitancy behind the pillars and railing, as to cause the most violent laughter. This well-directed hit was successful; and the House gave their votes in favor of the measure.

The second instance is doubtless more familiar to the reader; but having "spoken of guns," it may not be amiss to quote it here:

During an excited political canvass, Mr. Clay met an old hunter, who had previously been his devoted friend, but who now opposed him, on the ground of "the Compensation bill."

"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" asked Mr. Clay.

"Yes," said the hunter.

"Does it ever flash in the pan?" continued Mr. Clay.

"It never did but once in the world," said the hunter, exultingly.

"Well, what did you do with it? You didn't throw it away, did you?"

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down the game."

"Have I ever 'flashed,' " continued Mr. Clay, "except on the 'Compensation bill?'"

"No, I can't say that you ever did."

"Well, will you throw *me* away?" said Mr. Clay.

"No, no!" responded the huntsman, touched on the right point; "no; *I'll pick the flint, and try you again!*"

And ever afterward he was the unwavering friend of Mr. Clay.

From the same authority we derive another election anecdote, which Mr. Clay was wont to mention to his friends. In a political canvass in Kentucky, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Pope a one-armed man, were candidates for the same office. An Irish barber, residing at Lexington, had always given Mr. Clay his vote, and on all occasions, when he was a candidate for office, electioneered warmly for him. He was "Irish all over," and was frequently in "scrapes," from which Mr. Clay generally succeeded in rescuing him. Somebody, just before the election took place, "came the evil eye" over him; for when asked who he was going to vote for, he replied, "I mane to vote for the man who can't put more nor *one hand* into the treasury!"

A few days after the election, the barber met Mr. Clay in Lexington, and approaching him, began to cry, saying that he had wronged him, and repented his ingratitude. "My wife," said he, "got round me, blubbering, and tould me that I was *too bad*, to desert, like a base spalpeen, me ould frind. 'Niver's the time,' says

she 'when you got in jail or in any bad fix, *niver's* the time he didn't come and help you out. Och! bad luck to ye for not giving him your vote!" Mr. Clay never failed to gain his vote afterward.

An anecdote is related of Mr. Clay, aptly illustrating his ability to encounter opposition, in whatever manner presented. A Senator from Connecticut had endeavored to inspire the younger members of the Senate with a respect for him, nearly allied to awe; and to this end was accustomed to use toward them harsh and haughty language, but especially to make an ostentatious display of his attainments, and his supposed superior knowledge of the subject under discussion. Mr. Clay could ill brook his insolent looks and language, and haughty, overbearing manner, and took occasion in his speech to hit them off, which he did by quoting Peter Pindar's Magpie,

"Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone!"

"It would be difficult," says the biographer who relates this circumstance, "to say which was the greater, the merriment which this sally caused, or the chagrin of the satirized Senator."

A striking instance of the simplicity as well as humanity of Mr. Clay's character is given in the following authentic anecdote of him, while a member of the House of Representatives:

"Almost every body in Washington City will remember an old he-goat, which formerly inhabited a livery-stable on Pennsylvania Avenue. This animal was the most independent citizen of the metropolis. He belonged to no party, although he frequently gave pedestrians 'striking' proofs of his adhesion to the 'leveling' principle; for, whenever a person stopped any where in the vicinity, 'Billy' was sure to 'make at him,' horns and all. The boys took delight in irritating him, and frequently so annoyed him that he would 'butt' against lamp-posts and trees, to their great amusement.

"One day, Henry Clay was passing along the avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with characteristic humanity expostulated with them upon their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe to the eloquent appeal of the 'Luminary of the West,' but it was all Cherokee to Billy, who—the ungrateful scamp!—arose majestically on his hind legs, and made a desperate plunge at his friend and advocate. Mr. Clay, however, proved too much for his horned adversary. He seized both horns of the dilemma, and then came the 'tug of war.' The struggle was long and doubtful.

"Ha!" exclaimed the statesman, 'I've got you fast, you old rascal! I'll teach you better manners than to attack your friends! But, boys,' he continued, 'what shall I do *now*?'

"Why, trip up his feet, Mr. Clay." Mr. Clay did as he was told, and after many severe efforts,

brought Billy down on his side. Here he looked at the boys imploringly, seeming to say, 'I never was in such a fix as *this* before!'

"The combatants were now nearly exhausted; but the goat had the advantage, for he was gaining breath all the while the statesman was losing it.

"Boys!" exclaimed Mr. Clay, puffing and blowing, 'this is rather an awkward business. What am I to do *next*?' "

"Why, don't you know?" said a little fellow, making his own preparations to run, as he spoke: 'all you've got to do is to let go, and run like blazes!' The hint was taken at once, much to the amusement of the boys who had been 'lectured.'

The collisions between Mr. Clay and Randolph in Congress and out of it, are well known to the public. The following circumstance, however, has seldom been quoted. When the Missouri Compromise question was before Congress, and the fury of the contending parties had broken down almost every barrier of order and decency, Mr. Randolph, much excited, approaching Mr. Clay, said:

"Mr. Speaker, I wish you would leave the House. I will follow you to Kentucky, or any where else in the world."

Mr. Clay regarded him with one of his most searching looks for an instant; and then replied, in an under-tone:

"Mr. Randolph, your proposition is an exceedingly serious one, and demands most serious consideration. Be kind enough to call at my room to-morrow morning, and we will deliberate over it together."

Mr. Randolph called punctually at the moment; they talked long upon the much-agitated subject, without coming to any agreement, and Mr. Randolph arose to leave.

"Mr. Randolph," said Mr. Clay, as the former was about stepping from the house, "with your permission, I will embrace the present occasion to observe, that your language and deportment on the floor of the House, it has occurred to me, were rather indecorous and ungentlemanly, on several occasions, and very annoying, indeed, to me; for, being in the chair, I had no opportunity of replying."

While admitting that this might, perhaps, be so, Mr. Randolph excused it, on the ground of Mr. Clay's inattention to his remarks, and asking for a pinch of snuff while he was addressing him, &c., &c. Mr. Clay, in reply, said:

"Oh, you are certainly mistaken, Mr. Randolph, if you think I do not listen to you. I frequently turn away my head, it is true, and ask for a pinch of snuff; still, I hear every thing you say, although I may *seem* to hear nothing; and, retentive as I know your memory to be, I will wager that I can repeat as many of your speeches as you yourself can!"

"Well," answered Randolph, "I don't know but I *am* mistaken; and suppose we drop the matter, shake hands, and become good friends again?"

"Agreed!" said Mr. Clay, extending his hand, which was cordially grasped by Mr. Randolph.

During the same session, and some time before this interview, Mr. Randolph accosted Mr. Clay with a look and manner much agitated, and exhibited to him a letter, couched in very abusive terms, threatening to cowhide him, &c., and asked Mr. Clay's advice as to the course he should pursue in relation to it.

"What caused the writer to send you such an insulting epistle, Mr. Randolph?" asked Mr. Clay.

"Why, I suppose," said Randolph, "it was in consequence of what I said to him the other day."

"What *did* you say?"

"Why, sir, I was standing in the vestibule of the house, when the writer came up and introduced to me a gentleman who accompanied him; and I asked him what right he had to introduce that man to me, and told him that the man had just as good a right to introduce *him* to me; whereat he was very indignant, said I had treated him scandalously, and turning on his heel, went away. I think that must have made him write the letter."

"Don't you think he was a *little out of his head* to talk in that way?" asked Mr. Clay.

"Why, I've been thinking about that," said Randolph: "I *have* some doubts respecting his sanity."

"Well, that being the case, would it not be the wisest course not to bring the matter before the House? I will direct the sergeant-at-arms to keep a sharp look-out for the man, and to cause him to be arrested should he attempt any thing improper."

Mr. Randolph acquiesced in this opinion, and nothing more was ever heard of the subject.

Another incident, touching Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph, will be read with interest:

At one time Mr. Randolph, in a strain of most scorching irony, had indulged in some personal taunts toward Mr. Clay, commiserating his ignorance and limited education, to whom Mr. Clay thus replied:

"Sir, the gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say, that in one point at least he coincided with me—in an humble estimate of my philological acquirements. Sir, I know my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate from my father. I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my defects: but, so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may without presumption say, they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I may deplore my inability to furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism. I will venture to say my regret is not greater than the disappointment of this committee, as to the strength of his argument."

The particulars of the duel between Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay may be unknown to some of our readers. The eccentric descendant of Pocahontas appeared on the ground in a huge morning gown. This garment constituted such

a vast circumference that the "locality of the swarthy Senator," was at least a matter of very vague conjecture. The parties exchanged shots, and the ball of Mr. Clay hit the centre of the visible object, but Mr. Randolph was not there! The latter had fired in the air, and immediately after the exchange of shots he walked up to Mr. Clay, parted the folds of his gown, pointed to the hole where the bullet of the former had pierced his coat, and, in the shrillest tones of his piercing voice, exclaimed, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat—you owe me a coat!" to which Mr. Clay replied, in a voice of slow and solemn emphasis, at the same time pointing directly at Mr. Randolph's heart, "Mr. Randolph, I thank God that I am no deeper in your debt!"

The annexed rejoinder aptly illustrates Mr. Clay's readiness at repartee:

At the time of the passage of the tariff-bill, as the house was about adjourning, a friend of the bill observed to Mr. Clay, "We have done pretty well to-day." "Very well, indeed," rejoined Mr. Clay—"very well: we made a good stand, considering we lost both our *Feet*;" alluding to Mr. Foote of New York, and Mr. Foot of Connecticut, both having opposed the bill, although it was confidently expected, a short time previous, that both would support it.

After the nomination of General Taylor as a candidate for the Presidency, made by the Whig Convention at Philadelphia, in June, 1848, many of the friends of Mr. Clay were greatly dissatisfied, not to say exasperated, by what they deemed an abandonment of principle, and unfairness in the proceedings of that body: meetings were held in this city, at which delegates from the northern and western parts of this State and from the State of New Jersey attended, and various arrangements, preliminary to placing Mr. Clay again in nomination for that office, were made, and perfected. These steps were not concealed, and many of the friends of General Taylor were so uncharitable as to avow their belief that this dissatisfaction was fostered and encouraged by Mr. Clay himself. The following extract from a letter written to a friend in this city,* one who had from the beginning opposed the movement, will exhibit Mr. Clay's true sentiments on that subject:

"ASHLAND, 16th October, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR—I duly received your obliging letter of the 5th instant, and I have perused it with the greatest satisfaction.

"The vivid picture which you have drawn of the enthusiastic attachment, the unbounded confidence, and the entire devotion of my warm-hearted friends in the city of New York, has filled me with the liveliest emotions of gratitude.

"There was but one more proof wanting of their goodness, to complete and perpetuate my great obligations to them, and that they have kindly given, in deference to my anxious wishes; it was, not to insist upon the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency, after the promulgation of my desire to the contrary."

In another letter, to the same party, written a

few weeks earlier, occurs the following touching passage, indicating his sense of the oppressive loneliness with which he was then surrounded. Referring to the recent departure of his son James on his mission to Portugal, accompanied by his family, he says:

"If they had, as I hope, a prosperous voyage, they will have arrived at Liverpool about the same day that I reached home. My separation from them, probably for a length of time, the uncertainty of life rendering it not unlikely that I may never see them again, and the deep and affectionate interest I take in their welfare and happiness, has been extremely painful.

"I find myself now, toward the close of my life, in one respect, in a condition similar to that with which I began it. Mrs. Clay and I commenced it alone: and after having had eleven children, of whom four only remain, our youngest son is the sole white person residing with us."

We are indebted to the same obliging gentleman from whom we derive the foregoing, for the following graphic description of a visit paid to Mr. Clay in his sick chamber at Washington:

"On Monday, the first of March last, at about one o'clock, at the National Hotel, Washington, having sent in my name, Mr. Clay kindly admitted me to his room. I found it darkened by heavy closed curtains, and the sufferer seated in an easy chair at the remote end, near a moderate coal-fire. I approached him rapidly, and, taking his extended soft hand and attenuated fingers, said, 'My dear sir, I am most honored and gratified by this privilege of being again permitted to renew to you, personally, the expression of my unabated attachment and reverence.'

"'But, my dear sir,' he playfully answered, 'you have a very cold hand to convey these sentiments to an invalid such as I am. Come, draw up a chair, and sit near me; I am compelled to use my voice but little, and very carefully.'

"Doing as he desired, I expressed my deep regret that he was still confined to a sick room, and added, that I hoped the return of spring, and the early recurrence of warmer weather would mitigate his more urgent symptoms, and enable him again to visit the Senate Chamber.

"'Sir,' said he, 'these are the kind wishes of a friend, but that hope does not commend itself to my judgment. You may remember that last year I visited the Havanna, in the expectation that its remarkably genial and mild climate would benefit me—but I found no relief; thence to New Orleans, a favorite resort of mine, with no better result. I even became impatient for the return of autumn, thinking that possibly its clear bracing atmosphere at Ashland might lessen my distressing cough; but sir, the Havanna, New Orleans, and Ashland have all failed to bring me any perceptible benefit.'

"'May I ask, my dear sir, what part of the twenty-four hours are you most comfortable?'

"'Fortunately, sir, very fortunately—I should add, *mercifully*—during the night. Then, I am singularly placid and composed: I am very wakeful, and during the earlier part of it my thoughts take a wide range, but I lie most tranquilly, with-

* NICHOLAS DEAN, Esq., President of the Croton Aqueduct Board, a life-long friend of Mr. Clay.

out any sensation of weariness, or nervous excitement, and toward day fall into a quiet and undisturbed sleep; this continues to a late hour in the morning, when I rise and breakfast about ten o'clock. Subsequently my cough for an hour or two, is very exhausting. After one o'clock, and during the evening, I am tolerably free of it, and during this period, I see a few of my close personal friends. And thus passes the twenty-four hours.'

"I was grieved to learn, through the public prints, that Mrs. Clay has been ill; may I hope that she is better?"

"She has been sick; indeed, at one time, I was much alarmed at her situation; but I thank God,' (*with deep emotion*,) 'she is quite recovered.'

"I almost expected the gratification of meeting your son James and his wife here.'

"No, sir; you may remember that I once told you that he had made a very fortunate investment in the suburbs of St. Louis. This property has become valuable, and requires his attention and management: he has removed thither with his family. It's a long way off, and I would not have them make a winter journey here; beside, I have every comfort and attention that a sick man can require. My apartments, as you perceive, are far removed from the noise and bustle of the house; and I am surrounded by warm and anxious friends, ever seeking to anticipate my wishes.'

"During this brief conversation—in which we were quite alone—Mr. Clay had several paroxysms of coughing. Once he rose and walked across the room to a spittoon. The most careful use of his voice seemed greatly and constantly to irritate his lungs. I could not prolong the interview, though thoroughly impressed with the belief—since mournfully verified—that it would be the last.

"I rose, took my leave, invoking God's blessing on him; and, as in the presence of Royalty, bowed myself out of the room backward.

"On rising from his seat, as above remarked, he stood as erect and commanding as ever; and while sitting in close proximity to him, his burning eye fixed intently upon me, it seemed as if rays of light were emitted from each. This phenomenon is not unusual in consumptive patients, the extraordinary brilliancy of the eye being often remarked; but in Mr. Clay's case it was so intense as to make me almost nervous, partaking as it did of the supernatural.

"I have thus given you the arrangement, and very nearly the precise words,* of this my last interview with one of the greatest men of the age. It was altogether a scene to be remembered—a sick room, with the thoughts of a nation daily directed to it! It is full of pathos, and approaches the sublime."

The day previous to the call and conversation above described, the Editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* saw Mr. Clay in the street at Washington, and thus mentions the fact in the "Gos-

sip" of his April Number: "Passing the National Hotel at two o'clock, on this bright and cloudless warm Sunday, we saw a tall figure, clad in a blue cloak, attended only by a lady and child, enter a carriage before the door. Once seen, it was a face never to be forgotten. It was Henry Clay. That eagle-eye was not dimmed, although the great statesman's force was abated. We raised our hat, and bowed our reverence and admiration. Our salutation was gracefully returned, and the carriage was driven away.

"As we walked on, to keep an engagement to dine, we thought of the late words of that eminent patriot: 'If the days of my usefulness, as I have too much reason to fear, be indeed passed, I desire not to linger an impotent spectator of the oft-scanned field of life. I have never looked upon old age, deprived of the faculty of enjoyment, of intellectual perceptions and energies, with any sympathy; and for such I think the day of fate can not arrive too soon.' One can hardly choose but drop a tear over such a remark from such a man."

Thus "broken with the storms of state," and scathed with many a fiery conflict, Henry Clay gradually descended toward the tomb. "During this period," says one of his Kentucky colleagues, "he conversed much and cheerfully with his friends, and took great interest in public affairs. While he did not expect a restoration to health, he cherished the hope that the mild season of spring would bring him strength enough to return to Ashland, that he might die in the bosom of his family. But, alas! spring, that brings life to all Nature, brought no life nor hope to him. After the month of March, his vital powers rapidly wasted, and for weeks he lay patiently awaiting the stroke of death. The approach of the destroyer had no terror for him. No clouds overhung his future. He met his end with composure, and his pathway to the grave was lightened by the immortal hopes which spring from the Christian faith. Not long before his death, having just returned from Kentucky, I bore to him a token of affection from his excellent wife. Never can I forget his appearance, his manner, or his words. After speaking of his family and his country, he changed the conversation to his own fortune, and, looking on me with his fine eyes undimmed, and his voice full of its original compass and melody, he said: 'I am not afraid to die, sir; I have hope, faith, and some confidence: I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have an abiding trust in the merits and mediation of our Saviour.'"

"On the evening previous to his departure," writes his excellent pastor and faithful attendant, Rev. Dr. Butler, "sitting an hour in silence by his side, I could not but realize—when I heard him in the slight wanderings of his mind, to other days and other scenes, murmuring the words, 'My mother, mother, mother!' and saying, 'My dear wife!' as if she were present. I could not but realize then, and rejoiced to think, how near was the blessed re-union of his weary heart with

* They were reduced to writing immediately afterward.

the loved dead, and the living who must soon follow him to his rest, whose spirits even then seemed to visit and to cheer his memory and his hope."

Mr. Clay's countenance immediately after death looked like an antique cast. His features seemed to be perfectly classical; and the repose of all the muscles gave the lifeless body a quiet majesty, seldom reached by living human being. His last request was that his body might be buried, not in Washington, but in his own family vault in his beloved Kentucky, by the side of his relations and friends. May he rest in peace in his honored grave!

A DUEL IN 1830.

I HAD just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travelers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow-travelers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, showed his comrades a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He told them that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was, that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humor, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies: I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together; and by-and-by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly-illuminated coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a

quiet colored suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his gray, indeed almost white hair, which, however, rose from his head in luxurious fullness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encircled it; thick, silver-gray whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same color, silk stockings, shoes with thick soles, and a dazzlingly-white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong oak that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals." I looked up, and gave no answer. He continued: "A sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have seen service?"

"Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then, to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well-nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then, an evil destiny led my three young fellow-travelers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice, "Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young men sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean," said the gray man, with a contemptuous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "*Vive la République et vive Clotilde!*"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the gray-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass, that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped

with the spilled wine, the old man said quite quietly "To-morrow, at the Cap Verd!" and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They then all departed noisily. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said: "Sir, you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction. Here is my address: I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good-night, Monsieur l'Abbé! To-morrow, there will be one Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good-night!" and taking his hat and stick, he departed. His companion the abbé followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man. He was descended from a good family of Marseilles. Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner; and after many strange adventures, returned in 1793 to France: was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances at Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England; and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about in the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave-dealer; and was said to have caused the tricolored flag much damage, while he acquired a considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France, and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only objects of expense. It may easily be believed, that he acquired no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing-masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1815, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendée, he roved about for a long time at the head of a band of followers. When at last this opportunity of cooling his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked out for some victim who was known to him by his revolutionary principles, and sought to provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer, the happier the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubted sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground-floor, in a small simple room, where,

excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crape, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was the portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always veiled, excepting only when he had slaked his revenge with blood; then he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions, and a little negro brought me meanwhile a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterward he opened a closet, took out of it a case with a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided, we proceeded along the quay toward the port. The boatmen seemed all to know him: "Peter, your boat!" He seated himself in the stern.

"You will have the goodness to row," he said; "I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady."

I took off my coat, rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favorable, we hoisted a sail, and soon reached Cap Verd. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden, not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurateur*, and was the favorite resort of the inhabitants of Marseilles. Here you find excellent fish; and also, in high perfection, the famous *bollenbresse*, a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not Love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step-brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they chose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M—— L——,—insisted that he alone should settle the business, and his friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

"You are too stout," he said to the one, pointing to his portly figure; "and you"—to the other—"are going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However, I will not take advantage of my youth and strength, but will choose the pistol, unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword."

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain: "The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman," he said; "I shall be happy to die with it in my hand."

"Be it so. But your age?"

"Never mind; make haste, and *en garde*."

It was a strange sight: the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form, full of grace and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure,

half naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad, scarred breast was entirely bare. In the old man, every sinew was like iron wire: his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailor fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks, were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning, murderous gaze riveted on his adversary.

"'Twill be but a mere scratch," said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L——, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practiced fencer in the schools, this was proof that he could not frequently have been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forward so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not as yet know. His opponent profited by his ardor, and retired step by step, and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L——, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed, by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a lunge; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and, before L—— could recover his position, made a thrust in return, his whole body falling forward as he did so, exactly like a picture at the Académie des Armes—"the hand elevated, the leg stretched out"—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length, just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was again *en garde*. L—— felt himself wounded; he let his sword fall, while with his other hand he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the most perfect composure. "I have the honor to wish you good-morning, gentlemen: had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day;" and thus saying, he went toward his boat. "'Tis the seventeenth!" he murmured; "but this was easy work—a mere greenhorn from the fencing-schools of Paris. 'Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire." But it is quite impossible to translate into another language the fierce energy of this speech. Arrived at the port, he threw the boatman a few pieces of silver, saying: "Here, Peter; here's something for you."

"Another requiem and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St. Gèneviève—is it not so, captain! But that is a matter of course." And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain.

The little negro brought us a cold pasty, oysters, and two bottles of *vin d'Artois*. "Such a walk betimes gives an appetite," said the cap-

tain, gayly. "How strangely things fall out!" he continued, in a serious tone. "I have long wished to draw the crape-vail from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobin or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbé, whom I knew ever since he was field-preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrifice among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiters, however, betray my intention; and when I am there, nobody will ask for a radical paper. When you appeared, my worthy friend, I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the 'National' or of 'Figaro.' How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with you instead of with that young fellow!" For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitations. At that time, I was a reckless young fellow, going through the conventionalisms of society without a thought; but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

"Do you think he will die, captain?" I asked. "Is the wound mortal?"

"For certain!" he replied, with a slight smile. "I have a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartists only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *en tierce*, or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—and *that kills*; for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow."

On returning to my hotel, where L—— also was staying, I met the physician, who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truly, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplished their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early, L—— died. I went to the captain, who was returning home with the abbé. "The abbé has just been to read a mass for him," he said; "it is a benefit which, on such occasions, I am willing he should enjoy—more, however, from friendship for him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which in my eyes is worth less than a dog's! But walk in, sir."

The picture, a wonderfully lovely maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unveiled. A good breakfast, like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and, turning to the portrait, he said: "Thérèse, to thy memory!" and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met the coffin, which was just being carried up for L——; and I thought to myself: "Poor Clotilde! you will not be able to weep over his grave."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR last Monthly Record reported the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention held at Baltimore on the 1st of June. On the 16th of the same month, the Whig National Convention met at the same place, and was permanently organized by the election of Hon. John G. Chapman, of Maryland, President, with thirty-one Vice-Presidents and thirteen Secretaries. Two days were occupied in preliminary business, part of which was the investigation of the right to several contested seats from the States of Vermont and New York. On the third day, a committee, consisting of one from each State, selected by the delegation thereof, was appointed to report a series of resolutions for the action of the Convention. The resolutions were reported at the ensuing session, on the same day, by Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts. They set forth that the Government of the United States is one of limited powers, all powers not expressly granted, or necessarily implied by the Constitution, being reserved to the States or the people;—that while struggling freedom every where has the warmest sympathy of the Whig party, our true mission as a Republic is not to propagate our opinions, or to impose on other countries our form of government by artifice or force, but to teach by our example, and to show by our success, moderation, and justice, the blessings of self-government and the advantage of free institutions;—that revenue ought to be raised by duties on imports laid with a just discrimination, whereby suitable encouragement may be afforded to American Industry;—that Congress has power to open and repair harbors, and remove obstructions from navigable rivers, whenever such improvements are necessary for the common defense and for the protection and facility of commerce with foreign nations or among the States;—that the Compromise acts, including the fugitive slave law, are received and acquiesced in as a final settlement, in principle and substance, of the dangerous and exciting questions which they embrace; that the Whig party will maintain them, and insist upon their strict enforcement until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation, to guard against their evasion or abuse, not impairing their present efficiency; and that all further agitation of the questions thus settled is deprecated as dangerous to our peace; and all efforts to continue or renew that agitation, whenever, wherever, or however the attempt may be made, will be discountenanced.—These resolutions, after some discussion, were adopted by a vote of 227 yeas, and 66 nays. Ballotings for a Presidential candidate were then commenced, and continued until Monday, the fifth day of the session. There were 396 electoral votes represented in Convention, which made 149 (a majority) essential to a choice. Upon the first ballot, President Fillmore received 133, General Scott 131, and Daniel Webster 29 votes; and for fifty ballotings this was nearly the relative number of votes received by each. On the fifty-third ballot, General Scott receiving 159 votes, Mr. Fillmore 112, and Mr. Webster 21, the former was declared to have been duly nominated, and that nomination was made unanimous. Hon. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, of North Carolina, was then nominated on the second ballot for Vice-President; and resolutions were adopted complimentary to Mr. Fill-

more and Mr. Webster; after which the Convention adjourned.

In reply to a communication from the President of the Convention, apprising him of his nomination, General Scott has written a letter, dated June 24th, declaring that he "accepts it with the resolutions annexed." He adds, that if elected, he shall recommend or approve of "such measures as shall secure an early settlement of the public domain favorable to actual settlers, but consistent, nevertheless, with a due regard to the equal rights of the whole American people in that vast national inheritance;"—and also of an amendment to our Naturalization laws, "giving to all foreigners the right of citizenship who shall faithfully serve, in time of war, one year on board of our public ships, or in our land-forces, regular or volunteer, on their receiving an honorable discharge from the service." He adds, that he should not tolerate any sedition, disorder, faction, or resistance to the law or the Union on any pretext, in any part of the land; and that his leading aim would be "to advance the greatness and happiness of this Republic, and thus to cherish and encourage the cause of constitutional liberty throughout the world." Mr. Graham also accepted his nomination, with a cordial approval of the declarations made in the resolutions adopted by the Convention.—Since the adjournment of the Convention, a letter from President Fillmore, addressed to that body, has been published. It was intrusted to the care of Mr. Babcock, the delegate in Convention from the Erie, N. Y., district, in which Mr. Fillmore resides; and he was authorized to present it, and withdraw Mr. Fillmore's name as a candidate whenever he should think it proper to do so. In this letter, Mr. Fillmore refers to the circumstances of embarrassment under which he entered upon the duties of the Presidency, and says that he at once determined within himself to decline a re-election, and to make that decision public. From doing so, however, he was at that time, as well as subsequently, dissuaded by the earnest remonstrances of friends. He expresses the hope that the Convention may be able to unite in nominating some one who, if elected, may be more successful in retaining the confidence of the party than he has been;—he had endeavored faithfully to discharge his duty to the country, and in the consciousness of having acted from upright motives and according to his best judgment, for the public good, he was quite willing to have sacrificed himself for the sake of his country.

The death of HENRY CLAY has been the most marked event of the month. He expired at Washington, on Tuesday, June 29, after a protracted illness, and at the advanced age of 75 years. His decease was announced in eloquent and appropriate terms in both branches of Congress, and general demonstrations of regard for his memory and regret at his loss took place throughout the country. His history is already so familiar to the American public, that we add nothing here to the notice given of him in another part of this Magazine. His remains were taken to Lexington, Ky., for interment.

The proceedings of Congress since our last Record have not been of special importance. In the Senate on the 28th of June a communication was received from the President communicating part of the correspondence had with the Austrian government con-

cerning the imprisonment of Mr. C. L. Brace. The principal document was a letter from Prince Schwarzenberg, stating that Mr. Brace was found to have been the bearer of important papers from Hungarian fugitives in America to persons in Hungary very much suspected, and also to have had in his possession inflammatory and treasonable pamphlets; and that his imprisonment was therefore fully justified. A letter from Mr. Webster to the American Chargé at Vienna, in regard to Chevalier Hulsemann's complaints of the U. S. government, has been also submitted to the Senate. Mr. W. says that notwithstanding his long residence in this country Mr. Hulsemann seems to have yet to learn that no foreign government, or its representative, can take just offense at any thing which an officer of this government may say in his private capacity; and that a Chargé d' Affairs can only hold intercourse with this government through the Department of State. Mr. W. declines to take any notice of the specific subjects of complaint presented by Mr. H.—In the House of Representatives the only important action taken has been the passage of a bill providing for the donation to the several States, for purposes of education and internal improvement, of large tracts of the public domain. Each of the old States receives one hundred and fifty thousand acres for each Senator and Representative in the present Congress: to the new States the portions awarded are still larger. The bill was passed in the House on the 26th of June by a vote of ayes 96, nays 86. The bill was presented by Mr. Bennett of New York, and is regarded as important, inasmuch as it secures to the old States a much larger participation in the public lands than they have hitherto seemed likely to obtain.

A National Agricultural Convention was held at Washington on the 24th of June, of which Marshall Wilder of Massachusetts was elected President. It was decided to form a National Agricultural Society, to hold yearly meetings at Washington.—The Supreme Court in New York on the 11th of June pronounced a judgment, by a majority, declaring the American Art-Union to be a lottery within the prohibition of the Constitution of the State, and that it was therefore illegal. An appeal has been taken by the Managers to the Court of Appeals, where it has been argued, but no decision has yet been given.—Madame Alboni, the celebrated contralto singer, arrived in New York early in June and has given two successful concerts.—Governor Kossuth delivered an address in New York on the 21st of June upon the future of nations, insisting that it was the duty of the United States to establish, what the world has not yet seen, a national policy resting upon Christian principles as its basis. He urged the cause of his country upon public attention, and declared his mission to the United States to be closed. On the 23d he delivered a farewell address to the German citizens of New York, in which he spoke at length of the relations of Germany to the cause of European freedom and of the duty of the German citizens of the United States to exert an influence upon the American government favorable to the protection of liberty throughout the world. It is stated that his aggregate receipts of money in this country have been somewhat less than one hundred thousand dollars.

In Texas, a company of dragoons, under Lieutenant Haven, has had a skirmish with the Camanche Indians, from whom four captive children and thirty-eight stolen horses were recovered. About the 1st of June a family, consisting of a father, mother, and six children, while encamped at La Mina, were at-

tacked by a party of Camanches, and all killed except the father and one daughter, who were severely wounded, and two young children who were rescued. A few days previous a party of five Californians were all killed by Mexicans near San Fernando. On the evening of the 10th of May seven Americans were attacked by a gang of about forty Mexicans and Indians, at a lake called Campacuas, and five of them were killed. A good deal of excitement prevailed in consequence of these repeated outrages, and of the failure of the General Government to provide properly for the protection of the parties.—Early in June, as the U.S. steamer Camanche was ascending the Rio Bravo, five persons landed from her and killed a cow, when the owner came forward and demanded payment. This was refused with insults, and the marauders returned on board. The steamer continued her voyage, and the pilot soon saw a party of men approaching the bank, and fired upon them. They soon after returned the fire, wounding two of the passengers, one being the deputy-collector of the Custom-house of Rio Grande, and the other his son. From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 1st of June. There is no political news of interest. A party of seventy-four Frenchmen left California last fall for Sonora in Mexico, accompanied by one American, named Moore. Mr. M. had returned to San Francisco with intelligence that the party had been favorably received by the Mexican authorities, who had bestowed upon them a grant of three leagues of land near Carcosa, at the head of the Santa Cruz valley, on condition that they should cultivate it for ten years without selling it, and should not permit any Americans to settle among them. They had also received from the Mexican government horses, farming utensils, provisions, and other necessities, with permission to have five hundred of their countrymen join them. They were intending soon to begin working the rich mines in that neighborhood. Mr. Moore had been compelled by threats and force to leave them. On his way back he met at Guyamas a party of twelve who had been driven back, while going to California, by Indians. While on their way to Sonora, they had fallen in with a settlement of seventy-five Frenchmen, who treated them with great harshness, and would have killed them but for the protection of the Mexican authorities. This hostility between the French and American settlers in California is ascribed to difficulties which occurred in the mines between them. The Mexicans, whose hatred of the Americans in that part of the country seems to be steadily increasing, have taken advantage of these dissensions, and encourage the French in their hostility to the Americans.—Previous to its adjournment, which took place on the 5th of May, the Legislature passed an act to take the census of the State before the 1st of November.—The feeling of hostility to the Chinese settlers in California seems to be increasing. Public meetings had been held in various quarters, urging their removal, and Committees of Correspondence had been formed to concert measures for effecting this object. It appears from official reports that the whole number of Chinamen who had arrived at San Francisco, from February, 1848, to May, 1852, was 11,953, and that of these only 167 had returned or died. Of the whole number arrived only seven were women.—Nine missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church had recently arrived, intending to labor in California and Oregon.—The intelligence from the mines continued to be highly encouraging. The weather was favorable; the deposits continued to yield abundantly, and labor was generally well rewarded.

From the SANDWICH ISLANDS our intelligence is to the 18th of May. The session of the Hawaiian Parliament was opened on the 13th of April. The opening speech of the King sets forth that the foreign relations of the island are of a friendly character, except so far as regards France, from the government of which no response has been received as yet to propositions on the part of Hawaii. He states that the peace of his dominions has been threatened by an invasion of private adventurers from California; but that an appeal to the United States Commissioner, promptly acted upon by Captain Gardner, of the U. S. ship *Vandalia*, tranquilized the public mind. He had taken steps to organize a military force for the future defense of the island. In the Upper House the draft of a new Constitution had been reported, and was under discussion. In the other House steps had been taken to contradict the report that the islands desired annexation to the United States.

From NEW MEXICO we learn that Colonel Sumner had removed his head-quarters to Santa Fé, in order to give more effective military support to the government. Governor Calhoun had left the country for a visit to Washington, and died on the way: the government was thus virtually in the hands of Colonel Sumner. The Indians and Mexicans continued to be troublesome.

From UTAH our advices are to May 1st. Brigham Young had been again elected President. The receipts at the tithing office from November, 1848, to March, 1852, were \$244,747, mostly in property; in loans, &c., \$145,513; the expenditures were \$353,765—leaving a balance of \$36,495. Missionaries were appointed at the General Conference to Italy, Calcutta, and England. Edward Hunter was ordained presiding bishop of the whole church: sixty-seven priests were ordained. The Report speaks of the church and settlements as being in a highly flourishing condition.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from Mexico to the 5th of June. Political affairs seem to be in a confused and unpromising condition. Previous to the adjournment of the present Congress the Cabinet addressed a note to the Chamber of Deputies, asking them to take some decided step whereby to rescue the government from the difficult position in which it will be placed, without power or resources, and to save the nation from the necessary consequences of such a crisis. It was suggested that the government might be authorized to take, in connection with committees to be appointed by the Chamber, the resolutions necessary—such resolutions to be executed under the responsibility of the Ministry. This note was referred to a committee, which almost immediately reported that there was no reason why this demand for extraordinary powers should be granted. This report was adopted by a vote of 74 to 13. Congress adjourned on the 21st of May. The President's Address referred to the critical circumstances in which the country was placed when the Congress first met, which made it to be feared that its mission would be only the saddest duty reserved to man on earth, that of assisting at the burial of his country. The flame of war still blazed upon their frontier: negotiations designed to facilitate means of communication which would make Mexico the centre of the commercial world, had terminated in a manner to render possible a renewal of that war; and the commercial crisis had reached a development which threatened the domestic peace and the foreign alliances of the country. There was a daily increase in the deficit; distrust

prevailed between the different departments; the country was fatigued by its convulsions and disorders, and weakened by its dissensions; and it seemed impossible to prolong the existence of the government. How the country had been rescued from such perils it was not easy to say, unless it were by the special aid and protection of Providence. Guided by its convictions and sustained by its hope, the government had employed all the means at its disposal, and would still endeavor to draw all possible benefit from its resources, stopping only when those resources should arrest its action. Fearing that this event might speedily happen, a simplification of the powers of the Legislature, during its vacation, had been proposed, instead of leaving all to the exercise of a discretionary power by the Executive. To this, however, the Legislature had not assented: and, consequently, the government considering its responsibility protected for the future, would spare no means or sacrifices to fulfill its difficult and delicate mission. To this address the Vice President of the Chamber replied, sketching the labors of the session, and saying that the legislative donation of the extraordinary powers demanded, could not have been granted without a violation of the Constitution—a fact with which the Executive should be deeply impressed. The means made use of up to the present time would be sufficient, if applied with care. The Legislature hoped, as much as it desired, that such would be the case. Great anxiety was felt as to the nature of the measures which the government would adopt: the general expectation seemed to be that the President Arista would take the whole government into his own hands, and the suggestion was received with a good deal of favor. It was rumored that the aid of the United States had been sought for such an attempt—to be given in the shape of six millions of dollars, in return for abrogating that clause of the treaty which requires them to protect the Mexican frontier from the Indians. This, however, is mere conjecture as yet.—Serious difficulties have arisen between the Mexican authorities and the American Consul, Mr. F. W. Rice, at Acapulco. Mr. Rice sold the propeller *Stockton*, for wages due to her hands: she was bid off by Mr. Snyder, the chief engineer, at \$3000 cash down, and \$8500 within twenty-four hours after the sale. He asked and obtained two delays in making the first payment; and finally said he could not pay it until the next day. Upon this Mr. Rice again advertised the vessel for sale, on his account: she was sold to Capt. Triton, of Panama, for \$4250. Mr. Snyder then applied to the Mexican court, and the judge went on board, broke the Consular seals, took possession of the vessel, and advertised her again for sale. Mr. Rice proclaimed the sale illegal, and protested against it, and, further, prevented Mr. Snyder forcibly from tearing down his posted protest. At the day of sale no bidders appeared. The Mexican authorities then arrested Mr. Rice, and committed him to prison, where he remained at the latest dates. Proper representations have of course been made to the U. S. government, and the matter will doubtless receive proper attention.—An encounter had taken place in Sonora, between a party of 300 Indians and a detachment of regular Mexican troops and National Guards. The latter were forced to retreat.—Gen. Mejia, who acquired some distinction during the late war, died recently in the city of Mexico, and Gen. Michelena, at Morelia.—The refusal of Congress to admit foreign flour, free of duty, had created a good deal of feeling in those districts where the want of it is most severely felt. In Vera Cruz, a large public meeting was held, at which

it was determined to request the local authorities to send for a supply of flour, without regard to the law.—The State of Durango is in a melancholy condition: hunger, pestilence, and continued incursions of the Indians, have rendered it nearly desolate.—Four of the revolutionists under Caravajal, captured by the Mexicans, were executed by Gen. Avalos, at Matamoras, in June: two of them were Americans.

SOUTH AMERICA.

There is no intelligence of special interest from any of the South American States. From *Buenos Ayres*, our dates are to the 15th of May, when every thing was quiet, and political affairs were in a promising condition. The new Legislature met on the 1st, and resolutions had been introduced tendering public thanks to General Urquiza for having delivered the country from tyranny. He had been invested with complete control of the foreign relations, and the affairs of peace and war. Don Lopez was elected Governor of the province of Buenos Ayres on the 13th, receiving 33 of the 38 votes in the Legislative Chamber. The choice gives universal satisfaction to the friends of the new order of things. The Governors of all the provinces were to meet at Santa Fé on the 29th, to determine upon the form of a Central Government. General Urquiza was to meet them in Convention there, and it is stated that he was to be accompanied by Mr. Pendleton, the United States Chargé, whose aid had been asked, especially in explaining in Convention the nature and working of American institutions.—At *Rio Janeiro* a dissolution of the Cabinet was anticipated. Great dissatisfaction was felt at certain treaties recently concluded with Montevideo, and at the correspondence of Mr. Hudson, the late English Minister, upon the Slave Trade, which had been lately published in London.—From *Ecuador* there is nothing new. Flores still remained at Puna, below Guayaquil, with his forces.—In *Chili* there was a slight attempt at insurrection in the garrison at Trosputa, but it was soon put down. Six persons implicated in previous revolts were executed at Copiapo on the 22d of May.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention in England has been to a very considerable extent engrossed by the approaching elections. The Ministry maintain rigid silence as to the policy they intend to pursue though it is of course impossible to avoid incidental indications of their sentiments and purposes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Disraeli, has issued an address to his constituents, which shows even more distinctly than his financial *exposé*, of which we gave a summary last month, that the cause of Protection is, in his judgment, well-nigh obsolete. In that address he states that the time has gone by when the injuries which the great producing interests have sustained from the Free Trade policy of 1846, can be alleviated or removed by a recurrence to laws which existed before that time:—"The spirit of the age," he says, "tends to free intercourse, and no statesman can disregard with impunity the genius of the epoch in which he lives." It is, however, the intention of the Ministry to recommend such measures as shall tend to relieve the producer from the unequal competition he is now compelled to wage, and the possibility of doing this by a revision and reduction of taxation, seems to loom in the future. Still, the Chancellor urges, nothing useful can be done in this direction, unless the Ministry is sustained by a powerful majority in Parliament; and he accordingly presses the importance of electing members of the

Ministerial party.—A declaration of at least equal importance was drawn from the Premier, the Earl of Derby, in the House of Lords, on the 24th of May, by Earl Granville, who incidentally quoted a remark ascribed to Lord Derby that a recurrence to the duty on corn would be found necessary for purposes of revenue and protection. Lord Derby rose to correct him. He had not represented it as necessary, but only as desirable,—and whether it should be done or not, depended entirely on the elections. But he added, that in his opinion, from what he had since heard and learned, there certainly would not be in favor of the imposition of a duty on foreign corn, that extensive majority in the country without which it would not be desirable to impose it.—Lord John Russell has issued an address to his constituents, for a re-election, rehearsing the policy of the government while it was under his direction, sketching the proceedings of the new Ministry, and declaring his purpose to contend that no duty should be imposed on the import of corn, either for revenue or protection; and that the commercial policy of the last ten years is not an evil to be mitigated, but a good to be extended—not an unwise or disastrous policy which ought to be reversed, altered, or modified, but a just and beneficial system which should be supported, strengthened, and upheld.—The course of the Earl of Malmesbury, the Foreign Secretary, in regard to the case of Mr. Mather, an English subject, who had been treated with gross indignities and serious personal injuries by officers of the Tuscan government, has excited a good deal of attention. He had first demanded compensation from the government as a matter of right, and, after consulting Mr. Mather's father, had named £5000 as the sum to be paid. It seems, however, from the official documents since published, that he accompanied this demand with an opinion that it was exorbitant, and named £500 as a minimum. The negotiation ended by Mr. Scarlett, the British agent at Florence, accepting £222 as a compensation and that as a donation from the Tuscan government—waiving the principle of its responsibility. The matter had been brought up in Parliament, and the Earl had felt constrained to disavow wholly Mr. Scarlett's action.—The current debates in Parliament have been devoid of special interest. On the 8th of June, in reply to a strong speech from Sir James Graham, Mr. Disraeli vindicated himself from the charge of having brought the public business into an unsatisfactory and disgraceful condition, and made a general statement of the bills which the government thought it necessary to press upon the attention of Parliament. On the 7th the Militia Bill was read a third time and passed, by 220 votes to 184.—A bill was pressed upon the House of Lords by the Earl of Malmesbury, proposing a Convention with France for the mutual surrender of criminals, which was found upon examination to give to the French government very extraordinary powers over any of its subjects in England. The list of crimes embraced was very greatly extended—and alleged offenders were to be surrendered upon the mere proof of their identity. All the leading Peers spoke very strongly of the objectionable features of the measure, and it was sent to the committee for the purpose of receiving the material alterations required.—Fergus O'Connor has been consigned to a lunatic asylum—his insane eccentricities having reached a point at which it was no longer considered safe to leave him at liberty.—Professor McDougall has been elected to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, vacated by the resignation of Professor Wilson.—The Irish Exhibition

of Industry was opened at Cork, with public ceremonies, in which the Lord Lieutenant participated, on the 10th of June.—The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and that of the Free Church both commenced their sittings on the 20th of May.—The electric telegraph has been carried across the Irish Channel, from Holyhead to the Hill of Howth, a distance of sixty-five miles;—the mode of accomplishing this result was by sinking a cable, as had previously been done across the Straits of Dover.—The Queen has issued a proclamation forbidding all Roman Catholic ceremonies, and all appearance in Catholic vestments, except in Catholic churches or in private houses.

FRANCE.

The month has not been marked by any event of special importance in France. The government has continued in its usual course, though indications are apparent of impending difficulties in the near future. The number of prominent men who refuse to take the oath of allegiance is daily increasing, and many who have hitherto filled places in the councils of the Departments and of the Municipalities, have resigned them to avoid the oath. General Bedeau has sent a tart letter to the Minister of War, conveying his refusal; and a public subscription has been set on foot, with success, in Paris, for the relief of General Changarnier, who has been reduced to poverty by his firm refusal to yield to the usurpation.—The President continues relentlessly his restriction of the press, and has involved himself in considerable embarrassment by the extent to which he carries it. The organs of the Legitimist party in all the great towns have received the warnings which empower the President, as the next step, to suppress them entirely. The Paris *Débats* has lately received a warning for its silence upon political subjects. But a very singular quarrel has arisen between the President and the *Constitutionnel*, which has been from the beginning the least scrupulous of all his defenders. That paper contained an article intended to influence the Belgian elections then pending, and distinctly menacing that country with a retaliatory tariff, if its hostility to Louis Napoleon were not abandoned, or at least modified. The effect of the publication of this article was such, that the Belgian Minister demanded an explanation, and was assured that the article did not meet the approbation of the Government. This *quasi* disavowal was published by the Belgian press, and in reply M. Granier de Cassagnac, the writer of the article, declared that he had not spoken in his own name, but at the direct instance and with the full approval of the President. The Paris *Moniteur* then contained an official an-

nouncement, disavowing M. de Cassagnac's articles, and stating that "no organ can engage the responsibility of the Government but the *Moniteur*." The *Constitutionnel* replied by a declaration signed by its owner, Dr. Veron, that he still believed the original article to have been sanctioned by the President. This brought down upon it an official warning. Dr. Veron rejoined by expressing his regret, but adding that the Cabinet had ordered several hundred copies of the paper containing the articles disavowed; and this he considered *prima facie* evidence that they met with the approbation of the Government. This brought upon the paper a second warning: the next step, of course, is suppression.—The Paris Correspondents of three of the London papers have been summoned to the department of Police, and assured by the Director that they are hereafter to be held personally responsible, not only for the contents of their own letters, but for whatever the journals with which they are connected may say, in leading articles or otherwise, concerning French affairs. A strong effort was made by them to change this determination, but without effect.—Girardin, in the *Presse*, states that General Changarnier, in 1848, proposed to the Provisional Government the military invasion of England. The General himself has authorized the *Times* to give the statement an explicit contradiction.—M. Heckeren, who was sent by the French Government to Vienna and Berlin, to ascertain more definitely the disposition of the Northern Powers toward Louis Napoleon, had returned from his mission, but its results had not been authoritatively made known. The London *Times* has, however, given what purports to be a synopsis of the documents relating to it. From this it appears that the allied sovereigns will connive at Louis Napoleon's usurpation of sovereignty in France for life; but so long as one Bourbon exists they can recognize no other person as *hereditary* sovereign of that country; and they hold themselves bound and justified by the treaties of 1815 to oppose the establishment of a Bonapartist dynasty. The three Great Northern Powers, it would seem, are combining to resuscitate the principles of the Holy Alliance, and to impose them upon the European system of States as the international law, notwithstanding the events of the last two-and-twenty years have rendered them practically obsolete.

From the other European countries there is little intelligence worthy of record.—In BELGIUM the elections have resulted in the increase of the liberal members of the Chamber. An editor, prosecuted for having libeled Louis Napoleon, has been acquitted by a jury.—In AUSTRIA a new law has been enacted imposing rigorous restrictions upon the press.

Editor's Table.

THE MORAL INFLUENCES OF THE STAGE is a subject which, although earnestly discussed for centuries, still maintains all its theoretical and practical importance. The weight of argument, we think, has ever been with the assailants, and yet candor requires the concession, that there have been, at times, thinking men, serious men, may we not also say, Christian men, to be found among the defenders of theatrical representations? On a fair statement of the case, however, it will plainly appear, that these have ever been the defenders of an imaginary, or hypothetical, instead of a really existing stage.

Never—we think we may safely say it—never has any true friend of religion and morality been found upholding the theatre as it actually *is*, or *was*, at any particular period. Indeed, this may also be said of its most partial advocates. Their warmest defense is ever coupled with the admission, that, as at present managed, it needs some thorough and decided reform to make it, in all respects, what it ought to be. We do not think that we ever read any thing in advocacy of the stage without some proviso of this kind. It never *is*—it never *was*—what it ought to be, and might be. But then the idea is ever held

forth of some future reform. We are told, for example, what the theatre might become, if, instead of being condemned by the more moral and religious part of the community, it received the support of their presence, and could have the benefit of their regulation.

So plausible have these arguments appeared, that the experiment has again and again been tried. Reforms have been attempted in the characters of the plays, of the actors, and of the audiences. Good men and good women have written expressly for the stage. Johnson and Hannah Moore, and Young—to say nothing of Buchanan and Addison—have contributed their services in these efforts at expurgation, but all alike in vain. Some of these have afterward confessed the hopelessness of the undertaking, and lamented that by taking part in it they had given a seeming encouragement to what they really meant to condemn. The expected reform has never appeared. If, through great exertion, some improvement may have manifested itself for a time, yet, sooner or later, the relapse comes on. Nature—our human nature—will have its way. The evil elements predominate; and the stage sinks again, until its visible degradation once more arouses attention, and calls for some other spasmodic effort, only to meet the same failure, and to furnish another proof of some radical inherent vitiosity.

Good plays may, indeed, be acted; but they will not long continue to call forth what are styled *good audiences*—the term having reference to numbers and pecuniary avails, rather than to moral worth. In fact, the theatre presents its most mischievous aspect when it claims to be a school of morals. Its advocates may talk as they will about “holding the mirror up to Nature, showing Virtue its own feature, Vice its own image;” but it can only remind us that there is a cant of the play-house as well as of the conventicle, and that Shaftsbury and his sentimental followers can “whine” as well as Whitfield and Beecher. The common sense of mankind pronounces it at once the worst of all hypocries—the hypocrisy of false sentiment ashamed of its real name and real character. As a proof of this, we may say that the stage has never been known in any language by any epithet denoting instruction, either moral or otherwise. It is the *play-house*, or house of amusement—the *theatrum*, the place for shows, for spectacles, for pleasurable emotions through the senses and the excitements of the sensitive nature. There may have been periods when moral or religious instruction of some kind could, perhaps, have been claimed as one end of dramatic representations, but that was before there was a higher stage, a higher *pulpitum* divinely instituted for the moral tuition of mankind. Since that time, the very profanity of the claim to be a “school of morals” has only set in a stronger light the fact that, instead of elevating an immoral community, the stage is itself ever drawn down by it into a lower, and still lower degradation.

We will venture the position, that no open vice is so pernicious to the soul as what may be called a false virtue; and this furnishes the kind of morality to which the stage is driven when it would make the fairest show of its moral pretensions. The virtues of the stage are not Christian virtues. If they are not Christian, they are anti-Christian; for on this ground there can be no *via media*, no neutrality. Who would ever think of making the moral excellences commended in the Sermon on the Mount, or in Paul's Epistles, the subjects of theatrical instruction? How would humility, forgiveness, poverty of

spirit, meekness, temperance, long-suffering, charity, appear in a stage hero? In what way may they be made to minister to the exciting, the sentimental, the melodramatic? These virtues have, indeed, an elevation to which no stage-heroism or theatrical affectation ever attained; but such a rising ever implies a previous descent into the vale of personal humility, a previous lowliness of spirit altogether out of keeping with any dramatic or merely æsthetic representation. The Christian moralities can come upon the stage only in the shape of caricatures, or as the hypocritical disguise through which some Joseph Surface is placed in most disparaging contrast with the false virtues or splendid vices the theatre-going public most admires.

It is equally true that the most tender emotions find no fitting-place upon the stage. The deepest pathetic—the purest, the most soul-healing—in other words, the pathetic of common life, can not be *acted* without revolting us. Hence, to fit it for the stage, pity must be mingled with other ingredients of a more exciting or spicy kind. It must be associated with the extravagance of love, or stinging jealousy, or complaining madness, or some other less usual semi-malevolent passion, which, while it adds to the theatrical effect, actually deadens the more genial and deeper sympathies that are demanded for the undramatic or ordinary sufferings of humanity. We can not illustrate this thought better than by referring the reader to that most touching story which is given in the July number of our Magazine, and entitled, “The Mourner and the Comforter.” How rich the effect of such a tale when simply read, without any external accompaniments!—how much richer, we might say, for the very want of them! How its “rain of tears” mellows and fertilizes the hard soil of the human heart! And yet how few and simple the incidents! How undramatic the outward fictitious dress, through which are represented emotions the most vitally real in human nature! Like a strain of the richest, yet simplest music, in which the accompaniment is just sufficient to call out the harmonious relations of the melody, without marring by its artistic or dramatic prominence the deep spiritual reality that dwells in the tones. We appeal to every one who has read that touching narrative—how utterly would it be spoiled by being *acted*! There might be some theatrical effect given to the agitated scene upon the balcony, but a veil would have to be drawn around the chamber of the mourner, and the more than heroic friend who sits by her in the long watches of the night. Such scenes, it may be said, are too common for the stage—ay, and too holy for it, too. They are too pure for the Kembles and Sinclairs ever to meddle with, and they know it, and their audiences feel it. We decide instinctively that all *acting* here would be more than out of place. The very thought of theatrical representation would seem like a profanation of the purest and holiest affections of our nature.

And so too of others, which, although not virtues have more of a prudential or worldly aspect. The stage may sometimes tolerate a temperance or an anti-gambling hero, but it is only to feed a temporary public excitement, and the moment that excitement manifests the first symptom of a relapse, this school of morals must immediately follow, instead of directing the new public sentiment. The wonder is, that any thinking man could ever expect it to be otherwise. Every one knows that the tastes of the audience make the law to the writer, the actor, and the manager. In this view of the matter, we need only the application of a very few plain principles and

facts, to show how utterly hopeless must be the idea of the moral improvement of any representation which can only be sustained on the tenure of pleasing the largest audiences, without any regard to the materials of which they are composed. The first of these is, that the mass of mankind are not virtuous, they are not intelligent—the second, that even the more virtuous portions are worse in the midst of an applauding and condemning crowd than they would be in other circumstances; and the third, that the evil aspects of our humanity furnish the most exciting themes, or those best adapted to theatrical representations.

But the world will become better—the world is becoming better, it may be said—and why should not the stage share in the improvement? If the world is becoming better, it is altogether through different and higher means. If it is becoming better, it is by the influence of truth and grace—through the Church—upon individual souls brought to a right view, first of all, of the individual depravity, and thus by individual accretion, contributing to the growth of a better public sentiment. The spirit of theatrical representations is directly the reverse of this. It operates upon men in crowds, not as assembled in the same space merely, but through those feelings and influences which belong to them solely or chiefly in masses. Deriving its aliment from the most outward public sentiment, its tendency is ever, instead of “holding the mirror up to Nature,” in any self-revealing light, to hide men from themselves. By absorbing the soul in exciting representations, in which the most depraved can take a sort of abstract or sentimental interest, it causes men to mistake this feeling for true virtue and true philanthropy, when they may be in the lowest hell of selfishness. It may become, in this way, more demoralizing than a display of the most revolting vices, because it buries the individual character beneath a mass of sentiments and emotions in which a man or a woman may luxuriate without one feeling of penitence for their own transgressions, or one thought of dissatisfaction with their own wretchedly diseased moral state.

The theatre might with far more truth and honesty be defended on the ground of mere amusement. This is, doubtless, its most real object; but there is an instinctive feeling in the human soul that it would not do to trust its defense solely to such a plea. In the first place, it may be charged with inordinate excess. Who dare justify the spending night after night in such ceaseless pleasure-seeking? And if there were not vast numbers who did this, our theatres could never be supported. To say nothing here of religion, or a life to come, the mere consideration of this world, and the poor suffering humanity by which it is tenanted, would urgently forbid that much of this life, or even a small portion of it, should be devoted to mere amusement. Within a very few rods of every theatre in our city, almost every species of misery to which man is subject is daily and nightly experienced. How, in view of this, can any truly feeling soul (and we mean by this a very different species of feeling from that which is commonly generated in theatres) talk of amusing himself? In the year 1832, during the severest prevalence of the cholera, the theatres in New York were closed. We well remember the impatience manifested at the event by those who claimed to represent the theatre-going public, and with what exulting spirits they called upon their patrons to improve the jubilee of their opening. We well remember how freely the terms “bigot” and “sour religionist” were applied to all who thought a further suppression of heartless amusements was due,

if only as a sorrowing tribute of respect to suffering humanity. It was all the sheerest Pharisaism, they said, thus to stand in the way of the innocent and rational amusements of mankind; as though, forsooth, amusement was the great end of human existence, and they who so impatiently claimed it actually needed some relaxation from the arduous and unremitted exertions they had been making for the relief of the sorrowing and toiling millions of their race.

But if not for *amusement*, it might be said, then for *recreation*, which is a very different thing. The former term is used when the end aimed at is pleasure merely, without any reference to the *good*, as a something higher and better than *pleasurable sensations*, sought simply because they are pleasurable, and without regard to the spiritual health. In its contemptible French etymology we see the very soul of the word, so far as such a word may be said to have any soul. It is *muser*, *s'amuser*, having truly nothing to do with *music* or the *Muses*, but signifying to *loiter*, to *idle*, to *kill time*. We may well doubt whether this ever can be innocent, even in the smallest degree. Certainly, to devote to it any considerable portion of our existence, especially in view of what has been and is now the condition of our race, must be not only the most heartless, but in its consequences the most damning of sins. It is in this sense that every true philanthropist, to say nothing of the Christian, must utter his loud amen to the denunciation of the heathen Seneca—*Nihil est tam damnosum bonis moribus quam in spectaculis desidere, tunc enim per voluptatem facilius vitia surrepunt.*—“Nothing is so destructive to good morals as mere amusement, or the indolent waste of time in public spectacles; it is through such pleasure that all vices most readily come creeping into the soul.”

We would have our Editor's Table ever serious, ever earnest, and yet in true harmony with all that innocent and cheerful and even mirthful recreation, which is as necessary sometimes for the spiritual as for the bodily health. We would avoid every appearance of sermonizing, and yet we can not help quoting here an authority higher than Seneca—*Vanis mundi pompis renuntio.*—“The vain pomp of the world I renounce,” is the language of the primitive form of Christian baptism, still literally in use in one of our largest Christian denominations, and expressed in substance by them all. Now it can be clearly shown that this word, *pompæ*, was not used, as it now often is, in a vague and general manner, but was employed with special reference to public theatrical shows and representations. To every baptized Christian, it seems to us, the argument must be conclusive. If theatrical shows (*pompæ*) are not “the world,” in the New Testament sense, what possible earthly thing can be included under this once most significant name? If they are not embraced in “the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life,” then not only has language no fixed meaning, but even ideas themselves have wholly changed.

Recreation, as we have said, is something very different from amusement. It is the *re-creating* or renewing the overtasked mental or bodily powers, by some relaxing and restoring exercise. It is pleasurable, as all right things ever are; but here is the all-important distinction—pleasure is not its *end*. The accompanying enjoyment is only a laxative and recreative *means* to something higher and more ultimate, and more *real* in human existence; and it is only on this ground that it becomes either rational or innocent. Amusement never can be either.

But those who need recreation in this sense will never seek it in the theatre. The reason presents

itself at once. Experience concurs with the *a priori* view, derived from the very nature of the thing, in declaring that it can never be found there. The emotions called out in the play-house are exciting—they are exhausting—they are dissipating. In each of these aspects they are at war with the legitimate idea of the recreative. They stimulate but do not invigorate. All mere pleasure-seeking has in it an element of death. It has its ground in a morbid feeling of want which is ever rendered still more morbid by gratification. It is the same with that which lies at the foundation of the appetite for stimulating drinks, except that here it affects the whole spiritual system. In a word, the truly recreative exercises of the soul, in which pleasure is a means and not an end, are ever attended by a sense of freedom, and this is the best characteristic by which they are to be distinguished from others that assume the appearance and the name. Whatever is healthful, either to body or soul, is never enslaving. The counterfeit passion for enjoyment, on the other hand, is ever binding the spirit to a deeper and still deeper bondage. From the one, the mind returns with a healthier and heartier relish to the more arduous and serious duties of life; the other at every repetition renders such duties more and more the objects of an ever growing distaste and aversion. The slightest observation of the habitual frequenters of the theatre will determine to which class of mental exercises the influence of its representations are to be assigned.

But there is another thought connected with this. We find in such an idea of the nature and end of theatrical representations the true reason why actors and actresses never have been, and never can be regarded as a reputable class in society. They may contribute ever so much to our amusement, but no principle of gratitude, even if there were any ground for so sacred a feeling, will ever bring the very persons who use them as a means of enjoyment to recognize their social equality. A favorite actor may now and then be toasted at a public dinner. Grave men may sometimes manifest a public interest in some actress who has furnished an exciting theme of newspaper discussion, or judicial investigation. But let the higher tests be demanded, and the instinctive feeling of our humanity manifests itself at once. They never have been, they never will be admitted freely to the more intimate social relations. The fashionable frequenter of the theatre would not cordially give his daughter in marriage to the most popular of actors; he would turn with aversion from the thought that his son should choose for his bride the most accomplished actress that ever called forth the rapturous plaudits of a pleasure-maddened audience. We need not go far for the reason. It may be partly found in the fact, or suspicion, of their generally vicious lives. But of that, and the cause of it, in another place. It is a different though related thought to which we would here give prominence. With all that is pretended about the theatre being a place of instruction, or recreation, there is an under-consciousness that its great end is pleasurable emotion merely—in a word, amusement. Along with this there is another suppressed consciousness that such an end is not honorable to our humanity, and that those, therefore, whose chief employment is to minister to it, can not be regarded as having a high or even a reputable calling. This decision may be called unjust, but we can not alter it, even though we fail to discover the true ground in which it has its origin. The distinctions exist in the very nature of things and ideas. No theoretical fraternization can ever essentially change them.

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There are three grades of employment whose respective rank must ever be independent of all conventionalities. Two are reputable, though differing in degree. The third is essentially dishonorable through all its great variety of departments. The highest place is given, and must ever be given, to those who live for the spirit's good, or the health of the body as conducive to it—the second to those most useful and reputable employments that have for their end the material well-being, in itself considered. The region of dishonor embraces all of every class whose aim is the *hδv* instead of the *ἀγαθόν*, the *pleasurable* instead of the *good* or the truly *useful*, whether in respect to soul or body—all who live to please, to gratify simply—to *amuse* mankind—in other words, to aid them in annihilating their precious earthly time, and in turning away their thoughts from the great ends of their immortal existence. The poorest mechanic, or day-laborer, who is toiling in the lowest department of the *utile* (or useful as we have defined it) is of a higher rank, belongs to a more honorable class, than the proudest play-actor that ever trod the boards of a theatre. Among these "men and women of pleasure," there may be also numerous varieties and degrees, from the female balancer on the tight rope to the most fashionable danseuse; from the clown of the circus to the Forrest or Macready of the aristocratic theatre; but the instinct of the human consciousness recognizes in them all but one genus. They all live to *amuse*, and such a life can not be honorable.

It may be said, perhaps, that this dishonor should attach to those who are *amused* as well as to the amusers. It might be so on the score of abstract justice; but, in fact, from the very thought there comes an additional load of obloquy upon the condemned caste. Mere pleasure-seeking, mere amusement, is felt to be, in itself, a degradation of the rational nature, and a semi-conscious sense of this finds relief by casting it upon the instruments who are supposed to receive pecuniary emolument in place of the unavoidable dishonor. It may be thus seen that the disrepute of actors and actresses is no accidental disadvantage, but has an unchangeable reason in the laws of the human consciousness. From no other cause could have come that universal reprobation of the scenic character, to be found in the writings of the most enlightened heathen as well as in those of the most zealous Christian Fathers. The opinions of Plato and Socrates on this point are most express, and Augustine only utters the sentiment of the Classical as well as the Christian world when he says (*De Civ. Dei*, 2. 14), *Actores remouent a societate civitatis—ab honoribus omnibus repellunt homines scenicos*—"They remove actors from civic society—from all honors do they repel the men of the stage." The exceptions to this only prove the rule. The fact that in a very few cases, like those of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, they have barely emerged from this load of dishonor, only shows how universal and how deep is the opprobrium.

The stage can not be reformed. Our proof of this has, thus far, been drawn mainly from historical experience. But such experience, like every other legitimate induction, forces upon us the thought of some underlying principle of evil, some inherent vitiosity which no change of outward circumstances could be ever expected to eradicate. In searching for this essential vice we need not indulge in any affectation of profundity. It will be found, we think, lying nearer the surface than is commonly imagined. Why is play-acting radically vicious? Because, we answer, it is just what its name imports. It is *act*

ing—*acting* in the theatrical sense—acting a part—an unreal part, in distinction from the stern verities which ever ought to occupy this serious and earnest life of ours. We have alluded to the heartlessness of the stage in view of the abounding sufferings and sorrows of the world. It is a varied aspect of the same truth we would here present. We have no right to waste upon mere amusement the precious time that might be employed in the alleviation of so much misery. We have no right to be *acting*, or to take delight in seeing others *acting*, in a world where abounding insincerity, falsehood, and disguise, are ever demanding truthfulness, and earnestness, and reality, as the noblest and most valuable elements in human character. Certainly there is a call upon us to avoid every thing of even a seemingly contrary tendency, in whatever fair disguise it may present itself, or under whatever fair name of art, or æsthetics, or literature, it may claim our admiration. The objection is not so much that the representation is fictitious in itself, as its tendency to generate fictitious characters in the actors and spectators. No sober thinking man can look round upon our world without perceiving that its prevailing depravity is just that which the theatre is most adapted to encourage. There is acting, stage-acting, every where—in politics, in literature, and even in religion. Men are playing State and playing Church. Artificialness of character is pervading our “world of letters” to a most demoralizing extent. We are every where living too much out of ourselves—alternately the victims and creators of false public sentiments under which the theatrical spirit of the times is burying every thing real and truthful in human nature. Our morals are theatrical; our public and social life is theatrical; our revolutions and our sympathy with revolutions are theatrical; our political conventions are theatrical; our philanthropy and our reforms are theatrical.

But we can not at present dwell upon this view in its more general aspects. In the more immediate effect upon actors and actresses themselves we find the radical cause of the vicious lives which have ever characterized them as a class. Men and women who act every character will have no character of their own. The dangerous faculty of assuming any passion, and any supposed moral state, must, in the end, be inconsistent with that earnestness of feeling without which there can be neither moral nor intellectual depth. We have neither time nor space to dwell upon those evil effects of theatrical representations which are best known and most generally admitted. Whoever demands proof of them may be referred to the records of our Criminal Courts. We would rather search for the root of the evil. It is here in the most interior idea of the drama that we find the virus fountain from which all its poison flows, and of which what are called the incidental evils, are but the necessary ultimate manifestations. It is not found simply in the personation of vicious characters, whether in the shape of heroic crime or vulgar comedy. The radical mischief is in the fact that the theatre is the great storehouse and seminary of *false feeling*; and all false feeling, without the exception even of the religious (in fact, the higher the pretension the greater the evil), is so much spiritual poison. By this we mean an emotion and a sentimentality having no ground in any previous healthy moral state with which they may be organically connected. No fact is more certain than that such a seeming virtue may be called out in the worst of men, and that instead of truly softening and meliorating, it invariably exerts a hardening influence, ren-

dering the affections less capable of being aroused to the genuine duties and genuine benevolence of real life. It is indeed a blessed and a blissful thing to have a feeling heart; but, then, the feeling must be real; that is, as we have defined it, flowing from within as the legitimate product of a true, moral organism. Better be without all feeling than have that which is the unnatural result of artificial stimulus. Better that the soul be an arid desert than that it should be watered by such Stygian streams, or luxuriate in the rank Upas of such a deadly verdure. There is evidence in abundance that a man may melt under the influence of a theatrical sentimentality, and yet go forth to the commission of the worst of crimes; with a freedom, too, all the greater for the fictitious virtue under which his true character has been so completely concealed from his own eyes.

It might, at first, seem strange that this should be so. The emotions of benevolence, of compassion, of patriotism, it might be said, must be the same whatever calls them forth. But a true analysis will show that there is not only a great but an essential difference. In the one case feeling is the natural result of a sound soul in direct communion with the realities of life. In the other it is entirely artificial.—One has its ground in the reason and the conscience; the other in the sensitive and imaginative nature. One comes to us in the due course of things; the other we create for ourselves. The one is ever recuperative, elevating while it humbles, softening while it invigorates. It grows stronger and purer by exercise. It never satiates, never exhausts, never reacts. The other ever produces an exhaustion corresponding to the unnatural excitement, and like every other artificial stimulus reduces the spiritual nature to a lower state at every repetition. In short, to use the expressive Scriptural comparisons, the one is a continual pouring into broken cisterns; the other is like a well of *living water*, springing up to everlasting life. Nothing is more alluringly deceptive, and therefore more dangerous, than the cultivation of the æsthetic nature, either to the exclusion of the moral, or by cherishing a public sentiment that confounds them together. We should be warned by the fact, of which history furnishes more than one example, that a nation may be distinguished for artistic and dramatic refinement, and yet present the most horrid contrast of crime and cruelty. A similar view may be taken of an age noted for a theoretical, or sentimental, or theatrical philanthropy. There is great reason to fear that it will be followed, if not accompanied, by one distinguished for great ferocity and recklessness of actual human suffering.

But to return to our analogy. It might with equal justice be maintained, in respect to the body, that physical *strength* is the same, whatever the cause by which it is produced. And yet we all know that there is a most essential difference between that vigor of nerve and muscle which is the result of the real and natural exercise of the healthy organism, in the performance of its legitimate functions, and that which comes from maddening artificial stimulants. They may appear the same for the moment; and yet we know that the one has an element of invigorating and *re-creating* life; the other has the seeds of death, and brings death into the human microcosm with all its train of physical as well as spiritual woes.

And this suggests that idea in which we find the most interior difference between true and false feeling. In the one the emotion is sought for its own sake as an *end*. In the other it is the *means* to a higher good. One seeks to save its life and loses it. The other loses its life and finds it. The true be-

nevolence is unconscious of itself as an end, and through such unconsciousness attains to substantial satisfaction. The spurious looks to nothing but the luxury of its own emotion, and thus continually transmutes into poison the very aliment on which it feeds. Like Milton's incestuous monsters, so do the matricidal pleasures of artificial sentiment.

Into the womb

That bred them ever more return—

engendering, in the end, a fiercer want, and giving birth to a more intolerable pain—

Hourly conceived

And hourly born with sorrow infinite.

There, too, we find the right notion of that word which would seem so incapable of all strict definition—we mean the much-used and much-abused term, *sentimentalism*. It differs from true feeling in this, that it is a *feeling to feel*—or, for the sake of feeling—a *feeling of one's own feelings* (if we may use the strange expression), instead of the woes and sufferings of others, which are not strictly the *objects*, but only the *means* of luxurious excitement, to this introverted state of the affections. Hence, while true benevolence ever goes forth in the freedom of its unconsciousness, sentimentalism is ever most egotistical, ever turning inward to gaze upon itself, and *feel itself*, and thus ever more in the most rigorous and ignominious bondage.

The same position, had we time, might be taken in respect to what may be styled false, or theatrical mirth. Even mirth, which, under other circumstances, and when produced by other causes, might be an innocent and healthful recreation, is here utterly spoiled, because we know it to be all *acting*. It is all false; there is no reality in it; there is no true merry heart there. To the right feeling, there is even a thought of sadness in the spectacle, when we reflect how often amid the wearisome repetition of what must be to him the same stale buffoonery, the soul of the wretched actor may be actually aching, and bitterly aching, beneath his comic mask.

Our argument might, perhaps, be charged with proving too much—with invading the sacred domain of poetry—with condemning all works of fiction and all reading, as well as acting, of plays. We would like to dispose of these objections if we had time. In some respects, and to a certain extent, their validity might be candidly admitted. In others, we might make modifications and distinctions, drawing the line, as we think we could, in accordance with the demands of right reason, right faith, right taste, and right morals. But the limits of our Editorial Table do not permit; and we, therefore, leave our readers to draw this line for themselves, believing that, in so doing, a sound moral sense, proceeding on the tests here laid down, will easily distinguish all healthful and recreative reading from those inherent evils that must ever belong to dramatic representations.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"OUF! ouf!"—The French have a funny way of writing a letter, as well as of telling a story. For instance, our friend of the *Courrier*, whose gossip we have time and again transmuted, with some latitude of construction into our own noon-tide sentences, commences one of his later epistles with the exclamation, "*Ouf! ouf!*" "And this," says he, "is the best *resumé* that I can give you of the situation of

Paris." It is a cry of distress, and of lassitude, breaking out from the Parisian heart, over-burdened with plenitude of pleasure; it is the re-action of the fêtes of May. How many things in ten days! How much dust—cannon-smoke—fire—fury—Roman candles—thunder—melodramas—and provincials! How much theatre-going—dining out—spent francs—*démittasses*—and ennui!

It is no wonder that your true Parisian is troubled with the crowd and uproar that the fêtes bring to Paris, and, above all, with the uncouth hordes of banditti provincials. The New-Yorker or the Philadelphian can look complacently upon the throngs that our Eastern and Northern steamers disgorge upon the city, and upon the thousand wagons of "Market-street;" for these, all of them, not only bring their quota of money to his till, but they lend a voice and a tread to the hurry and the noise in which, and by which, your true-blooded American feels his fullest life.

But the Parisian—living by daily, methodic, quiet, uninterrupted indulgence of his tastes and humors—looks harshly upon the stout wool-growers and plethoric vineyard men, who elbow him out of the choicest seats at the Theatre of the Palais Royal, and who break down his appreciative chuckle at a stroke of wit, with their immoderate guffaw. Then, the dresses of these provincials are a perpetual eyesore to his taste. Such coats! such hats! such canes! The very sight of them makes misery for your habitual frequenter of the *Maison d'or*, or of the *Café Anglais*.

Moreover, there is something in the very *insouciance* of these country-comers to Paris which provokes the citizen the more. What do they care for their white bell-crowns of ten years ago? or what, for marching and counter-marching the Boulevard, with a fat wife on one arm, and a fat daughter on the other? What do they care for the fashion of a dinner, as they call for a *bouillon*, followed with a steak and onions, flanked by a melon, and wet with a deep bottle of *Julienne premier*?

What do they care for any *mode*, or any proprieties of the Faubourg St. Honoré, as they leer at the dancers of the *Bal Mabil*, or roar once and again at the clown who figures at the *Estaminet-Café* of the Champs Elysées?

In short, says our aggrieved friend, the letter-writer, they press us, and torture us every where; they eat our bread, and drink our wine, and tread on our toes, and crowd us from our seats, as if the gay capital were made for them alone! Nor is the story unreal: whoever has happened upon that mad French metropolis, in the days of its *fête* madness, can recall the long procession of burly and gross provincials who swarm the streets and gardens, like the lice in the Egypt of Pharaoh.

In the old kingly times, when fêtes were regal, and every Frenchman gloated at the velvet panoply, worked over with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, as they now gloat at the columns of their Republican journals, their love for festal-days was well hit off in an old comedy. The shopkeeper (in the play) says to his wife, "Take care of the shop; I am going to see the king." And the wife presently says to the chief-clerk, "Take care of the shop; I am going to see the king." And the clerk, so soon as the good woman is fairly out of sight, says to the *garçon*, "Take care of the shop; I am going to see the king." And the *garçon* enjoins upon the dog to "take care of the shop, as he is going to see the king." And the dog, stealing his nose out at the door, leaves all in charge of the parroquet, and goes to see the king!

The joke made a good laugh in those laughing days: nor is the material for as good a joke wanting now. The prefect leaves business with the sub-prefect, that he may go up to the Paris fête. The sub-prefect leaves his care with some commissioner, that he may go up to the Paris fête. And the commissioner, watching his chance, steals away in his turn, and chalks upon the door of the prefecture, "Gone to the fêtes of May."

All this, to be sure, is two months old, and belonged to that festive season of the Paris year, which goes before the summer. Now, if report speaks true, with provincials gone home, and the booths along the Champs Elysées struck, and the theatric stars escaped to Belgium, or the Springs, the Parisian is himself again. He takes his evening drive in the Bois de Boulogne; he fishes for invitations to Meudon, or St. Cloud; he plots a descent upon Boulogne, or Aix la Chapelle; he studies the summer fashions from his apartments on the Boulevard de la Madeleine; he takes his river-bath by the bridge of the Institute; he smokes his evening cigar under the trees by the National Circus; and he speculates vaguely upon the imperial prospects of his President, the Prince Louis.

Meantime, fresh English and Americans come thronging in by the Northern road, and the Havre road, and the road from Strasbourg. They cover every floor of every hotel and *maison garnie* in the Rue Rivoli. They buy up all the couriers and valets-de-place; they swarm in the jewelry and the bronze shops of the Rue de la Paix; and they call, in bad French, for every dish that graces the *carte du jour* in the restaurants of the Palais Royal. They branch off toward the Apennines and the Alps, in flocks; and, if report speak true, the Americans will this year outnumber upon the mountains of Switzerland both French and German travelers. Indeed, Geneva, and Zurich, and Lucerne, are now discussed and brought into the map of tourists, as thoughtlessly as, ten years since, they compared the charms of the Blue Lick and the Sharon waters.

Look at it a moment: Ten days, under the Collins guidance, will land a man in Liverpool. Three days more will give him a look at the Tower, the Parks, Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Paternoster Row; and on the fourth he may find himself swimming in a first-class French car, on damask cushions, at forty miles the hour from Boulogne to Paris. Five days in the capital will show him (specially if he is free of service-money) the palaces of Versailles, the Louvre, the park at St. Cloud, the church of Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Bourse, the Dead House, a score of balls, half as many theatres, the pick of the shops, and the great Louis himself.

Three other summer days, allowing a ten hours' tramp over the galleries and sombre grounds of Fontainebleau, will set him down, at the door of "mine host" of the Hotel de l'Ecu, in the city of Geneva, and he will brush the dews from his eyes in the morning, within sight of the "blue, arrowy Rhone," and "placid Leman, and the bald white peak of Mont Blanc." A Sunday in the Genevese church, will rest his aching limbs, and give him hearing of such high doctrine as comes from the lips of Merle d'Aubigné, and Monday will drift him on *char-a-banc* straight down through wooded Sardinia—reading Coleridge's Hymn—into the marvelous valley of Chamouny.

There, he may take breath before he goes up upon the Sea of Ice; and afterward he may idle, on donkeys or his own stout feet, over such mountain passes as

will make Franconia memories tame, and boat it upon the Lake of Lucerne; and dine at the White Swan of Frankfort, and linger at Bingen, and drink Hock at Heidelberg; and chaffer with Jean Maria Farina at Cologne, and measure the stairs of the belfry at Antwerp, and toss in a cockle shell of a steamer across the straits, and lay him down in his Collins berth one month from his landing, a fresher and fuller man—with only six weeks cloven from his summer, and a short "five hundred" lifted from his purse.

The very fancy of it all—so easy, and so quick-coming—makes our blood beat in the office-chair, and tempts us strangely to fling down the pen, and to book ourselves by the Arctic.

WE happened the other day upon an old French picture of Washington, which it may be worth while to render into passable English. It comes from the writings of M. DE BROGLIE.

"I urged," he says, "M. de Rochambeau to present me, and the next day was conducted by him to dine with the great general. He received, most graciously, a letter from my father, and gave me a pleasant welcome. The general is about forty-nine—tall, well-made, and of elegant proportions. His face is much more agreeable than generally represented: notwithstanding the fatigues of the last few years, he seems still to possess all the agility and freshness of youth.

"His expression is sweet and frank; his address rather cold, though polished; his eye, somewhat pensive, is more observant than flashing; and his look is full of dignified assurance. He guards always a dignity of manner which forbids great familiarity, while it seems to offend none. He seems modest, even to humility; yet he accepts, kindly and graciously, the homage which is so freely rendered him. His tone of voice is exceedingly low; and his attention to what is addressed to him, so marked, as to make one sure he has fully understood, though he should venture no reply. Indeed this sort of circumspection is a noted trait of his character.

"His courage is rather calm than brilliant, and shows itself rather in the coolness of his decision, than in the vigor with which he battles against odds.

"He usually dines in company with twenty or thirty of his officers; his attention to them is most marked and courteous; and his dignity, at table only, sometimes relapses into gayety. He lingers at dessert for an hour or two, eating freely of nuts, and drinking wine with his guests. I had the honor of interchanging several *toasts* with the general; among others, I proposed the health of the Marquis de Lafayette. He accepted the sentiment with a very benevolent smile, and was kind enough to offer, in turn, the health of my own family.

"I was particularly struck with the air of respect and of admiration with which his officers uniformly treated General Washington."

M. de Broglie makes mention of the meeting of Washington and Gates, after their unfortunate difference, and speaks in high praise of the conduct of both. He furthermore suggests that the assignment of the chief command of the army to General Greene was owing to a certain feeling of jealousy which Washington entertained for the reputation of Gates: a suggestion, which neither contemporaneous history, or the relative merits of Greene and of Gates would confirm.

It is not a little singular how greedy we become to learn the most trivial details of the private life of

the men we admire. Who would not welcome nowadays any *bona fide* contemporaneous account of the meals or dress of William Shakspeare, or of Francis Bacon? And what a jewel of a spirit that would be, who would make some pleasant letter-writer for the Tribune, the *medium* of communicating to us what colored coat Shakspeare wore when he wooed Ann Hathaway, and how much wine he drank for the modeling of Jack Falstaff! Were there no Boswells in those days, whose spirits might be coaxed into communicative rappings about the king of the poets? We recommend the matter, in all sincerity, to the Misses Media.

A FRENCH court-room is not unfrequently as "good as a play:" besides which, the Paris reporters have a dainty way of working up the infirmities of a weak wicked man into a most captivating story. They dramatize, even to painting the grave nod of the judge; and will work out a farce from a mere broken bargain about an ass!—as one may see from this trial of Léonard Vidaillon.

Léonard Vidaillon, as brave a cooper as ever hammered a hoop, having retired from business, bethought him of buying an equipage for his family; but hesitated between the purchase of a pony or a donkey.

"A pony," said he, to himself, "is a graceful little beast, genteel, *coquet*, and gives a man a 'certain air;' but on the other hand, your pony is rather hard to keep, and costly to equip. The donkey takes care of himself—eats every thing—wants no comb or brush; but, unfortunately, is neither vivacious or elegant."

In the midst of this embarrassment, an old friend recommended to him—a mule. With this idea flaming in his thought, Léonard ran over all of Paris in search of a mule, and ended with finding, at the stable of a worthy donkey-drover, a little mule of a year old—of "fine complexion"—smaller than a horse—larger than a donkey—with a lively eye—in short, such a charming little creature as bewitched the cooper, and secured the sale.

The price was a hundred francs, it being agreed that the young mule should have gratuitous nursing of its donkey-mother for three months; at the expiration of which time our cooper should claim his own.

The next scene opens in full court.

Léonard, the defendant, is explaining.

"Yes, your honor, I bought the mule, to be delivered at the end of three months. At the end of three months I fell sick; I lay a-bed twelve weeks; I drugged myself to death; I picked up on water-gruel; I got on my legs; and the second day out I went after my little mule."

DONKEY-MAN (being plaintiff).—The court will observe that three months and twelve weeks make six months.

The Judge nods acquiescence.

LEONARD.—Agreed. They make six months. I went then after my little mule, a delicate creature, not larger than a large ass, that I had picked out expressly for my little wagon. I went, as I said, to see my little mule. And what does the man show me? A great, yellow jackass, high in the hips, with a big belly, that would be sure to split the shafts of my carriage! I said to him, "M. Galoupeau, this is not my little mule, and I sha'n't pay you."

GALOUPEAU (plaintiff).—And what did I say?

LEONARD.—You swore it was my mule.

GALOUPEAU.—I said better than that: I said I couldn't constrain the nature of the beast, and hinder a little mule from growing large.

LEONARD.—But mine was a blond, and yours is yellow.

GALOUPEAU.—Simply another effect of nature! And I have seen a little black ass foal turn white at three months old!

LEONARD.—Do you think I have filled casks so long, not to know that red wine is red, and white wine, white.

GALOUPEAU.—I don't know. I don't understand the nature of wines; but donkeys—yes.

JUDGE (to the defendant).—So you refuse to take the mule?

LEONARD.—I rather think so—a mule like a camel, and such a ferocious character, that he came within an ace of taking my life!

JUDGE.—You will please to make good this point of the injuries sustained.

LEONARD.—The thing is easy. This M. Galoupeau insisted that I should take a look at his beast, and brought him out of the stable. The animal made off like a mad thing, and came near killing all the poultry. Then M. Galoupeau, who professes to know his habits, followed him up to the bottom of the yard, spoke gently to him, and after getting a hand upon his shoulder, called me up. As for myself, I went up confidently. I came near the beast, and just as I was about to reach out my hand for a gentle caress, the brute kicked me in the stomach—such a kick!—Mon Dieu! but here, your Honor, is the certificate—"twelve days a-bed; one hundred and fifty leeches." All that for caressing the brute!

GALOUPEAU.—If you were instructed, M. Léonard, in the nature of these beasts, you would understand that they never submit to any flattery from behind; and you know very well that you approached him by the tail.

Here two stable-boys were called to the stand, who testified that Signor Léonard Vidaillon, late cooper, did approach their master's jackass by the tail; and furthermore, that the mule (or jackass) was ordinarily of a quiet and peaceable disposition. This being shown to the satisfaction of the Court, and since it appeared that an inexperience, arising out of ignorance of the nature of the beast, had occasioned the injury to Signor Vidaillon, the case was decided for the plaintiff. Poor Léonard was mulcted in the cost of the mule, the costs of the suit, the cost of a hundred and fifty leeches, and the cost of broader shafts to his family wagon.

We have entertained our reader with this report—first, to show how parties to a French suit plead their own cause; and next, to show how the French reporters render the cause into writing. The story is headed in the French journal, like a farce—"A little mule will grow."

As for the town, in these hot days of summer, it looks slumberous. The hundreds who peopled the up-town walks with silks and plumes, are gone to the beach of Newport, or the shady verandas of the "United States." Even now, we will venture the guess, there are scores of readers running over this page under the shadow of the Saratoga colonades, or in view of the broad valley of the Mohawk, who parted from us last month in some cushioned *fauteuil* of the New York Avenues.

The down-town men wear an air of *ennui*, and slip uneasily through the brick and mortar labyrinths of Maiden-lane and of John-street. Brokers, even, long for their Sunday's recess—when they can steal one breath of health and wideness at New Rochelle, or Rockaway. Southerners, with nurses and children, begin to show themselves in the neighborhood of the

Union and Clarendon, and saunter through our sunshine as if our sunshine were a bath of spring.

Fruits meantime are ripening in all our stalls; and it takes the edge from the sultriness of the season to wander at sunrise, through the golden and purple show of our Washington market. Most of all, to such as are tied, by lawyer's tape or editorial pen, to the desks of the city, does it bring a burst of country glow to taste the firstlings of the country's growth, and to doat upon the garden glories of the year—as upon so many testimonial clusters, brought back from a land of Canaan.

And in this vein, we can not avoid noting and commending the increasing love for flowers. Bouquets are marketable; they are getting upon the stalls; they flank the lamb and the butter. Our civilization is ripening into a sense of their uses and beauties. They talk to us even now—for a tenpenny bunch of roses is smiling at us from our desk) of fields, fragrance, health, and wanton youth. They take us back to the days when with urchin fingers we grappled the butter-cup and the mountain daisy—days when we loitered by violet banks, and loved to loiter—days when we loved the violets, and loved to love; and they take us forward too—far forward to the days that always seem coming, when flowers shall bless us again, and be plucked again, and be loved again, and bloom around us, year after year; and bloom over us, year after year!

THE two great hinges of public chat are—just now—the rival candidates, Generals Pierce and Scott; serving not only for the hot hours of lunch under the arches of the Merchants' Exchange, but toning the talk upon every up-bound steamer of the Hudson, and giving their creak to the breezes of Cape May.

Poor Generals!—that a long and a worthy life should come to such poor end as this. To be vilified in the journals, to be calumniated with dinner-table abuse, or with worse flattery—to have their religion, their morals, their courage, their temper, all brought to the question;—to have their faces fly-specked in every hot shop of a barber—to have their grandparents, and parents all served up in their old clothes; to have their school-boy pranks ferreted out, and every forgotten penny pitched into their eyes; to have their wine measured by the glass, and their tears by the tumbler; to have their names a by-word, and their politics a reproach—this is the honor we show to these most worthy candidates!

As a relief to the wearisome political chat, our city has just now been blessed with Albani; and it is not a little curious to observe how those critics who were coy of running riot about Jenny Lind, are lavishing their pent-up superlatives upon the newcomer. The odium of praising nothing, it appears, they do not desire; and seize the first opportunity to win a reputation for generosity. The truth is, we suspect, that Albani is a highly cultivated singer, with a voice of southern sweetness, and with an air of most tempered pleasantness; but she hardly brings the *prestige* of that wide benevolence, noble action, and *naïve* courtesy, which made the world welcome Jenny as a woman, before she had risked a note.

In comparing the two as artists, we shall not venture an opinion; but we must confess to a strong liking for such specimen of humanity, as makes its humanity shine through whatever art it embraces. Such humanity sliding into song, slides through the song, and makes the song an echo; such humanity reveling in painting, makes the painting only a shadow on the wall. Every true artist should be

greater than his art; or else it is the art that makes him great.

And while we are upon this matter of song, we take the liberty of suggesting, in behalf of plain-spoken, and simple-minded people, that musical criticism is nowadays arraying itself in a great brocade of words, of which the fustian only is clear to common readers. We can readily understand that the art of music, like other arts, should have its technicalities of expression; but we can not understand with what propriety those technicalities should be warped into such notices, as are written professedly for popular entertainment and instruction.

If, Messrs. Journalists, your musical critiques are intended solely for the eye of connoisseurs, stick to your shady Italian; but if they be intended for the enlightenment of such hungry outside readers, as want to know, in plain English, how such or such a concert went off, and in what peculiar way each artist excels, for Heaven's sake, give us a taste again of old fashioned Saxon expletive! He seems to us by far the greatest critic, who can carry to the public mind the clearest and the most accurate idea of what was sung, and of the way in which it was sung. It would seem, however, that we are greatly mistaken; and that the palm of excellence should lie with those, whose periods smack most of the green-room, and cover up opinions with a profusion of technicalities. We shall not linger here, however, lest we be attacked in language we can not understand.

AMONG the novelties which have provoked their share of the boudoir chit-chat, and which go to make our monthly digest of trifles complete, may be reckoned the appearance of a company of trained animals at the Astor Place Opera House. Their *début* was modest and maidenly; and could hardly have made an eddy in the talk, had not the purveyors of that classic temple, entered an early protest against the performance, as derogatory to the dignity of the place.

This difficulty, and the ensuing discussions, naturally led to a comparison of the habits of the various animals, who are accustomed to appear in that place, whether as spectators, or as actors. What the judicial decision may have been respecting the matter, we are not informed. Public opinion, however, seems to favor the conclusion that the individuals composing the monkey troupe would compare well, even on the score of dignity, with very many habitués of the house; and that the whole monkey tribe, being quite harmless and inoffensive, should remain, as heretofore, the subjects of Christian toleration, whether appearing on the bench (no offense to the Judges) or the boards.

With this theatric note, to serve as a snapper to our long column of gossip, we beg to yield place to that very coy lady—the Bride of Landeck.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S LETTER.

"THE BRIDE OF LANDECK."

DEAR SIR—The small village of Landeck is situated in a very beautiful spot near the river Inn, with a fine old castle to the southeast, against the winds from which quarter it shelters the greater part of the village—a not unnecessary screen; for easterly winds in the Tyrol are very detestable. Indeed I know no country in which they are any thing else, or where the old almanac lines are not applicable—

"When the wind is in the east,

'Tis neither good for man or beast."

Some people, however, are peculiarly affected by the influence of that wind; and they tell a story of Dr.

Parr—for the truth of which I will not vouch, but which probably has some foundation in fact. When a young man, he is said to have had an attack of ague, which made him dread the east wind as a pestilence. He had two pupils at the time, gay lads, over whose conduct, as well as whose studies, he exercised a very rigid superintendence. When they went out to walk, Parr was almost sure to be with them, much to their annoyance on many occasions. There were some exceptions, however; and they remarked that these exceptions occurred when the wind was easterly. Boys are very shrewd, and it did not escape the lads' attention, that every day their tutor walked to the window, and looked up at the weather-cock on the steeple of the little parish church. Conferences were held between the young men; and a carpenter consulted. A few days after, the wind was in the east, and the Doctor suffered them to go out alone. The following day it was in the east still. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, all easterly wind—if the weather-cock might be believed. Sunday, Parr went to church, and shivered all day. The next week it was just the same thing. Never was such a spell of easterly wind. Parr was miserable. But at the end of some five weeks, a friend, and man of the world, came to visit him, with the common salutation of—"A fine day, Doctor!"

"No day is a fine day, sir, with an easterly wind," said Parr, with his usual acerbity.

"Easterly wind?" said his visitor, walking toward the window; "I don't think the wind is east—yes it is, indeed."

"Ay, sir, and has been for these six weeks," answered Parr, sharply. "I could tell it by my own sensations, without looking at the weather-cock."

"Why, Doctor," answered the other, "the wind was west yesterday: that I know; and I thought it was west to-day."

"Then you thought like a fool, sir," answered Parr. "A man who can not tell when the wind is in the east, has no right to think at all. Let him look at the weather-cock."

"But the weather-cock may be rusty," answered the other; "and your weather-cock must be rusty if it pointed to the east yesterday; for it blew pretty smartly from the west all day."

"Do you think I am a fool, sir: do you think I am a liar?" asked Parr, angrily.

"No; but you may be mistaken, Doctor," replied the other. "Even Solomon, as you know, made a mistake sometimes; and you are mistaken now; and the weather-cock too. Look at the clouds: they are coming rapidly from the west. If you would take my advice, you would look to our friend there on the top of the steeple."

"I will, sir—I will this moment," replied Parr; and ringing the bell violently, he ordered his servant to take the village carpenter and a bottle of oil, and have the weather-cock examined and greased. He and his visitor watched the whole proceeding from the window—the bringing forth of the ladders, the making them fast with ropes, the perilous ascent, and then the long operations which seemed much more complicated than the mere process of greasing the rusty weather-cock. "What can the fools be about?" said Parr. In the end, however, the deed, whatever it was, was done; and the servant and the carpenter descended, and came toward the house. By this time the weather-cock had whirled round, pointing directly to the west, and the Doctor asked eagerly, as soon as the men appeared, "Well, sir—well: what prevented the vane from turning?"

"A large nail, sir," answered the man.

"I will never trust a weather-cock again," cried Parr.

"Nor your own sensations either, Doctor," said his friend, "unless you are very sure they are right ones; for if you pin them to a weather-cock, there may be people who will find it for their interest to pin the weather-cock to the post."

The two poor pupils from that day forward lost their advantage; but they had six weeks of fun out of it, and, like the fishes in the Arabian tale, "were content."

There is an old proverb, that "Fancy is as good for a fool as physic," and I believe the saying might be carried further still; for there is such a thing as corporeal disease, depending entirely upon the mind; and that with very wise men too. The effect of mental remedies we all know, even in very severe and merely muscular diseases. Whether Doctor Parr was cured of his aguish sensations or not, I can not tell; but I have known several instances of mental remedies applied with success; to say nothing of having actually seen the incident displayed by old Bunbury's caricature of a rheumatic man enabled to jump over a high fence by the presence of a mad bull. I will give you one instance of a complete, though temporary cure, performed upon a young lady by what I can only consider mental agency. One of the daughters of a Roman Catholic family, named V——, a very beautiful and interesting girl, had entirely lost the use of her limbs for nearly three years, and was obliged to be fed and tended like a child. Her mind was acute and clear, however, and as at that time the celebrated Prince Hohenloe was performing, by his prayers, some cures which seemed miraculous, her father entered into correspondence with him, to see if any thing could be done for the daughter. The distance of some thousand miles lay between the Prince and the patient; but he undertook to pray and say mass for her on a certain day, and at a certain hour, and directed that mass should also be celebrated in the city where she resided, exactly at the same moment. As the longitude of the two places was very different, a great deal of fuss was made to ascertain the precise time. All this excited her imagination a good deal, and at the hour appointed the whole family went to mass, leaving her alone, and in bed. On their return they found Miss V——, who for years had not been able to stir hand or foot, up, dressed, and in the drawing-room. For the time, she was perfectly cured; but I have been told that she gradually fell back into the same state as before.

Mental medicine does not always succeed, however; and once, in my own case, failed entirely. When traveling in Europe, in the year 1825, I was attacked with very severe quartan fever. I was drugged immensely between the paroxysms, and the physician conspired with my friends to persuade me I was quite cured. They went so far as, without my knowing it, to put forward a striking-clock that was on the mantle-piece, and when the hour struck, at which the fit usually seized me, without any appearance of its return, they congratulated me on my recovery, and actually left me. Nevertheless, at the real hour, the fever seized me again, and shook me nearly to pieces. Neither is it that mental medicine sometimes fails; but it sometimes operates in a most unexpected and disastrous manner; especially when applied to mental disease; and I am rather inclined to believe, that corporeal malady may often be best treated by mental means; mental malady by corporeal means.

A friend of my youth, poor Mr. S—— lost his only

son, in a very lamentable manner. He had but two children: this son and a daughter. Both were exceedingly handsome, full of talent and kindly affection; and the two young people were most strongly attached to each other. Suddenly, the health of young S—— was perceived to decline. He became grave—pale—sad—emaciated. His parents took the alarm. Physicians were sent for. No corporeal disease of any kind could be discovered. The doctors declared privately that there must be something on his mind, as it is called, and his father with the utmost kindness and tenderness, besought him to confide in him, assuring him that if any thing within the reach of fortune or influence could give him relief, his wishes should be accomplished, whatever they might be.

"You can do nothing for me, my dear father," replied the young man, sadly; "but you deserve all my confidence, and I will not withhold it. That which is destroying me, is want of rest. Every night, about an hour after I lie down, a figure dressed in white, very like the figure of my dear sister, glides into the room, and seats itself on the right side of my bed, where it remains all night. If I am asleep at the time of its coming, I am sure to wake, and I remain awake all night with my eyes fixed upon it. I believe it to be a delusion; but I can not banish it; and the moment it appears, I am completely under its influence. This is what is killing me."

The father reasoned with him, and took every means that could be devised either by friends or physicians, to dispel this sad phantasy. They gave parties; they sat up late; they changed the scene; but it was all in vain. The figure still returned; and the young man became more and more feeble. He was evidently dying; and as a last resource, it was determined to have recourse to a trick to produce a strong effect upon his mind. The plan arranged was as follows. His sister was to dress herself in white, as he had represented the figure to be dressed, and about the hour he mentioned, to steal into his room, and seat herself on the other side of the bed, opposite to the position which the phantom of his imagination usually occupied, while the parents remained near the door to hear the result. She undertook the task timidly; but executed it well. Stealing in, with noiseless tread, she approached her brother's bed-side, and by the faint moonlight, saw his eyes fixed with an unnatural stare upon vacancy, but directed to the other side. She seated herself without making the least noise, and waited to see if he would turn his eyes toward her. He did not stir in the least, however; but lay, as if petrified by the sight his fancy presented. At length she made a slight movement to call his attention, and her garments rustled. Instantly the young man turned his eyes to the left, gazed at her—looked back to the right—gazed at her again; and then exclaimed, almost with a shriek, "Good God: there are two of them!"

He said no more. His sister darted up to him. The father and mother ran in with lights; but the effect had been fatal. He was gone.

Nor is this the only case in which I have known the most detrimental results occur from persons attempting indiscreetly to act upon the minds of the sick while in a very feeble state. Once, indeed, the whole medical men—and they were among the most famous of their time in the world—belonging to one of the chief hospitals of Edinburgh, were at fault in a similar manner. The case was this: A poor woman of the port of Leith had married a sailor, to whom she was very fondly attached. They had one or two children, and were in by no means good circumstances.

The man went to sea in pursuit of his usual avocations, and at the end of two or three months intelligence was received in Leith of the loss of the vessel with all on board. Left in penury, with no means of supporting her children but her own hard labor, the poor woman, who was very attractive in appearance, was persuaded to marry a man considerably older than herself, but in very tolerable circumstances. By him she had one child; and in the summer of the year 1786, she was sitting on the broad, open way, called Leith-walk, with a baby on her lap. Suddenly, she beheld her first husband walk up the street directly toward her. The man recognized her instantly, approached, and spoke to her. But she neither answered nor moved. She was struck with catalepsy. In this state she was removed to the Royal Infirmary, and her case, from the singular circumstances attending it, excited great interest in the medical profession in Edinburgh, which at that time numbered among its professors the celebrated Cullen, and no less celebrated Gregory. The tale was related to me by one of their pupils, who was present, and who assured me that every thing was done that science could suggest, till all the ordinary remedial means were exhausted. The poor woman remained without speech or motion. In whatever position the body was placed, there it remained; and the rigidity of the muscles was such, that when the arm was extended, twenty minutes elapsed before it fell to her side by its own weight. Death was inevitable, unless some means could be devised of rousing the mind to some active operation on the body. From various indications, it was judged that the poor woman was perfectly sensible, and at a consultation of all the first physicians of the city, the first husband was sent for, and asked if he was willing to co-operate, in order to give his poor wife a chance of life. He replied, with deep feeling, that he was willing to lay down his own life, if it would restore her: that he was perfectly satisfied with her conduct; knew that she had acted in ignorance of his existence; and explained, that having floated to the coast of Africa upon a piece of the wreck, he had been unable for some years to return to his native land, or communicate with any one therein. In these circumstances, it was determined to act immediately. The Professors grouped themselves round the poor woman, and the first husband was brought suddenly to the foot of the bed, toward which her eyes were turned, carrying the child by the second husband in his arms. A moment of silence and suspense succeeded; but then, she who had lain for so many days like a living corpse, rose slowly up, and stretched out her hands toward the poor sailor. Her lips moved, and with a great effort she exclaimed, "Oh, John, John—you know that it was nae my fault." The effort was too much for her exhausted frame: she fell back again immediately, and in five minutes was a corpse indeed.

This story may have been told by others before me, for the thing was not done in a corner. But I always repeat it, when occasion serves, in order to warn people against an incautious use of means to which we are accustomed to attribute less power than they really possess.

And now, I will really go on with "The Bride of Landeck" in my next letter.—Yours faithfully,

P.

Editor's Drawer.

HERE is a very amusing picture of that species of odd fish known as a *Matter-of-Fact Man*:

"I am what the old women call 'An Odd Fish.' I do nothing, under heaven, without a motive—never. I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they won't be granted. I grant no favors when I think they are not deserved; and finally, I don't wait upon the girls when I think my attentions would be disagreeable. I am a matter-of-fact man—I am. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a young lady home—I did, seriously: that is, I meant to wait on her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her; and it has ever since been an enigma to me whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm, and said not a word. I bade her 'Good Night,' and she said not a word. I met her the next day, and I said not a word. I met her again, and she gave a two-hours' talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said, and couldn't for the life of her conceive why. She begged me to explain, but didn't give me the ghost of a chance to do it. She said she hoped I wouldn't be offended: asked me to call: and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she really wanted me to call or not.

"I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I *did*. I inquired for the lady, and was told that she was not at home. I expect she was. I went *away* thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again. She was offended—said I had not been 'neighborly.' She reproached me for my negligence; said she thought I had been unkind. And I've ever since wondered whether she *was* sorry or not.

"A lady once said to me that she should like to be married, if she could get a good congenial husband, who would make her happy, or at least *try* to. She was not difficult to please, she said. I said, 'I should like to get married too, if I could get a wife that would try to make me happy.' She said, 'Umph!' and looked as if she meant what she said. She *did*. For when I asked her if she thought she could be persuaded to marry me, she said, she'd rather be excused. I excused her. I've often wondered *why* I excused her.

"A good many things of this kind have happened to me that are doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What, then, is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? *It is the want of fact.* This is a matter-of-fact world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal in matter-of-fact."

SOME modern author says of gambling, that it is "a magical stream, into which, if a man once steps, and wets the sole of his foot, he must needs keep on until he is overwhelmed." Perhaps some readers of the "Drawer" may have heard of the officer, who, having lost all his money at play, received assistance from a friend, on condition that he would never after touch a pack of cards. A few weeks after, however, he was found in an out-house drawing short and long straws with a brother-gamster for hundreds of pounds!

"The most singular species of gambling, however, is one which is said to be practiced among the blacks in Cuba. Many of these stout, hearty, good-humored fellows daily collect about the docks in Havanna, waiting for employment, and gambling in cigars, for they are inveterate smokers. This forms one of their most favorite amusements. Two parties challenge each other, and each lays down, in separate places, three or more cigars, forming a figure resembling a triangle: they then withdraw a few paces, and eagerly watch their respective 'piles.' The owner of the 'pile' on which a fly first alights, is entitled to the whole!

"It should be added, that a pile smeared any

where with molasses, to attract the more ready visit of the flies, was considered in the light of 'loaded dice' among 'professional men' of a kindred stamp."

LET any man, "in populous city pent," who has left the cares, turmoils, and annoyances of the town for a brief time behind him, with the heated bricks and stifling airs, that make a metropolis almost a burthen in the fierce heats of a summer solstice, say whether or no this passage be not true, both in "letter" and in "spirit."

"In the country a man's spirit is free and easy; his mind is discharged, and at its own disposal: but in the city, the persons of friends and acquaintances, one's own and other people's business, foolish quarrels, ceremonious visits, impertinent discourses, and a thousand other fopperies and diversions, steal away the greater part of our time, and leave us no leisure for better and more necessary employment. Great towns are but a larger sort of prison to the soul, like cages to birds, or 'pounds' to beasts."

THERE is a good story told, and we believe a new one—at least, so far as we know, it is such, as the manuscript which records it is from a traveled friend, in whose "hand-of-write" it has remained long in the "Drawer"—a story of Samuel Rogers, the rich banker, and accomplished poet of "The Pleasures of Memory."

Rogers arrived at Paris at noon one day in the year 18—. He found all his countrymen prepared to attend a splendid party at Versailles. They were all loud in expressing their regrets that he could not accompany them. They were "very sorry"—but "the thing was impossible;" "full court-dresses alone were admissible;" and to obtain one *then*—why "of course it was in vain to think of it."

Rogers listened very patiently; told them to "leave him entirely to himself;" and added, that "he was sure he could find some amusement somewhere."

No sooner were they gone, than he began to dress; and within the space of a single hour he was on the road to Versailles, fully equipped, in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and drab pantaloons. At the door of the splendid mansion in which the company were assembled, his further progress was opposed by a servant whose livery was far more showy and imposing than his own costume.

Rogers affected the utmost astonishment at the interruption, and made as if he would have passed on. The servant pointed to his dress:

"It is not *comme il faut*: you can not pass in: Monsieur must retire."

"Dress! dress!" exclaimed Rogers, with well-feigned surprise: "Not pass! not enter! Why, mine is the same dress that is worn by the *General Court* at Boston!"

No sooner were the words uttered, than the doors flew open, and the obsequious valet, "booming and boeing," like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in the play, preceded the poet, and in a loud voice announced:

"*Monsieur le General Court, de Boston!*"

The amusement of the Americans in the group scarcely exceeded that of the new-made "General" himself.

On another occasion, Rogers relates, he was announced at a Parisian party as "Monsieur le Mort," by a lackey, who had mistaken him for "Tom Moore."

Not unlike an old New-Yorker, who was announced from his card as

"*Monsieur le Koque en Bow!*"

His simple name was Quackenbos!

Now that we are hearing of the manner in which foolish and ostentatious Americans are lately representing themselves in Paris by military titles, as if connected with the army of the United States, perhaps "Monsieur le General Court, de Boston" may "pass muster" with our readers.

The implied satire, however, of the whole affair, strikes us as not altogether without a valuable lesson for those miscalled "Americans" who forget alike their country and themselves while abroad.

WHEN the oxy-hydrogen microscope was first exhibited in Edinburgh, a poor woman, whose riches could never retard her ascent to the kingdom above, took her seat in the lecture-room where the wonders of the instrument were shown, and which were, for the first time, to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon-net; a flea was metamorphosed into an elephant; and other the like marvels were performed before the eyes of the venerable dame, who sat in silent astonishment staring open-mouthed at the disk. But when, at length, a milliner's needle was transformed into a poplar-tree, and confronted her with its huge eye, she could "hold in" no longer.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "a camel could get through *that*! There's some hopes for the rich folk yet!"

LEGAL tautology and unnecessary formulas have often been made the theme of ridicule and satire; but we suspect that it is somewhat unusual to find a simple "levy" made with such elaborate formalities, or, more properly, "solemnities," as in the following instance:

The Dogberryan official laid his execution very formally upon a saddle; and said:

"*Saddle*, I level upon you, in the name of the State!"

"*Bridle*, I level upon *you*, in the name of the State!"

Then, turning to a pair of martingales, the real name of which he did not know, he said:

"Little forked piece of leather, I level on you, in the name of the State!"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! Saddle, and Bridle, and little forked piece of leather, I now *inds* you upon this execution, and summon you to be and appear at my sale-ground, on Saturday, the tenth of this present month, to be executed according to law. Herein fail not, or you will be proceeded against for contempt of the constable!"

WE find recorded in the "Drawer" two instances where ingenuity was put in successful requisition, to obviate the necessity of "making change," a matter of no little trouble oftentimes to tradesmen and others. A rude fellow, while before the police-magistrate for some misdemeanor, was fined nine dollars for eighteen oaths uttered in defiance of official warning that each one would cost him fifty cents. He handed a ten-dollar bill to the Justice, who was about returning the remaining one to the delinquent, when he broke forth:

"No, no! keep the whole, keep the whole! *I'll swear it out!*"

And he proceeded to expend the "balance" in as round and condensed a volley of personal denunciation as had ever saluted the ears of the legal functionary. He then retired content.

Something similar was the "change" given to one of our hack-drivers by a jolly tar, who was enjoying "a sail" in a carriage up Broadway. A mad bull,

"with his spanker-boom rigged straight out abaft," or some other animal going "at the rate of fourteen knots an hour" in the street, attracted Jack's attention, as he rode along; and, unable to let the large plate-glass window down, he broke it to atoms, that he might thrust forth his head.

"A dollar and a half for *that*!" says Jehu.

"Vot of it?—here's the blunt," said the sailor, handing the driver a three-dollar note.

"I can't change it," said the latter.

"Well, never mind!" rejoined the tar; "*this* will make it right!"

The sudden crash of the *other* window told the driver in what manner the "change" had been made!

SOME bachelor-reader, pining in single-blessedness, may be induced, by the perusal of the ensuing parody upon Romeo's description of an apothecary, to "turn from the error of his way" of life, and both confer and receive "reward:"

"I do remember an old Bachelor,
And hereabout he dwells; whom late I noted
In suit of sables, with a care-worn brow,
Conning his books; and meagre were his looks;
Celibacy had worn him to the bone;
And in his silent chamber hung a coat,
The which the moths had used not less than he.
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,
Made up 'the furniture;' and on his shelves
A greasy candle-stick; a broken mug,
Two tables, and a box of old cigars;
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute,
Were thinly scattered round, to tell the eye
Of prying strangers, "*This man had no wife!*"
His tattered elbow gaped most piteously;
And ever as he turned him round, his skin
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.
Noting his gloom, unto myself I said:
'And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony gives,
Here lives a gloomy wretch would show it him
In such most dismal colors, that the shrew,
Or slut, or idiot, or the gossip spouse,
Were each an heaven, compared to such a life!"

"There are always two sides to a question," the bachelor—"defendant" may affirm, in answer to this; and possibly himself try a hand at a contrast-parody.

THERE are a good many proverbs that will not stand a very close analysis; and some one who is of this way of thinking has selected a few examples, by way of illustration. The following are specimens:

"*The more the merrier.*"—Not so, "by a jug-full," one hand, for example, is quit enough in a purse.

"*He that runs fastest gets most ground.*"—Not exactly; for then footmen would get more than their masters.

"*He runs far who never turns.*"—"Not quite: he may break his neck in a short course.

"*No man can call again yesterday.*"—Yes, he may call till his heart ache, though it may never come.

"*He that goes softly goes safely.*"—Not among thieves.

"*Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.*"—Yes; lack of meat.

"*Nothing is hard to a willing mind.*"—Surely; for every body is willing to get money, but to many it is hard.

"*None so blind as those that will not see.*"—Yes; those who can not see.

"*Nothing but what is good for something.*"—"Nothing" isn't good for *any* thing.

"*Nothing but what has an end.*"—A ring hath no end; for it is round.

"*Money is a great comfort.*"—But not when it brings a thief to the State Prison.

"*The world is a long journey.*"—Not always; for the sun goes over it every day.

"*It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.*"—Not at all; it is merely "a stone's throw."

"*A friend is best found in adversity.*"—"No, sir;" for then there are none to be found.

"*The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor.*"—By no manner of means. The labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

THE following lines, accompanying a trifling present, are not an unworthy model for those who wish to say a kind word in the most felicitous way:

"Not want of heart, but want of art
Hath made my gift so small;
Then, loving heart, take hearty love,
To make amends for all.
Take gift with heart, and heart with gift,
Let will supply my want;
For willing heart, nor hearty will,
Nor is, nor shall be scant."

Please to observe how adroitly an unforced play upon words is embodied in these eight lines.

THERE is "more truth than poetry" in the subjoined *Extract from a Modern Dictionary*.

The Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets very often wish they were in, but at the same time take precious good care to keep out of.

Constable.—A species of snapping-turtle.

Modesty.—A beautiful flower, that flourishes only in secret places.

Lawyer.—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from the hands of your opponent, and keeps it himself.

"*My Dear*."—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

"*Joining Hands*" in *Matrimony*.—A custom arising from the practice of pugilists shaking hands before they begin to fight.

"*Watchman*."—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Laughter.—A singular contortion of the human countenance, when a friend, on a rainy day, suddenly claims his umbrella.

Dentist.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

A SINGULAR anecdote of Thomas Chittenden the first Governor of the State of Vermont, has found its way into our capacious receptacle. "Mum," said he, one night (his usual way of addressing his wife), "Mum, who is that stepping so softly in the kitchen?"

It was midnight, and every soul in the house was asleep, save the Governor and his companion. He left his bed as stealthily as he possibly could, followed the intruder into the cellar, and, without himself being perceived, heard him taking large pieces of pork out of his meat-barrel, and stowing them away in a bag.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the Governor, in a stern, stentorian voice, as the intruder began to make preparations to "be off."

The thief shrank back into the corner, as mute as a dead man.

"Bring a candle, Mum!"

The Governor's wife went for the light.

"What are you waiting for, Mr. Robber. Thief, or whatever your Christian-name may be?" said the Governor.

The guilty culprit shook as if his very joints would be sundered.

"Come, sir," continued Governor Chittenden, "fill up your sack and be off, and don't be going round disturbing honest people so often, when they want to be taking their repose."

The thief, dumb-founded, now looked more frightened than ever.

"Be quick, man," said the Governor, "fill up, sir! I shall make but few words with you!"

He was compelled to comply.

"Have you got enough, now? Begone, then, in one minute! When you have devoured this, come again in the day-time, and I'll give you more, rather than to have my house pillaged at such an hour as this. One thing more, let me tell you, and that is, that, as sure as fate, if I ever have the smallest reason to suspect you of another such an act, the law shall be put in force, and the dungeon receive another occupant. Otherwise, you may still run at large for any thing that I shall do."

The man went away, and was never afterward known to commit an immoral act.

THIS story is related, as a veritable fact, of a Dutch justice, residing in the pleasant valley of the Mohawk not a thousand miles from the city of Schenectady:

He kept a small tavern, and was not remarkable for the acuteness of his mental perceptions, nor would it appear was at least *one* of his customers much better off in the matter of "gumption." One morning a man stepped in and bought a bottle of small-beer. He stood talking a few minutes, and by-and-by said:

"I am sorry I purchased this beer. I wish you would exchange it for some crackers and cheese to the same amount."

The simple-minded Boniface readily assented, and the man took the plate of crackers and cheese, and ate them. As he was going out, the old landlord hesitatingly reminded him that he hadn't *paid* for them.

"Yes, I did," said the customer; "I gave you the beer for 'em."

"Vell den, I knowsh dat; but den you haven't give me de monish for de *beersh*."

"But I didn't *take* the beer: there stands the same bottle now!"

The old tavern-keeper was astounded. He looked sedate and confused; but all to no purpose was his laborious thinking. The case was still a mystery.

"Vell den," said he, at length, "I don't zee how it ish: I got de *beersh*—yaäs, I *got* de *beersh*; but den, same times, I got no monish! Vell, you *keeps* de *grackers*—und—*gheese*; but I don't want any more o' your *gustoms*. You can *keeps* away from my *davern*!"

SOME years ago, at the Hartford (Conn.) Retreat for the Insane, under the excellent management of Doctor B——, a party used occasionally to be given, to which those who are called "sane" were also invited; and as they mingled together in conversation, promenading, dancing, &c., it was almost impossible for a stranger to tell "which was which."

On one of these pleasant occasions a gentleman-visitor was "doing the agreeable" to one of the ladies, and inquired how long she had been in the Retreat. She told him; and he then went on to make inquiries concerning the institution, to which she rendered very intelligent answers; and when he asked her, "*How do you like the Doctor?*" she gave him such assurances of her high regard for the phy-

sician, that the stranger was entirely satisfied of the Doctor's high popularity among his patients, and he went away without being made aware that his partner was no other than *the Doctor's wife!*

She tells the story herself, with great zest; and is very frequently asked by her friends, who know the circumstances, "how she likes the Doctor!"

A FINE and quaint thought is this, of the venerable Archbishop Leighton:

"Riches oftentimes, if nobody take them away, make to *themselves* wings, and fly away; and truly, many a time the undue sparing of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them ready to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good only clips their wings a little, and makes them stay the longer with their owner."

This last consideration may perhaps be made "operative" with certain classes of the opulent.

Is not the following anecdote of the late King of the French not only somewhat characteristic, but indicative of a superior mind?

Lord Brougham was dining with the King in the unceremonious manner in which he was wont to delight to withdraw himself from the trammels of state, and the conversation was carried on entirely as if between two equals. His Majesty (*inter alia*) remarked:

"I am the only sovereign now in Europe fit to fill a throne."

Lord Brougham, somewhat staggered by this piece of egotism, muttered out some trite compliments upon the great talent for government which his royal entertainer had always displayed, &c., when the King burst into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed:

"No, no; *that* isn't what I mean; but kings are at such a discount in our days, that there is no knowing what may happen; and I am the only monarch who has cleaned his own boots—and I can do it again!"

His own reverses followed so soon after, that the "exiled Majesty of France" must have remembered this conversation.

MRS. P. was a dumpy little Englishwoman, with whom and her husband we once performed the voyage of the Danube from Vienna to Constantinople. She was essentially what the English call "a nice person," and as adventurous a little body as ever undertook the journey "from Cheapside to Cairo." She had left home a bride, to winter at Naples, intending to return in the spring. But both she and her husband had become so fascinated with travel, that they had pushed on from Italy to Greece, and from Greece to Asia Minor. In the latter country, they made the tour of the Seven Churches—a pilgrimage in which it was our fortune afterward to follow them. Upon one occasion, somewhere near Ephesus, they were fallen upon by a lot of vagabonds, and Mr. P. got most unmercifully beaten. His wife did not stop to calculate the damage, but whipping up her horse, rode on some two miles further, where she awaited in safety her discomfited lord. Upon the return of the warm season, our friends had gone up to Ischl in the Tyrol, to spend the summer, and when we had the pleasure of meeting them, they were "en route" for Syria, the Desert, and Egypt.

Mrs. P., although a most amiable woman, had a perverse prejudice against America and the Americans. Among other things, she could not be convinced that anything like refinement among females could possibly exist on this side of the Atlantic.

We did our utmost to dispel this very singular illusion, but we do not think that we ever entirely succeeded. Upon one occasion, when we insisted upon her giving us something more definite than mere general reasons for her belief, she answered us in substance as follows: She had met, the summer before, she said, at Ischl, a gentleman and his wife from New York, who were posting in their own carriage, and traveling with all the appendages of wealth. They were well-meaning people, she declared, but shockingly coarse. That they were representatives of the best class at home, she could not help assuming. Had she met them in London or Paris, however, she said, she might have thought them mere adventurers, come over for a ten days' trip. The lady, she continued, used to say the most extraordinary things imaginable. Upon one occasion, when they were walking together, they saw, coming toward them, a gentleman of remarkably attenuated form. The American, turning to her companion, declared that the man was so thin, that if he were to turn a quid of tobacco, from one cheek to the other, he would lose his balance and fall over. This was too much for even our chivalry, and for the moment we surrendered at discretion.

Our traveling companion for the time was a young Oxonian, a Lancashire man of family and fortune. T. C. was (good-naturedly, of course,) almost as severe upon us Americans as was Mrs. P. One rather chilly afternoon, he and ourselves were sitting over the fire in the little cabin of the steamer smoking most delectable "Latakea," when he requested us to pass him the *tongues* (meaning the tongs):

"The what!" we exclaimed.

"The tongues," he repeated.

"Do you mean the tongs?" we asked.

"The *tongs!* and do you call them *tongs*? Come, now, that is too good," was his reply.

"We *do* call them the tongs, and we speak properly when we call them so," we rejoined, a little nettled at his contemptuous tone; "and, if you please, we will refer the matter for decision to Mrs. P., but upon this condition only, that she shall be simply asked the proper pronunciation of the word, without its being intimated to her which of us is for *tongues*, and which for *tongs*. We accordingly proceeded at once to submit the controversy to our fair arbitrator. Our adversary was the spokesman, and he had hardly concluded when Mrs. P. threw up her little fat hands, and exclaimed, as soon as the laughter, which almost suffocated her, permitted her to do so, "Now, you don't mean to say that you are barbarous enough to say *tongues* in America?" It was *our* turn, then, to laugh, and we took advantage of it.

A PILGRIM from the back woods, who has just been awakened from a Rip-Van-Winkleish existence of a quarter of a century by the steam-whistle of the Erie Railroad, recently came to town to see the sights—Barnum's anacondas and the monkeys at the Astor Place Opera House included. Our friend, who is of a decidedly benevolent and economical turn of mind, while walking up Broadway, hanging on our arm, the day after his arrival, had his attention attracted to a watering-cart which was ascending the street and spasmodically sprinkling the pavement. Suddenly darting off from the wing of our protection, our companion rushed after the man of Croton, at the same time calling out to him at the top of his voice, "My friend! my friend! your spout behind is leaking; and if you are not careful you will lose all the water in your barrel!"

He of the cart made no reply, but merely drawing down the lid of his eye with his fore-finger, "went on his way rejoicing."

THE following epigram was written upon a certain individual who has rendered himself *notorious*, if not *famous*, in these parts. His name we suppress, leaving it to the ingenuity of the reader to place the cap upon whatever head he thinks that it will best fit :

"Tis said that Balaam had a beast,
The wonder of his time ;
A stranger one, as strange at least,
The subject of my rhyme ;
One twice as full of talk and gas,
And at the same time twice—the ass !"

AMONG the many good stories told of that ecclesiastical wag, Sydney Smith, the following is one which we believe has never appeared in print, and which we give upon the authority of a gentleman representing himself to have been present at the occurrence.

Mr. Smith had a son who, as is frequently the case with the offshoots of clergymen (we suppose from a certain unexplained antagonism in human nature)—

"—ne in virtue's ways did take delight,
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night,
Ah, me ! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee !"

So *fast* indeed was this young gentleman, that for several years he was excluded from the parental domicile. At length, however, the prodigal repented, and his father took him home upon his entering into a solemn engagement to mend his ways and his manners. Shortly after the reconciliation had taken place, Mr. Smith gave a dinner-party, and one of his guests was Sumner, the present Bishop of Winchester. Before dinner, the facetious clergyman took his son aside, and endeavored to impress upon him the necessity of his conducting himself with the utmost propriety in the distinguished company to which he was about to be introduced. "Charles, my boy," he said, "I intend placing you at table next to the bishop ; and I hope that you will make an effort to get up some conversation which may prove interesting to his lordship." Charles promised faithfully to do as his father requested.

At the dinner the soup was swallowed with the usual gravity. In the interval before the fish, hardly a word was spoken, and the silence was becoming positively embarrassing, when all of a sudden, Charles attracted the attention of all at table to himself, by asking the dignitary upon his right if he would do him the favor to answer a Scriptural question which had long puzzled him. Upon Doctor Sumner's promising to give the best explanation in his power, the questioner, with a quizzical expression of countenance, begged to be informed, "*how long it took Nebuchadnezzar to get into condition after he returned from grass?*"

It is needless to say that a hearty laugh echoed this *professional inquiry* on every side, and how unanimously young Smith was voted a genuine chip of the old block.

Miss C——, of the Fifth Avenue, was complaining the other day to Mrs. F——, of Bond-street, that she could never go shopping without taking cold, because the shops are kept open, and not closed like the rooms of a house. Mrs. F—— thereupon dryly

advised her friend to confine her visits to Stewart's and Beck's to Sundays.

SOME one says that the reason why so few borrowed books are ever returned, is because it is so much easier to keep them than what is in them.

THE following matrimonial dialogue was accidentally overheard one day last week on the piazza of the United States Hotel at Saratoga.

Wife.—"My dear, I can not, for the life of me, recollect where I have put my pink bonnet."

Husband.—"Very likely. You have so many bonnets and so little head !"

MR. ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN, who was one of the prominent witnesses in the recent Forrest Divorce case, is evidently an original. While passing up the Bowery the other day, our editorial eye was attracted by a curious sign on the east side of the street, and we crossed over for the purpose of more conveniently reading it. It was as follows :

ALLEN
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
COSTUMER.

FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY, DRINK FOR THE DRY,
REST FOR THE WEARY, AND TOGGERY FOR THE NAKED,
WHERE YOU CAN BLOOM OUT IF YOU PLEASE.

And under this was a smaller sign upon which was inscribed the following piece of Macawber-like advice :

CHERISH HOPE
AND
TRUST TO FORTUNE.

We take the liberty of expressing our desire that Mr. Allen may be as fortunate (if he has not already been so) in having something "turn up" in the end, as was the illustrious Wilkins of "hopeful" and "trustful" memory.

Two of our lady friends were reading, the other day, Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." We intended to say that the one lady was *pretending* to read it aloud to the other lady. No woman ever has been, now is, or ever will be, capable of listening without interrupting. So that at the very commencement when the *reader* read the passage,

"Nor grew it white
In a single night

As man's have grown from sudden fears—"

the *readee* interposed as follows : "*White?* How odd, to be sure. Well, I know nothing about men's hair ; but there is our friend, Mrs. G——, of Twelfth-street, the lady who has been just twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years ; her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense that her hair turned completely *black* within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."

This bit of verbal annotation satisfied us, and we withdrew.

EPITAPHS are notoriously hyperbolic. It is refreshing occasionally to meet with one which is terse, business-like, and to the point. Such an one any antiquarian may find, who has the patience to hunt it out, upon the tombstone of a juvenile pilgrim father (in embryo) somewhere in the New Haven graveyard. For fear that it *may* not be found in the first search, we give it from memory.

"Since I so very soon was done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

Literary Notices.

A new work, by GEORGE W. CURTIS (the Howadji of Oriental travel), entitled *Lotos-Eating*, published by Harper and Brothers, is a delightful reminiscence of Summer Rambles, describing some of the most attractive points of American scenery, with impressions of life at famous watering-places, and suggestive comparisons with celebrated objects of interest in Europe. Dreamy, imaginative, romantic, but reposing on a basis of the healthiest reality—tinged with the richest colors of poetry, but full of shrewd observation and mischievous humor—clothed in delicate and dainty felicities of language—this volume is what its title indicates—the reverie of a summer's pastime, and should be read in summer haunts, accompanied with the music of the sea-shore or breezy hill-sides. Although claiming no higher character than a pleasant book of light reading, it will enhance the reputation of the author both at home and abroad, as one of the most picturesque and original of American writers.

A New Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels, by JAMES STRONG. This elaborate volume, intended for the popular illustration of the New Testament, consists of a parallel and combined arrangement of the Four Gospel Narratives, a continuous commentary with brief additional notes, and a supplement containing several chronological and topographical dissertations. The Harmony is constructed on a novel plan, combining the methods of Newcome and Townsend, and securing the conveniences of both, without the defects of either. A continuous narrative is formed by the selection of a leading text, while at the same time, the different narratives are preserved in parallel columns, so that they may be examined and compared with perfect facility. The Exposition of the text is given in the form of a free translation of the original, in which the sense of the sacred writers is expressed in modern phraseology, and slightly paraphrased. This was the most delicate portion of the author's task. The venerable simplicity of the inspired volume can seldom be departed from, without a violation of good taste. As a general rule, a strict adherence to the original language best preserves its significance and beauty. This was the plan adopted by the translators of the received version, and their admirable judgment in this respect, is evinced by the fact that almost every modern attempt to improve upon their labors has been a failure. No new translations have even approached the place of the received one, in the estimation either of the people or of scholars, while many, with the best intentions, no doubt, on the part of their authors, present only a painful caricature of the original. Mr. Strong has done well in avoiding some of the most prominent faults of his predecessors. He has generally succeeded in preserving the logical connection of thought, which often appears in a clearer light in his paraphrase. His explanation of passages alluding to ancient manners and customs is highly satisfactory and valuable. But to our taste, he frequently errs by the ambitious rhetorical language in which he has clothed the discourses of the Great Teacher. The reverent simplicity of the original is but poorly reproduced by the florid phrases of modern oratory. In this way, the sacred impression produced by the Evangelists is injured, a lower tone of feeling is substituted, and the refined relig-

ious associations connected with their purity of language is sacrificed to the intellectual clearness which is aimed at by a more liberal use of rhetorical expressions than a severe and just taste would warrant. With this exception, we regard the present work as an important and valuable contribution to biblical literature. It displays extensive research, various and sound learning, and indefatigable patience. The numerous engravings with which the volume is illustrated, are selected from the most authentic sources, and are well adapted to throw light on the principal localities alluded to in the text, as well as attractive by their fine pictorial effect. We have no doubt that the labors of the studious author will be welcomed by his fellow students of the sacred writings, by preachers of the Gospel, and by Sunday School teachers, no less than by the great mass of private Christians of every persuasion, who can not consult his volume without satisfaction and advantage. (Published by Lane and Scott.)

A valuable manual of ecclesiastical statistics is furnished by Fox and HOYT's *Quadrennial Register of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, of which the first Number has been recently published by Case, Tiffany, and Co., Hartford. It is intended to exhibit the condition, economy, institutions, and resources of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, in a form adapted to popular use and general reference. Among the contents of this Number, we find a complete Report of the General Conference for 1852, a copious Church Directory, an Abstract of the Discipline of the Church, a list of the Seminaries of Learning and their officers, and a general view of the various religious denominations in this country. The work evinces a great deal of research, and the compilers have evidently spared no pains to give it the utmost fullness of detail as well as accuracy of statement. It does credit both to their judgment and diligence. To the clergy of the Methodist Church it will prove an indispensable companion in their journeys and labors. Nor is it confined in its interest to that persuasion of Christians. Whoever has occasion to consult an ecclesiastical directory, will find this volume replete with useful information, arranged in a very convenient method, and worthy of implicit reliance for its general correctness.

A new edition of *The Mother at Home*, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, with copious additions and numerous engravings, is published by Harper and Brothers. The favor with which this work has been universally received by the religious public renders any exposition of its merits a superfluous task.

We have received the second volume of Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s elegant and convenient edition of *The Waverley Novels*, containing *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*. With the Introduction and Notes by Sir Walter Scott, and the beautiful style of typography in which it is issued, this edition leaves nothing to be desired by the most fastidious book-fancier.

Another work in the department of historical romance, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, has been issued by Redfield. It is entitled *The Knights of England, France, and Scotland*, and consists of "Legends of the Norman Conquerors," "Legends of the Crusaders," "Legends of Feudal Days," and "Legends of Scotland." Mr. Herbert has a quick and

accurate eye for the picturesque features of the romantic Past; he pursues the study of history with the soul of the poet; and skillfully availing himself of the most striking traditions and incidents, has produced a series of fascinating portraitures. Whoever would obtain a vivid idea of the social and domestic traits of France and Great Britain in the olden time, should not fail to read the life-like descriptions of this volume.

Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels, by JACOB ABBOTT (published by Harper and Brothers), is another series for juvenile reading from the prolific pen of the writer, who, in his peculiar department of composition, stands without a rival. It is Mr. Abbott's forte to describe familiar scenes in a manner which attracts and charms every variety of taste. He produces this effect by his remarkable keenness of observation, the facility with which he detects the relations and analogies of common things, his unpretending naturalness of illustration, and his command of the racy, home-bred, idiomatic language of daily life, never descending, however, to slang or vulgarity. The series now issued describes the adventures of Marco Paul in New York, on the Erie Canal, in Maine, in Vermont, in Boston, and at the Springfield Armory. It is emphatically an American work. No American child can read it without delight and instruction. But it will not be confined to the juvenile library. Presenting a vivid commentary on American society, manners, scenery, and institutions, it has a powerful charm for readers of all ages. It will do much to increase the great popularity of Mr. Abbott as an instructor of the people.

Among the valuable educational works of the past month, we notice WOODBURY's *Shorter Course with the German Language*, presenting the main features of the author's larger work on a reduced scale. (Published by Leavitt and Allen.)—KIDDLE's *Manual of Astronomy*, an excellent practical treatise on the elementary principles of the science, with copious Exercises on the Use of the Globes (published by Newman and Ivison),—and RUSSELL's *University Speaker*, containing an admirable selection of pieces for declamation and recitation, (published by J. Munroe and Co.)

Summer Gleanings, is the title of a book for the season by Rev. JOHN TODD, consisting of sketches and incidents of a pastor's vacation, adventures of forest life, legends of American history, and tales of domestic experience. A right pleasant book it is, and "good for the use of edifying" withal. Lively description, touching pathos, playful humor, and useful reflection, are combined in its pages in a manner to stimulate and reward attention. Every where it displays a keen and vigorous mind, a genuine love of rural scenes, a habit of acute observation, and an irrepressible taste for gayety and good-humor, which the author wisely deems compatible with the prevailing religious tone of his work. Among the best pieces, to our thinking, are "The Poor Student," "The Doctor's Third Patient," and "The Young Lamb," though all will well repay perusal. (Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman and Co.)

The concluding volume of *The History of the United States*, by RICHARD HILDRETH, is issued by Harper and Brothers, comprising the period from the commencement of the Tenth Congress, in 1807, to the close of the Sixteenth, in 1821. This period, including the whole of Madison's administration, with a portion of that of Jefferson and of Monroe, is one of the most eventful in American history, and sustains a close relation to the existing politics of the country. No one can expect an absolute im-

partiality in the historian of such a recent epoch. Mr. Hildreth's narrative is undoubtedly colored, to a certain degree, by his political convictions and preferences, which, as we have seen, in the last volume, are in favor of the old Federal party; but, he may justly challenge the merit of diligent research in the collection of facts, and acute judgment in the comparison and sifting of testimony, and a prevailing fairness in the description of events. He never suffers the feelings of a partisan to prejudice the thoroughness of his investigations; but always remains clear, calm, philosophical, vigilant, and imperturbable. His condensation of the debates in Congress, on several leading points of dispute, exhibits the peculiarities of the respective debaters in a lucid manner, and will prove of great value for political reference. His notices of Josiah Quincy, John Quincy Adams, Madison, Monroe, and Henry Clay, are among the topics on which there will be wide differences of opinion; but they can not fail to attract attention. The style of Mr. Hildreth, in the present volume, preserves the characteristics, which we have remarked in noticing the previous volumes. Occasionally careless, it is always vigorous, concise, and transparent. He never indulges in any license of the imagination, never makes a display of his skill in fine writing, and never suffers you to mistake his meaning. Too uniform and severe for the romance of history, it is an admirable vehicle for the exhibition of facts, and for this reason, we believe that Mr. Hildreth's work will prove an excellent introduction to the study of American history.

We congratulate the admirers of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—and what reader of American poetry is not his admirer—on a new edition of his *Poetical Works*, recently issued by Redfield, containing the old familiar and cherished pieces, with some extracts from a hitherto unpublished poem. The fame of Halleck is identified with the literature of his country. The least voluminous of her great poets, few have won a more beautiful, or a more permanent reputation—a more authentic claim to the sacred title of poet. Combining a profuse wealth of fancy with a strong and keen intellect, he tempers the passages in which he most freely indulges in a sweet and tender pathos, with an elastic vigor of thought, and dries the tears which he tempts forth, by sudden flashes of gayety, making him one of the most uniformly piquant of modern poets. His expressions of sentiment never fall languidly; he opens the fountains of the heart with the master-touch of genius; his humor is as gracious and refined as it is racy; and, abounding in local allusions, he gives such a point and edge to their satire, that they outlive the occasions of their application, and may be read with as much delight at the present time as when the parties and persons whom they commemorate were in full bloom. The terseness of Mr. Halleck's language is in admirable harmony with his vivacity of thought and richness of fancy, and in this respect presents a most valuable object of study for young poets.

Mysteries; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural, by C. W. ELLIOTT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This is an original work, treating of certain manifestations on the "Night-Side of Nature," in a critical-historical tone, rather than in either a dogmatic or a skeptical spirit. "The Salem Witchcraft," "The Cock-Lane Ghost," "The Rochester Knockings," "The Stratford Mysteries," are some of the weird topics on which it discourses, if not lucidly, yet genially and quaintly. The author has evidently felt a "vocation" to gather all the facts that have yet come to light on these odd hallucinations, and he sets

them forth with a certain grave naïveté and mock Carlylese eloquence, which give a readable character to his volume, in spite of the repulsiveness of its themes. Of his discreet non-committalism we have a good specimen in the close of the chapter on the "The Stratford Mysteries," of which the Rev. Dr. Phelps is the chief hierophant. "Here the case must rest; we would not willingly charge upon any one deliberate exaggeration or falsehood, nor would any fair-minded person decide that what seems novel and surprising is therefore false. Every sane person will appeal to the great laws of God ever present in history and in his own consciousness, and by these he will try the spirits, whether they be of God or of man. The great jury of the public opinion will decide this thing also; we have much of the evidence before us. The burden of proof, however, rests with Dr. Phelps himself. Fortunately he is a man of character, property, and position, and he chooses to stand where he does; no man will hinder him if none heed him. Many believe, but may be thankful for any help to their unbelief. Many more will be strongly disposed to exclaim when they shall have read through this mass of evidence—'It began with nothing, it has ended with nothing.' *Ex nihil, nihil fit!*"

A perfect and liberal scheme has been matured, for the publication of a complete edition of the *Church Historians of England*, from Bede to Foxe. The plan, is worthy of support, and a large number of subscribers have already enrolled their names. The terms of publication are moderate, and the projectors give the best guarantees of good faith.

Among recent English reprints worthy of notice are *Papers on Literary and Philosophical Subjects*, by PATRICK C. MACDOUGALL, Professor of Moral Philosophy in New College, Edinburgh. They are collected from various periodicals, and appear to be published at present with a view to the author's candidature for the Ethical chair in the University of Edinburgh. The Essays on Sir James Mackintosh, Jonathan Edwards, and Dr. Chalmers display high literary taste as well as philosophical talent.

MR. KINGSLEY, the author of *Alton Locke*, *Yeast*, and other works, has published *Sermons on National Subjects*, which are marked by the originality of thought and force of utterance which characterize all this author's writings. Some of the sermons are very much above the reach of village audiences to which they were addressed, and in type will find a more fitting circle of intelligent admirers. There is much, however, throughout the volume suited to instruct the minds and improve the hearts of the humblest hearers, while the principles brought out in regard to national duties and responsibilities, rewards and punishments, are worthy of the attention of all thoughtful men.

A new English translation of the *Republic of Plato*, with an introduction, analysis, and notes, by JOHN LLEWELLYN DAVIES, M.A., and DAVID JAMES VAUGHAN, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a valuable contribution to the study of classic literature. The translation is done in a scholar-like way, and in the analysis and introduction the editors show that they enter into the spirit of their author as well as understand the letter of his work, which is more than can be said of the greater number of University translations. The text of the Zurich edition of 1847 has been generally followed, and the

German translation of Schneider has evidently afforded guidance in the rendering of various passages.

The Life of DAVID MACBETH MOIR, by THOMAS AIRD, says the London Critic, is every way worthy of Mr. Aird's powers. It is written in a calm, dignified, yet rich and poetical style. It is an offering to the memory of dear, delightful "Delta," equally valuable from the tenderness which dictated it, and from the intrinsic worth of the gift. Aird and "Delta" were intimate friends. They had many qualities in common. Both were distinguished by genuine simplicity and sincerity of character, by a deep love for nature, for poetry, and for "puir auld Scotland;" and by unobtrusive, heart-felt piety. "Delta" had not equal power and originality of genius with his friend; but his vein was more varied, clearer, smoother, and more popular. There was, in another respect, a special fitness in Aird becoming "Delta's" biographer. He was with him when he was attacked by his last illness. He watched his dying bed, received his last blessing, and last sigh. And religiously has he discharged the office thus sadly devolved on him.

The fourth and last volume of *The Life of Chalmers*, by Dr. HANNA, is principally devoted to the connection of Chalmers with the Free Church movement. *The Athenæum* says: "Altogether, Dr. Hanna is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has fulfilled the important task on which he has now for several years been engaged. Dr. Chalmers is a man whose life and character may well engage many writers; but no one possessed such materials as Dr. Hanna for writing a biography so full and detailed as was in this case demanded. The four volumes which he has laid before the public are not only an ample discharge of his special obligations as regards his splendid subject, but also a much needed example of the manner in which biographies of this kind, combining original narrative with extracts from writings and correspondence, ought to be written."

A meeting of literary men has been held at Lansdowne House, for the purpose of raising a fund for erecting a monument to the late Sir James Mackintosh. The proposal for a monument was moved by Mr. T. B. Macaulay, seconded by Lord Mahon. Mr. Hallam moved the appointment of a committee, which was seconded by Lord Broughton, Lord Lansdowne agreeing to act as chairman, and Sir R. H. Inglis as secretary. We are glad to see literary men of all political parties uniting in this tribute of honor to one of the greatest and best men of whom his country could boast.

At the sixty-third anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund, Lord Campbell presided effectively; and, after stating that he owed his success in law to the fostering aid of his labors in literature, he held out hopes that he may yet live to produce a work which shall give him a better title to a name in literature than he has yet earned. Pleasant speeches were made by Justice Talfourd, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Chevalier Bunsen, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and especially by Mr. Thackeray, who improved the event of the coming year of the society's existence—that Mr. Disraeli, M.P., is to be chairman of the anniversary of 1853. The funds of the past year had been £600 more than in any former year.

WILLIAM MACCALL in *The People*, gives the following graphic account of his first interview with

John Stirling. "Sometime in March, 1841, I was traveling by coach from Bristol to Devonport. I had for companion part of the way a tall, thin gentleman, evidently in bad health, but with a cheerful, gallant look which repelled pity. We soon got into conversation. I was much impressed by his brilliant and dashing speech, so much like a rapid succession of impetuous cavalry charges; but I was still more impressed by his frankness, his friendliness, his manliness. A sort of heroic geniality seemed to hang on his very garments. We talked about German literature; then about Carlyle. I said that the only attempt at an honest and generous appreciation of Carlyle's genius was a recent article in *The Westminster Review*. My companion replied, 'I wrote that article. My name is John Sterling.' We seemed to feel a warmer interest in each other from that moment; and, by quick instinct, we saw that we were brothers in God's Universe, though we might never be brought very near each other in brotherhood on earth. Sterling left me at Exeter, and a few days after my arrival at Devonport I received a letter, which leavens my being with new life, every time I read it, by its singular tenderness and elevation."

The English literary journals are always suggestive, often amusing, and sometimes not a little "verdant," as the Yankees say, in their notices of American books. We subjoin a few of their criticisms on recent popular works. Of *Queechy*, by ELIZABETH WETHERELL, the *Literary Gazette* discourses as follows: "The authoress of 'Queechy' has every quality of a good writer save one. Good feeling, good taste, fancy, liveliness, shrewd observation of character, love of nature, and considerable skill in the management of a story—all these she possesses. But she has yet to learn how much brevity is the soul of wit. Surely she must live in some most quiet nook of 'the wide, wide world,' and the greater part of her American readers must have much of the old Dutch patience and the primitive leisure of the days of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless the book will have admirers as ardent in the parlors of Boston as in the farm-houses of the far West, who will make no complaints of prolixity, and will wish the book longer even than it is. There is a large circle in this country also to whom it will be faultless. The good people who take for gold whatever glitters on the shelves of their favorite booksellers, will be delighted with a work far superior to the dreary volumes of commonplace which are prepared for the use of what is called 'the religious public.' But we fear that those to whom such a book would be the most profitable will deem 'Queechy' somewhat tiresome. The story is too much drawn out, and many of the dialogues and descriptions would be wonderfully improved by condensation."

The *Athenæum* has a decent notice of CURTIS's *Howadji in Syria*, which by the by, has got metamorphosed into *The Wanderer in Syria*, in the London edition.

"It is about a year since we noticed a book of Eastern travel called 'Nile Notes'—evidently by a new writer, and evincing his possession of various gifts and graces—warmth of imagination, power of poetic coloring, and a quick perception of the ludicrous in character and in incident. We assumed that an author of so much promise would be heard of again in the literary arena; and accordingly he is now before us as 'The Wanderer in Syria,' and has further announced a third work under the suggestive title of

'Lotus-Eating.' 'The Wanderer' is a continuation of the author's travels—and is divided between the Desert, Jerusalem, and Damascus. It is in the same style of poetic reverie and sentimental scene-painting as 'Nile Notes,'—but it shows that Mr. Curtis has more than one string to his harp. The characteristic of his former volume was a low, sad monotone—the music of the Memnon, in harmony with the changeless sunshine and stagnant life of Egypt—with the silence of its sacred river and the sepulchral grandeur of its pyramids and buried cities. 'The Wanderer,' on the contrary, is never melancholy. There is in him a prevailing sense of repose, but the spirit breathes easily, and the languid hour is followed by bracing winds from Lebanon. There is the same warm sunshine,—but the gorgeous colors and infinite varieties of Eastern life are presented with greater vivacity and grace.

"Mr. CURTIS's fault is that of Ovid—an over-lusciousness of style—too great a fondness for color. He cloyes the appetite with sweetness. His aim as a writer should be to obtain a greater depth and variety of manner—more of contrast in his figures. He is rich in natural gifts, and time and study will probably develop in him what is yet wanting of artistic skill and taste.

"Of Mr. CURTIS's latest work, entitled '*Lotus-Eating* ; a *Summer Book*,' the *Literary Gazette* says :

"A very cheerful and amusing, but always sensible and intelligent companion is Mr. CURTIS. Whether on the Nile or the Hudson, on the Broadway of New York or the Grand Canal of Venice, we have one whose remarks are worth listening to. Not very original in his thoughts, nor very deep in his feelings, we yet read with pleasant assent the record of almost every thing that he thinks and feels. This new summer book is a rough journal of a ramble in the States, but every chapter is full of reminiscences of the old European world, and an agreeable medley he makes of his remarks on scenery, and history, and literature, and mankind. Mr. CURTIS is one of the most cosmopolitan writers that America has yet produced. This light volume is fittingly called a summer book, just such as will be read with pleasure on the deck of a steamer, or under the cliffs of some of our modern Baïæ. It may also teach thoughtless tourists how to reflect on scenes through which they travel."

The question whether the honor of the authorship of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," a work held in the highest esteem in the Roman Catholic church, and which has been translated into almost every living language, belongs to John Gersen or Gesson, supposed to have been an abbot of the order of Saint Benedict, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, or to Thomas à Kempis, monk of the order of Regular Canons of the monastery of Mount Saint Agnes, has given rise to an immense deal of controversy among Catholic ecclesiastical writers, and has set the two venerable orders of Benedictines and Regular Canons terribly by the ears. It has just, however, been set at rest, by the discovery of manuscripts by the Bishop of Bruges, in the Library at Brussels, proving beyond all doubt, to his mind, that Thomas à Kempis really was the author, and not, as the partisans of Gersen assert, merely the copyist. The Bishop of Munster has also, singular to relate, recently discovered old manuscripts which lead him to the same conclusion. The manuscript of Gersen, on which his advocates principally relied to prove that he was the author, must therefore henceforth be considered only as a copy; it is in the public library at Valenciennes.

The last two numbers of the "*Leipzig Grenzboten*" contain, among some half-dozen articles of special German interest, papers on Gorgey's Vindication, on Longfellow, and Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and on the department of northern antiquities in the new museum at Berlin. The German critic considers Professor Longfellow's poetry as a cross between the "Lakers" and Shelley. Longfellow's novels remind him of Goethe and Jean Paul Richter, and in some instances of Hoffmann. The "Golden Legend" is of course a frantic imitation of Goethe's "Faust." Margaret Fuller, too, is represented as an emanation from the German mind.

We learn from the "*Vienna Gazette*" that Dr. Moritz Wagner, the renowned naturalist and member of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, has set out on a journey across the continent of America to New Orleans, Panama, Columbia, and Peru. Dr. Wagner, accompanied by Dr. Charles Scherzer, who has undertaken to edit the literary portion of the description of his travels, is expected to devote the next three years to this expedition, and great are the hopes of the Vienna papers as to its results.

The "*Presse*" of Vienna states that Prince Metternich possesses an amulet which Lord Byron formerly wore round his neck. This amulet, the inscriptions of which have been recently translated by the celebrated Orientalist, von Hammer-Purgstall, contains a treaty entered into "between Solomon and a she-devil," in virtue of which no harm could happen to the person who should wear the talisman. This treaty is written half in Turkish and half in Arabic. It contains besides, prayers of Adam, Noah, Job, Jonah, and Abraham. The first person who wore the amulet was Ibrahim, the son of Mustapha, in 1763. Solomon is spoken of in the Koran as the ruler of men and of devils.

The University of Berlin has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the nomination to the degree of Doctor of M. Lichtenstein, the celebrated naturalist, who, since the foundation of the university, in 1810, has occupied the chair of zoology. Three busts of M. Lichtenstein were inaugurated—one in the grand gallery of the University, one in the Zoological Museum, and the third in the Zoological Garden of Berlin. Baron Von Humboldt delivered a speech to the professors and students, in which he detailed at great length the scientific labors of M. Lichtenstein. Some days before the ceremony, M. Lichtenstein, who is remarkable for his modesty, left Berlin for Trieste, from whence he was to proceed to Alexandria.

Gorgey's *Memoirs of the Hungarian Campaign* have been confiscated, and forbidden throughout Austria. Exceptions, however, are made in favor of individuals.

This year, 1852, the Royal Academy of Sweden has caused its annual medal to be struck to the memory of the celebrated Swedenborg, one of its first members. The medal, which has already been distributed to the associates, has, on the obverse, the head of Swedenborg, with, at the top, the name, EMANUEL SWEDENBORG; and underneath, *Nat.* 1688. *Den.* 1772. And on the reverse, a man in a garment reaching to the feet, with eyes unbandaged, standing before the temple of Isis, at the base of which the goddess is seen. Above is the inscription: *Tantoque*

exultat alumno; and below: Miro naturæ investigatori socio quond. æstimatiss. Acad. reg. Scient. Soccc. MDCCCLII.

In Sweden during the year 1851 there were 1060 books published, and 113 journals. Of the books, 182 were theological, 56 political, 123 legal, 80 historical, 55 politico-economical and technical, 45 educational, 40 philological, 38 medical, 31 mathematical, 22 physical, 18 geographical, 3 æsthetical, and 3 philosophical. Fiction and Belles-Lettres have 259; but they are mostly translations from English, French, and German. Of these details we are tempted to say, remarks the *Leader*, what Jean Paul's hero says of the lists of *Errata* he has been so many years collecting—"Quintus Fixlein declared there were profound conclusions to be drawn from these *Errata*; and he advised the reader to draw them!"

Another eminent and honorable name is added to the list of victims to the present barbarian Government of France. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire has refused to take the oath of allegiance—and he will accordingly be deprived of the chair which he has long filled with so much ability at the Collège de France. The sacrifice which M. St. Hilaire has made to principle is the more to be honored, since he has no private fortune, and has reached a time of life when it is hard to begin the world anew. But the loss of his well-earned means of subsistence is, we know, a light evil in his eyes compared to the loss of a sphere of activity which he regarded as eminently useful and honorable, and which he had acquired by twenty-seven years of laborious devotion to learning and philosophy.

Among the few French books worthy of notice, says the *Leader*, let us not forget the fourth volume of Saint Beuve's charming *Causeries du Lundi*, just issued. The volume opens with an account of Mirabeau's unpublished dialogues with Sophie, and some delicate remarks by SAINT BEUVE, in the way of commentary. There are also admirable papers on Buffon, Madame de Scudery, M. de Bonald, Pierre Dupont, Saint Evremont et Ninon, Duc de Lauzun, &c. Although he becomes rather tiresome if you read much at a time, Sainte Beuve is the best *article* writer (in our Macaulay sense) France possesses. With varied and extensive knowledge, a light, glancing, sensitive mind, and a style of great *finesse*, though somewhat spoiled by affectation, he contrives to throw a new interest round the oldest topics; he is, moreover, an excellent critic. *Les Causeries du Lundi* is by far the best of his works.

Dramatic literature is lucrative in France. The statement of finances laid before the Dramatic Society shows, that during the years 1851–52, sums paid for pieces amount to 917,531 francs (upward of £36,000). It would be difficult to show that English dramatists have received as many hundreds. The sources of these payments are thus indicated: Theatres of Paris, 705,363 francs; the provincial theatres, 195,450 francs (or nearly eight thousand pounds; whereas the English provinces return about eight hundred pounds a year!)—and suburban theatres, 16,717 francs. To these details we may add the general receipts of all the theatres in Paris during the year—viz., six millions seven hundred and seventy-one thousand francs, or £270,840.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



MR. JOHN BULL'S IDEAS ON THE MUSQUITO QUESTION.

YOUNG LADIES (both at once).—Why, Mr. Bull! how terribly you have been bitten by the Musquitoes!

MR. BULL (a fresh importation).—I can't hunderstand 'ow it 'appened. I did hevery thing I could think of to keep them hoff. I 'ad my window hopen and a light burning hall night in my hapartment!

STARVATION FOR THE DELICATE.

THAT exquisite young officer, CAPTAIN GANDAW, was reading a newspaper, when his brilliant eye lighted on the following passage in a letter which had been written to the journal by MR. MECHE, on the subject of "Irrigation."

"I may be thought rather speculative when I anticipate that within a century from this period, the sewage from our cities and towns will follow the lines of our lines of railway, in gigantic arterial tubes, from which diverging veins will convey to the eager and distant farmer the very essence of the meat and bread which he once produced at so much cost."

"Fancy," remarked the gallant Captain, "the sewage of towns and cities being the essence

of owa bwead and meat—and of beeaw too, of cawse, as beeaw is made from gwain! How vevy disgasting! MR. MECHE expects that his ideas will be thought wathaw speculative.—He flatters himself. They will only be consid'd vevy dawty. The wetch! I shall be obliged to abjaw bwead, and confine myself to Iwish potatoes—which are the simple productions of the awth—and avoid all animal food but game and fish. And when fish and game are not in season, I shall be unda the necessity of westwicting my appetite to

"A sewip with hawbs and fwuits supplied,
And wataw fwom the spwing."



A VICTIM OF THE TENDER PASSION.

YOUNG LADY.—Now then, what is it that you wish to say to me that so nearly concerns your happiness?
 ENAMORED JUVENILE.—Why, I love you to the verge of distraction and can't be happy without you! Say, dearest, only say that you will be mine!



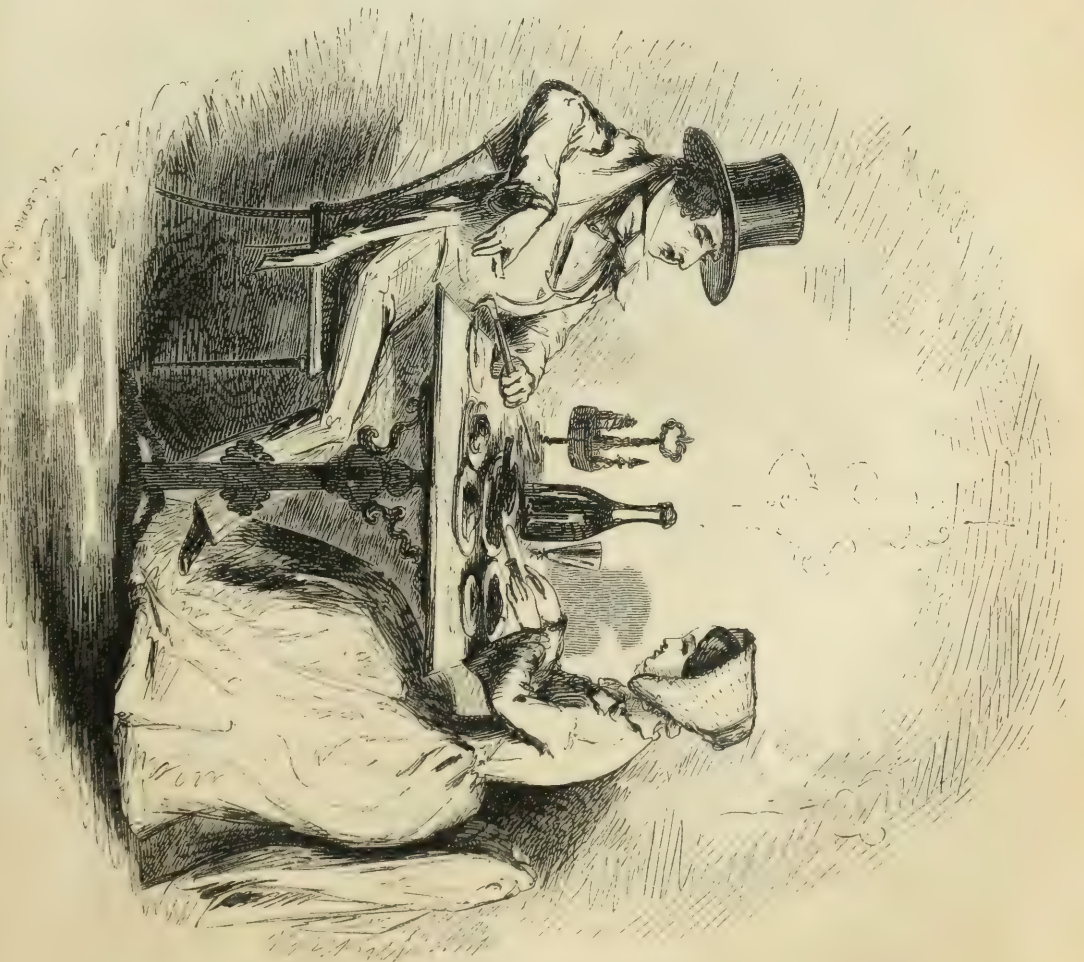
YOUNG NEW YORK HARD UP.

TENDER MOTHER.—A hundred Dollars! why, what can you want a hundred dollars so soon for?
 YOUNG NEW YORK.—Why, Mother, I'm deucedly hard up. I'm almost out of Cologne and Cigars. Besides the fellows are going to run me for President of the St. Nicholas Club, and I must pony up my dues, and stand the Champagne.



A STRIKING EXPRESSION.

Roguy.—See that girl looking at me, Pogny?
 Pogny.—Don't I? Why, she can't keep her eyes off you.
 Roguy (*goking Pogny in the wastcoat*).—What women care for, my
 boy, isn't Features, but Expression!



SCENE IN A FASHIONABLE LADIES' GROCERY.

Young Lady "Couldn't take any thing—only a Pine-apple Ice"—but the ice once broken, she makes such havoc upon pies, tongue, Roman punchers, farts, champagne, and sundry other potables and comestibles, as to produce a very perceptible feeling in the Funds.



THE ATTENTIVE HUSBAND IN AUGUST.

EDWARD.—There Dearest, do you feel refreshed?
ANGELINA.—Yes, my Love. A little more upon the left cheek, if you please.
That's much nicer than fanning oneself. Now a little higher, on my forehead.



RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

YOUNG SISTER.—Oh, Mamma, I wish I could go to a party
MAMMA.—Don't be foolish. I've told you a hundred times that you can not go out until Flora is married.
So do not allude to the subject again, I beg. It's utterly out of the question

Fashions for Summer.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—BRIDE'S TOILET AND WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—BRIDE'S TOILET.—Hair in bands very much puffed. Back hair tied rather low; the wreath of white iris flowers, with foliage. Behind this, and rather on one side, is the crown of orange flowers that holds the veil, which is placed very backward, and is of plain tulle, with a single hem. Dress of taffeta, with *bayadères*, or, rather, velvet, with rows of velvet flowers, appearing like terry velvet. The body, almost high behind, opens very low in front, and is trimmed with a double plain *berthe*, that follows its cut. The waist is lengthened in front, but not pointed. The bouquet decorates the bottom of the body, and spreads in the form of a fan. The sleeve pagoda-shaped, half-wide, and plain at top, terminated by two trimmings worked like the edge of the *berthes*; a wide lace under-sleeve covers the arm. The habit shirt is square at the top, composed of lace, the upper row raised at the edge and four or five other rows below.

FIG. 2.—WALKING DRESS.—Bonnet of taffeta and blond. The brim, high, narrow, and sitting close to the chin, is of taffeta, gathered from the bottom of the crown to the edge; on the sides of the crown an ornament is placed, cut rather round at the ends, and

consisting of three rows of taffeta *bouillonnes*, fastened together by a cross-piece of taffeta. The crown is not deep, falls back, and has a soft top. The curtain, of taffeta, cut cross-wise, is not gathered in the seam. The blond that covers the lower part is gathered, and ends in vandykes that hang below the curtain. A like blond is sewed full on the cross-piece that borders the ornament, and the points also reaching beyond the edge are fastened to those of the other blond, so that the edge of the brim is seen through them. Toward the bottom the blond above separates from that below, and sits full near the edge of the ornament. A blond forming a *fanchon* on the *calotte* is laid also under the other edge of the ornament. Lastly the curtain itself is covered with blond. Inside are white roses, mixed with bows of ribbon. Dress of taffeta. Body high, buttoning straight up in front. Two trimmings are put up the side of the body. These trimmings, made of bands resembling the narrow flounces, get narrower toward the bottom. They are pinked at the edges, and shaded. The sleeve is plain, and terminated by two trimmings, pinked and shaded. The skirt has five flounces five inches wide, then a sixth of eight, pinked and shaded.



FIGURE 3.—BONNET.

FIG. 3.—DRAWN BONNET, of taffeta and blond; the brim, which is four inches wide, is of taffeta doubled, that is, the inside and outside are of one piece. It has several gathers. The side of crown, three inches and a quarter wide, is of the same material, puffed at the sides for about an inch, and there are also fourteen ribs in the whole circuit. The top of crown is soft; a roll along the edge of the crown. The ornaments consist of small rolls of taffeta, to which are sewed two rows of blond three-quarters of an inch wide. These same rolls ornament the brim, being placed on the edge, and inside as well as outside. There are seventeen of these ornaments on the brim, with an inch and a half of interval between



FIGURE 4.—BONNET

them. The curtain is trimmed in the same manner, and has ten of them. The top of crown has five rolls, trimmed with blond. The inside is ornamented with roses, brown foliage, and bouclettes of narrow blue ribbons mixing with the flowers.

FIG. 4.—DRAWN BONNET of white tulle and straw-colored taffeta, edged with a fringed *guipure* and bouquets of Parma violets. The taffeta trimming is disposed inside and outside the brim, in vandykes, the points of which are nearly three inches apart. In each space between them is a bouquet of Parma violets. The points of the *fanchon* lie upon the crown.



FIGURE 5.—BONNET.

FIG. 5.—DRAWN BONNET, of tulle, blond, taffeta, and straw trimmings, with flowers of straw and crape. The edge of the brim is cut in fourteen scollops. The inside is puffed tulle, mixed with blond. The scollops of the edge are continued all over the bonnet, and are alternately tulle and white taffeta, with a straw edging.

For morning and home costume, *organdie* muslins will be in great favor, the bodies made in the loose jacket style, and worn either with lace or silk waistcoats. Silks, with designs woven in them for each part of the dress, are still worn; those woven with plaided stripe, *à-la robe*, are very stylish.

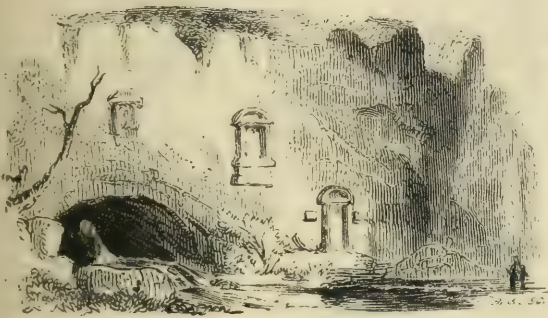
White bodies will be worn with colored skirts; they will be beautifully embroidered, and will have a very *distinguée* appearance.

Dress bodies are worn open; they have lappets or small *basquines*: for all light materials, such as *organdie*, *tarlatane*, *barège*, &c., the skirts will have flounces. In striped and figured silks, the skirts are generally preferred without trimming, as it destroys the effect and beauty of the pattern. Black lace mantillas and shawls will receive distinguished favor; those of Chantilly lace are very elegant. Scarf mantelets are worn low on the shoulders.

A novelty in the form of summer mantelets has just been introduced in Paris, where it has met with pre-eminent favor. It is called the *mantelet echarpe*, or scarf mantelet; and it combines, as its name implies, the effect of the scarf and mantelet. It may be made in black or colored silk, and is frequently trimmed simply with braid or embroidery. Sometimes the trimming consists of velvet or *passementerie*, and sometimes of fringe and lace.

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SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

THE River Jordan occupies in some respects a very singular and anomalous position in the thoughts and conceptions of men. Among the countless millions that are now existing within the limits of the Christian world, there are very few to whose minds the name of this stream and some mental image of its character are not so familiar as to form as it were part of their very being, and yet this image is dim, shadowy, and undefined, as if it were only a religious emblem that the name denotes, and not an actual and existing reality. Men conceive of the Jordan as a sort of metaphor—a type and symbol representing death considered as a separating barrier between this world and heaven; and they give to it in their imaginations the same dim and shadowy form, as an object of sense, with which they are accustomed to invest such images as Milton's Garden of Eden, or Bunyan's City of Destruction. Even men of philosophical and cultivated minds feel the influence of this illusion, and when at last in the course of their journeyings in the East they reach the actual river, they stand bewildered, as it were, upon its banks, as if they had expected to see something more than a common stream flowing quietly over common sands. "Can it be," says such a visitor, as he looks upon the water, "that of that revered Jordan which my mind has dwelt upon for so many years, and around which so many solemn associations have been gathered, all that is actual and real is before me, in the form of this solitary and unpretending stream?"

There is one very remarkable circumstance which marks the character, and has greatly modified the history of the Jordan, and that is its extraordinary inaccessibility. Lying as it

does in the midst of populous nations, and in a part of the world which for thirty centuries has been, more perhaps than any other, the scene and theatre of great historical transactions, and within a very short distance, too, of the Mediterranean sea, whose waters have been in all ages the universal and perpetual thoroughfare of the human race; the valley through which it flows is still one of the most solitary and inaccessible regions on the globe. With the exception of Africa, the interior of which defies altogether the geographical curiosity of man, there is scarcely any spot on the face of the earth, to which it has been found so difficult and dangerous to penetrate, as the country watered by this extraordinary stream. The curiosity which in all ages has been felt in respect to it, has led many adventurers to desire and to attempt to penetrate to its banks, and follow and explore its windings. These attempts have, however, almost invariably failed. They have been defeated through dangers and difficulties of various kinds, while yet it might have been supposed, from the circumstances of the case, that there could have been no serious difficulties whatever in the way of success. There was no long distance to be traversed—no physical obstructions to be encountered—no pestilential miasma—no venomous reptiles, or formidable beasts of prey. Still almost all attempts to explore the valley have failed; and it has remained, down to a very recent period, almost wholly an unknown land.

GEOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

In a geological point of view, the Jordan is an extraordinary phenomenon. It is hardly to be considered as an *object* of nature, but rather as a *process*. It is something going on—a series of effects, produced in a remarkable place, under the influence of a remarkable conjunction of causes, with nothing real or permanent about it but its ceaseless continuance. In a philosophical point of view, the Sea of Tiberias, with all the streams that flow into it, the Jordan with its branches, and the Dead Sea, form one system, and ought to have one name. They consist of a single series of effects, flowing smoothly and harmoniously from one combination of causes. The watery precipitations, which are condensed on the summit and sides of Mount Lebanon flow through a long and narrow valley toward the south, until they reach the margin of the great rainless region of Asia, where they spread out over the bottom of a deep volcanic valley, lying far below the level of the sea, and forming for

them a vast evaporating basin from which they are exhaled again into the atmosphere, warmed on the surface above by the beams of a sun which there is never clouded, and perhaps, also, by the influence of volcanic heat below. The streams which descend from the slopes and ravines of Mount Lebanon are the sources of supply. The waters of Merom and the Lake of Tiberias are the upper and lower reservoirs, where the waters are gathered. The Jordan is the grand conduit by which they are conveyed, and the vast evaporating basin where the process ends is the Dead Sea.

This process goes on without intermission year after year, and century after century the same—the evaporation at the south being exactly equal to the precipitation at the north, so as to preserve a perpetual equilibrium. There are, it is true, certain oscillations in this equilibrium, but they are temporary in duration and limited in extent, and are sure to regulate and correct themselves. If, for example, for any particular year or season the precipitation of rain or snow upon the mountains is unusually great, so as to increase the flow of water through the valley, and cause an unwonted accumulation in the great reservoir below, the water thus accumulated spreads over a greater surface, and evaporation goes on consequently with greater rapidity. The tendency to accumulation is thus soon stopped, and the surplus water is disposed of; and as soon as the extraordinary increase of supply is cut off, every thing returns to its original condition. On the other hand, when the supply is small for a time, the flow diminishes, the water in the reservoir falls, and the evaporating surface is curtailed. In other words, when the water comes abundantly, the apparatus adjusts itself to the exigency, and there is a rapid evaporation. When it comes slowly, then, by means of an opposite adjustment, it is slowly exhaled. Thus by a very curious though apparently accidental result of the conditions of this process, the fluctuations to which it is liable are confined within fixed limits, which it can not transcend.

The Dead Sea is the third of the depressions which the waters of the Jordan spread over and fill, in their course along the valley. There are two others, which, occurring near the source of the supply, may be considered as reservoirs. The first of these is very near the mountains. It was called in ancient times the waters of Merom; the second is the Sea of Galilee. These seas are formed by the coming of the water, in its descent from the mountains, to broad and deep valleys, so circumscribed and shut in, that they retain the water which flows into them until they are filled, or at least until the surface of the water within rises to the level of some depressed point in the boundary where the surplus can flow over and continue its course. These lakes, therefore, though serving as reservoirs, are really only expansions of the river, and, strictly speaking, form a part of the running stream; the current of water moving continuously, though

slowly, through them, with a flow diminished only by the increased breadth and depth of the channel.



VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL RELATIONS OF THE JORDAN.

The valley of the Jordan lies almost parallel to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, though nearer to it at its source than at its mouth. At its source it is many hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean; at its mouth, it is many hundred feet below;—the region of country in which the Dead Sea lies being deeply depressed below the ordinary level of the earth's surface. The distance from the Mediterranean to the river at its source is about forty miles, and at its mouth about fifty miles. The whole length of the river is about one hundred miles, measured in a direct line. Of course, the distance is considerably greater if the measurement follows the sinuosities of the stream.

It is thought possible by some geological philosophers, that in very ancient times the river continued its course to the southward, and emptied into the Red Sea, and that the whole of the depression of the land which forms the bed of the Dead Sea, where the waters are now received and retained, was formed by a subsidence, which occurred at the time of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. This may have been the case, or it may have been that the Dead Sea was only enlarged, and not originally created, by that catastrophe. That it was either greatly enlarged, or else entirely formed at that period, seems to be shown by an allusion in Genesis xiv 3, where it is said that certain kings combined themselves at a certain vale, called the Vale of Siddim, *which is now the Salt Sea*. And the general conformation of the land between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea is such as to make it quite probable, so certain travelers have judged, that the stream may have originally flowed entirely through. A continuous valley extends throughout the whole distance, and along the whole course of it various indications are observed, denoting that it may have been in former ages the bed of a stream.

VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

The valley of the Jordan, or, at least, that part of it which lies between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, is, and has always been fertile and beautiful. Toward the south the valley grows broader and more extended, so as at length to become, as it were, a plain, and the fertile country in this portion of it was probably still more extensive in former days, before the subsidence of the land, than it is now. It is described particularly in the book of Genesis as it appeared to Abraham and Lot, when they came up out of Egypt into Canaan. They traveled slowly with their flocks and herds, as the sheiks of Arab tribes do at the present day, seeking pasturage and water, and as on their first entrance into the country they found only limited supplies, the herdsmen of the two chieftains, each party zealous for the interests of their respective masters, fortunately became involved in a quarrel. We say fortunately, for the occurrence gave occasion for that simple but sublime display of forbearance and generosity on the part of Abraham which has stood conspicuously be-

fore mankind ever since, as a model for universal imitation, and has had, perhaps, a greater influence in preserving feelings of peace and brotherhood, and extinguishing the rising spirit of selfishness and contention, than all the exhortations on the subject that ever were penned. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee," said Abraham, "and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

To the right hand, in this case, was toward the Jordan, for as the chieftains were coming up from Egypt when these events occurred, they would have the eastern portion of Canaan on the right hand, and the western portion on the left. Lot accepted the offer which Abraham had given him. He lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of the Jordan, that it was well watered every where, even, as the sacred writer describes it, "like the garden of the Lord," a Hebrew mode of expression meaning simply like a most fruitful and beautiful garden. So Lot chose him the plain of the Jordan, and Abraham turned to the west into the heart of the land of Canaan.

It is very interesting to observe how strikingly, from these most remote and earliest periods in the history of the chosen people of God, the grand principles of a lofty spiritual morality, exhibiting themselves in these primitive and elemental forms, shine out to view like stars amid surrounding darkness, remote but distinct—simple but sublime. How pure and how perfect is the exhibition of self-sacrificing forbearance which is here displayed; and the simplicity of the circumstances under which it arose—a contest among herdsmen in pastoral life, about the grass and the water of a wild country through which they were roaming—operates not only to invest the narrative with a very poetic charm, but gives immense efficiency to it as a moral lesson, by adapting it to the comprehension and appreciation of all mankind. There is scarcely any child so young, any peasant so ignorant, or any savage so brutal and wild, as not to be able to understand fully all the circumstances of the occasion, and to feel the whole force of the moral lesson which the story conveys.

THE JORDAN AN EMBLEM.

The Jordan formed the eastern boundary of the land of Canaan, and it was the frontier over which the children of Israel passed when they entered upon the promised land, under Joshua's command, at the close of their long wanderings in the Arabian deserts. It is on this circumstance that chiefly depend, both the interest which attaches to this stream, in sacred history, and also the peculiar typical signification which has always been so strongly and universally connected with it, in the thoughts and conceptions of the whole Christian world. The Jordan is the emblem of death—of death, however, not

considered as the antithesis of life—but as a transition from one form of life to another. The Jordan, in the case of the Israelites, was the final barrier which intervened at the end of their journey to separate them from the object of all their long-cherished hopes and desires—it was the last obstacle to be passed, the last difficulty to be surmounted, before entering into possession. Thus being in their case the line of demarkation which separated a long and weary period of privation, danger, and toil, from security, happiness, and rest, it became, for all mankind, the symbol of the brief but gloomy transit through which the human spirit passes from earth to heaven.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ISRAELITES ON THE BANKS.

The children of Israel approached the land of Canaan at first on the southern frontier, the original intention of Moses having been, it would seem, to enter it there. Before attempting to enter, however, the congregation encamped on the borders, and sent forward a commission consisting of twelve men, one from each tribe, to go in and explore the country, so far as they could safely do so, and then come back and make a report. This party were gone, it is said, forty days. They came back at last, bringing a very favorable account of the country in respect to the fertility and productiveness of the soil, but a very discouraging one in respect to the fierce and formidable character of the inhabitants. They confirmed their description of the fruitfulness of the land by bringing with them specimens of its productions, as, in fact, they had been directed to do. Among these were the famous grapes of Eschol—a mass of grapes growing so densely upon their stem as to form, as it were, a single cluster, and so heavy that it was borne by two men upon a staff, that being the only way of carrying it without injury. The grapes were found growing at the border of a brook at a place called Eschol.

respect to the land, and the magnificent specimens of fruit with which they confirmed it, the people were so overawed by the frightful accounts which they heard of the gigantic size and superhuman strength of the natives, that they did not dare to cross the frontier on this southern side, and after great difficulty it was at length decided that they should continue their march to the eastward and northward, and endeavor to find access to their promised possession in some other way. Their toilsome and devious wanderings were accordingly renewed, and finally, after years of migratory adventure and suffering in the deserts and wildernesses lying east and south of the Dead Sea, during which almost the whole generation that had come up out of Egypt passed away, they came to the confines of the country again, approaching it now, however, on the eastern side, at a place not far from the mouth of the Jordan. Here they encamped and began to make preparations for crossing the river.

Moses himself was not to be allowed to enter the promised land. He was permitted to view it, however, and for this purpose he ascended Mount Pisgah, a peak of the mountain range of Nebo, which lies on the eastern side of the Jordan—forming, in fact, the eastern border of the valley. The situation of Mount Pisgah may be seen by referring to the map of the valley of the Jordan, near the commencement of this article. It commands, as is evident from its position, a very extended view of the valley, and of all that part of the land of Canaan which slopes to the eastward. The Scripture narrative says, in fact, that the view extended to the “utmost sea,” that is, to the Mediterranean Sea, which was, in those days, and to that people, a remote, unknown, and absolutely illimitable expanse of waters.

JERICO.

Moses, from the top of Pisgah, saw the plain of Jericho, a gently undulating and fruitful region, extended westward from the Jordan a little north of the Dead Sea. He perhaps saw the city of Jericho itself, which was then the first large town which the Israelites would have to approach after passing the river, as it is now the last that western travelers leave in going to it. Jericho was accordingly greatly celebrated in the history of the Israelitish invasion of Canaan, as the stronghold where the invaders were to have their first serious encounter with the natives of the land; and it figures quite as conspicuously in the narratives of modern travelers, as the point where they bid farewell, for a time, to the usages and habitations of settled life, and



THE GRAPES AT ESCHOL.

Notwithstanding the favorable report, however, which the reconnoiters brought back in

enter into regions occupied only by the wild and wandering Bedouins of the Jordan.

THE SPIES SENT TO JERICHO.

After the death of Moses, the command of the expedition devolved upon Joshua. Joshua, immediately after being inducted into office, sent heralds throughout the camp to direct the people in respect to the preparations which they were to make for crossing the river. Of course, the transportation of so vast and miscellaneous a multitude, across such a stream, was a very serious undertaking. Even an army, though composed almost wholly of strong and able-bodied men, finds a river that is too deep to be easily forded, a very formidable obstruction to its march. But in Joshua's command, not more than one in five were strong and able-bodied men. The great mass of the encampment was made up of the women, the children, the sick, the aged, and the infirm; and yet the river, although there was one place called The Fords, where it was possible to pass over, was deep and rapid, and the banks in most places high. At least, that is the condition of the stream at the present day, at the place where the children of Israel must have crossed it.

The first question which Joshua had to consider—and it is, in fact, always the first question in cases where a river is to be crossed by a large body of men—was, whether there was an enemy to be encountered on the other side. To ascertain the facts in this respect, Joshua sent forward two men as spies, with orders that they should cross the river, and then proceed cautiously into the country beyond, noting carefully all that they should see, and going on, if possible, as far as Jericho. Indeed the main object of their mission was to ascertain the condition and the character of that city, and the nature and extent of the hostility which the Israelites were likely to encounter there.

The spies executed their commission in a very bold and very successful manner. They made their way to Jericho, and entered the city. They went to the house of a woman named Rahab, and were received and lodged there. Notwithstanding all their caution, however, it seems that they were observed, and the news spread about the city that two such strangers had come in, and that they were in Rahab's house. The king sent and demanded them. He supposed that they were emissaries from the camp of the Israelites, for the fact that a large and formidable people had come away from Egypt, and had been wandering for many years in the wilderness, and were now approaching the frontiers of Canaan, was generally known throughout the land, and the people of Jericho had been expecting to be the first object of attack in case the invaders should succeed in crossing the river. Accord-

ingly when it was known that these two strangers had come into the city, every one suspected at once that they were Israelitish spies.

Rahab, however, it seems, feared the power of the coming enemy more than she did that of her own king; so she did not give up the spies, but hid them under some bundles of flax upon the top of her house, making an agreement with them that when Jericho should be taken by the Israelites, she herself and all the relatives and friends whom she might assemble with her in her house, should be spared. She deceived the messengers of the king, by saying that the men had gone away. They came, she said, to her house, and remained some time; but in the evening, about the time for shutting the gate, they went away, and she did not know where they had gone.

The king of course concluded that the spies, if they were indeed spies, as he supposed, must have gone back toward the camp, and he sent messengers in that direction, with orders to hasten on at their utmost speed, so as to overtake them, if possible, before they should reach the river. The messengers, however, did not succeed in accomplishing their object. The spies were too wary for them. Instead of going toward the river, when Rahab in the course of the night let them down from the wall, they sought a hiding-place among the mountains, and there remained for three days until the excitement had subsided. They then cautiously descended into the valley of the Jordan, and creeping stealthily along by by-paths, they found their way to the fords, and crossed safely over to the camp of Joshua.



THE RETURN OF THE SPIES.

They were able to communicate to Joshua all the intelligence in respect to the condition of Jericho, as a stronghold of the enemy, which he desired; and the account of their mission, as recorded in the second chapter of the book of Joshua, besides the dramatic interest and beauty which characterize the narrative itself, as the

sacred writer there relates it, is very valuable to us on account of the information which we incidentally derive from it, in respect to the state of civilization and advancement to which the people of Canaan had attained at this period of the world. There were indeed in those countries at that time many wandering tribes of shepherds and herdsmen, but yet some portion of the inhabitants, at least, were engaged in the regular tillage of the land. Rahab had sheaves of flax upon her house, which had been cultivated, no doubt, in the neighboring fields. The dwellings of the people within the city must have been of a somewhat substantial and permanent character; for it was on the top of her house, where the flax had perhaps been spread out to dry, that Rahab concealed the men. The town, though it consisted, probably, in the main, like towns of a similar size on the Continent of Europe at the present day, of a collection of laborers' dwellings, grouped together for mutual protection—was defended by a wall, with gates to be shut at night. This wall must have been, too, a tolerably substantial one, as it was so high as to make it necessary to let the spies down from it by a cord. Even this single word *cord*, as well as the allusion to the *scarlet line* which Rahab was to bind in the window of her house, as a signal, reveals to us a great deal in respect to the progress which had been made in arts and manufactures. The whole narrative shows us very conclusively that the Canaanites, at the time when the Israelites entered their land, were by no means savages. They seem, on the contrary, to have made a very considerable advancement in the arts and usages of civilization.

THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER.

The crossing of the Jordan by the children of Israel under Joshua, at the time of their entering into the promised land, is one of the two most important events connected with the history of the river—the preaching of John on the banks of the stream, and his use of its waters for the baptism of his followers, being the other. The manner

in which the crossing was effected and the circumstances attending it were very striking and extraordinary. On the day before the one fixed upon for the transit, the whole host left the encampment where they had been for several days reposing, and which lay back at some distance from the river, and marched down to the banks of the stream. The ark—which was the large gilded box or chest in which the covenant and the tables of stone containing the ten commandments were borne—led the march. It was carried, as usual by the priests. The people in following it were required to keep at a considerable distance from it, in order that the whole congregation might have it in view as it descended before them into the valley. Thus the whole host advanced to the borders of the stream, and took up their lodging there for the night, ready to cross the water on the morrow.

In all ages of the world it has been found that when a people have made too little progress in the use of letters to avail themselves freely of written language as a means of preserving a record of events that occur, the custom arises of perpetuating the memory of extraordinary transactions by means of monuments and cairns. Joshua, accordingly on this occasion, foreseeing that the crossing of the Jordan which was about to be accomplished, would be always regarded by the Israelites, in subsequent years, as one of the most important events of their history made arrangements for commemorating it, in this manner. He appointed twelve men, one from each tribe to superintend the work. These men, aided perhaps by a sufficient force of assistants, were to take out from the bed of the river, while the congregation were passing over, twelve stones with which they were to construct a monument on the shore, to commemorate the passage. A similar monument was to be set up in the middle of the river.

When at length the time arrived for the column to be put in motion, the priests, bearing the ark, advanced to the brink of the stream, and as soon



THE CROSSING.

as their feet touched the brink the waters retired, leaving the sands in the bed of the river dry. They advanced thus till they reached the middle of the channel, and here they stationed themselves and remained during the whole time while the immense concourse were passing over—the presence of the ark in the bed of the stream seeming to operate, through a divine and miraculous influence that attended it, in staying the waters from their usual flow, and keeping the channel open and dry. When all the congregation had safely passed over, Joshua, standing upon the bank, called upon the priests to come up to the land, and when they had done so the water flowed on as before.

In the mean time the people of Jericho well aware that they were wholly unable to cope with so immense a throng of invaders, were overwhelmed with terror. They shut themselves up closely within the walls of their city, allowing none to go out and none to come in. Joshua encamped upon the plain, and after remaining there a short time to make certain arrangements, and preparations required by the new circumstances in which he found himself placed, he resumed his march and advanced into the interior, on the road leading to Jericho.

BEYOND JORDAN.

The Jordan, though a very marked and noted boundary, was not strictly and absolutely the frontier of the country of the Israelites after they came into the possession of Canaan, since two of the tribes and a part of a third had their territory on the eastern side of it. There was a considerable expanse of fertile land on this eastern side of the river as well as on the western—the whole valley forming as it were one tract, which the river divided without however essentially separating the parts from each other. This valley became subsequently the scene of many of the incidents and events which occurred in the progress of sacred history, and it is continually alluded to in the narratives of the sacred writers. The region beyond Jordan, was a part of the national domain, and yet it was in some sense out of the way. It was easily enough accessible to enable fugitives to escape to it, and yet the river formed a species of barrier which in some sense impeded pursuit. Thus in the various periods of excitement and commotion which occurred from time to time, going over the Jordan was an occurrence on which the point and interest of a narrative often turned. Parties crossed and recrossed, in their attempts to escape from or to pursue their enemies, and generally too at the same place—that is opposite to Jericho—where the first great transit had been made in the days of Joshua.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

One of the most striking of the cases which exemplify this is the case of David and Absalom. When the rebellion of Absalom broke out, David, though he had shown the most dauntless and indomitable courage in facing every other species of enemy, found that his heart failed him when the question was one of waging war against his

indulged and dearly beloved son; and notwithstanding all the efforts made by his counselors and friends to induce him to remain at his post, he resolved to abandon the city and fly. In his flight he took the road which led through Jericho toward the Jordan.

Before leaving the city, however, he arranged a secret channel of intelligence by means of which he might receive information of what should take place after his departure, and of the plans and measures which Absalom might form. He left one of his friends—an officer named Hushai—at Jerusalem, with a charge to ascertain the designs and intentions of Absalom, and to send him word secretly, if any thing important should occur. Hushai was to communicate whatever intelligence he might have for David, to two of the priests, Zadoc and Abiathar, who had been left with him; these priests were to send the tidings to David by means of their sons, and in order to avoid the suspicion which might be awakened, on the part of the officers of Absalom, at seeing these young men attempting to leave the city, and the danger that they might be stopped at the gates, when departing with their message, they were sent forward beforehand to a place called En-rogel where they concealed themselves, and remained in readiness to receive any communication for David which their fathers might receive from Hushai and send out to them.

Things being thus arranged, Absalom arrived and took possession of Jerusalem. After some consultation and debate with his various counselors, the unnatural and undutiful son determined to collect a large army and march forth in pursuit of his father, as if he were not satisfied with depriving his parent of his throne and his power, but must hunt him also for his life. Perhaps, however, it is wrong to characterize this conduct as unnatural, for there seems to be scarcely any connection of cause and effect in the workings of human nature more inevitable and sure, than that a child spoiled by indulgence, shall in the end return the mistaken affection of his father or mother with the most remorseless ingratitude. It always has been so, and it will probably never be otherwise.

As soon as Hushai had ascertained the plans which Absalom had formed, he communicated the intelligence to the priests, and they sent out word to their sons, in their concealment at En-rogel. The messenger whom they employed for this purpose was a young woman of a humble class, one, who on passing out through the gate, would be little likely to be suspected of having charge of an errand to the king. This woman succeeded in finding Jonathan and Ahimaaz and in delivering her message to them. She did not, however, accomplish her purpose without being observed. A certain lad, being attracted by something strange and unusual in her demeanor, watched her, without being himself observed. He saw her communicating in secret with Jonathan and Ahimaaz, and then he saw Jonathan and Ahimaaz steal secretly away from the place, and proceed in the direction which David had

taken in his flight. The lad immediately returned to the city and communicated to Absalom



EN-ROGEL.

what he had observed. Absalom at once dispatched messengers with orders to overtake and seize Jonathan and Ahimaaz, and bring them to him. Thus an aged father exiled from home, and in the extremity of terror and distress, is not to be allowed even the slight relief and help which a warning of his danger might afford him. His servants remained faithful and true to him, and were ready to hazard their lives to aid him in his peril, but the poor boon which they would grant him is to be struck down from their hands by the merciless brutality of his son.

Notwithstanding the eagerness, however, with which Absalom sent off his messengers to intercept Jonathan and Ahimaaz, the young men succeeded in evading them, and in reaching the camp of David. They were at one time in very imminent danger, for the pursuers were close upon them, and they escaped by descending into a

well, at the house of a woman where they went to seek refuge, the woman covering the well over after they went down, in such a way as to conceal the opening entirely from view. The pursuers came to this house, inquired for the young men, and sought for them every where, but could not find them, and so went away. Jonathan and Ahimaaz then came forth from their retreat, and proceeded on their journey.

They came to the camp of David, and warned him of his danger. Absalom was preparing to march against him, they said, at the head of a very great force, and they urged him to make his escape by passing over the river without any delay. David resolved to do so. It was night when he received this message, but he immediately put the people in motion and began to cross the river. The number of people under his command was very large, consisting not merely of the portion of the army that adhered to him, but of thousands of men, women, and children from Jerusalem, who had been terrified at the approach of Absalom, and had desired to accompany the king in his flight. It was now in the darkness of the night, and under the deepest excitement of distress and alarm, that this vast and miscellaneous multitude were to be conducted through the fords of the river. The scene was one of continued terror and confusion. The masses of people pressed forward into the dark waters, afraid to encounter the perils before them, but still more afraid of the danger that impended from behind. The strong assisted the weak: rough soldiers sustained and encouraged the helpless women and children, while captains and guides, appointed for the purpose, shouted continually the necessary orders, or held torches, along the line of the bank to guide the footsteps of the multitude in ascending from the river to the shore. The transit was at length accomplished, and before the morning light appeared, every one of the vast company had safely passed over.

The immediate danger was thus passed, and yet though the river was now between these wretched fugitives and their foes, their situation was still forlorn and hopeless. They had

left Jerusalem so suddenly and in such confusion, that they had taken with them no supplies, and now they were far from home, in a remote and almost unknown district, and wholly destitute and helpless. The people of the country, however, immediately came to their relief. They brought them supplies of food and clothing. Thus strangers and foreigners came to pity and save the aged father flying before the remorseless and deadly hostility of his son. They brought beds to spread upon the



THE WELL.

ground for the women and the children—and wheat, and barley, and flour, and parched corn, and honey, and butter for food—and bowls, and earthen vessels, and other such equipage required in a camp. David in the mean time had withdrawn from the bank of the river, and retired into the interior of the country, to a place called Mahanaim, where he established his quarters, and began to prepare for defense. Here he soon learned that Absalom had himself crossed the river, and was coming on at the head of a great force to attack him.

David drew out his forces, marshaled them in battle array, and sent them forward under the command of his generals to meet the army of Absalom. True, however, to his parental instincts to the last, he gave as his final charge to the generals in command, as they were about to move forward, to be sure and do no harm to Absalom. "Deal gently," said he, "for my sake, with the young man Absalom."

We can not follow this story to its conclusion. We can only say that Absalom came to a miserable end, and David, though he was saved from the absolute ruin which had threatened him, had to drink to the dregs the bitter cup which so surely comes in the end to the lips of the fathers and mothers, who allow themselves, through a spirit of fond and foolish indulgence, to be governed by their children. One would suppose that children spoiled by indulgence, however unscrupulous and reckless they might subsequently become in respect to the rights and happiness of others, would always be restrained from any acts of unkindness or ill-will against their parents, from a feeling of gratitude for the affection, mistaken though it was, by which the indulgence was prompted. But the reverse is the case. The heart which furnished the fatal warmth that developed the viper within them, is always the first that they turn against and sting.

PRINCIPAL ROAD TO THE JORDAN.

The place where David crossed the river in flying before Absalom, must have been near the spot where the children of Israel crossed it, when entering the promised land; for the road from Jerusalem to the river passed through Jericho, and it was opposite to Jericho that the fords were situated where the Israelites came over. In fact this portion of the river was much more directly accessible than any other, and it is consequently to this portion that almost all the allusions to the stream, that are made in the sacred history, refer. It was here in subsequent times, as we shall presently see, that John assembled his congregations and baptized his converts, and it is here, at the present day, that travelers and pilgrims, journeying from Jerusalem through Jericho, come down to the river. The long and narrow valley through which its waters flow, between the Sea of Galilee and the plain of Jericho, was the scene of very few of the events recorded in the sacred narrative, and is very seldom visited by travelers at the present day. The country is now occupied by various tribes of Arabs, some stationary, others wander-

ing, who look upon all foreign visitors as intruders and enemies, and visit their attempts to penetrate into their wild domains by every species of hostility.

LYNCH'S EXPEDITION.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, adventurous travelers have in all ages been found disposed to make attempts, more or less determined, to explore this secluded region. The most important, and far the most successful of these attempts, was one made in the year 1847, by Lieutenant Lynch, an officer in the navy of the United States, who entered the Jordan at the Sea of Galilee, with three boats and a company of ten American seamen, and passed down through the whole course of the river to the Dead Sea. He afterward made a very thorough and careful exploration of that sea. It is however only with his adventures on the Jordan that we have now particularly to do.

Lieutenant Lynch proposed his plan to the proper department at Washington, and after a time received an order to undertake it. He was to be sent out to the Mediterranean in command of a store-ship, laden with supplies for the Mediterranean squadron, and was to take the boats and men necessary for his expedition on board this store-ship. On arriving upon the coast of Syria he was to leave the ship, and proceed across the country with his boats and men to the Sea of Galilee, and there commence his voyage.

THE PREPARATIONS.

Lieutenant Lynch having received his orders immediately commenced making the necessary preparations for his enterprise. He provided two metallic boats, one of copper and one of iron—and both constructed on the principle of the life-boats of Mr. Francis.* These metallic boats being lighter than those of the same burden made of wood, could be transported more easily, it was thought, across the country; and besides it was expected that they would be better able to resist the shocks and collisions to which they might be exposed in descending the rapids and cataracts of the river. A wooden boat, in striking a rock, is oftentimes split and splintered, or otherwise hopelessly damaged, where an iron or a copper boat would only receive an indentation which would do it no injury other than marring the beauty of its form. And even in cases where a hole is made, the opening in the case of a metallic boat, is merely a protrusion which can often be closed again by blows upon the inside, with a hammer. Ten skillful and able-bodied seamen were selected for the enterprise, all of whom pledged themselves to abstain entirely from all intoxicating drinks during the course of the expedition. This pledge they faithfully fulfilled, and it was to their being thus saved from the deleterious influences of the insidious poison, that Lieutenant Lynch attributed the remarkable powers of endurance which

* For a full account of these boats, and the mode of their construction, see the article on Francis's Life Boats, in the number of this Magazine for July, 1851.

they afterward evinced under the toils, privations, and hardships to which they were exposed. Besides these seamen there were several other persons, attached to the expedition, in various capacities, making the whole number seventeen.

The boats were so constructed that they could be separated into parts for the purpose of being conveyed across the country upon the backs of beasts of burden, should it be found impossible to convey them in any other way. It was hoped, however, that they might be drawn over the land entire, and sets of trucks were provided for the purpose of conveying them. In order, nevertheless, to be prepared for either mode, whichever might seem most expedient on the arrival of the party upon the coast, one of the men chosen was a mechanic, and the necessary tools were provided for taking the boats to pieces and putting them together again, in case it should be found necessary so to do. This man was also instructed in the art of blasting rocks, as it was possible that some case might occur in which it might be necessary, in order to open a way for the passage of the boats, to remove some small obstruction by gunpowder.

All the necessary arms, instruments and stores required for such an expedition, were carefully provided. The arms were one large blunderbuss, fourteen carbines with long bayonets attached, and fourteen pistols. Four of these pistols were revolvers, and ten of them had bowie knives attached to them. Each officer was armed with a sword, and all, officers and men, were furnished with belts which contained a supply of ammunition. A small but yet complete collection of mathematical instruments was procured, sufficient for making all necessary measurements and observations, and an abundant camp equipage, consisting of tents, flags, cooking utensils, preserved meats—together with a proper supply of oars, sails, ropes, and every other article which there was any probability that they might require, were all carefully provided, and securely stowed on board the ship which was to convey the party from their native shores to the coast of Palestine. The scene of all these preparations, and the point from which the expedition finally set sail, was the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, New York.

THE TURKISH FIRMAN.

The first thing to be done by the expedition on reaching their port in Syria, was to obtain the sanction of the government of the country to their proceedings. It was obviously not proper that such an expedition as this, consisting as it did of an armed force in the service of a foreign power, should leave their ships, to make an incursion into any territory whatever, without previously receiving permission so to do from the constituted authorities. Besides, independently of the question of propriety, it was very important to obtain the consent of the government as a measure of precaution and safety, for although the party were expecting to rely mainly on themselves for the means of defense against the hostility of the natives along the shores of the river, it is clear that the danger of collision with them

would be very much diminished by a firman from the government, enjoining upon the inhabitants to allow the travelers to pass on in safety.

Accordingly Lieut. Lynch, immediately on his arrival at Smyrna, his port of destination, proceeded at once to Constantinople, and there, with the usual forms and ceremonies made known his wishes to the sultan, and requested the passport. After various delays and many negotiations his request was finally granted, and the firman was received. It was addressed to two pashas, the highest dignitaries of Syria, and was, when translated into English, as follows:

Governors of Saida and Jerusalem,

Captain Lynch of the American Navy, being desirous of examining the Dead Sea, his legation has asked for him, from our authorities, all due aid and assistance.

You will therefore on the receipt of this present order, give him and his companions, seventeen in number, all due aid and co-operation in his explorations.

Protect him therefore, and treat him with the regard due to the friendship existing between the American government and that of the Sublime Porte.

(Signed) MUSTAPHA RESHID PASHA.

Grand Vizier

MUSTAPHER PASHA, Governor of Saida.

SARIPH PASHA, Governor of Jerusalem.

Stambohl, March 7th, 1848.

THE LANDING AT HAIFA.

On receiving the firman, Mr. Lynch immediately left Constantinople, and turned toward the south. After various proceedings and adventures which can not be here particularly detailed, his vessel, with all his party, and the various stores and preparations destined for the service of the expedition on board, arrived off the town of Haifa, which lies on the southern side of the Bay of Acre, and at the foot of Mt. Carmel.

The town of Acre, which stands at the northern extremity of the bay, was to be the point of departure of the expedition in crossing the country to the sea of Galilee, but it was necessary to land at Haifa, and then proceed to Acre, along the shore, as the only favorable anchorage ground is on that side of the bay. Acre was itself formerly the port, but the water has become so shallow there, in consequence of the drifting in of the sands, that vessels coming upon the coast now generally make their harbor at Haifa; though Acre is still the capital of the Pachalik, and in all respects the most important town.*

At the time of the arrival of the vessel the surf was rolling in so heavily upon the beach as to make it dangerous to attempt to land. Lieut. Lynch, however, was impatient to reach the shore, and accompanied by one or two attendants he undertook the task. He came very near perishing in the attempt, and was only saved by the interposition of some of the natives, who perceiving the danger came down and rescued him

* For the situation of these places, and of the beach on which the party landed, see the map in the number of this Magazine for August, page 291.

and his companions from the boiling surges and bore them up upon the land. No further com-

The beach itself, which was as firm and level as a floor, formed the road, and though there were the mouths of two rivers to cross, the Kishon and the Belus, there were no other obstructions, and thus, partly by water and partly by land, the expedition, and the multifarious effects belonging to it, were finally conveyed to a new rendezvous under the walls of Acre. From their encampment there, the party saw, though not without some sad forebodings, the vessel which had brought them to the coast, hoist her sails and slowly recede from the shore, until at length she disappeared from view in the western horizon.

Acre is a much larger and more important place than Haïfa, and is the residence of the governor of



THE LANDING AT HAÏFA.

munication could now be had with the ship, and the party who had landed went up to the convent on Mt. Carmel, which is the only representative of an inn that the locality affords, and there they were very kindly received and entertained.

The next day the wind changed and blew off the shore. This enabled the seamen to get out the boats, and to convey them to the land, where with the help of horses brought for the purpose, they were at length drawn up high and dry upon the beach. The tents were brought out also and pitched on the grass, at a little distance from the walls of Haïfa, and the preparations were commenced for landing the stores, apparatus, and ammunition. The encampment was soon surrounded with groups of idle Arabs looking on with great curiosity and interest, and wondering what this mysterious arrival could mean.

DIFFICULTIES.

Our adventurers soon found themselves beset with very serious difficulties in their attempts to prosecute the object of their expedition. The Arabs that gathered around them were continually watching for opportunities to plunder the camp. A constant watch and guard was thus required on the part of the men, which distracted their attention from their work, and impeded their progress. The trucks, however, were at length landed and the boats were mounted upon them, and then horses were obtained and harnessed in, in order to draw the boats and the baggage to Acre. The horses, however were so small, thin, and poor, that the harnesses would not fit to them, and what was worse, when at length some sort of fitting was effected, the useless beasts could not or would not draw the load. The boats were then taken off the trucks and launched again into the water, in order to be sent to Acre across the bay, by sea, while the horses were left to draw the empty trucks along the shore.

the province, though as the anchorage for ships coming into the bay is off the latter place, it was necessary for the expedition to land there. Being now, however, arrived at Acre, an immediate negotiation was entered into with the government for procuring some effectual means of transporting the boats and the baggage across the country to the Galilean sea. After innumerable debates, consultations, and delays, it was at length decided to try the novel experiment of putting camels in harness, to draw the trucks. Every one predicted that this would be a perfectly futile attempt, but so unwilling was Mr. Lynch to take the boats to pieces, if the alternative could possibly be avoided, that he determined to make the experiment. So after experiencing many vexatious difficulties and delays in procuring the camels, and in altering the harnesses, so as to fit the straps and buckles for the new and unexpected function which they were to be required to fulfill, every thing was at length in readiness, and the beasts were put in motion. The plan proved perfectly successful. The docile camels were found to be as ready to draw as to carry; and they walked on when commanded by their drivers, with the loaded trucks in train, as steadily and as cheerfully as if they had all their lives been attached to the service of wagons.

THE MARCH.

In marching across the country from Acre to Tiberias the train of the expedition presented a very singular spectacle. The carriages or trucks on which the boats were borne were drawn by three camels each, two being placed abreast, and the third forward, as leader. There were also twelve spare camels for the boats, making three relays in all—the plan of the work being to relieve the animals every half-hour. The baggage, including the tents, the oars, the sails, the am-

munition, the provisions, and the camp equipage of every sort, required eleven camels more, so that in all there were twenty-three of these huge beasts in the caravan. Besides the original party of Americans there were about fifteen Arabs, all mounted and armed, whom, with their chieftain or sheikh, Mr. Lynch had engaged at Acre, to accompany the expedition, as an additional guard. Thus the whole train consisted of twenty-three

camels, about eighteen horses, and nearly thirty men. And inasmuch as the men, though differing from each other, were all dressed in some official and picturesque costume, and as the boats which formed the most conspicuous objects in the procession were decorated with flags and banners, the long train, as it advanced across the country, wending its way among the hills, formed a very gay and animating spectacle.



THE CARAVAN.

TIBERIAS.

The place which had been determined upon as the point of embarkation for the boats was the town of Tiberias, which is situated on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. In fact, this sheet of water is often called the Lake of Tiberias, on account of its having upon its shores this large and important town. For a similar reason it is sometimes called the Lake of Geneseret, the town of Geneseret being situated at the northern extremity of the lake, near where the upper Jordan empties into it. It is somewhat unfortunate for this sea that it has such a multiplicity of names, since the want of any certain and uniform mode of designating it leads to a great deal of confusion.

The town of Tiberias occupies a very picturesque and commanding position on the shore of the lake. Our party reached it with their boats and all their baggage, in safety, after a journey of three days in crossing the country from Acre. They remained several days at Tiberias before commencing their voyage. This delay was necessary, some considerable time being required at this their ultimate point of departure, for their final preparations. Stores of provisions were to be procured and laid in, the instruments were all

to be examined and rectified, and many inquiries were to be made, in reference to the geography of the country through which they were going to pass, the character and dispositions of the natives, and the course and navigation of the river. In the course of these preparations Mr. Lynch made quite an important addition to his flotilla by the purchase of a large wooden boat which he found at Tiberias, and which he thought might be of service to the expedition as a boat of burden. The names of the metallic boats which he had brought with him were the *Fanny Mason* and the *Fanny Skinner*. They were named from two young ladies of Washington, the daughters respectively of Mr. Secretary Mason, and of Commodore Skinner. The wooden boat bought at Tiberias was named the *Uncle Sam*.

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

Up to this time, and especially while making these preparations at Tiberias for a final embarkation, Mr. Lynch was continually receiving intelligence, information, and advice, of the most discouraging and disheartening character. Stories were told him of previous undertakings of a somewhat similar character which had terminated most disastrously. Some travelers had been shot

by the Arabs in going down the river—others had died of fevers taken on the low lands through which they passed, or on the shores of the Dead Sea. The river was so rapid, and so obstructed by cataracts and cascades, that it would be impossible that boats of the size which the expedition had provided could navigate it; so that even if the party were to escape the consequences to be feared from the hostility of the natives, they were sure to be overturned in the rapids, or dashed upon the rocks, and all inevitably drowned.

To guard against the possibility that the boats might find it impracticable to navigate the river, Mr. Lynch intended that a detachment of his party should proceed by land along the bank, with camels, so as to succor the boats' crews in case of danger, or to receive them entirely into their caravan in case it should be found necessary to abandon the river. But the owners of the camels that had been employed in drawing the boats from Acre were not willing to hazard their animals in a journey through so lawless a country as that of the Jordan, and some difficulty and delay was experienced in procuring others to take their places. In fact such was the estimation in which the wild and desperate spirit of the natives of the country was held, that when at Acre Mr. Lynch stated to an Arab chieftain that he was going to attempt the passage of the Jordan from the Sea of Galilee down through the valley, the chieftain replied that it was madness to attempt such an undertaking with such a force. "Why, the Bedouins of the Ghor," said he, "will eat you all up!"

The Ghor is the Arab name for the valley of the Jordan.

THE EMBARKATION.

Notwithstanding these discouragements the preparations were pushed diligently forward, and at length on the morning of the 10th of April the expedition embarked. It had been previously organized in two parties, the land and the water party—a regular concert of action having been arranged between the two divisions, and precise orders given to all the various officers in charge, with instructions adapted to every emergency which was at all likely to occur. The several officers who went in the boats had each his separate duty to perform. One was to take topographical sketches of the shores of the river as he passed along; another was to make geological observations and collect specimens; a third was to note and record the incidents which should occur on the route; while a fourth had charge of the herbarium, and was to make collections of plants and flowers. The land party was under the charge of Lieutenant Dale. It consisted of a large number of persons, many of whom were Arabs that had been employed to accompany the expedition. There were eleven camels, and thirty horsemen in the train. The land party were instructed to keep as near the river as the nature of the country would permit. It was not, however, expected that they would be at all times in sight of the river, and a signal was accordingly agreed upon by which they

were to be summoned to the boats in case of any emergency or danger requiring their aid. This signal consisted of two musket shots fired in quick succession. Any single report, such as might be expected to be heard from time to time, from shots aimed at wild animals, or signals made to communicate intelligence from one boat to another, they were not to regard.

Every thing being thus arranged both divisions of the expedition took their departure from Tiberias on the morning of the appointed day. The sun was bright, the air was balmy, the fields were green, and the calm and unruffled water on the lake reflected from its polished surface the green slopes of fertile hills around the shores, and in the centre the beautiful and unbroken blue of the vault of heaven. The long caravan, defiling from the gate of the town, took its way along the shore for a little distance, and then gradually turning inland was soon lost among the hills, while the boats, following each other in a line, and all heavily laden, glided smoothly along their way over the surface of the lake, toward the outlet of the Jordan.

THE NAVIGATION.

The expedition was occupied about eight days in passing down the river from the lake to the Dead Sea. The distance in a direct line is but about sixty miles, though the river is so tortuous and meandering in its course, that the voyage made by the boats was lengthened to more than two hundred miles, by the sinuosities of the stream. The difficulties which the party found they had to encounter in the navigation of the river were far greater even than they had anticipated, although those which proceeded from the savage character and hostile dispositions of the inhabitants were very much less. In fact, the Arabs on the banks did very little to molest the voyagers, while the cascades and cataracts of the stream seemed to be boiling with incessant and uncontrollable rage against them. The current was generally indeed of a moderate rapidity, and the water deep and smooth; and in these cases the progress of the boats was safe and easy. But after a brief interval of this kind of navigation, the current of the river would gradually become more and more rapid, and at length, sweeping round some majestic curve, the foremost boat would enter a wild ravine, where the adventurous navigators would see the whole surface of the water from bank to bank white with glancing foam; and hear, coming up from below, through the gorge into which the river was pouring, the sound of a roaring cataract, warning them of the approaching danger. In such cases the crews would strive with all their strength to guide the boats into the swiftest water. For in such cases the swiftest current always indicated the deepest channel; and thus, as often happens, the only hope of safety lay in the most bold advance into the midst of the danger. In the swiftest of these cascades the power of the oars over the boats was not sufficient to keep them in the channel, and in such cases, at a command from the officer, the crews would leap

overboard into the water, and clinging to the gunwales of the boats, they would struggle to keep them in the swiftest and darkest part of the current. In doing this they would of course be borne along themselves, irresistibly, by the surging water, finding sometimes a momentary and precarious footing upon submerged rocks, and sometimes sinking beyond their depth in the boiling and foaming whirlpools. Having been thus

rock and lodged there in the middle of the channel. The company on board were in great alarm, for the Uncle Sam was just behind, and was coming down upon them with all the force of the current. The crew of the wooden boat did all in their power to prevent a collision, but in vain. On the whole it was fortunate that they did not succeed, for the shock of the concussion forced the lodged boat off the rock into deep water;

and then both drifted away safely down the stream together.

The metallic boats, it was found, endured the thumps and contusions which they received, with very little damage; but the wooden boat, though heavy and strong, was found wholly incapable of sustaining such service. She became so much bruised and battered by the first two days' voyage, as to make it evident that it would not be possible to keep her long afloat, and accordingly on the morning of the third day she was abandoned.

HARDSHIPS.

Of course in such a service as this the whole company, both officers and men, endured every conceivable degree of hardship and exposure. The men were sometimes compelled to work for four or five hours immersed to their waists in water, and engaged all the time in lifting, pushing, pulling, and in other similar toils, requiring the almost incessant exertion of their utmost strength. Sometimes they were obliged to unload the boats and land the cargoes on the shore, and then, after floating the empty boats down the rapids, they would transport the heavy packages on their backs along the rocky strand to some new point of embarkation below. In one or two cases they were obliged to leave the river alto-

gether, and transport the boats round certain dangerous cascades, by means of some ancient sluiceway that had been constructed in former times for the purpose of supplying water to a mill. They would float the boats along these sluiceways, which lay of course upon the banks of the river and parallel to the stream, until they had reached the lower end, and then, discharging the cargo, they would drag the boats, and carry the cargo, down the bank into the river again, where, after having put the effects once more on board, they would re-embark and proceed as before. When they were in the boats, and on the river, the intervals were very few in which they could relax their vigilance or enjoy any thing like rest. The circuitous windings of the stream were continually bringing them into new scenes and exposing them to new dangers. Sunk-en rocks and hidden shoals were to be watched



THE CASCADES.

swept down to the foot of the rapids, the men would clamber back dripping into the boats, and after a brief respite to recover breath, they would resume their oars, and go on as before.

In some places the fall was too great for even this mode of descent, and then a grapnel would be sunk to serve for an anchor, and the boat, controlled by a strong line from the grapnel, would be let down gradually—the seamen slowly delivering out the line from her stern. Where the bottom of the river was such that a grapnel could not be used, some tree, or firmly-rooted bush, growing upon the banks, would be made use of instead, as a point of support. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, the boats were continually striking on the rocks, and receiving the most severe concussions. At one time the Fanny Mason being in advance of the others, and going down a swift descent, struck upon a

for and guarded against, continual exertion at the oars was required to keep the boats in the centre of the channel, and in a position parallel with the direction of the current, and sudden and unexpected occurrences arose from time to time, bringing new and wholly unlooked-for dangers. At one time, for example, after having just cleared a dangerous rapid, and got, as they imagined, beyond the danger, they were carried rapidly round a curve of the river under a mass of low, overhanging branches, which lay so close to the water, that they threatened to sweep the men out of the boats, as they were whirled swiftly along beneath them.

ENCAMPING.

Sometimes the party in the boats spent the whole day without seeing any thing of their comrades in the caravan, though it was arranged generally that the two divisions of the expedition should meet at night. The scene of the encamp-

ment in such cases presented a very exciting and animating spectacle. The place selected was usually some smooth and level spot on the bank of the river, sheltered if possible by a wood, and easily accessible both from the water and the land. Here for an hour there was presented a very picturesque and busy scene. Some of the men were employed in mooring the boats on the shore, and in mounting the blunderbuss for their protection. Others were engaged in raising the numerous tents, and driving the tent pins into the ground to secure them, while the wearied camels stood patiently by, waiting to be disburdened. On some neighboring elevation, reconnoiters, Arab or American, were to be seen scrutinizing the country all round, to watch for any indications that might exist of the presence of an enemy, while other officers appointed for the purpose, were riding over the plain, stationing the outposts for the night. When the tents



THE ENCAMPMENT.

were pitched the baggage was collected, and piled securely in the centre of the inclosure which they formed, and then supper was prepared. After supper the sentinels were posted, the bustle and movement gradually subsided, and the whole encampment became a scene of silence and repose.

THE SCENERY.

The general scenery of the country, as it presented itself to the party in their journeyings through the valley, was beautiful, though somewhat solitary and wild. The valley was found

to be alluvial in its character, the river being bordered with broad and fertile fields, sometimes wooded, and sometimes under a rude and simple cultivation, with ranges of mountains bounding the view beyond. The party in the boats passed many ruined bridges and mills, and sometimes their attention was attracted by the sites of ancient villages on the banks of the stream, where apparently thriving towns had once existed, but which were now the seats of dilapidation and decay. They saw very few of the natives of the country, and were only twice

alarmed by any apprehension of danger from them. Sometimes they saw parties of Arabs encamped in the interior, and in a few instances they went to visit them in their encampments. The people were generally found to be peaceable and well disposed, though full of curiosity in respect to every thing pertaining to their strange visitors. They lived in black tents, made of a sort of coarse cloth, woven from goat's or camel's hair, and had their horses tethered on the grass by the side of their encampment. These were the Bedouin or wandering Arabs. There were others who lived in rude villages which were composed of tents of the simplest and most primitive construction. At one time the expedition passed such a village on the bank of the river, and as the boats glided rapidly by, the whole population of the place, men, women, and children, came running down the bank together, gazing at the unwonted spectacle, and uttering loud and discordant cries of curiosity and wonder.

These scenes, however, of life and activity were exceptions to the general silence and solitude which reigned throughout the valley. Often for miles no human habitation was seen, nor any indication whatever of the existence or agency of man. In such cases the boats glided along, in passing over the dark and still waters that intervened between one cascade or rapid to another, through scenes of rural loveliness, which would have been simply picturesque and beautiful had not the remoteness, the silence, and the solitude made them sublime. The stream flowed tranquilly over its dark depths. Trees fringed with mosses, or festooned with climbing plants, overhung the banks, and waved their dark and luxuriant foliage over the stream. Flowers bloomed on the shore, and long grass waved in the margin of the water, while birds among the branches, of strange and unknown form and plumage, sang in mournful notes, as if lamenting the solitude.

THE PILGRIMS' FORD.

At length on the seventh day after entering the river at the Sea of Galilee, the expedition arrived safely at what is called the Pilgrims' Ford, which is so near to the mouth of the Jordan, that it may properly be considered as the termination of the voyage on the river. The Pilgrims' Ford is situated at the point where the road from Jericho comes down to the river, and it must of course be near the place where the children of Israel effected their passage under the command of Joshua, and where David and his company crossed when pursued by Absalom. The place is now called the Pilgrims' Ford, from the fact that an immense concourse of pilgrims annually visit the river at this spot, to bathe in the sacred waters. They come to this point because it is here that occurred the most interesting events of sacred history that were connected with the river. This too is almost the only spot that occurs throughout the whole of the long and meandering course of the stream, where its banks can be safely and easily reached; though it is probable that the irrepressi-

ble spirit of devotion and zeal which impels such multitudes of pilgrims to journey to the river, would have led them to brave any dangers, and encounter any difficulties in making their way to the spot at which they supposed the events that awakened their veneration occurred, wherever it might have been. Of these events the one which chiefly inspires the feelings of solemn awe which the approach to the river awakens, is the baptism of Jesus Christ in its waters, by John.

PILGRIMS.

It would seem probable from the sacred narrative that it must have been near the mouth of the Jordan, that John assembled his congregations, and baptized his followers; and this supposition the most ancient traditions confirm; as the place which has been for many centuries regarded as the scene of the Baptist's ministry, is at the ford where the road from Jericho comes down to the stream. Even the exact spot where Jesus stood when he was baptized, is pointed out to the pilgrims, and they place entire confidence in the truth of the tradition. The pilgrims come to visit this spot, in one great annual caravan, which leaves Jerusalem for this purpose in April, under a proper escort, and taking the road by Jericho they proceed in an apparently endless train to the banks of the river. Here as soon as they reach the banks they all rush down into the stream, in a state of the wildest excitement, to immerse themselves in the sacred water—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the sick and the well, the strong and the feeble, together. When the first paroxysm of excitement is over, they proceed to provide themselves with memorials and relics to commemorate their visit. Some cut stems of the young trees which grow upon the banks—willows or palms—and form staves of them. Some dip up the water, and fill small bottles of leather or of tin, with it, to carry away. Others have brought cloths, which they dip into the stream, and then reverently fold them up and bear them home, to be preserved and used finally as shrouds to wrap their bodies in when they die. Even European and American travelers who visit the spot, in the train of the pilgrims' caravan, and who have no such superstitious veneration for the water, still generally take a portion of it with them when they return, to preserve as a souvenir of their visit, or to be used in the baptisms of children in their native land.

The party of Mr. Lynch arrived at the ford, and encamped there the day before the pilgrims were to arrive. At three o'clock on the following morning, the whole camp was aroused from its repose by the intelligence that the pilgrims were coming. The people arose in haste, and issuing from their tents, they beheld an immense number of torch-lights, with a dark moving mass beneath them, slowly advancing over the brow of a hill. Mr. Lynch began to fear that his camp would be overwhelmed and swept away, as it were, by this coming inundation; and he accordingly ordered the tents to be struck,

and all the baggage and effects to be moved back, out of the way. He then directed his Arab allies to mount their horses, arm themselves with their long spears, and taking their position in front of the baggage, to form a sort of military cordon, for its protection. At the same time, he ordered the boats to be launched from the shore, and stationed on the opposite side of the river, a little below the place where the pilgrims were to enter the waters. These arrangements had scarcely been effected before the crowd of pilgrims came on—men, women, and children—mounted on donkeys, horses, camels, and mules, and all rushing eagerly and impetuously toward the bank of the stream.

This was, however, only the advanced portion of the great throng. It was not until two hours afterward that the main body arrived. As fast as the several parties came to the brink, they dismounted, and pressed forward into the water, singing, calling, and shouting, in paroxysms of the wildest excitement and enthusiasm. They were of all languages and nations, having been gathered from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, and even from America: and they exhibited every possible variety of dress and demeanor. They were of all ranks and conditions, and of every age; young children having been brought with their mothers, suspended in baskets or panniers from the backs of camels or mules. As they came down to the brink they removed their outer robes, and then rushed eagerly down the bank into the water. Some of them had dresses made for the purpose, consisting of a white robe, with a black cross upon it. Others went in clothed in a portion of their ordinary attire. All dipped themselves, or were dipped by others, three times in the sacred stream, and then came up to the dry land again, and the ceremony was ended.

So great is the eagerness of the pilgrims to rush into the river on these occasions, that many instances have occurred of their being swept away by the current and drowned—for although the place is called a ford, still in an ordinary state of the river the water in the mid-channel is very deep, and the current very rapid. It was partly with a view to guard against accidents of this kind on this occasion, that Mr. Lynch sent his boats out into the stream, when he found that the pilgrims were coming. The foremost of the pilgrims in entering the water were surprised to see the boats, and they called out to the boatmen, saying that that was a sacred place, and that the boats must not remain there. When it was explained to them, however, that the object of the arrangement was to render assistance to the pilgrims in case of any emergency occurring in which assistance might be required, they seemed very thankful for the intended kindness, and allowed the boats to remain.

In an hour from the time when the great body of the pilgrims arrived, they began to return; and in three hours all were gone, leaving no vestige behind them; so rapidly did the great pageant disappear.

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THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.

From the Fords to the mouth of the river, the distance is but a few miles. The banks here are low, the country is flat and level, and is covered with canes, willows, sedges, and tall grass, presenting a spectacle of dreary solitude and desolation. Strange varieties of wild fowl inhabit these thickets, and shoals and sand-banks, formed by the deposits of the river, disfigure the stream, whose sluggish current moves more and more slowly as its waters approach the dismal lake, where, like man descending to the grave, they are to repose for a time, and then ascend into the heavens. Long before the waters of the river reach their outlet, they become impregnated with the salt and acrid solutions of the sea. In fact, the whole region into which they now are entering, seems filled with volcanic products, and saturated with salts. Indeed, there are, in some places, broad tracts of clayey and sandy alluvion, so strongly charged with these deadly impregnations that no plant will grow upon them, and the dreary monotony of their surface is only varied by the inflorescences and incrustations which remain in the shallow depressions where pools of water have stood, and have been dried up by the sun. It was here, as it is supposed, that the brass castings were made by King Hiram for the Temple of Solomon, as described in 1 Kings vii. 45, 46: "And all these vessels which Hiram made to King Solomon for the house of the Lord were of bright brass. In the plain of Jordan did the king cast them, in the clay ground between Succoth and Zarthan." In a word, the beautiful stream, after meandering for hundreds of miles through scenes of verdure and beauty, which its fertilizing influences create, and which its graceful meanderings adorn, comes to an end at last in a gloomy region of desolation and death. Its waters rise from elevated fountains and springs that are fed by the snows and glaciers of mountain summits. They are lost, at last, in a deep volcanic valley, arid and desolate, and almost wholly inaccessible to man.

CHANGES.

Such is the River Jordan as it now appears. How far the stream itself, and the country on its banks, may have undergone change during the twenty or thirty centuries which have elapsed since the Scripture narratives were written, it is now impossible to say. Various causes are constantly in operation to produce modifications in the physical structure of the globe, and the beds of rivers are not exempt from the general liability to change. Not only the course of a stream, but the depth and rapidity of the current may vary, through the operation of causes acting so slowly that the effect is not perceived in the course of a single generation, while yet they produce very important results in the course of a thousand years. In the first place, the direction of the meanderings of a river which flows, like the Jordan, through an alluvial valley, is constantly changing. In all the concave portions of the shore the current of course sets

against the bank, and the earth which forms the bank being thus undermined, caves in, and is carried down the stream by the impulse of the water. This alluvion is then deposited in portions on all the convex portions of the bank below, and thus forms new land, which rises higher and higher by fresh depositions, made especially in times of flood, until it reaches the level of the surrounding plain; and, at length, after the lapse of many years, the changes in the bed of the stream bring the newly-formed bank into the concave form, when it is undermined and carried away again, and then again deposited under the shelter of salient points still farther down the stream. Thus there is a perpetual series of changes going on; each successive portion of the alluvial plain through which the river winds its way being destroyed and reproduced again in endless alternation. This process in a great river like the Mississippi is so slow, that great forests grow upon the new-made land before its time comes for being undermined. The trees of these forests of course are carried down with the earth on which they grow, and it is these trees which form the snags and sawyers by which the navigation of that mighty stream is so much impeded.

Even the rapidity of the current of a river, and the quantity of water which is contained in its bed, may change very essentially in the course of centuries. It has been recently found that various portions of the earth's surface are subject to slow motions, either of rising or sinking—motions which are wholly inappreciable while they are taking place, but which, after a long lapse of time, produce important results. It is difficult to detect, and still more difficult to measure these changes of level, excepting on the borders of the sea; for it is only there that there is at hand a ready and sure standard of comparison. There is, however, no doubt that these slow movements of elevation and depression are all the time going on in various parts of the earth, especially in volcanic countries. They result from deep-seated causes, the nature of which is not known; but they are slowly working out a very extensive, and, perhaps, ultimately, a total alteration in the altitudes of continents, the rapidity of rivers, and in the configuration of ocean shores. From these, or from some other causes, the accounts which ancient writers give of the rivers of their time, do not accord at all with the appearance and the character of the streams at the present day. We might have expected that this would have been the case with the Jordan; as its bed, and especially the sea into which it empties, lie in a volcanic region, known to be peculiarly subject to the disturbances we have described. It seems, however, in fact not to be so, as the narratives of the sacred writers, referring to the river, and the descriptions which they give of it, apply with remarkable exactness to the present condition of the stream.

SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

A great interest has been felt in all ages in respect to the source of the Jordan, and the fountain, which in former times was considered as entitled to the honor of originating this sacred stream, is a very remarkable and a very copious spring, which issues from a cavern in the face of a precipice of rocks, at a place called Banias, situated on the southern slopes of Mt. Lebanon, about forty miles north of the Sea of Galilee. At some distance farther up the mountain, however, in a green and secluded dell, there is a very remarkable pond, circular in its form, and filled with clear and pellucid water. It has been known from the earliest times by the name of Phiala, or The Bowl, and there is an immemo-



"THE BOWL."

rial tradition, that the fountain at Banias is supplied from this little lake, as its reservoir. Josephus says, that to prove the fact some curious explorers of the locality put chaff into the lake, and then watching below they saw it come out at the fountain. In recent times another stream has been explored, which originates at a point far higher up the mountain, and descending through a long ravine, it joins the Jordan below Banias, and brings a greater supply of water than that which comes from the cavern fountains. The desire which geographers and travelers have, in all ages, felt to ascertain the true and original sources of the river, has led to a great deal of curious investigation and research. The nature and the results of these inquiries we shall see in detail, when we come to explore the wild and romantic solitudes of Mt. Lebanon.



ACHMED PASHAW, BEY OF TUNIS.

NOTES FROM THE BARBARY STATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. PETERSBURG."

TUNIS.

AT Smyrna I was fortunate enough to hear of a Greek brigantine about to sail for Tunis. I did not inquire what motives of traffic induced the speculative Hellenes to undertake so unwonted a voyage; nor did they ask why I wished to follow a route so unusual. It was voted in solemn council that I should have the occupaney of the little cabin in consideration of the payment of certain piastres, which went to swell the common fund; for the vessel was a joint-stock affair, and all on board had a share in the venture.

The Scamandre, in accordance with the wont of the Greek Rayahs, sailed under a foreign flag; she bore at her peak the French tricolor, though I doubt if the whole crew could have mustered a score of French words among them. Sokrâté, the captain, was a little, oily, good-humored Smyrniote, whose chief occupation on board seemed to be the concoction of the soups and pilaffs, which were nominally under the superintendence of Nicolao, the cook, a superb-looking Hydriote, with a magnificent mustache, dressed in snowy kilt, and scarlet leggings, with a shawl girdle round his waist, from which peeped the handles of sundry unprofessional looking weapons. He was the very embodiment of a boarding-school Miss's ideal of one of those fascinating corsairs who used to cruise among the islands of the Archipelago. But that is all changed now; and the picturesque Greek pirates

of other days have become no less picturesque Greek mariners.

Pleasantly we sailed along, winding among, and touching at the Greek islands; for the Hellenic merchantmen do not hold themselves bound to any very definite course, and a few days, or even weeks, made no special difference to myself. The weather was delightful; I had plenty of books on board; and the functions of captain and cook were admirably performed, though not by the personages who bore these titles. It was not long before it was manifest that Sokrâté knew little of navigation, while Nicolao was supremely ignorant of the mysteries of the *cuisine*; but as the cook was a capital sailor, after the Greek fashion, and the captain proved to be a Hellenic Ude, we neither sailed nor fared the worse for the interchange of function.

I was not long in ignorance of the reason of the mystery. The officers were appointed by the company, each having a voice in proportion to the amount of his venture; and Sokrâté was the chief capitalist of the concern, while poor Nicolao's whole wealth was comprised in his fine person and its showy adornments; but he was, moreover, famed through the Grecian isles for his seamanship. The most important posts on board were those of captain and cook, and when the ballots were counted, it appeared that the prizes had fallen to the shares of capital and skill, the former, as usual, taking the first prize.

Our last touching-place was Candia ; we then put out into the open sea, our prow pointing directly for the land of the Moors. Leaving Malta to the right, we began to near Cape Bon. Here the light breeze, which had scantily filled our lazy sails, rose suddenly to a sharp gale from the east, and the smooth waters of the Mediterranean were almost instantaneously broken into short chopping seas, which pitched the little Scamandre about in a manner that excited no small alarm among our crew, who like all Greek sailors, brave enough when off a lee shore, were very cowards when out of sight of land.

Affairs no sooner began to assume a somewhat threatening aspect than the captain betook himself to the cabin, and instituted a vigorous course of fumigation before a gilt Saint Nicholas, which occupied a conspicuous niche ; while the Saint's namesake, our imperial cook, drawing his crimson tarbouche over his brows, rushed to the helm, which he kept hard up, and so we scudded before the wind. The gale was soon over, and we were safe ; but a great dispute arose as to whom we owed our preservation. The captain resigned his personal pretensions in favor of the Saint, only claiming for himself the merit of having secured his powerful intervention by the vigor and persistence of his own fumigations. Nicolao made light of the pretensions set up on behalf of his saintly namesake, declaring that, but for himself all on board would have been food for fishes, and more than insinuating that his saintship was only a "painted bredd." The vessel waxed as tumultuous as the Athenian Agora of old ; and the debates enlivened the remaining four days of the voyage, and whiled away our weary eight days' quarantine at the Goletta ; and when I left the Scamandre the question was as far as ever from a settlement. For aught I know it may still be mooted among the islands of the Ægean.

There were reports of the plague at Constantinople and Smyrna, and we were put into quarantine. But at last the yellow flag was hauled down, and I was at liberty to land at the Goletta, the port of Tunis, and to make my first acquaintance with those Moors and Arabs, who had so long haunted my imagination. This dated back from those boyish days when I used to lie under the spreading maples, poring over the "Authentic Narrative of the loss of the Brig Commerce : by Captain James Riley," until the green boughs overhead put on the brazen glare of an African sky, and the cool breezes from the Green Mountains smote upon my forehead like blasts from Sahara. All the desert was in my soul, and I lay upon its burning sands, parched with thirst, transfixed by the keen sunbeams, watching the fratricidal combat between good Sidi Hamet and Seyd, of which my fate was to be the prize. I have since learned to doubt the veracity of that much-enduring navigator, whose Cagliostro visage leers in horrid copper-plate from the front of his book ; but in those days I should as soon have thought of question-

ing the truth of Robinson Crusoe or Pilgrim's Progress.

The Goletta, or "little throat," is properly the narrow canal through the neck of land which separates the Bay of Tunis from "El Bahéirah," the shallow lagoon upon the farther or western shore of which Tunis is built. This channel is strongly fortified, and a considerable town has grown up about it. These long white lines of batteries, grim with cannon, have been supposed to be the key of Tunis ; but with little reason, as it seemed to me : for, in the first place, the lagoon is so shallow as to be passable only by the *sandales*, or little flat-bottomed boats of the place ; and then the bay presents a half-score of places where a landing might be effected with as little annoyance from the guns of the Goletta, as the Americans at Vera Cruz experienced from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

It is some eight or ten miles across the lagoon to Tunis, and the usual course is to go by land along the northern shore ; but the few carriages I saw, two-wheeled, and covered with a thick striped cloth, effectually closing door and windows, offered so few attractions, that I rather chose to go by water across the lagoon. Once fairly clear of the Goletta, the scenery became most impressive to the eye, and to the imagination. In front were the white walls of Tunis, rising, terrace by terrace, up a series of bosky heights, relieved by towers, domes, and minarets, crowned by the imposing *Kasbah*, or citadel, which forms so striking a feature in all Moorish towns ; while in the distance rose a range of hills, broken here and there into bold and picturesque peaks. For more than three thousand years, these walls have gleamed white-ly up from the still lagoon ; for Tunis was a city long before Phœnician Dido, flying from the murderers of her lord, crossed the sea, and founded Carthage.

The shores of this lagoon have witnessed some of the most striking events of history. There, if ancient tradition may be trusted, came the remnants of the Canaanitish tribes who escaped the exterminating sword of Joshua, when the Hebrew invaders precipitated themselves upon the Promised Land. Hither followed their Amalekite and Philistine kindred in after ages, when David completed the work of rooting out the original possessors of the land. Fully in our view, as we sailed along, was the site of Carthage, and along the northern shore of the lagoon fled the fugitives from the city "to be destroyed," the women glorious with shorn heads, for they had given their tresses, to be twisted into cords for the military engines, with which the vain attempt had been made to stay the Roman legions. On the southern shore, near the village of Rhades, is shown the spot where Regulus overthrew the Carthaginians ; and under the walls of Tunis he was himself defeated and taken prisoner, by Spartan Xanthippus. There were fought the great battles between the Vandals and the decaying Roman state. From hence Genseric stepped on board his ships, not

caring where he went, sure that the winds would bear him to some land which "God willed to be punished." Hither he brought back the spoils of Rome, and the seven-branched candlestick, which Titus had borne from Jerusalem. Up this lagoon, now so shallow, came the great fleet of Belisarius to the very walls of Tunis, and bore away as prisoner the last of the Vandal kings, laughing in bitter scorn at the mutability of fortune. All along these fertile plains raged the terrible wars of Justinian, which, in less than a score of years, swept away more than five millions of inhabitants, and reduced to a desert this granary of the later Roman Empire.

To these regions, thus desolated, came then the rumors of strange events in the East; a new prophet had arisen, whose followers were bent on the conquest of the world; and soon across the wilderness of Barca came Abdallah and Akbar; and the tide of Saracen and Arabic invasion swept over the land, crushing and blending together the races and tribes who dwelt there, until conquerors and conquered were fused into one common people, among whom it were as vain to hope to discover traces of the original races, as it would be to look among the coal strata of Pittsburg for the distinct shapes of the antediluvian vegetation from which they have been formed. They built the holy city of Kai-rouan, the fourth sanctuary of the Moslem world, and hallowed it by depositing within its mosque the remains of Abu-Zemhat, the barber and trusted friend of the prophet.

The waves of the Crusades rolled aside from Tunis, until Saint Louis of France, wrathful that the Tunisians had intercepted the succors sent to Palestine, landed upon the site of the two Carthages, at the head of the lagoon, and took solemn possession of the country; declaring that "We put you under the ban of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of Louis, King of France, his lieutenant." But the fierce African sun and the diseases of the climate fought against the invaders, and as the hot southern winds blew into their camp, the Moors raised the desert sands by machines, and buried the Crusaders in this artificial sand-storm. Wearily waited the French monarch for the coming of his Sicilian allies, without whom he could not lay siege to Tunis; but when at last their white sails were seen in the dim horizon, Saint Louis lay upon the bed of ashes, which he had chosen for his dying couch; and when the Sicilian monarch landed, he found his brother, the King of France, a corpse; and the wrecks of this great army sailed away from the lagoon, broken and dispirited. The spot where he expired is now marked by a chapel, erected by Louis-Philippe, with the consent of the Bey of Tunis.

A century after the death of Louis, two Lesbian youths, Horuc and Hayradin, sons of a potter, left their wheels and clay, to seek their fortunes among the corsairs. Long after, when their red beards had grown, they became, successively, under the name of Barbarossa, terrible through all the seas from Constantinople to Gibraltar.

The younger of these, not satisfied with the barren sovereignty of the seas, appeared at the Goletta, made himself master of Tunis, from whence he infested all the adjacent coasts of Christendom. The Emperor Charles the Fifth assembled a mighty armament, manned with the flower of the Flemish and Spanish knights, with galleys from Naples and Sicily, and vessels from Genoa, led by the renowned Andrew Doria, aided by the Maltese Knights of St. John, the sworn foes of the infidel, and sanctified by the blessing of the Pope. Vainly did Barbarossa recall his cruisers, and summon aid from all the Barbary States. The Christians stormed the Goletta, and the remnants of its garrison fled to Tunis, across the lagoon, which had now been filled up, so as to become a treacherous morass. A great battle was fought, not far from Tunis; the son of the potter was defeated, the city was taken, and 30,000 of the inhabitants were massacred in cold blood, and 10,000 carried away captives.

England signalized her rising naval power by chastising the corsairs; the first English fleet which ever passed the Straits of Gibraltar, under command of the great Admiral Blake, battered down the Goletta, burnt the Tunisian fleet, and compelled the release of the Christian prisoners.

Since then Tunis has only known the petty struggles common to Moslem States. Dynasty after dynasty arose, and were cut off by the dagger, the scimitar, or the bowstring; till the beginning of the last century, when Hâssan Ben Ali, the grandson of a Greek renegade, gained the post of Bey, and founded the family which has ever since held that station.

We made our slow way up the shallow lagoon, along a winding channel which is kept open only by the constant use of a dredging machine. The lagoon, anciently deep enough to float the largest vessels, being the receptacle of all the filth of the city, became gradually filled up, so that it was little more than a fetid morass; but a few years ago the sea, during a violent storm, broke over the bar, and again excavated the lake to its present size. But the process of filling up has recommenced, and the water is so shallow that the agitation of a storm stirs up the black ooze from the bottom till it resembles the mud pools in Dante's *Inferno*, exhaling odors any thing but like those of Araby the Blest.

Entering the city we made our way to the *Morgiana* or Frank quarter, close to the Marine Gate, conspicuous by the flags of the foreign consuls, each of whom seems determined to outvie his neighbor in the size of his national ensign. Our patriotism was, of course, hugely gratified by perceiving that the stars and stripes were displayed upon a flag whose dimensions did not fall below those of its neighbors. The *Morgiana* is tolerably well-built, in the Moorish style, and here the Bey furnishes houses for the representatives of foreign nations, charging them, as I was assured, a rent that would seem exorbitant to even the blunted conscience of a New York landlord. But lying at the base of the city, and upon a level with the lagoon, all the filth

from every quarter pours into it by an open ditch which forms the only sewer, and stagnates in the adjacent streets, and we had olfactory evidence of the justice of the least flattering of the epithets by which the Moors designate Tunis—*El Fassedéh*, "the foul."

At Cologne, I thought I could distinguish the thirty several stench which the poet has immortalized; but no such discrimination is possible at the Morgiana. All here are blent into one overwhelming and overpowering stench, which not even the famous Tunisian perfumes can overcome. The City of the Three Kings, the Eleven Thousand Virgins, and the renowned Jean-Marie Farina, is at least washed by the sweeping Rhine; but I can conceive of no filth that would not be still more defiled by lavation in the fetid *Bahéirah*. It is singular that the two most noted dépôts of perfumes in the world should be so pre-eminently mal-odorous. Is it a sort of compensation by poetical justice? or is it an illustration of the Socratic doctrine, that pleasure and pain are joined together at the extremities, so that when one is present, the other is not far removed? Be that as it may, the name of reeking Cologne has become a synonym all over the civilized world for the fragrant "extract" of the renowned Farina; and the remembrance of the odorous Tunisian attar of roses and of jasmin comes to me dashed evermore with the stench of the Morgiana.

for the accommodation of foreigners; and to the Hotel Alexis every one must go who is not in a position to ask the hospitality of his national representative. This hotel is kept in a manner worthy of all credit by a little Frenchwoman, whose fates, some years ago, cast her lot here; and bestowed upon her, in the capacity of major domo and general assistant, an odd-looking, withered, little old Moor, a namesake of the Prophet, whose ministrations have comforted the heart of many an infidel.

The Marine Gate is the principal place of entrance and exit for the city; and here the best general view of the different classes of the population may be obtained. That well-fed, oily Moor, just about to mount his mule and set out for his pleasant country-house amid the groves of El-Aryanah, presents the ancient costume in all its picturesque aspects. Over his shoulders is flung a snowy haick, a voluminous shawl wound about his head conceals the invariable cap, and forms the turban, another shawl girdles his portly waist; and his nether limbs are shrouded in breeches of balloon-like dimensions. It is but rarely that you will see one of the inmates of his harem; if you do, all that meets your eye is a pyramid of white cotton, with an oblong opening near the top, from which two dark eyes peer out at you. Young Tunis is represented by that officer who has just galloped in from the Bardo. His frock coat, close trowsers, epaulets, and bright buttons, would at first deceive you into the belief that he was a European; the only national thing about him is the invariable shasheah, or red cap, with its floating blue tassel. There is a group of Arabs from the country, with the hoods of their haicks drawn over their heads, and bound around with a camel's hair cord. A Maltese is pacing a saddleless horse up and down; a group of filthy Jews, conspicuous by their prescribed black garments, are endeavoring to drive some petty traffic; a water-carrier threads his way among the crowd, jingling his metallic cups to attract customers; a negro woman is crouched upon the ground with a tray before her, containing the national dish of *kouskousou*; a company of negroes are basking in the hot sun; and



MOORISH COSTUMES.

The traveler who arrives at Tunis is free from one annoyance to which he is exposed elsewhere. He is not obliged to choose his hotel. As far as I could learn, there is but one in the whole city



MILITARY COSTUME.

close by them is a group of camels, loaded with rush baskets, and smeared over with a filthy-looking mixture of tar and grease—awkward, ungainly animals, bearing the same relation to the true “ship of the desert” that the “twenty-shilling” beast of an itinerant “porgie-seller” does to a blood-horse. Making his way through the groups of Jews, porters, money-changers, water-carriers, flower-boys, date-sellers, and kouskoussou-venders, bestowing blows right and left with a stout cudgel, comes a dragoman from some foreign consulate, escorting a Frank traveler. Formerly it was unsafe for a Frank to walk the streets without this attendance; and even now, I was told, it is as well to have one with you in the suburbs, to protect you from the insults of the women, who in all Mohammedan countries are far more fanatical than the men. I, however, dispensed with any such attendance, and found no reason to regret its absence.

Among your first necessities upon arriving at Tunis, is that of an interpreter, at least for certain occasions—for solemn visits, intercourse with official personages, for narghileh and coffee ceremonials. You remember—especially if inland bred, and your French acquired at tenth-hand—the trembling accents with which, at a Parisian café, you essayed your first “*Gahsong, donny mwayy deu*”—something or other, and your relief at the waiter’s prompt reply, “Yees, sar; sal I bring you Galignani, or de Times, or Punch; or—” correcting himself as he perceived you poisoning yourself, *more Americano*, on the hind legs of your chair—“or, would you like to see de Treebune?” No such pleasant surprise awaits you in Tunis—the mountain will not thus come to Mohammed, and Mohammed must go to the mountain—at second-hand. So an interpreter you must have, who transmutes your formal and laborious speeches into something comprehensible to the calm-eyed dignitary at your side. Your first impression is that the Arabic must be a wonderfully comprehensive language; for the magnificent phrases which you slowly elaborate in lengthened periods, are dashed off in so few words that you are amazed that they can possibly mean all that you have been saying. But you soon find that your host’s long-drawn sentences, poured forth with slow and solemn intonation, his hand all the while pressed to his heart, come to you from the mouth of your interpreter curtailed into the briefest common-places, such as, “His Highness compliments you, and hopes that you are well; and will be proud to serve you.” The truth is, your interpreter has been doing what the reporters at home did to that eloquent political harangue of yours, in which you so scathingly denounced the corruptions of the—(was it Whig or Democratic?)—party, and announced that you had taken your stand upon the broad platform, had nailed your flag to the mast; and that, living or dying, sinking or swimming, you would be found fighting to the last under the banner of the great — party. You looked in the paper the next morning, and found that your eloquent harangue had

been compressed into: “Mr. Gust, in a speech of some length, exposed the conduct of the—s, and declared his adherence to the principles of the party.” You soon find, and the sooner the better, that your interpreter, like letters of credit and bills of exchange, is too cumbrous for ordinary transactions, and learn to conduct your every-day affairs in the *Lingua Franca* current in the Levant, made up of a woof of bastard Italian, filled out with words and phrases from each man’s own private stock. Any chance words of your schoolboy Latin, razed into bad Italian by neglecting the terminations, is probably your best investment in this joint-stock colloquial exchange; and when eked out by shrugs and gestures, will serve a very admirable purpose.

By the intervention of our consul, I was fortunate enough to secure, for special occasions, and for tours in the neighboring country, the services of a little withered old man rejoicing in the name of Babâ Yebh. He was by birth an Italian—a Neapolitan, I believe—but when a mere boy was taken by a corsair, and brought to Tunis. Here he fell into the hands of the late Bey, and for half a century has held some trifling post about the court. Babâ Yebh speaks Arabic—after a fashion, at least—and a strange sort of Italian, which would hardly pass current on the banks of the Arno; besides a little French, picked up in a miscellaneous way from the foreign officers of the Bey. He has lost all European ideas, has even forgotten his original name, and was, to all outward seeming, a very good Moor—somewhat run to seed. His breeches of faded blue were of orthodox bagginess, and his blessed beard flowed down to his waist in waves worthy of the care of the sainted barber of the Prophet. Had he been born in Germany he would have made a figure as a Rationalist; for he has no scruples at submitting, in a private way, the dogmas of both faiths to the decisions of his own pure reason. His main exception to Christianity is its restricting a man to one wife; while the prohibition of wine is a fatal objection to Mohammedanism. He is, however, vastly comforted by the decisions of some of the ancient Ulemas, who, defining wine to be “a blood-colored intoxicating liquid,” deny that white wines are comprehended in the prohibition, and permit indulgence in them, *salvâ fide*.

The Jewish quarter is, like the same portion of all Moslem cities, unutterably squalid and filthy. I was assured that their dilapidated exteriors often conceal great interior magnificence, and very likely it is so. Out of a population of some 150,000, there are 30,000 Jews; and when I saw the indignities heaped upon them by the Moors, I could not help thinking how time has reversed the balance, from the days when the ancestor of the Moors—for they are in effect sons of Ishmael—was driven out from the tent of his father, that the son of the bond-woman might not inherit with the son of the free. The bond-woman’s sons now carry it with a high hand over the children of the free-woman.



THE BAZAAR.

The Moors to this day denominate Tunis *Ez-Chatterah*, "the industrious," and *Ez-Zâherah*, "the flourishing," epithets not altogether undeserved, I thought, when I visited the *Sooks*, or bazaars. They are, after those of Constantinople, beyond all comparison the finest in the East. They are vaulted over head with solid masonry, through openings in which descends that dim light so loved by all shop-keepers, bringing out all the effects of colors, subduing gaudy contrasts into harmonies, and cunningly hiding all defects—Oh instructed buyer, do not make your purchases under a sky-light.—But the display of wares at Tunis falls far short of that bewildering variety found at the great central-points and crossing-places of Eastern commerce. No long files of camels have brought here the rich products of the looms of Persia and Cashmere; the

divine embroideries of Cairo and Damascus, the cunningly carved ivory of Central Africa. The wares offered are all of the manufacture of the Regency. Scarfs, and handkerchiefs of silk and gold; bernous, haicks, and shawls from the Jereed and the island of Gerbeh, of snowy wool, unrivalled for softness and delicacy; horse trappings of embroidered velvet, with mountings of solid silver; and above all, the famous red caps of which Tunis so long enjoyed the monopoly. These are now imitated in France, Turkey, Greece, and Egypt; but yet the initiated eye can distinguish the genuine Tunisian shasheah from all imitations, as easily as it detects the products of the looms of Paisley or Lyons, endeavoring to palm themselves off for the handiwork of the mountaineers of Cashmere. There is in the genuine article a softness of texture, and

above all a richness of color, which no imitation has yet been able to simulate. The color, they say, is due to some peculiarity in the water of a spring at Zouwan, forty miles distant, where they are all sent to be dyed.

But the perfume-bazaar is the glory of Tunis. It is an arcade four hundred feet in length, communicating with the general bazaar. All the odors of the slumberous East are gathered here. At Constantinople you held it a religious duty to buy attar of roses, of old Tomasso the white-bearded perfume-merchant; you entered his inner shop—for he saw you were a Frank, and possessed of fabulous riches; and while you tucked yourself up most unorientally upon his cushion, imbibed his coffee, and slowly inhaled the smoke from the bubbling nargileh, and watched him as he decanted your purchase into its little gilded vessel, as regretfully and mysteriously as though it were the soul of the last rose that should ever bloom, and henceforth the harem of the Padishah himself must remain unperfumed, you fancied you were coming into possession of those odors of which Hafiz had sung to you—in a French translation. You opened your treasure in your far Western home, and pronounced Hafiz a humbug, and attar of roses a cheat. No man ever thus misjudged who has read Hafiz in Persian or bought attar of roses in Tunis. But we must not waste superlatives even on the superlative Tunisian attar of roses; otherwise with what words, shall we celebrate the rarer, more precious, and fourfold more costly perfume of perfumes, the attar of jasmin, which never finds its way into any bazaar saving only that of Tunis? It is produced in perfection only in flower-embosomed Sfax, where the jasmin sucks up transcendent sweetness from a soil which appears to be only dry white sand, as the olive-trees of Sicily, pump up fatness from the bare rock. A fondness for perfumes is a noticeable feature at Tunis; all sweetmeats and fanciful dishes are fragrant with delicate odors, redolent of something other than the gross scents of the kitchen; rather like those ambrosial cates which our first mother placed before the father of the race, while Paradise was not a remembrance of the regretful past. Closely allied with this is the love of flowers; every body carries them, every body wears them, with the stalks stuck under the head-dress. You will see a half opened rose repose blushing against the cheek of the beggar who demands your alms.

The aristocracy of the *Sooks*, the dealers in rich and costly wares, who occupy the prominent stalls, exhibit the slumberous indifference to all sublunary traffic common to their class every where; but during the morning hours, when the mart is thronged, the scene is rendered animated enough by crowds of itinerant vendors who wander up and down, crying out auction-wise the goods they have, and the last price which has been offered for them. These dealers are not usually the owners of the goods they offer, but merely agents, who get a small

percentage on the sale of them. Poor fellows though they be, they are universally wonderfully honest, and instances of fraud are of the rarest.

Tunis occupies a large space, the number of inhabitants considered. It is surrounded with a wall of earth and stone, while another wall encircles the suburbs; this outer wall may be some half-dozen miles in length. The inner wall has seven gates, and the outer nine; but by some odd freak of fancy they are not placed opposite each other, so that a person leaving the city must always make a considerable circuit through the suburbs, in order to gain the open country. The fortifications, though perhaps a sufficient defense against an irregular attack, are not of a nature to be any protection against a regular battering train. The private houses, in the better portions of the town, are each occupied by a single family. They are built of stone, seldom of more than one story in height, in the universal Moorish style. The exterior presents little more than long lines of dead walls pierced at wide intervals with a small window, guarded with lattices painted green. The gate from the street opens upon a court, furnished with cushions, where the master of the house invariably receives his visitors. It is rare that any stranger ever penetrates into the interior of a private house. I, at least, never did.

The public buildings are none of them of remarkable elegance; though there are a few rather handsome mosques; but in general they want that gay and airy appearance associated in our minds with Moorish architecture. There are none of those lance-like minarets which are mirrored in the bright waters of the Golden Horn, or rise above the heavy green *boscage* by the banks of the Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, or which make Cairo the ultimate flower and perfection of Arabian architectural genius. Four of the mosques enjoy the privilege of offering an asylum, which even the Bey himself dares not directly violate. This privilege is granted them in honor of the saint who founded them, and whose sepulchre hallows not only the edifices but a certain space about them. These mosques not only afford a refuge to Mussulmans in all cases both civil and criminal, but even protect Jews and Christians from arrest for debt. If a refugee wishes to make a short absence from his asylum, the chaplet of the superior, which he can always obtain for a short time, for a moderate sum, is a perfect protection. No man can be taken from these asylums except by his own consent. The Bey himself dares not directly violate them. The only way in which he can secure the person of a criminal who has taken refuge there, is to send a company of masons to brick up the door and windows of the apartment, leaving only a small hole for the voice to come through. Guards are then stationed to prevent the least food or drink from passing in. Hunger, thirst, and the stifling atmosphere, in time, bring the refugee to terms, and his voice is heard through the opening, demanding to be

taken out and carried before the tribunal of the Bey.

The *Kasbah* or citadel, which crowns the loftiest part of the city, is imposing from its size; but is now in a rather dilapidated state. The main entrance is a handsome Moorish archway, painted with grotesque designs in bright colors, intermingled with sentences from the Koran. It contains the public prison, the mint, a powder mill, and a bullet foundry—these two last, one would hardly expect to find

in the same building. They, however, take the chance of an explosion coolly enough. "Please God," say they, "there will be none." It is true that none has ever occurred. Perhaps the miserable quality of the powder made, may be the best explanation of the impunity. It fronts upon a large irregular square, where the bodies of criminals used to be exposed. This practice is now done away with, and the most usual occupants are groups of camels, laden and unladen, lying down or standing with one fore-leg



BARBER'S SHOP

tied up almost to the belly. Thus reduced from quadrupeds to tripods, the poor beasts are unable to stray away.

The barbers' shops are the chief resort for idlers—and most Moors have a great deal more time than they well know what to do with. Here the faithful, reversing our practice, have their heads shaved, and their beards and mustaches trimmed. Like their brethren all the world over, the barbers are great gossips. They pick up the news with the inevitable facility of the "City Items man" of a morning paper; and supply in a measure the want of a public press. Dextrous practitioners are they too; and while their customer sits cross-legged before them on a low bench, or more frequently still, lies with his head between their knees, the keen razor glides over the rounded globe of the skull with wonderful celerity. It must be acknowledged that the Moslem Figaros have a fairer field for the exercise of their skill than their brethren with us. The skull is much more accessible to the razor than the chin; and if the final cause and ultimate object of any portion of the capillary adornment is to encourage the tonsorial art, the doctrine of adaptation of means to ends would clearly indicate the skull rather than the chin as the spot to be shorn.

The schoolmaster is not precisely abroad at Tunis; still he is by no means unknown. In fact, the great body of Moors are able to read the Koran; and not a few of them know a large portion of it by heart. In one of my perambu-

lations I came upon a school in an obscure street, not far from the bazaar. The school-room was much like a large hole in the wall, with a sort of gallery, like a large shelf, on three sides, to increase the capacity of the room. The teacher, a sleepy-looking old Moor in a turban of dingy white, was lying bare-footed and bare-armed upon a sort of shelf by the door. His eyes were half-closed, and he was slowly droning out a passage from the Koran, word by word. Each pupil was provided with a sort of tablet upon which he wrote down the words, repeating them in a loud voice. When the tablets are full, the writing is erased, and the process is repeated. These young believers ought to grow up good theologians if old Martin Luther's axiom be true, that a good textualist must be a good theologian.

Formerly it would have been unsafe for a Christian to walk about the streets unattended. But owing to the liberal notions and stringent measures of the Bey, there is now no risk of annoyance, unless some fanatic Saint chooses to give vent to his sanctity by a few words of abuse. But all the bigotry driven out of Tunis seems to have taken refuge in holy Kairouan, the second city in the Regency. I have mentioned that this city is hallowed by possessing the remains of the Prophet's barber; whose office must, however, have been almost a sinecure, since the Prophet was shorn but twice in his life. Babâ Yebh, a few years ago, attended a party of Frank travelers to the holy city.

They were assured that they were the seventh party of Christians who had ever entered the city, and the first who had ever passed a night within its walls. This was only suffered because, in addition to an escort furnished by the Bey, and an "ameer," or order, for all functionaries to treat them with the utmost courtesy, he had dispatched a special messenger to the Kaiya of the city, with a like order, which that officer did not dare disobey. The party in walking about the town were attended by an additional escort furnished by the Kaiya, but notwithstanding, in addition to much abuse, one of them was struck by a stone thrown from the crowd. As the offender could not be recognized, the officers seized upon the four bystanders who were nearest, and gave them a severe flogging, which vindicated the Kaiya's hospitality. The Franks were not admitted within the sacred mosque. But Babâ Yebh, who entered as a true believer, described it to me as most magnificent. The pavement is of precious marbles; the roof supported by hundreds of antique columns, the spoils of palaces and temples; and the great hall illuminated by half a hun-



MOORISH SCHOOL

dred lustres, each with a hundred and fifty lights. There is here an infallible test of orthodoxy. Just before the shrine which contains the sacred relics are three miraculous pillars occupying the three points of a small triangle. The most portly believer can pass through the space between these pillars; but the most attenuated infidel would be stayed by this practical Shibboleth, which sometimes goes further, they say, and closing together, crushes the presumptuous hypocrite who makes the attempt to pass. Babâ Yebh assured me that he found no difficulty in passing, while another of the party failed in the attempt; but a roguish twinkle of the eye gave me to understand that he attributed his success to the meagreness of his person, rather than to the abundance of his faith.

The *Bardo*, the chief residence of the Bey, is situated in a sandy plain, desolate-looking from the total absence of trees, about three miles from Tunis. It combines the appearance of a palace, a fortress, and a town. It is surrounded by a ditch; the angles of the walls are surmounted by heavy towers, and cannon are mounted on an open platform. It is a strange agglomeration of buildings, suggesting the idea that every architect who ever flourished at Tunis, had been permitted to erect a portion, without regard to the labors of his associates. And something like this has been the case; for as it is not customary for a Bey to occupy the apartments of his predecessor, each one, upon coming to the throne, has added something to the edifice.

The interior of the *Bardo* presents a very striking spectacle. I do not speak of the interior of interiors—those fairy regions of which fame speaks, where Lillah, the large-eyed favorite of the heir-apparent holds sway:—for, as old Babâ Yebh told me, with a compassionate stroke of his beard, the Bey himself has no harem, and possesses only a single wife. This inner interior is said to outvie the enchanted palace which the Genius of the Lamp reared for the Princess Baldrubadur, at the command of Aladdin. But who knows? Foot of man may not enter there, save that of the master, and those of the shrill-voiced eunuchs who keep watch and ward over the veiled and jeweled inmates.

I was present—(though, if the truth must be told as a very humble spectator, whose name would not have appeared in the account of the audience in the Tunisian Court Journal, had there been such a publication)—at a reception of more than ordinary splendor and state. From the outer entrance, where stood a fourfold line of horses in rich trappings of gold-embroidered velvet, we entered a narrow street, lined with paltry shops. We then crossed a square court, overlooked by the grated windows of the harem, and entered another court, crowded with a motley throng of Moors, Arabs, Jews, officers, criminals, and suitors, all awaiting the regular hour when the Bey should take his seat in the Hall of Justice, to hear complaints and decide causes; which he does every day from eight or nine

o'clock till noon. The hour had not arrived, and we passed on into another court, where a fountain was sending up its sparkling jet. The Hall of Justice and the public offices open upon this court. We now entered a long gallery lined with guards, who were smoking, and sipping their thick coffee, the walls ornamented with weapons, and reached the Hall of Audience. It is a vast saloon, hung with crimson velvet embroidered with gold. The arched ceiling is gilded and painted with those brilliant colors which startle the sober Western eye in the sepulchres of the mummied Egyptian kings. The walls are a-blaze with jeweled arms—poniards and scimitars on the right; carbines and pistols on the left. Below these, along each side of the hall, runs a triple row of crimson divans, upon the upper of which are ranged the dignitaries of the court in a double file. The centre of the court is strewn with the richest Persian mats, with here and there a console heaped with glittering vases of porcelain and crystal. The Bey was seated upon a blue divan placed across the extremity of the room, so that he had a long view of those who approached. The company with whom I came were introduced by Sir Thomas Read, the English consul, somewhat known from having been associated with Sir Hudson Lowe—"low by nature and by name"—in the office of jailor over Napoleon at St. Helena. But, notwithstanding this suspicious antecedent, he is a fine old gentleman and a scholar. He has been here many years, and is a great favorite of the Bey, who rose as he advanced, gave him his hand with great cordiality, and courteously returned the salaams of the others of the company. Pipes and coffee were then, of course, introduced, and conversation was carried on, through the interposition of the Bey's secretary, Signor Raffo, an Italian, and a man of decided ability and worth.

In the old times, before the stiff European coat and scanty trowsers had usurped the place of flowing robes, rich embroidery, sparkling jewels, and variegated colors, the Tunisian court must have presented a splendid spectacle. The only persons who now retain the old costume are the *Chattars*, who, in crimson and gold, always accompany the Bey when he appears in public. Their retention of this conspicuous costume, considering their origin and present functions, seems like a piece of grim irony. Formerly, when the Bey was the "Slave of the Sultan," these *Chattars* were appointed at Constantinople, to attend habitually upon the Bey. Their office was to strangle him, upon the receipt of secret orders to do so; for which purpose they carried a silken bowstring in a case ostentatiously suspended from a magnificent girdle. The Bey was thus at no moment sure that at the next the fatal cord would not be about his neck. The *Chattars* still wear the girdle, and bear the case, as ostentatiously as ever; but it is empty now—as empty as the Grand Seigneur's claims to supremacy over Tunis.

Still, however, the Bey is claimed as a tributary of the Porte, and in the list of the Ottoman

dignitaries, his name is set down as one of the "Muchirs" of the Empire; and I believe that even now, upon his accession, he sends to the Sultan a notification of the fact, with the present of a few red caps, and a quantity of perfumes for the seraglio. Another relic of the old state of things exists. Before the Bey opens the court of justice, the baker of the garrison approaches, kisses his hand, and offers him four little loaves of bread—the regular rations of the army—announcing that he presents them to him as the soldier of the Sultan. The Bey takes the loaves, kisses them, eats a morsel, and says, with affected humility: "May God grant me as much every day!"

The audience concluded, the Bey went in grand procession across the court to the Hall of Justice. A herald, who might have been a lineal descendant of the loud-voiced Stentor of old, announced the opening of the court. The ceremonies commenced with a general kissing of hands, which lasted some minutes. The Bey held his elbow close to his side, presenting the palm of his hand to the lips of the faithful, who according to ancient usage had the sole privilege of saluting it; infidels being obliged to content themselves with kissing the fingers. It has been noted as a token of the liberality of the late and present Beys, that this invaluable privilege has been extended to others than true believers. When liberal principles make progress like this, it is not too much to hope that the time may come when bigotry will be so far abated that Jews may be allowed to sit in the British Parliament, without exciting apprehension for the safety of religion. During this ceremony the Bey was engaged in conversation, and evidently thought the whole a bore, as did the old habitués of the court. But not so a group of Arabs from the interior, to whom it was evidently a new thing. They pressed their foreheads repeatedly upon the hand of the Bey, and kissed it again and again with the utmost devotion. The inviolable coffee and chibouques were now introduced. The Bey puffed a whiff or two, and then the audience commenced.

There is no elaborate system of government at Tunis; no complicated scheme of checks and counter-checks. The theory of a strict separation between the legislative, the judicial, and the executive powers has not been broached there. The Bey is chief magistrate, supreme judge in law and equity, secretary of state, minister of war, head of the police, and superintendent of the customs. Instead of a host of bureaus and tribunals, he only requires half a dozen clerks to record his decisions and decrees, which are as absolute and comprehensive as those of Louis Napoleon. Every day, from eight or nine o'clock till noon, he gives public audience. The court is open to all, high or low. Each party pleads his own cause; the Bey considers briefly, pronounces his decision, which is absolute and final, and the case is over. A Moorish Hamlet, should such an one ever arise, will not put the "law's delay" among his catalogue of ills which flesh is

heir to. If Dickens's Bleak House ever gets translated into Arabic, the long-drawn mysteries of Chancery will stand in need of much explanation to be comprehensible to the Moorish understanding.

It may be this necessity for pleading their own cause which makes every Moslem a respectable orator. His purse, the soles of his feet, or his throat, stand in close relation to his powers of persuasion. The rogue must be lawyer as well. He can not go into the market and buy the "best legal talent" as he would a knife or pistol, by just paying the price of it. It must be acknowledged, I fear, that the want of division of labor is fatal to the highest perfection of either branch. Our rogues and swindlers excel those of Tunis in the dexterity of their operations, as much as our "leading counsel" surpass the Moors in the management of a bad case.

Civil causes often terminate in the bastinado. A fraudulent defendant can not leave the court by being simply obliged to pay his dues: otherwise he would be as well off as the honest man who never disputed them; a flagellation or the bastinado is administered, to quicken his honesty. But woe to the unjust plaintiff. If he fails to make good his demand, the law has a demand upon him, which the cudgel will settle. The defendant, by way of compensation, is allowed a taste of that delicious morsel, so sweet to the gods—revenge. He has permission to administer a part of the cudgelation with his own hands.

Such a case once occurred while I was present. A fine-looking Moor, whom I had often noticed in the perfume-bazaar, was charged by an Arab from Sfax with refusing to pay for a quantity of attar of roses. He brought abundant evidence that the perfume had been delivered, and payment was not pretended. My own soles tingled in sympathy with those of the Moor, for I had taken a liking to his countenance. He, however, stood perfectly unmoved, and when his turn came, alleged that the Arab had taken away the attar of roses in the evening, when there was apparently no third party present; but that he fortunately was able to prove the fact by a witness whom the plaintiff had not observed. The witness was called; the Bey put a few brief questions to him; then made a gentle motion with his hand. The roguish Arab, who had been staring open-eyed at this new aspect of the case, gave one groan, as he saw the gesture, then laid himself down with his face upon the pavement, without a word, covering his mouth with his hand, and lifting the soles of his feet in a horizontal direction. Two attendants produced a bar of wood about six feet long, having a cord with the ends fastened a couple of feet apart, and hanging loose. They put the loop over the ankles of the culprit, and drew the cord tight by turning the bar around. Two other attendants now produced a couple of large cowhides, with which they laid a score of sound blows upon the naked soles upturned before them. The victim writhed, but held his hand firmly over his mouth.



THE BASTINADO.

and uttered no shriek. At another signal from the Bey, the blows ceased, the cord was unwound, the Arab rose hesitatingly to his feet, doubtful whether he could stand upon them. Finding that he could, he limped slowly away, and left the hall; and doubtless for some days found riding more agreeable than walking.

It not unfrequently happens that there is manifest knavery on both sides; in which case, the bastinado is administered to both parties, by way, I suppose, of general warning.

Capital punishments are rare in Tunis; I believe they are now inflicted only for murder and rebellion. If the culprit is a Moor or Arab he is hung on the spot where the murder was committed. The Turks, as an odd memorial of their old sovereignty, enjoy the privilege of being strangled in the Kasbah. When a strangulation is to take place, officers are sent into the Morgiana, who seize upon a number of the lower residents, and force them to act as executioners. A murderess is usually drowned. She is pa-

raded through the streets mounted upon an ass, in a reverse posture; then taken to the lagoon, put into a sack with large stones, and thrown into the water. Babà Yebh told me that on account of the shallowness of the water, the officers were obliged to stand by with long poles to keep the victim under. The punishment for theft prescribed by the Koran is cutting off the hand. When sentence of mutilation is pronounced, the thief is taken to the hospital, where the hand is cut off at the joint by a Jew, and the stump dipped in hot pitch. The hand is then suspended to his neck, he is placed upon an ass, with his face to the rear, and paraded through the streets, amidst a general hue and cry.

Achmed Pashaw, the Bey of Tunis, is beyond all doubt the ablest of the reformatory Mohammedan rulers; and has had a field for the development of his plans, more favorable, if less conspicuous, than those of the despotic and unscrupulous Mehemet Ali, the drunken Mahmoud,

or the enervated Abdul Mejid, worn out by premature debauchery. If European civilization can be engrafted upon an outworn Oriental stock, it will be at Tunis. The Bey himself has more European than Moorish blood in his veins. As I have already mentioned, his ancestor, at no very great remove, was a Greek. His mother was an Italian, who had been taken captive, and ultimately became the wife of Hussein, the father of Achmed. She was a woman of worth and great force of character, and exercised a beneficial influence upon the government. The Bey was brought up in strict seclusion, but found means to acquire a considerable amount of information for a prince, to say nothing of a Mohammedan one. In 1837, at the age of twenty-five, he succeeded his uncle Mustapha. There are some ugly stories about the disappearance of a whole cycle of relatives upon his accession. Perhaps they are not true. At all events, if this happened at all, it was a long time ago, and things of this sort are not looked upon among the Moslems as they would be with us.

Upon his accession he commenced a vigorous but temperate system of reforms, in every department of government. Of course he began with the costume, for he saw that loose robes and balloon breeches were inconsistent with progress. But he did not stop there. He has introduced machinery, fostered agriculture and manufactures; dug wells and repaired the decaying aqueducts. He has caused an accurate chart of the Regency to be prepared by French engineers; and even established a European school, where the children of Franks, Jews, and Moslems are taught the French language and the elements of science. He has put a check to the arbitrary power of the provincial Kaïds, and given tolerable security to person and property. He has emancipated all his own slaves; issued a decree forbidding the introduction of more; and another fixing a date after which all children of slave-parents are to be free-born. Thus in various ways he has shown that he is actually a living man belonging to the nineteenth century.

Some four years ago he took the unexampled step of visiting France, in order to look with his own eyes upon the results of European civilization. It is said that he wished to prolong his journey to England; but that the government refused to consider him as an independent prince, and would recognize him only as a dignitary of the Ottoman Empire. "Other Mussulmans," said he, on board the vessel which was conveying him to France, "have gone to Arabia to gain the title of pilgrim to Mecca. I am the first who has visited France to gain the title of pilgrim to European civilization."

The Bey has probably increased his army to an extent greater than the resources of the country will justify; especially since the French occupation of Algeria has relieved him from immediate danger from that quarter; and if he should be attacked by any European power he could of course offer no effectual resistance with any force at his disposal. The army, at his ac-

cession, numbered only 4000 men; he has increased it to about 20,000; and has labored strenuously to subject it to European discipline. The barracks and hospitals have been put into a very good state; but whether the troops could be depended upon in actual engagement has never been tried; for the war with Tripoli, a few years since, was mere child's play, hardly as serious as a well-contested sham-fight. The arrangement of the barracks, and the discipline of the troops is confided almost exclusively to French officers. The cavalry has been organized by a former pupil of the Military School at Saumur; the artillery regiment is commanded by an officer of the Legion of Honor, recommended to the Bey at his special request by Marshal Soult; and the foundry in the Kasbah is under charge of a French engineer.

The army is recruited by impressment. When recruits are wanted, an agent, accompanied by the proper officers, is sent to a designated locality to apportion the levy, taking care that it shall fall, as nearly as may be, equally upon all the families. If the person designated makes his escape, or fails to appear when called, his brother or father is taken in his place. There is no fixed limit to the term of service; but at the expiration of three years a soldier may apply for leave to furnish a substitute. If this is granted, he provides a man, for whom he is responsible for a year, and to whom he is obliged to make a small annual payment. He is not, however, absolutely discharged, but is incorporated into a regiment liable to be called upon for local services.

The personal appearance of the Bey is decidedly prepossessing. He is rather below the middle height, with a clear olive complexion, dark eyes, with long lashes, and a mouth indicative of great firmness. His beard and mustaches, originally as black as jet, are sprinkled with premature gray. He always wears European costume, with the exception of the national shasheah. I have usually seen him in a dark green frock coat, buttoned to the throat, and red trowsers, with a broad stripe of gold lace. He wears gold epaulets; a decoration of diamonds in the form of a star and crescent upon his breast, and another in front of his shasheah.

Should the French retain possession of Algeria, it is hardly possible that Tunis should not, sooner or later, fall into their hands. It is quite too tempting a morsel, and too invitingly near, not to be swallowed. Thus far, however, their occupancy of Algeria has been of no little advantage to the Bey. It has relieved him from constant predatory inroads from his piratical neighbors; and it is asserted that France is pledged to sustain him against any attempts on the part of the Sultan to re-assert his supremacy. Attempts which are continually urged on by England—as I was assured by a French officer in the service of the Bey, who, in changing his service, has lost none of his national Gallic jealousy of "perfidious Albion."—Let his statement pass for what it is worth.

THE INFIDEL REBUKED.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

IN the year 1798, shortly after the first entrance into Rome of the French Republican army, under General Berthier, a large party was formed to visit the catacombs. The party was arranged in after-dinner merriment and frolic, at a house of public entertainment near the Piazza di Spagna, and it consisted principally of thoughtless young officers and clerks of the commissariat. Determined to be merry where all was gloomy and sad, they conveyed with them abundant provisions and hampers of wine and bottles of brandy. They scared the monks, who occupied a house and church near the mouth of the catacomb they had chosen to visit, and they perplexed and terrified the poor *custodi* and guides. But what could these poor people do? The French were masters of Rome, and of the burghers of that city a very great many had declared themselves as Jacobins, Republicans, and passionate admirers of the new order of things, not excepting, in that order, the gospel according to Voltaire or Rousseau. The young Frenchmen, who had all been educated in these doctrines, and who had been hardened by witnessing the orgies of the great revolution, and the blasphemous excesses of the Heberts and Chaumettes, after taking a short turn in the crypts, and laughing at every thing they saw, set themselves down in one of the oratories, and began a carouse which did not end until the wine and the liquor were consumed, and every one of them was more or less inebriated.

They sang lewd love-songs and Bacchanalian choruses among the ancient Christian dead; they played at bowls with the skulls; they rummaged the open graves; they made jokes and puns of the inscriptions; they committed nearly every imaginable act of irreverence and impiety. They were mad with drink, and they had received a mad schooling.

In this state they renewed their exploration of the crypts, descending into the lowest tier, and betting who would venture farthest.

But, where all were mad, the maddest was a young cavalry officer, *un esprit fort*—according to the meaning of that bad period, a fire-eater, *un crane*, one who feared not God nor devil, for he believed in neither; one who courted danger with more assiduity than common mortals woo quiet and safety. Brave he assuredly was, though a very braggadocio. He would go further than any body; he would not leave the crypts until he had visited them all, and seen what was in them; and, breaking away, with a lighted torch in his hand, but without any guide, he plunged into one of the lateral passages, and was followed for a space by the jeers, shouts, and loud laughter of his comrades. He did, indeed, go farther than any of them; he penetrated so far, and through such obstructed and difficult crypts, that much time was consumed, and his torch began to burn low. He then retraced his steps, and with great difficulty found his way back to the place where he had left, or where he believed he

had left his party. Not a soul was there. He shouted, and none answered; his torch was now nearly extinguished; he was seized with a shuddering. But he had a second torch with him, and this he lighted in time. After many mistakes, he found the steps which led to the second tier of crypts. Here he expected to find his companions, but no voice replied to his call. He shuddered more than he had done before. But he thought that his friends were only playing him a trick, and that they were hiding in some of the passages, and watching him. He said to himself, "They must not see that I am disturbed and nervous;" and then he shouted aloud, "Come out, you ambuscaders! leave off this game! show your lights! let us be gone! we shall be too late for the billiard-table! I have a rendezvous at the coffee-house! I am burning and dying of thirst! I have swallowed earth and dust enough to bury a grenadier! I want wine and water! iced water! iced water!" But still no reply, no sound, no appearance of another light. He shouted again, and until he was horrified by the sound and the echoes of his own voice. He now seriously took himself to task for his foolhardiness; yet he could not believe but that he should find his comrades in the upper crypts, or waiting for him at the gates; and he proceeded hastily yet carefully in search of the other flight of steps. With all his care he could not find the direct passage, or any thing like it; and he stumbled and fell more than once, to the great danger of extinguishing his only light. But at length he saw the broad steps before him, and these he quickly ascended, singing a trooper's song, to prove to his companions how perfect was his self-possession, or how little his nerves had been affected by his long, gloomy ramble.

But nobody joined in the chorus, or replied to his now renewed calls. No living creature was in that crypt. He made what speed he could to the mouth of the catacomb. The gates were closed, and no voice, either without or within, answered. Believing that at least some of his comrades must have remained near at hand, he cried, that this was carrying the joke too far; that he was choked, and dying of thirst, and must be let out. Still no answer. He looked at his watch, and saw that it was nearly nine o'clock at night. He clutched up a heavy fragment of a tombstone, and beat furiously upon the gate; but the gate was strong, and opened inward. He shouted again; he became frantic, and screamed, and screamed until his dry tongue clove to its roof.

It was now clear that there was nobody who could, or that would hear him, and come to his relief. His thirst was agonizing, and his second torch had scarcely an inch to burn. But by the gate he found some remains of torches, which his companions had extinguished and thrown upon the ground at their exit; and these he lighted one after the other. When the last remnant was rapidly consuming, he thought he would retrace his steps to the oratory in which they had kept their carousal; for there, at least, was a *foramen* admitting air and light. On his

way he fell, and his torch being extinguished, he was left in total darkness. As he groped his way, he slipped through a chasm. The fall was inconsiderable, the chamber beneath being so very full; but he fell among dried, clattering, crackling bones; and the flesh crept on his own bones, his blood turned cold, and his head became giddy. His mind, which had been wandering before, from the double effects of wine and awe or fear, was still farther unsettled by this shock; but he made an effort, disengaged himself from that horrible chamber, and regained the crypt above. Prone to the earth, he crawled along, feeling the way with his outstretched hands, until he came to the oratory, where he sat down on the floor, with his back leaning against the slabs of graves. The aperture which faced him afforded entrance to a narrow flood of light, proceeding from the brilliant moon at its full, and the cool night air, which came in with the light, afforded a temporary refreshment and relief. Fatigued as he was, he thought he might sleep quietly until the morning. He summoned reason, and such philosophy as he possessed, to his aid. What had he to fear, unless some living brigands or marauders should find him there? and of this there was little probability or chance. What harm had the remains of the dead ever done to the living? It was only the dead who never returned to trouble us—"Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas," was a revolutionary dogma; and what was death itself but an eternal sleep? Had not every cemetery in France borne the inscription, "LA MORT EST UN SOMMEIL ETERNEL? Had not the philosophers of France been proving for more than a quarter of a century, that the soul of man perished with his body, and that the existence of a future world, and the system of rewards and punishments, were things invented for the benefit of priests and impostors? He recalled the sarcasms of Voltaire, the mathematical demonstrations of d'Alembert, and the dogmas of the Atheist manual, "Le Système de la Nature;" but all would not avail him, or quiet his fluttering nerves; insensibly, and then irresistible, the teachings of his childhood, the Christian lessons of the mother who had borne him, and of the country curate who had baptized him, came back upon his mind, and with them came thronging even the superstitions of nurses and country servants, and the spectral tales of old village crones. He shuddered; he longed, he almost prayed for the morning, which would surely bring him liberation. He looked at his watch, and could see by the moonlight that it was close upon the midnight hour. His thirst was now more than ever intolerable. He would have given a good year's pay for one draught of cool water. Something glittered on the ground near the stone altar. What was it? A bottle. But the bottle contained not water, but was two-thirds filled with ardent spirit, with cognac brandy, which had been forgotten, and left behind. He seized it and eagerly drank of it, in the hope that it might dispel his horror and awe, and send him to sleep. He repeated his draughts until he had

drained the bottle; and then was completed the insane furor which for some hours had been gathering in his mind. Horrible visions flitted before his eyes, which sleep could not close; he lay motionless, and utterly incapable of motion, on the dusty earth; but his pulse raced like the torrent of a cataract, and his brain worked, and incessantly presented one spectrum more awful than the other. The void sockets of the skulls lying opposite to him were suddenly filled up with glaring ghastly eyes, that gazed upon him, and from which he could not detach his own gaze. He heard woeful sighs and moans, groans and shrieks, as of souls in torture. He heard a low whispering, as if proceeding from many thousands of concealed beings. He heard a clapping of hands, and the loud, dismal tone of a bell. Yet all the sounds that could possibly have reached his ear proceeded from the night breeze, which rustled among the weeds and bushes outside, and feebly murmured as it entered the chasm—from owls or other hooting nocturnal birds—from the tinkling of the bells of some sheep in a *mandra*, or fold, on the slope of a hill at a short distance, or from the bell of a distant monastery, ringing to call the monks of some austere order to midnight prayer or very early matins.

But the young Frenchman was now incapable of deduction, or of any reasoning process whatever. To his ears that loud awful bell tolled again, and a voice, louder than thunder, echoed through the dreary vaults, and three several times were repeated these words—"Caverns, show forth your dead! The muster-roll is calling! Let there be a death parade!" To his wild eyes the black crypt, in its whole extent, was suddenly illuminated by a dazzling and supernatural light, as if the dry atmosphere itself had taken fire, and was in a blaze with spontaneous combustion; and the bones of the dead, which lay scattered on the ground, or were heaped up indiscriminately in great heaps, became endued with the power of motion, and moved, and joined, and adhered together, and perfect skeletons rose and stood bolt upright, waving their arm-bones to and fro, as if in impatience, or anger, or in pain; and the graves, tier above tier, flew open, and their tenants descended from them; and a wide chasm opened under-foot, and through it, from the lowest recesses, came trooping other skeletons, of all forms and sizes, from that of the man of gigantic stature to that of the tiny infant who had died on the day of its birth; and, falling into rank or line with the rest, these bare, blanched bones marched slowly through the crypt, shaking their unfleshed hands at the Frenchman as they passed him. And there was no end to the mustering and marching of the dead from the regions below through that chasm: they seemed to be flowing on for ever like a river.

This was the last vision, or the last of which any recollection was preserved. At no very late hour in the morning the catacombs were reopened to admit other French visitors, and the young officer was found by the guides in a state

of stupor and unconsciousness. He was carried into Rome, and consigned to his friends and to the military hospital. In their wild intoxication, some of them had taken it into their heads that it was time to correct his boasting habit and foolhardiness, and that it would indeed be a good joke to leave him behind. The narrator of the story said that it was probable that the guides, who understood no French, and who had been drinking with the officers, did not miss him out of so large a company; but that it was equally probable that if the guides had missed him, they would have put themselves to no inconvenience on his account, but would have thought his rampant impiety, profligacy, and audacity, properly punished by a night's confinement in the catacombs. The joke was rued when too late. The young man suffered a brain fever of the most violent and worst kind. He raved on his sick-bed, "Take away those skulls! remove those horrible bones! shut up those graves, or deprive me of sight!" Every object converted itself in his eye to a skeleton or a spectre; in his ear every sound was the tolling of that awful bell, or the more awful spoken words: "Caverns, show forth your dead! The muster-roll is calling! Let there be a death parade!"

The lancet, medicine, and skillful treatment, and assiduous care, slowly restored him to reason and to health; but from that time forward he was an altered, serious, reverential man. He had interred his last scoff and impious jest in the Roman catacomb. He could no longer laugh at death, or that which is beyond this brief and troublous life. The awe which had penetrated him, filled him, and overthrown his reason, did not all depart with the restoration of his reasoning faculties. He burned his *Système de la Nature*, and betook himself to the study of very different books. His comrades rallied him, but they could not change him. Some seven years after, when killed in battle in Calabria, a copy of the Evangelists was found in his pocket.

HUNTING ADVENTURES IN THE FORESTS OF LE MORVAN.

LE MORVAN is a charming and picturesque forest district of France, a region of verdure and wild sports, replete with resources both for health and adventure.

It is an extensive country, and possesses the most delightful climate of any in France. There is little rain; the sky is serene, and the temperature genial and bracing. In the woods occasional tempests occur, but they are succeeded by a delicious coolness and innumerable perfumes. The real wealth of the district, however, is its forests, which—thick and dark, and formed of ancient oaks, maple, and spreading beech—cover nearly 200,000 acres of ground.

These forests are full of game; and within their friendly shadows the sportsman may vary his pleasures as fancy dictates. The woods abound with deer; the plains with rabbits and the timid hare; and in the vineyards, during the merry season of the vintage, the red-legged part-

ridges are bagged by bushels. Here the sportsman may watch, in the open glade, for the treacherous wild cat and the bounding roe-buck; or, plunging into the dark recesses of the glens, come face to face with the grizzly boar, and fight, single-handed, the ferocious wolf. These forests, too, are dotted here and there with villages, inhabited by a simple peasantry, who cherish among them many of the primitive customs of their forefathers, and inherit also their industry and frugality. The productions of the plains are numerous; wheat, rye, hemp, oats, and flax, being the chief; the grape is cultivated on the mountain-sides, and around the forest homesteads many vine cluster, sweetening the morning air with their dairy smell, and forming a fit accompaniment to the songs of light-hearted and beautiful peasant-girls.

Here and there, in shady nooks of the forest, are large pools of water, the drainage of the hills above, or the aggregations of many little mountain streams, which tinkle along the green glades, and water innumerable flowers and waving ferns, as they hasten along on their mission of fertility. These pools are called *mares*, and are of such different dimensions, and so differently placed, as to be divisible into three kinds. Those which are situated in the deepest and most unfrequented tracts are the resort of deer, wolves, and wild boars, who come stealthily at midnight to slake their thirst in the water, which, shut in with a wall of verdure, and roofed over with innumerable green boughs, are never quite dried-up in the fiercest heat of summer. Those which are in more open parts of the forest are not visited by such large game, but are the resorts of thousands of little birds, which come to splash and play in the reeds, and awaken innumerable echoes as they thank heaven for each draught of drink. The third kind are those which lie on the skirts of villages, the banks of which get well trodden by the repeated visits of the pail and pitcher, and the thirsty cattle.

In the violent heats of July and August, when the herbage is parched and the creatures of the forest lie in their retreats overpowered with heat, or lie panting on the leaves in the sultry air, the larger *mares* are as silent as a woman at a key-hole; but no sooner has the sun gone down than these woody and leafy nooks are filled with strange noises, like those of an aviary, the thousand songs of a thousand different kinds of birds varying with the dull notes of the cuckoo, and the plaintive cooing of the doves. At first, hundreds of birds arrive to gossip, to bathe, and to drink; then hares and rabbits; then the graceful deer, their large, open eyes, watchful of every shadow, steal with noiseless tread to crop the fresh herbage and enjoy the cool water. The sportsman, concealing himself in the near thicket, may now bring down the noble buck, and send the troop, wild with affright, back into the black cover. But no! pull not the trigger; see how nature weaves the warp of one life with the woof of another. There are crowds of deer pressing to the water's edge; they prick their ears, and turn

to the wind; they smell danger, and would fly, but it is too late—they are chained in terror to the spot; the wolves have closed in upon them from behind, and with a sullen roar, rush in multitudes from every side of the forest upon them. All is blood and agony; the forest swells up with the hellish yells of the savage brutes, as each seizes his victim by the throat; and during a quarter of an hour nothing but carnage and horror possess the midnight woods. The slaughter over, the wretches vanish like demons across the turf, and silence reigns again ere morning dawns. Before the bluebell, heavy with dew, nods to the foxglove and the awakening woodlark, the young fawns, lost in the wild ravines, bleat for the mothers whom they will see no more; and the wild boar, leaving his lurking-place, trots in his turn to the scene of bloodshed, to plunge his heavy body in the waters, and luxuriate in the slimy mud.

These *mares* are the chosen haunts of the sportsman; they afford him every variety of game, and are as bewitching in their sylvan beauty and loneliness as they are attractive in their ample stocks of game. It is a forest rule, that upon the discovery of a *mare*, a shooting-hut is erected at its margin, and when once it becomes an established hunting-place, he who arrives at it first at night remains its possessor till morning; only one sportsman being allowed at one time, and the game being invariably trapped or shot after nightfall. To gain possession of one of these huts every stratagem is fair; once ensconced within, the hunter sits like Solomon upon his throne; and if another one arrives coolly pops out his head and asks him what's o'clock, or recommends him to travel another eight or ten miles to another very fine *mare*, where he arrives, perhaps, to find that occupied also.

Night has come, and the sportsman sits in his hunting-box. Hares and rabbits scuttle about; but his powder is for nobler victims. The roebucks are on their way; and the she-wolf is raising her head above the thicket. Every gust of wind brings tidings of some fresh arrival: a squirrel or a weasel crosses the path: the waving branches are full of mysterious sounds; and the heart thumps under the hunter's jacket with irrepressible excitement; he grasps his rifle with a firmer clutch, and he glances at his hunting-knife with anxiety. The branches yield to the weight of some animal: the moon rises; and the roebucks are heard in the distance; then the step of the wolves; and afterward the rush of the boar. The hunter, filled with a wild joy, threads with his keen eye the gloomy labyrinths of the thicket; and, surrounded with danger and wild romance, peers out from his lonely hut, and takes his choice of victims.

One of the most frequent objects of the sportsman's skill, is the woodcock, which haunts the forests of Le Morvan in vast numbers, and affords innumerable opportunities for the exercise of skill and patience. The woodcock is a lazy, melancholy, misanthropic bird, frequenting these

forests during the whole of the year, and not, as in other European countries, performing tedious migrations at regular periods. In the months of May, June, July, and August, they are found in elevated spots, but at the first approach of cold weather they come down into the plains, conceal themselves in the high grass, or fern, and live an anti-social and selfish life, amid the shelter of the trees. The woodcock is a dainty morsel, and hence the sportsman is solicitous of its capture, both by snare and gun. Requiring no other elements of happiness than moonlight, rest, and a few worms, it seldom quits its retreat by daylight; but as soon as twilight comes, it sallies forth in all its simplicity, to poke its long beak into the grass, and falls into the first snare that lies in its way. The favorite mode of snaring them is, to choose a forest-path well covered with verdure, and lighted by a few stray moonbeams. The twigs and brambles are cut, and the path narrowed, so as to allow room for only two woodcocks to walk abreast. A hole, as large as a crown-piece, is then made in the ground, and a horsehair noose, fixed to a peg, laid across it. Into the hole is dropped a fine fat red worm, whose miserable contortions, as he writhes upon the point of a thorn, attract the woodcock. Several other snares are made, and each baited with an impaled worm, and concealed with a withered leaf, and twilight falling on the forest finds the sportsman covered up in warm skins, fifty paces from his traps. On come the long bills, pecking as they come, and looking now and then, with languid eyes, at the moon and stars. Presently a bird makes a bob at a writhing worm—gets his leg in a noose—totters—falls—rises again and kicks, and so makes the noose run up tight, and is inevitably trapped. Another and another follows; and the sportsman, repairing his traps as they are successively disordered, keeps up the game till dawn. In this way a single person may catch twenty or thirty woodcocks in one night; but it is a sport requiring consummate skill, patience, and an iron constitution. If suddenly surprised when feeding in the forest, the woodcock is the most helpless of birds; he falls down, literally panic-stricken, and without having the power of flight: he looks at his supposed enemy with rolling eyeballs and a beak opened, as if to cry for help, but emitting nothing but inarticulate sounds. Once relieved of his first fears, he takes to his heels, and finds refuge among the roots. In shooting woodcocks, considerable experience and tact is requisite for success. The woodcocks, though very obtuse, and subject to sudden fright, have vast adroitness in evading the sportsman's powder when they have the range of the forest before them. The young sportsman, not aware of its manœuvres, sees it rise in a straight flight above the bushes, and fires forthwith, seeing the bird—as he thinks—fall dead among the brakes. But no woodcock can he find; and, on raising his eyes, lo! he sees the provoking bird a hundred paces off, cleaving the air with sails full set; when, just as he is about to fire again, the bird has

again ducked down behind the bushes to avoid the second barrel: once on the ground, it runs with such celerity—working its wings like a couple of paddles—that it is inevitably lost to view. Woodcock shooting, however, is chiefly practiced in the month of April, when the woodcock shakes off his lethargic slumbers, and becomes animated, social, and actually has a voice with which to utter the pleasures and the pains of love. Under this spring passion of the world—which warms the hearts of all creatures, and gives even a woodcock the joyful gift of talking—the hunter's blood trips more freshly through his arteries, and the forest—a perfect copse of *millefleurs*—seems to nod welcome from its violet shades. When evening descends, and the humid atmosphere soddens the moss, and makes trickling threads of silver over the trunks of the trees, the sportsmen betake themselves to the forest, and each man takes his post in ambush. Strangely, just before the woodcocks commence their amorous flight, a little fly, about the size of a pea, wheels round the sportsman's head, and tickles his nose with its buzzing b-r-r-r-r-r-oo. The sportsman knows by this fly that the woodcocks have left the underwood (it is a signal that never fails), and every hand is at the trigger, and every eye on the look-out. A profound silence reigns for a few moments, and then, on come the birds through the glade—at first by twos and threes, then in a compact flight—with appealing cries of love, fluttering and pursuing each other from bush to bush. Bang—bang—bang; all is uproar and confusion: Parisian cockneys who happen to be there, shut both eyes, and fire without taking aim, and in half an hour all is over; the more expert gunners having bagged only two or three couple of birds, and never more than four couple. The brief sport over, the party returns by moonlight, shoulder to shoulder, singing snatches of hunting songs, the stars overhead, and the woodcocks on their backs.

Of the nobler game in these forests, the boar is at once the delight of experienced veterans and the terror of Parisian cockneys. He is a huge creature, lurking in his lair during the day, and venturing forth at midnight to drink and feed. If confronted in his path, or goaded on by dogs, his strength and ferocity are almost matchless. With his enormous tusks he rips open the bodies of the dogs, gores the hunter who comes unhappily within his reach, and never yields till overmatched by numbers, and pierced in the most mortal parts with many iron bullets.

Adolphe de M——, a Parisian dandy, on a visit to Le Morvan, determined to show his courage by shooting a boar; and Crignelle, to put his boasting to the proof, ordered out the head keeper and the *traquets* to find traces of one, in order that Adolphe might have the chance of a shot afforded him. Adolphe, in a tremor of anticipation, was by no means reassured by the stories told by the foresters of awful adventures with boars in the woods, and positively trembled with terror when an old hunter offered to show him where a deficiency in the calf of

his leg, caused by the teeth of a boar, had been supplied by a slice from a friendly cork-tree. The *traquets* know exactly where to look for one, for they study their habits; the traces of the grisly rascal are seen by them immediately; they mark his favorite paths, and can tell, almost to a minute, when he will pass. The animal, therefore, having been traced, a day is fixed, and each man assigned a separate post. As for the game, you can not fail to see him, and it is a combat face to face, and his is adorned with two long, prominent teeth—unfortunate in a woman, and positively hideous in a boar. The excitement is grand; after the volley, every one is at him with his knife, and, with the exception of a few inexperienced dogs, the affair ends gloriously.

The day came; the *traquets* went forth to the forest; and Adolphe, in a state bordering on the crazy, followed his friend through the brakes, his face lacerated by brambles, and his clothes torn by contact with the thorns. The bugle gave the signal that the boar was found: the shouting of the beaters was heard, as they struck their poles against the trees, and sang the song of the boar. "Keep clear of him," said Serpolet to the cockney; "for he will make mincemeat of us, and if he comes within five-and-twenty paces of you, and charges, he will open you like an oyster." "Stand behind that oak," said Crignelle, as a crash was heard in the bushes, and two roebucks and a fox bounded through the cover. "Why, Adolphe, what the deuce is the matter with you?" Another blast from the horn announced that the boar was making right for the spot where the poor Parisian stood trembling, with a face as white as his cambric shirt. With the agility of a cat, Adolphe mounted the tree, and took up his lodging in the branches. On came the beaters, and then the panting beast burst from the thicket, his eyes glaring with concentrated rage, as bleeding and groaning, he gnawed his burning wounds. Crignelle, standing under Adolphe's oak, fired both barrels in his front, and gave him his death-blow. Summoning up his dying energies, he came on with a mighty rush; the Parisian's gun was at hand, and the charge stopped him in full career: he stood on his haunches, opened his monstrous mouth—all red with blood—gave one sharp groan, and stretched his massive frame upon the turf, in death. "Hurrah! Adolphe, you rascally acorn, give the death-whoop and come down." "Is he really dead?" simpered Adolphe, from his perch. "Dead! why, don't you see he is! Listen, you fire-eater, and I will make you a hero! There were four shots fired; now, take your gun, and remember that the two first—those ghastly holes in the chest—were your handiwork." "Yes, but what a horrible morning! What a savage country!" The secret was kept; and the joke played out: and the coward, Adolphe, related, in most vivid terms, to the ladies, how he had brought down the boar in a single-handed encounter. "And was he not frightened?" they asked. "Frightened, la-

dies," said Crignelle; "why, he was smoking a cigar all the time!"

The most terrible adventures are those which occur in hunting the wolf—that incarnation of ferocity, voracity, strength, and cunning. This is the most formidable pest of these districts of France. Provided by nature with an insatiable thirst for blood, he lives only upon rapine, and loves nothing but carnage. The aspect of the wolf has something sinister and terrible in its appearance, which his sanguinary and brutal disposition does not belie. His head is large, his eyes sparkle with a diabolical and cannibal look, and in the night seem to burn like two yellow flames. His muzzle is black, his cheeks are hollow, the upper lip and chin white; the jaws and teeth are of prodigious strength, the ears short and straight, the tail tufty, and the neck so short that he is obliged to move his whole body in order to look on one side. The color of his hair is black and red, mingled with white and gray, and forms a thick and rude fur, on which the showers and the severe cold of winter have no effect. His limbs are well set, his step so firm, and his muscular power such, that he can carry off a fat sheep in his mouth, and run with it faster than the shepherd who flies to its rescue. He scents his prey at immense distances, and fresh blood will attract him at least a league from the spot. The wolf has a great contempt of vegetable diet; and brings oxen, horses, goats, pigs, geese, fawns, roebucks, and the young of the wild boar, to his larder. He is the uncompromising enemy to every thing that has life; and man, not to be behindhand with him, is always on the alert to retaliate, and bring Mr. *Lupus* within the influence of tricks as clever as his own. One of the greatest cowards, usually, when pressed by hunger he fears nothing, and with the stealthy movements of a serpent, will throw himself into the greatest danger when hunger consumes his stomach, and fight bravely to the death when surrounded by his enemies. Unsociable and savage, with a heart harder than the iron ball which drills a ghastly hole in his side, he often falls a prey to man, who seeks him out in his own dark solitudes, and battles with him bravely in the bush.

The *battues* in which the wolf pays the tribute of his blood occur in May and December: the first season is that when the she-wolf is with young, the second when the savage crew are maddened by long fasting, and the unemployed peasantry relieve the tediousness of frozen fields by making up hunting-parties. In May, the head ranger gathers together all the people of the village—gentlemen, plowmen, doctors, conscripts, and schoolmasters—and these, armed with such domestic utensils as brooms, bludgeons, bells, saucepans, and fire-irons, sally forth, at the appointed time, to the ravines which are known to be the resort of wolves. The riflemen are then arranged in a semicircle, with their backs to the wind, along the roads which border the woods where the wolves are concealed. No

one is allowed to fire in the rear; and to prevent accidents, marks are made on the trees for their guidance when the confusion of the *battue* commences. Every thing having been prepared in dead silence, the signal is at last given, and the peasants commence howling, roaring, beating, and banging; pots and kettles, stout lungs and iron-shod staves, all combining to produce a general uproar. Away fly the creatures: owls awakened from their sleep, deer startled from the cover, foxes and hares breaking and bounding as if panic-struck. Nothing, however, but wolves, are on these occasions allowed to be shot; and at last the wolves appear, like a tide, roaring as it goes; and as they pass the fatal path, every gun discharges its murderous volley, and the balls fly like hail into the thick of the yelling and howling crew, thirty or forty wolves being the frequent result of one day's sport. The government give a reward of twenty francs for each wolf, and twenty-five for every she-wolf, and these sums being divided among the peasantry, together with the value of the wolves themselves (or rather their skins and fur), renders this a most useful and profitable employment. After the *battue*, the peasants mount the heads of several wolves upon a pole, and beating drums, and singing the hunting songs of the county, march through the villages, and receive from the villagers presents of money, meal, grapes, and wine, and finish the day with joviality and song.

The *battues* of December are of a different description, and are participated in by the wealthy proprietors, who make them the occasions of considerable jollity and hardihood. Previous to the night of meeting, a number of carpenters repair to the woods, and choosing suitable ground, erect a large square hut, of undressed stems, strongly braced together, and with an interval between each tree of about four inches. This hut is left for several nights untouched, that the creatures may become accustomed to it, and a duck or two, a goose or a sheep, are tied up near it, as a bait for the wolves. Then the appointed evening having arrived, the huntsmen, and a long line of servants, start for the forest, taking with them four calves, a cask of cold meat, a hamper of wine, and a horse-load of pale cognac. Ensconced within their Gibraltar of wood, they eat, drink, and smoke; but not the least noise is allowed, not even a laugh, a cough, or a sneeze. Night fairly sets in, and the wolves begin to sniff the air. The calves are led out, and tied to stakes outside, and then—must we relate it?—each receives an incision in the neck, which sets him bleeding and bleating, by which, most unconsciously, the poor wretches attract the wolves, by appealing to two of their keen senses. Nine—ten—half-past: dead silence reigns, broken only by the occasional cry of an owl, or the crash of a branch which the wind has severed from the trunk. Suddenly the calves break out into a fresh fit of bleating; they bellow and groan, and tug at the ropes to escape. Out goes every cigar, and

the sportsmen pick up their rifles. Black spots are seen upon the snow: the wolves are on the scent; and, imagining the calves have come astray, attempt to carry them off for their own enjoyment. Four or five rush forward, and plunge their ravenous jaws into the flesh of the animals: their numbers increase; and just as this demon banquet is in full swing, the sportsmen open their fire. The wolves either fall or fly; but return again, and are met with another volley. Other wolves, attracted by the smell of their bleeding comrades, press to the scene, and are met with showers of fire and death; and for several hours this slaughter of malefactors continues. The survivors slink back to their dens, and the sportsmen, leaving their hut, form a huge fire on the turf, and eat and drink, and crack jokes till morning; when the peasantry assemble, and gather the dead wolves together, and form a procession to march through the villages, and add the contributions obtained in this way to the rewards given by the government.

Other modes of taking wolves are also devised; one of which is, the *traquenard*, a huge circular trap, with a fierce row of teeth, which is set in chosen parts of the forest, and baited with a savory slice from a sheep, which has been kept till nearly green. There is a melancholy incident on record, of a young man, who, going to the forest in the evening to obtain a pair of turtle doves, with rosy beaks, to present to his sweetheart, fell into a trap which had been set in an old footway, and, while fixed in the immovable jaws of this deadly machine, was devoured, piecemeal, by the wolves, not, however, until he had hacked three of them open with his hatchet, the mangled bodies of which, together with the leg, only, of the unhappy young man, were found upon the spot next morning. Another circumstance, of a similar nature, may suitably close this notice of the charms and dangers of these romantic forests: A farmer, living on the borders of the forest of La Madeleine, had determined to work a little mischief with the wolves; and the weather being intensely cold, his farm was frequently visited by them, troops appearing in the starlight, scratching under the walls, and demanding the alms of a horse, an ox, or a man. Just at this time one of the farmer's colts died; and thinking it would serve as a capital bait for the wolves, he caused it to be laid in the middle of the courtyard, with weights attached, to prevent the wolves from dragging it away. The principal gate was set open, and so arranged with cords and pulleys that it could be closed on the instant when necessary. Night came; lights were extinguished, the dogs muzzled, and the gate set open. The wolves came, and hovered, distrustfully, around the open gate. At last one entered, tore away a portion of the colt, and set off with his booty in safety. Emboldened by example, eight wolves flew upon the carcass; the farmer whistled, and the men at the ropes closed the gate—the wolves were prisoners. Morning dawned, and ladders were raised against the wall of the yard, and the

men commenced firing on the imprisoned wolves. Fear was converted into rage; and, wounded only by the unskillful firing of the men, they leaped up and tried to scale the walls and escape. Just at this juncture, a young man, finding his ladder too short to enable him to get a good shot at the wolves, sat astride the wall, with one leg dangling into the yard. A wolf flew up like a cat, and almost seized the proffered leg, and the young man, raising his leg to avoid the brute, lost his balance and fell into the yard! A scream, and the wolves flew like lightning on their victim; and a cry of horror was heard on every side. There was a pause of a moment only, and the farmer, prompted by dictates of courage and humanity, gun in hand, leaped into the yard, all the men following his heroic example. The scene which followed defies both description and imagination. The howling of the wolves, the groans of the dying youth, the imprecations of the men, and the roaring of the bulls in the stables, and the shrieks of women in the house, formed a fearful chorus—such as we hope may never be heard again. The farmer's wife—a woman of resolute daring—unmuzzled the dogs, and flung them from a window into the yard, and in twenty minutes the eight wolves were dead, and half the dogs. The unfortunate lad—his throat torn open—was dead; and his courageous, though unsuccessful defenders, all more or less wounded. Such is one of the frightful tragedies but too frequently enacted in the meetings which take place between man and this savage brute, which, in spite of the repeated attacks upon it, the snares invented to destroy, and the united assent of mankind for its extermination, seems to be as abundant as ever in these wild and almost untrodden solitudes of Le Morvan. Still it is a land of beauty, and under the open sky of summer, a rich garden of perpetual flowers, the home of innumerable beautiful creatures, and one of the few spots left in Europe where Nature may yet be studied in the primeval simplicity of her strength and youth.

INSECT WINGS.

ANIMALS possess the power of feeling, and of effecting certain movements, by the exercise of a muscular apparatus with which their bodies are furnished. They are distinguished from the organizations of the vegetable kingdom by the presence of these attributes. Every one is aware, that when the child sees some strange and unknown object he is observing start suddenly into motion, he will exclaim: "It is alive!" By this exclamation, he means to express his conviction that the object is endowed with *animal* life. Power of voluntary and independent motion and animal organization are associated together, as inseparable and essentially connected ideas, by even the earliest experience in the economy and ways of nature.

The animal faculty of voluntary motion, in almost every case, confers upon the creature the ability to transfer its body from place to place. In some animals, the weight of the body is sus-

tained by immersion in a fluid as dense as itself. It is then carried about with very little expenditure of effort, either by the waving action of vibratile cilia scattered over its external surface, or by the oar-like movement of certain portions of its frame especially adapted to the purpose. In other animals, the weight of the body rests directly upon the ground, and has, therefore, to be lifted from place to place by more powerful mechanical contrivances.

In the lowest forms of air-living animals, the body rests upon the ground by numerous points of support; and when it moves, is wriggled along piecemeal, one portion being pushed forward while the rest remains stationary. The mode of progression which the little earthworm adopts, is a familiar illustration of this style of proceeding. In the higher forms of air-living animals, a freer and more commodious kind of movement is provided for. The body itself is raised up from the ground upon pointed columns, which are made to act as levers as well as props. Observe, for instance, the tiger-beetle, as it runs swiftly over the uneven surface of the path in search of its dinner, with its eager antennæ thrust out in advance. Those six long and slender legs that bear up the body of the insect, and still keep advancing in regular alternate order, are steadied and worked by cords laid along on the hollows and grooves of their own substance. While some of them uphold the weight of the superincumbent body, the rest are thrown forward, as fresh and more advanced points of support on to which it may be pulled. The running of the insect is a very ingenious and beautiful adaptation of the principles of mechanism to the purposes of life.

But in the insect organization, a still more surprising display of mechanical skill is made. A comparatively heavy body is not only carried rapidly and conveniently along the surface of the ground, it is also raised entirely up from it at pleasure, and transported through lengthened distances, while resting upon nothing but the thin transparent air. From the top of the central piece—technically termed thoracic—of the insect's body, from which the legs descend, two or more membraneous sails arise, which are able to beat the air by repeated strokes, and to make it, consequently, uphold their own weight, as well as that of the burden connected with them. These lifting and sustaining sails are the insect's wings.

The wings of the insect are, however, of a nature altogether different from the apparently analogous organs which the bird uses in flight. The wings of the bird are merely altered fore-legs. Lift up the front extremities of a quadruped, keep them asunder at their origins by bony props, fit them with freer motions and stronger muscles, and cover them with feathers, and they become wings in every essential particular. In the insect, however, the case is altogether different. The wings are not altered legs; they are superadded to the legs. The insect has its fore-legs as well as its wings. The legs all descend

from the under surface of the thoracic piece, while the wings arise from its upper surface. As the wings are flapping above during flight, the unchanged legs are dangling below, in full complement. The wings are, therefore, independent and additional organs. They have no relation whatever to limbs, properly so called. But there are some other portions of the animal economy with which they do connect themselves, both by structure and function. The reader will hardly guess what those wing-allied organs are.

There is a little fly, called the May-fly, which usually makes its appearance in the month of August, and which visits the districts watered by the Seine and the Marne in such abundance, that the fishermen of these rivers believe it is showered down from heaven, and accordingly call its living clouds, manna. Reaumur once saw the May-flies descend in this region like thick snow-flakes, and so fast, that the step on which he stood by the river's bank was covered by a layer four inches thick in a few minutes. The insect itself is very beautiful: it has four delicate, yellowish, lace-like wings, freckled with brown spots, and three singular hair-like projections hanging out beyond its tail. It never touches food during its mature life, but leads a short and joyous existence. It dances over the surface of the water for three or four hours, dropping its eggs as it flits, and then disappears forever. Myriads come forth about the hour of eight in the evening; but by ten or eleven o'clock not a single straggler can be found alive.

From the egg which the parent May-fly drops into the water, a six-legged grub is very soon hatched. This grub proceeds forthwith to excavate for himself a home in the soft bank of the river, below the surface of the water, and there remains for two long years, feeding upon the decaying matters of the mould. During this aquatic residence, the little creature finds it necessary to breathe; and that he may do so comfortably, notwithstanding his habits of seclusion, and his constant immersion in fluid, he pushes out from his shoulders and back a series of delicate little leaf-like plates. A branch of one of the air-tubes of his body enters into each of these plates, and spreads out into its substance. The plates are, in fact, gills—that is, respiratory organs, fitting for breathing beneath the water. The little fellow may be seen to wave them backward and forward with incessant motion, as he churns up the fluid, to get out of it the vital air which it contains.

When the grub of the May-fly has completed his two years of probation, he comes out from his subterranean and subaqueous den, and rises to the surface of the stream. By means of his flapping and then somewhat enlarged gills, he half leaps and half flies to the nearest rush or sedge he can perceive, and clings fast to it by means of his legs. He then, by a clever twist of his little body, splits open his old fishy skin, and slowly draws himself out, head, and body, and legs; and, last of all, from some of those

leafy gills he pulls a delicate crumpled-up membrane, which soon dries and expands, and becomes lace-netted and brown-fretted. The membrane which was shut up in the gills of the aquatic creature, was really the rudiment of its now perfected wings.

The wings of the insect are then a sort of external lungs, articulated with the body by means of a movable joint, and made to subserve the purposes of flight. Each wing is formed of a flattened bladder, extended from the general skin of the body. The sides of this bladder are pressed closely together, and would be in absolute contact but for a series of branching rigid tubes that are spread out in the intervening cavity. These tubes are air-vessels; their interiors are lined with elastic, spirally-rolled threads, that serve to keep the channels constantly open; and through these open channels the vital atmosphere rushes with every movement of the membranous organ. The wing of the May-fly flapping in the air is a respiratory organ, of as much importance to the well-being of the creature in its way, as the gill-plate of its grub prototype is when vibrating under the water. But the wing of the insect is not the only respiratory organ: its entire body is one vast respiratory system, of which the wings are offsets. The spirally-lined air-vessels run every where, and branch out every where. The insect, in fact, circulates air instead of blood. As the prick of the finest needle draws blood from the flesh of the back-boned creature, it draws air from the flesh of the insect. Who will longer wonder, then, that the insect is so light? It is aerial in its inner nature. Its arterial system is filled with the ethereal atmosphere, as the more stolid creature's is with heavy blood.

If the reader has ever closely watched a large fly or bee, he will have noticed that it has none of the respiratory movements that are so familiar to him in the bodies of quadrupeds and birds. There is none of that heaving of the chest, and out-and-in movement of the sides, which constitute the visible phenomena of breathing. In the insect's economy, no air enters by the usual inlet of the mouth. It all goes in by means of small air-mouths placed along the sides of the body, and exclusively appropriated to its reception. Squeezing the throat will not choke an insect. In order to do this effectually, the sides of the body, where the air-mouths are, must be smeared with oil.

In the vertebrated animals, the blood is driven through branching tubes to receptacles of air placed within the chest; the air-channels terminate in blood extremities, and the blood-vessels cover these as a net-work. The mechanical act of respiration merely serves to change the air contained within the air-receptacles. In the insects, this entire process is reversed; the air is carried by branching tubes to receptacles of blood scattered throughout the body; the blood-channels terminate in blood extremities, and a capillary net-work of air-vessels is spread over these. Now, in the vertebrated creature, the chest is

merely the grand air-receptacle into which the blood is sent to be aerated; while in the insect, the chest contains but its own proportional share of the great air-system. In the latter case, therefore, there is a great deal of available space, which would have been, under other circumstances, filled with the respiratory apparatus, but is now left free to be otherwise employed. The thoracic cavity of the insect serves as a stowage for the bulky and powerful muscles that are required to give energy to the legs and wings. The portion of the body that is almost exclusively respiratory in other animals, becomes almost as exclusively motor in insects. It holds in its interior the chief portions of the cords by which the moving levers and membranes are worked, and its outer surface is adorned by those levers and membranes themselves. Both the legs and wings of the insect are attached to the thoracic segment of its body.

The extraordinary powers of flight which insects possess, are due to the conjoined influences of the two conditions that have been named—the lightness of their air-filled bodies, and the strength of their chest-packed muscles. Where light air is circulated instead of heavy blood, great vascularity serves only to make existence more ethereal. Plethora probably takes the insect nearer to the skies, instead of dragging it toward the dust. The hawk-moth, with its burly body, may often be seen hovering gracefully, on quivering wings, over some favorite flower, as if it were hung there on cords, while it rifles it of its store of accumulated sweets by means of its long unfolded tongue. The common house-fly makes 600 strokes every second in its ordinary flight, and gets through five feet of space by means of them; but when alarmed, it can increase the velocity of its wing-strokes some five or six fold, and move through thirty-five feet in the second. Kirby believed, that if the house-fly were made equal to the horse in size, and had its muscular power increased in the same proportion, it would be able to traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning. The dragon-fly often remains on the wing in pursuit of its prey for hours at a stretch, and yet will sometimes baffle the swallow by its speed, although that bird is calculated to be able to move at the rate of a mile in a minute. But the dexterity of this insect is even more surprising than its swiftness, for it is able to do what no bird can: is able to stop instantaneously in the midst of its most rapid course, and change the direction of its flight, going sideways or backward, without altering the position of its body.

As a general rule, insect wings that are intended for employment in flight are transparent membranes, with the course of the air-tubes marked out upon them as opaque nervures. These air-tubes, it will be remembered, are lined by spires of dense cartilage; and hence it is that they become nervures so well adapted to act like tent-lines in keeping the expanded membranes stretched. In the dragon-flies, the nervures are minutely netted for the sake of increased

strength; in the bees, the nervures are simply parallel. Most insects have two pairs of these transparent membranous wings; but in such as burrow, one pair is converted into a dense leather-like case, under which the other pair are folded away. In the flies, only one pair of wings can be found at all, the other pair being changed into two little club-shaped bodies, called balancers.

Butterflies and moths are the only insects that fly by means of opaque wings; but in their case the opacity is apparent rather than real, for it is caused by the presence of a very beautiful layer of colored scales spread evenly over the outer surface of the membranes. When these scales are brushed off, membranous wings of the ordinary transparent character are disclosed. The scales are attached to the membrane by little stems, like the quill-ends of feathers, and they are arranged in overlapping rows. The variegated colors and patterns of the insects are entirely due to them. If the wings of a butterfly be pressed upon a surface of card-board covered with gum-water to the extent of their own outlines, and be left there until the gum-water is dry, the outer layer of scales may be rubbed off with a handkerchief, and the double membranes and intervening nervures may be picked away piecemeal with a needle's point, and there will remain upon the card a most beautiful representation of the other surface of the wings, its scales being all preserved by the gum in their natural positions. If the outlines of the wings be carefully penciled first, and the gum-water be then delicately and evenly brushed on, just as far as the outlines, a perfect and durable facsimile, in all the original variety of color and marking is procured, which needs only to have the form of the body sketched in, to make it a very pretty and accurate delineation of the insect.

THE THREE SISTERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'GABRIELLE, you should not stay out so late alone.'

"It isn't late, sister dear, for a summer's evening. The church clock struck eight just as I turned into the little path across the field."

The first speaker, who was the eldest, raised her head from her work, and, looking at Gabrielle, said:

"For you it is too late. You are not well, Gabrielle. You are quite flushed and tired. Where have you been?"

"Nowhere but in the village," Gabrielle said.

She paused a moment, then added, rather hurriedly:

"I was detained by a poor sick woman I went to see. You don't know her, Joanna, she has just come here."

"And who is she?" Joanna asked.

"She is a widow woman, not young, and very poor. She spoke to me in the road the other day, and I have seen her once or twice since. She had heard our name in the village, and to-

night I promised her that you or Bertha would go and call on her. She has been very unhappy, poor thing. You will go, sister?"

"Certainly. You should have told me before. Go, now, and take off your bonnet. You have walked too quickly home on this hot night."

Another lady entered the room just as Gabrielle was leaving it, and addressed her almost as the first had done:

"You are late, Gabrielle. What has kept you out so long?"

"Joanna will tell you," Gabrielle answered. "I have only been finding some work for you, sister," and with a smile she went away.

They were two stern, cold women—Joanna and Bertha Vaux. They lived together—they two and Gabrielle—in a dark, old-fashioned house, close to a little village, in one of the southern counties of England. It was a pretty, picturesque village, as most English villages are, with little clusters of white-washed, rose-twined cottages sprinkled through it, and a little rough stone country church, covered to the very top of the spire so thickly with ivy that it looked like a green bower. Here and there were scattered a few pleasant houses of the better sort, standing apart in sunny gardens, and scenting the air around with the smell of their sweet flowers.

But the house in which Joanna, and Bertha, and Gabrielle lived was always gloomy, and dark, and cold. It was a square brick house, with damp, unhealthy evergreens planted in front, upon which the sun never shone—summer or winter; the flags which paved the front of the door and the steps of the door were greened over with cheerless moss; and fungi grew up in the seams of the pavement. The windows, with their thick, black, clumsy frames, almost all faced the north, so that the cold, dark rooms were never lighted up with sunshine; but looked even more dreary in the summer time, with the empty, fireless grates, than on winter days. Yet the house seemed to suit well the tastes of the two elder of the Misses Vaux.

It had stood empty for some years before they took it; for its last occupier had committed suicide in one of the rooms—it was just the house for such a thing to have happened in—and the superstitious horror which the event created in the neighborhood, coupled with the dark and cheerless appearance of the house, were the causes why it remained so long unlet and so much neglected.

About six years ago, the Misses Vaux had come, quite strangers, to the village; and, in a short time, were settled as tenants of the lonely house. They were young women then—not more than three or four-and-twenty; but already grave, severe, and stern. They dressed always in mourning, and rarely was a smile seen on their cold lips; but they spent their time almost entirely in performing acts of charity, in visiting the sick, and in making clothes for the poor. For miles round they were known and looked up to with mingled reverence and awe. But theirs was a strange, soulless charity—more

like the performance of heavy penance than of acts of love.

There was a mystery about their antecedents. No one knew whence they came, or who they were; they had neither relations nor friends; they lived alone in their gloomy house, and only at long intervals—sometimes of many months—did they receive even a single letter. They were two sad, weary women, to whom life seemed to bring no pleasure, but to be only a burden, which it was their stern duty to bear uncomplainingly for a certain number of years.

Gabrielle—the beautiful, sunny-natured Gabrielle—was not with them when they first came to the village; but three years ago she had joined them, and the three had lived together since. She was then about fifteen—a bright, joyous, beautiful creature, without a thought of sadness in her, or the faintest shadow of the gloom that rested on her sisters. Even now, although she had lived for three years in the chilling atmosphere that surrounded them, she was still unchanged, almost even as much a child—as gay, thoughtless, and full of joy, as when she first came. It reminded one of a snowdrop blooming in the winter, forcing itself through the very midst of the surrounding snow, to see how she had grown up with this cold, wintry environment. But the gloomy house looked less gloomy now that Gabrielle lived in it. There was one little room, with a window looking to the south (one of three that had a sunny aspect), which she took to be her own, and there she would sit for many hours, working by the open window, singing joyously, with the sunlight streaming over her, and the breath of the sweet flowers that she had planted in a garden as close under her window as the sun would come, stealing deliciously into the room. It was quite a pleasant little nook, with a view far over green undulating hills and yellow waving corn-fields, which sparkled and glittered like plains of moving gold in the deep bright rays of the setting sun. And Gabrielle, sitting here and gazing on them, or roaming alone among them was quite happy and light-hearted. Even her stern sisters were thawed and softened by her presence; and, I think, felt as much love for her as it was in their nature to feel for any one, for, indeed, it was impossible to resist altogether her cheering influence, which spread itself over every thing around her with the warmth of sunshine.

On this evening on which our tale begins, and for some days previous to it, Gabrielle had been graver and quieter than she often was. She joined her sisters now in the common sitting-room; and, with her work in her hand, sat down beside them near the window, but she answered their few questions about her evening ramble with only feigned gayety, as though she was occupied with other thoughts, or was too weary to talk; and, presently, as the twilight gathered round them, they all sank into silence. The one window looked across the road in which the house stood, to a dark plantation of stunted trees that grew opposite: a very gloomy place, which,

even in the hottest summer day, had always a chill, wintry feeling, and from which even now a damp air was rising; and, entering the open window, was spreading itself through the room.

"How unlike a summer evening it is in this room!" Gabrielle suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming almost impatiently. "I wish I could, even for once, see a ray of sunshine in it. I have often wondered how any one could build a house in this situation."

"And do you never imagine that there are people who care less for sunshine than you do, Gabrielle?" Bertha asked, rather sadly.

"Yes, certainly, sister; but still it seems to me almost like a sin to shut out the beautiful heaven's sunlight as it has been shut out in this house. Winter and summer it is always alike. If it was not for my own bright little room upstairs, I think I never should be gay here at all."

"Well, Gabrielle, you need not complain of the gloominess of this room just now," Miss Vaux said. "At nine o'clock on an August evening, I suppose all rooms look pretty much alike."

"Oh, sister, no!" Gabrielle cried. "Have you never noticed the different kinds of twilight? Here, in this house, it is always winter twilight, quite colorless, and cold, and cheerless; but, in other places, where the sun has shone, it is warm, and soft, and beautiful; even for an hour or longer after the sun has quite set, a faint rosy tinge, like a warm breath, seems to rest upon the air, and to shed such peace and almost holiness over every thing. That was the kind of twilight, I think of it so often, that there used to be at home. I remember, so very, very long ago, how I used to sit on the ground at my mother's feet in the summer evenings, looking out through the open window at the dear old garden, where every thing was so very still and quiet that it seemed to me the very trees must have fallen asleep, and how she used to tell us fairy stories in the twilight. Sisters, do you remember it?" Gabrielle asked, her voice tremulous, but not altogether, so it seemed, with emotion that the recollection had called up.

"I do," Miss Vaux said, in a voice clear and cold, and hard as ice. From Bertha there came no answer.

"It is one of the few things I recollect about her," Gabrielle said again, very softly, "the rest is almost all indistinct, like a half-forgotten dream. I was only four years old, you say, Joanna, when she died?"

"You know it; why do you ask?" Miss Vaux said, harshly and quickly.

There was a pause. It was so dark that none of their faces could be seen, but one might have told, from the quick, nervous way in which unconsciously Gabrielle was clasping and unclasping her hand, that there was some struggle going on within her. At last, very timidly, her voice trembling, though she tried hard to steady it, she spoke again.

"Sisters, do not be angry with me. Often lately I have wished so very much to ask you

some things about my mother. Oh, let me ask them now. Dear sisters, tell me why it is that you never speak to me, or almost allow me to speak, of her? Is it because it grieves you so much to think of her death, or is there any other cause?"—her voice sank so low that it was almost a whisper—"why her name is never mentioned among us? I have kept silence about this for so long, for I knew you did not wish to speak of it; but, oh, sisters, tell me now! Ought I not to know about my own mother?"

"Hush!" Miss Vaux said, in a voice stern and harsh. "Gabrielle, you do not know what you are asking. Let it be enough for you to learn that any thing I could tell you of your mother could give you nothing but pain to hear—pain which we would gladly spare you yet, knowing, as we so well do, the great bitterness of it. I ask you, for all our sakes, yours as much as ours, never again be the first to mention your mother's name!"

She had risen from her seat, and stood upright before Gabrielle, the outline of her tall dark figure showing clearly against the window. In her voice there was not one trace of emotion; her whole manner was hard and cold and unimpassioned; like that of one who had, long ago, subdued all gentle feelings.

Gabrielle's tears were falling fast, but she made no answer to Miss Vaux's words. She stood much in awe of both her sisters, especially of the eldest, and knew well how hopeless all remonstrance with her would be.

After a few moments, Bertha laid her hand on Gabrielle's shoulder, saying, with something of gentleness in her voice:

"You distress yourself too much, my child. Trust more in us, Gabrielle. We would try to keep sorrow from you; do not make it impossible."

"Yes, yes; I know it is meant kindly toward me," Gabrielle said, gently, "but you forget that I suffer from being in ignorance. I can not forget that you are concealing something from me."

"Which I would to God I could conceal from you forever," Miss Vaux said. "Gabrielle, foolish child, do not seek for sorrow; it will come quickly enough of itself;" and she turned from her with some muttered words that her sister could not hear.

Gabrielle tried to speak again; but Bertha raised her hand warningly, and they were all silent; Gabrielle with her face bowed down upon her hands in the thick twilight.

"We will close the window and have lights," Bertha said, after some time had passed; "the night air is getting cold."

With a deep sigh Gabrielle rose, and drew down the open window, standing there for some minutes alone, and looking out upon the dark evergreen grove.

CHAPTER II.

"I AM going into the village," Miss Vaux said. "If you will tell me where that poor woman

lives you were speaking of last night, Gabrielle, I will call upon her now."

"Let me go with you," Gabrielle said quickly. "I told her we would come together. Wait for me one minute, and I will be ready."

"I scarcely see the need of it. You are looking pale and ill, Gabrielle. I would advise you to stay in the house and rest."

"I have a headache, and the air will do it good," Gabrielle answered. "Let me go, sister."

"As you will, then," Miss Vaux said, and Gabrielle went away to dress.

She had not yet recovered her usual gay spirits; but was still grave, quiet, and apparently occupied with her own thoughts, and the two walked side by side, almost without speaking, along the little path over the field which lay between their house and the village. It was a very bright sunny summer's day, too hot, indeed, for walking, but beautiful to look at. The heat seemed to weary Gabrielle, she walked so very slowly, and was so pale.

"This is the house, sister. We go through the kitchen; she has the room above."

They raised the latch and went in. No one was in the lower room; so they passed through, and ascended a low narrow staircase, almost like a ladder, which rose abruptly from a doorway at the farther side, until they reached another door which stood facing them, without any landing between it and the highest step. Gabrielle knocked, and a faint voice from within answered, "Come in;" and she entered, followed by her sister. It was a very small room, and very bare of furniture; for there was little in it but a deal bedstead, an old table, and one or two odd rickety chairs, in one of which—that boasted of a pair of broken arms and something that had once been a cushion—sat the woman they had come to visit.

Gabrielle went quickly up to her, and taking her hand said, in a low voice:

"I have brought my sister, as I promised—my eldest sister."

The woman bowed her head without speaking; then tried to rise from her seat, but she seemed very weak, and her hand trembled as she leaned on the arm of her chair.

"Do not rise, my good woman," Miss Vaux said, kindly, and her voice sounded almost soft—she was so used to attune it so as to be in harmony with a sick chamber—"do not rise; I see you are very weak," and she drew a chair near, and sat down by her side.

"You have come quite lately to the village, my sister tells me?"

"Quite lately, less than a week ago," was the answer; but spoken in so low a voice that the words were scarcely audible.

"Were you ever here before? Have you any connection with the place?" Miss Vaux asked.

"No, none."

"But you had probably some motive in coming here? Have you no relations or friends?"

"No, no," the woman cried, suddenly burst-

ing into tears, "I have no friends, no friends in the wide world!"

A gentle hand was laid on her shoulder; a gentle voice whispered some soft words in her ear, and the woman looked up into Gabrielle's dark eyes, and murmured something between her sobs. Then they were all silent for a few moments.

"I think you are a widow?" Miss Vaux asked, gently, when she had become calmer.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, as though the word had been dragged from her, so much it seemed to pain her to speak it.

"And have you any children?"

A moment's pause, and then another "yes," hardly intelligible from the choking sob which accompanied it.

Miss Vaux was silent, looking inquiringly into the woman's face. It was partly turned from her, partly shaded with her thin hand; her large eyes looking up with a strange agonized look into Gabrielle's eyes, her pale lips moving convulsively. Gabrielle's face was almost as pale as hers; her look almost as full of agony.

Miss Vaux glanced from one to the other, at first with pity; then suddenly a quick change came over her face; a deep flush mounted to her brow, she darted from her seat; and, calm as she ordinarily was, her whole figure trembled as she stood before them, with her fierce gaze turned on them.

Pale as death, neither of them speaking, they bore her passionate look; quite motionless too, except that Gabrielle had instinctively clasped the widow's hand in hers, and held it tightly.

"Speak to me, Gabrielle!" Miss Vaux cried; and her voice, harsh, loud, and quivering with passion, echoed through the room; "tell me who this woman is?"

From the widow's lips there burst one word—one word like a sudden bitter cry—"Joanna!"

She stretched out her arms imploringly, trying to grasp even her daughter's dress; but Miss Vaux sprang from her, and stood erect in the centre of the room; her tall figure drawn to its full height; her burning eye still turned with unutterable anger upon the crouching woman near her.

"You have dared to do this. You have dared to seek us out here, where we had hoped to hide ourselves from the scoffing of the bitter, heartless world; where we had tried by acts of charity, by suffering, and penance, to blot out the recollection of the shame that you have brought upon us! Are we nowhere secure from you? What have we to do with you? You cast us off years ago."

"Sister, sister!" cried Gabrielle's imploring voice, "oh, remember, whatever she has done, that she is still our mother. Have mercy on her, for she can not bear this!"

But sternly and coldly came Miss Vaux's answer:

"Did she remember that we were her children when she left us? Did she remember that our father was her husband? We all loved her

then—she was very dear to us—but she turned all our warm love into bitterness. She destroyed our happiness at one stroke, forever; she blighted, without a pang, all the hope of our young lives; she branded us with a mark of shame that we can never shake off: she plunged an arrow into the heart of each of us, which lies festering there now. Are these things to be forgiven? I tell you it is impossible! I will never forgive her—I swore it by my father's deathbed—never while I live! Gabrielle, this is no place for you. Come home with me!"

"Hear me, first!" the mother cried, creeping from the seat in which she had sunk back, and cowering, with hidden face, had listened to her daughter's words, "hear me, before you go! I have deserved every thing—every thing you can say; but oh, from you it is bitter to hear it! Oh, my daughter, listen to me!" She flung herself at Miss Vaux's feet, on the bare floor.

"You speak of the sorrows I have brought upon you—the sorrow and the shame; but have they equaled what I have endured? Day and night—day and night—through months and years—fourteen long years—oh, think of it! I have wished to kill myself, but I dared not do it; I have prayed fervently to die. Oh, no, no, stay and listen to me! My last hope—my last hope in heaven and earth is only with you. Oh, my daughter! you say you loved me once—will not one spark of the old love live again? I will try yet once more to move you to pity. I have not told you all. I have not told you how, in my agony, I tried to find rest and peace; how I sought it every where—wandering from place to place alone, in hunger and thirst, in cold and weariness, in poverty and wretchedness; finding none any where, until at last, worn out with misery, I wandered here. And here I saw Gabrielle, my beautiful child, my love, my darling!"

The wan face lighted up with passionate love as she looked at her who was kneeling by her side.

"She believed me when I told her of my sorrow. She comforted me with such sweet words, that they sank like healing balm into my soul, as though an angel's voice had spoken them. Do not take her from me!"

"Mother, do not fear," Gabrielle's soothing voice whispered, "I will stay with you—did I not promise it?"

"Gabrielle!" cried Miss Vaux. "Come with me, and leave her. The tie that once bound us to her she herself has severed forever: we have nothing further to do with her. Gabrielle, come!"

"I can not come! She is my mother. I can not leave her."

"And we are your sisters. To whom do you owe most? We have watched over you through your life; we have shielded you from sorrow; we have loved you almost with the love that *she* ought to have given you. You have been the single joy that we have had for years. Have you no love to give us in return for all we have given you? Oh, Gabrielle—my sister, I pray you!—I, who

am so little used to entreat any one, I pray you for the sake of the love we have borne you—for the sake of the honor that is still left us—for the sake of all that you hold sacred—come, come back with us!”

A low moan burst from the mother's lips; for Gabrielle, weeping bitterly, rose from her knees, and threw herself into her sister's arms.

“Heaven bless you for this!” Miss Vaux exclaimed; but, interrupting her in a broken voice, Gabrielle cried, “You do not understand me. I can not return with you! No, sister. Any thing—any thing else I will do, but I can not forsake her in her penitence! Can you do it yourself? Oh, sister, will you not take her home?”

“I will not!”

There was a long pause, broken once or twice by the deep sobs that seemed bursting the mother's heart. Then Miss Vaux spoke again, earnestly, even imploringly:

“Gabrielle, I ask you once more, for the last time, to return with me. Foolish child, think what you are doing. You are bringing down your father's dying curse upon your head—you are piercing the hearts of those who love you with new and bitter sorrow; you are closing—willfully closing—against yourself the door that is still open to receive you: you are making yourself homeless—a wanderer—perhaps a beggar. Oh, my dear sister Gabrielle, think once more—think of all this!”

“Sister, spare me further: your words wound me; but I have decided, and I can not return with you. My mother's home is my home.”

“Then I say no more,” Miss Vaux exclaimed, while her whole figure shook. “May God forgive you for what you do this day!”

The door closed, and Gabrielle and her mother were left alone.

Gently and lovingly Gabrielle raised her from the ground, led her to her seat, and tried to calm and soothe her—though she wept herself the while—with cheerful, tender words:

“Mother, are you not glad to have me with you—your own little Gabrielle? You said it would make you happy, and yet see how you are weeping! Hush, mother dear, hush! I will be always with you now, to nurse you, and take care of you, and comfort you, and you will get strong and well soon; and some day, mother, some day perhaps their hearts will soften, and they will forgive us both, and take us home to them, and we will all live again together, loving one another.” And Gabrielle tried to smile through the tears that were falling still.

“My child, I am weak and selfish,” the mother said, “I should have told you to go back to your home, and to leave me; but I could not do it. Yet even now my heart is reproaching me for what I have done. How are we to live? My Gabrielle, you do not know how I have struggled and labored, sometimes, only for a crust of bread!”

“Mother, you shall labor no more. My sisters are very just: all that is mine, they will give me. We will live on very little; we will find out some little quiet village, where no one

will know who we are, or where we come from, and there we will rest together. I will never leave you more—never more until death parts us.”

She hung upon her mother's neck, kissing the pale brow and sunken cheek, and wiping away the tears that were yet falling: though more slowly and more calmly falling, now.

CHAPTER III.

“... Of whom may we seek for succor, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?...”

“... earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life....”

“I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write. From henceforth blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labors.”

It was a burial in a village church-yard, and standing by an open grave there was one mourner only, a woman—Bertha Vaux. Alone, in sadness and silence, with few tears—for she was little used to weep—she stood and looked upon her sister's funeral; stood and saw the coffin lowered, and heard the first handful of earth fall rattling on the coffin lid; then turned away, slowly, to seek her solitary house. The few spectators thought her cold and heartless; perhaps if they could have raised that black veil, they would have seen such sorrow in her face as might have moved the hearts of most of them.

The sun shone warmly over hill and vale that summer's day, but Bertha Vaux shivered as she stepped within the shadow of her lonely house. It was so cold there; so cold and damp and dark, as if the shadow of that death that had entered it was still lingering around. The stunted evergreens, on which, since they first grew, no sunlight had ever fallen, no single ray of golden light to brighten their dark sad leaves for years, looked gloomier, darker, sadder, than they had ever looked before; the very house, with its closed shutters—all closed except one in the room where the dead had lain—seemed mourning for the stern mistress it had lost. A lonely woman now, lonely and sad, was Bertha Vaux.

She sat in the summer evening in her silent cheerless room. It was so very still, not even a breath of wind to stir the trees; no voice of living thing to break upon her solitude; no sound even of a single footstep on the dusty road; but in the solitude that was around her, countless thoughts seemed springing into life; things long forgotten; feelings long smothered; hopes once bright—bright as the opening of her life had been, that had been faded and buried long ago.

She thought of the time when she and her sister, fifteen years ago, had come first to the lonely house where now she was; of a few years later—two or three—when another younger sister had joined them there; and it seemed to Bertha, looking back, as if the house had some-

times then been filled with sunlight. The dark room in which she sat had once been lightened up—was it with the light from Gabrielle's bright eyes? In these long sad fifteen years, that little time stood out so clearly, so hopefully; it brought the tears to Bertha's eyes, thinking of it in her solitude. And how had it ended? For ten years nearly, now—for ten long years—the name of Gabrielle had never been spoken in that house. The light was gone—extinguished in a moment, suddenly; a darkness deeper than before had ever since fallen on the lonely house.

The thought of the years that had passed since then—of their eventlessness and weary sorrow; and then the thought of the last scene of all—that scene which still was like a living presence to her—her sister's death.

Joanna Vaux had been cold, stern; and unforgiving to the last; meeting death unmoved; repenting of no hard thing that she had done throughout her sad, stern life; entering the valley of the shadow of death fearlessly. But that cold deathbed struck upon the heart of the solitary woman who watched beside it, and wakened thoughts and doubts there, which would not rest. She wept now as she thought of it, sadly and quietly, and some murmured words burst from her lips, which sounded like a prayer—not for herself only.

Then from her sister's death-bed she went far, far back—to her own childhood—and a scene rose up before her; one that she had closed her eyes on many a time before, thinking vainly that so she could crush it from her heart, but now she did not try to force it back. The dark room where she sat, the gloomy, sunless house, seemed fading from her sight; the long, long years, with their weary train of shame and suffering—all were forgotten. She was in her old lost home again—the home where she was born; she saw a sunny lawn embowered with trees, each tree familiar to her and remembered well, and she herself, a happy child, was standing there; and by her side—with soft arms twining round her, with tender voice, and gentle loving eyes, and bright hair glittering in the sunlight—there was one!

Oh, Bertha! hide thy face and weep. She was so lovely and so loving, so good and true, so patient and so tender, then. Oh! how could'st thou forget it all, and steel thy heart against her, and vow the cruel vow never to forgive her sin? Thy mother—thy own mother, Bertha! think of it.

A shadow fell across the window beside which she sat, and through her blinding tears Bertha looked up, and saw a woman standing there, holding by the hand a little child. Her face was very pale and worn, with sunken eyes and cheeks; her dress was mean and poor. She looked haggard and weary, and weak and ill; but Bertha knew that it was Gabrielle come back. She could not speak, for such a sudden rush of joy came to her softened heart that all words seemed swallowed up in it; such deep

thankfulness for the forgiveness that seemed given her, that her first thought was not a welcome, but a prayer.

Gabrielle stood without, looking at her with her sad eyes.

"We are alone," she said, "and very poor; will you take us in?"

Sobbing with pity and with joy, Bertha rose from her seat and hurried to the door. Trembling, she drew the wanderers in; then falling on her sister's neck, her whole heart melted, and she cried, with gushing tears:

"Gabrielle, dear sister Gabrielle, I, too, am all alone!"

The tale that Gabrielle had to tell was full enough of sadness. They had lived together, she and her mother, for about a year, very peacefully, almost happily; and then the mother died, and Gabrielle soon after married one who had little to give her but his love. And after that the years passed on with many cares and griefs—for they were very poor, and he not strong—but with a great love ever between them, which softened the pain of all they had to bear. At last, after being long ill, he died, and poor Gabrielle and her child were left to struggle on alone.

"I think I should have died," she said, as, weeping, she told her story to her sister, "if it had not been for my boy; and I could so well have borne to die; but, Bertha, I could not leave him to starve! It pierced my heart with a pang so bitter that I can not speak of it, to see his little face grow daily paler; his little feeble form become daily feebler and thinner; to watch the sad, unchildlike look fixing itself hourly deeper in his sweet eyes—so mournful, so uncomplaining, so full of misery. The sight killed me day by day; and then at last, in my despair, I said to myself that I would come again to you. I thought, sister—I hoped—that you would take my darling home, and then I could have gone away and died. But, God, bless you!—God bless you for the greater thing that you have done, my kind sister Bertha. Yes—kiss me, sister dear: it is so sweet. I never thought to feel a sister's kiss again."

Then kneeling down by Gabrielle's side, with a low voice Bertha said:

"I have thought of many things to-day. Before you came, Gabrielle, my heart was very full; for in the still evening, as I sat alone, the memories of many years came back to me as they have not done for very long. I thought of my two sisters: how the one had ever been so good, and loving, and true-hearted; the other—though she was just, or believed herself to be so—so hard, and stern, and harsh—as, God forgive me, Gabrielle, I too have been. I thought of this, and understood it clearly, as I had never done before: and then my thoughts went back, and rested on my mother—on our old home—on all the things that I had loved so well, long ago, and that for years had been crushed down in my heart and smothered there. Oh, Gabrielle, such things rushed back upon me; such thoughts of

her whom we have scorned so many years; such dreams of happy by-gone days; such passionate regrets; such hope, awakening from its long, long sleep—no, sister, let me weep—do not wipe the tears away: let me tell you of my penitence and grief—it does me good; my heart is so full—so full that I *must* speak now, or it would burst!”

“Then you shall speak to me, and tell me all, dear sister. Ah! we have both suffered—we will weep together. Lie down beside me; see, there is room here for both. Yes; lay your head upon me; rest it on my shoulder. Give me your hand now—ah! how thin it is—almost as thin as mine. Poor sister Bertha: poor, kind sister!”

So gently Gabrielle soothed her, forgetting her own grief and weariness in Bertha's more bitter suffering and remorse. It was very beautiful to see how tenderly and patiently she did it, and how her gentle words calmed down the other's passionate sorrow. So different from one another their grief was. Gabrielle's was a slow, weary pain, which, day by day, had gradually withered her, eating its way into her heart; then resting there, fixing itself there forever. Bertha's was like the quick, sudden piercing of a knife—a violent sorrow, that did its work in hours instead of years, convulsing body and soul for a little while, purifying them as with a sharp fire, then passing away and leaving no aching pain behind, but a new cleansed spirit.

In the long summer twilight—the beautiful summer twilight that never sinks into perfect night—these two women lay side by side together; she that was oldest in suffering still comforting the other, until Bertha's tears were dried, and exhausted with the grief that was so new to her, she lay silent in Gabrielle's arms—both silent, looking into the summer night, and thinking of the days that were forever past. And sleeping at their feet lay Gabrielle's child, not forgotten by her watchful love, though the night had deepened so that she could not see him where he lay.

CHAPTER IV.

“WE will not stay here, sister,” Bertha had said. “This gloomy house will always make us sad. It is so dark and cold here, and Willie, more than any of us, needs the sunlight to strengthen and cheer him, poor boy.”

“And I too shall be glad to leave it,” Gabrielle answered.

So they went. They did not leave the village; it was a pretty quiet place, and was full of old recollections to them—more bitter than sweet, perhaps, most of them—but still such as it would have been pain to separate themselves from entirely, as, indeed, it is always sad to part from things and places which years, either of joy or sorrow, have made us used to. So they did not leave it, but chose a little cottage, a mile or so from their former house—a pleasant little cottage in a dell, looking to the south, with

honey-suckle and ivy twining together over it, up to the thatched roof. A cheerful little nook it was, not over-bright or gay, but shaded with large trees all round it, through whose green branches the sunlight came, softened and mellowed, into the quiet rooms. An old garden, too, there was, closed in all round with elm trees—a peaceful, quiet place, where one would love to wander, or to lie for hours upon the grass, looking through the green leaves upward to the calm blue sky.

To Gabrielle, wearied with her sorrow, this place was like an oasis in the desert. It was so new a thing to her to find rest any where: to find one little spot where she could lay her down, feeling no care for the morrow. Like one exhausted with long watching, she seemed now for a time to fall asleep.

The summer faded into autumn; the autumn into winter. A long, cold winter it was, the snow lying for weeks together on the frozen ground; the bitter, withering, east wind moaning day and night, through the great branches of the bare old elms, swaying them to and fro, and strewing the snowy earth with broken boughs; a cold and bitter winter, withering not only trees and shrubs, but sapping out the life from human hearts.

He was a little delicate boy, that child of Gabrielle's. To look at him, it seemed a wonder how he ever could have lived through all their poverty and daily struggles to get bread; how that little feeble body had not sunk into its grave long ago. In the bright summer's days a ray of sunlight had seemed to pierce to the little frozen heart, and warming the chilled blood once more, had sent it flowing through his veins, tinging the pale cheek with rose; but the rose faded as the summer passed away, and the little marble face was pale as ever when the winter snow began to fall; the large dark eyes, which had reflected the sunbeams for a few short months, were heavy and dim again. And then presently there came another change. A spot of crimson—a deep red rose—not pale and delicate like the last, glowed often on each hollow cheek; a brilliant light burned in the feverish, restless eye; a hollow, painful cough shook the little emaciated frame. So thin he was, so feeble, so soon wearied. Day by day the small thin hand grew thinner and more transparent; the gentle voice and childish laugh lower and feebler; the sweet smile sweeter, and fainter, and sadder.

And Gabrielle saw it all, and bowing to the earth in bitter mourning, prepared herself for this last great sorrow.

The spring came slowly on—slowly, very slowly. The green leaves opened themselves, struggling in their birth with the cold wind. It was very clear and bright; the sun shone all day long; but for many weeks there had been no rain, and the ground was quite parched up.

“No, Willie, dear,” Gabrielle said, “you mustn't go out to-day. It is too cold for you yet, dear boy.”

"But, indeed, it isn't cold, mother. Feel here, where the sun is falling, how warm it is; put your hand upon it. Oh, mother, let me go out," poor Willie said, imploringly. "I am so weary of the hours. I won't try to run about, only let me go and lie in the sunlight?"

"Not to-day, my darling, wait another day; perhaps the warm winds will come. Willie, dear child, it would make you ill, you must not go."

"You say so every day, mother," Willie said, sadly, "and my head is aching so with staying in the house."

And at last, he praying so much for it, one day they took him out. It was a very sunny day, with scarcely a cloud in the bright blue sky; and Bertha and Gabrielle made a couch for him in a warm sheltered corner, and laid him on it. Poor child, he was so glad to feel himself in the open air again. It made him so happy, that he laughed and talked as he had not done for months before; lying with his mother's hand in his, supported in her arms, she kneeling so lovingly beside him, listening with a strange passionate mingling of joy and misery to the feeble but merry little voice that, scarcely ever ceasing, talked to her.

Poor Gabrielle, it seemed to her such a fearful mockery of the happiness that she knew could never be hers any more forever; but, forcing back her grief upon her own sad heart, she laughed and talked gayly with him, showing by no sign how sorrowful she was.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, suddenly clapping his little wasted hands, "I see a violet—a pure white violet, in the dark leaves there. Oh, fetch it to me! It's the first spring flower. The very first violet of all! Oh, mother, dear, I love them—the little sweet-smelling flowers."

"Your eyes are quicker than mine, Willie; I shouldn't have seen it, it is such a little thing. There it is, dear boy. I wish there were more for you."

"Ah, they will soon come now. I am so glad I have seen the first. Mother, do you remember how I used to gather them at home, and bring them to papa when he was ill? He liked them, too—just as I do now."

"I remember it well, dear," Gabrielle answered, softly.

"How long ago that time seems now," Willie said; then, after a moment's peace, he asked a little sadly, "Mother, what makes me so different now from what I used to be? I was so strong and well once, and could run about the whole day long; mother, dear, when shall I run about again?"

"You are very weak, dear child, just now. We mustn't talk of running about for a little time to come."

"No, not for a little time; but when do you think, mother?" The little voice trembled suddenly: "I feel sometimes so weak—so weak, as if I never could get strong again."

Hush Gabrielle! Press back that bitter sob into thy sorrowful heart, lest the dying child hear it!

"Do not fear, my darling, do not fear. You will be quite well, very soon now."

He looked into her tearful eye, as she tried to smile on him, with a strange unchildlike look, as if he partly guessed the meaning in her words, but did not answer her, nor could she speak again, just then.

"Mother, sing to me," he said; "sing one of the old songs I used to love. I haven't heard you sing for—oh, so long!"

Pressing her hand upon her bosom, to still her heart's unquiet beating, Gabrielle tried to sing one of the old childish songs with which, in days long past, she had been wont to nurse her child asleep. The long silent voice—silent here so many years—awoke again, ringing through the still air with all its former sweetness. Though fainter than it was of old, Bertha heard it, moving through the house; and came to the open window to stand there and listen, smiling to herself to think that Gabrielle could sing again, and half-weeping at some other thoughts which the long unheard voice recalled to her.

"Oh, mother, I like that," Willie murmured softly, as the song died away, "it's like long ago to hear you sing."

They looked into one another's eyes, both filling fast with tears; then Willie, with childish sympathy, though knowing little why she grieved, laid his arm round her neck, trying with his feeble strength to draw her toward him. She bent forward to kiss him; then hid her face upon his neck that he might not see how bitterly she wept, and he, stroking her soft hair with his little hand, murmured the while some gentle words that only made her tears flow faster. So they lay, she growing calmer presently, for a long while.

"Now, darling, you have staid here long enough," Gabrielle said at last, "you must let me carry you into the house again."

"Must I go so soon, mother? See how bright the sun is still."

"But see, too, how long and deep the shadows are getting, Willie. No, my dear one, you must come in now."

"Mother, dear, I am so happy to-day—so happy, and so much better than I have been for a long time, and I know it is only because you have let me come out here, and lie in the sunlight. You will let me come again—every day, dear mother?"

How could she refuse the pleading voice its last request? How could she look upon the little shrunken figure, upon the little face, with its beseeching gentle eyes, and deny him what he asked—that she might keep him to herself a few short days longer?

"You shall come, my darling, if it makes you so happy," she said very softly: then she took him in her arms, and bore him to the house, kissing him with a wild passion that she could not hide.

And so for two or three weeks, in the bright sunny morning, Willie was always laid on his

couch in the sheltered corner near the elm trees ; but though he was very happy lying there, and would often talk gayly of the time when he should be well again, he never got strong any more.

Day by day Gabrielle watched him, knowing that the end was coming very near ; but, with her strong mother's love, hiding her sorrow from him. She never told him that he was dying ; but sometimes they spoke together of death, and often—for he liked to hear her—she would sing sweet hymns to him, that told of the heaven he was so soon going to.

For two or three weeks it went on thus, and then the last day came. He had been suffering very much with the terrible cough, each paroxysm of which shook the wasted frame with a pain that pierced to Gabrielle's heart : and all day he had had no rest. It was a day in May—a soft warm day. But the couch beneath the trees was empty. He was too weak even to be carried there, but lay restlessly turning on his little bed, through the long hours, showing by his burning cheek, and bright but heavy eye, how ill and full of pain he was. And by his side, as ever, Gabrielle knelt, soothing him with tender words ; bathing the little hands, and moistening the lips ; bending over him and gazing on him with all her passionate love beaming in her tearful eyes. But she was wonderfully calm—watching like a gentle angel over him.

Through the long day, and far into the night, and still no rest or ease. Gabrielle never moved from beside him : she could feel no fatigue : her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a strange strength. At last, he was so weak that he could not raise his head from the pillow.

He lay very still, with his mother's hand in his ; the flush gradually passing away from his cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble ; the weary eye half closed.

"You are not suffering much, my child?"

"Oh no, mother, not now. I am so much better!"

So much better ! How deep the words went down into her heart !

"I am so sleepy," said the little plaintive voice again. "If I go to sleep, wouldn't you sleep too ? You must be so tired, mother."

"See, my darling, I will lie down here by you ; let me raise your head a moment—there—lay it upon me. Can you sleep so ?"

"Ah, yes, mother ; that is very good."

He was closing his eyes, when a strong impulse that Gabrielle could not resist, made her rouse him for a moment, for she knew that he was dying.

"Willie, before you sleep, have you strength to say your evening prayer?"

"Yes, mother."

Meekly folding the little thin, white hands, he offered up his simple thanksgiving ; then said, "Our Father." The little voice, toward the end, was very faint and weak ; and as he finished, his head, which he had feebly tried to bend forward, fell back more heavily on Gabrielle's bosom.

"Good-night, mother dear. Go to sleep."

"Good-night, my darling. God bless you, Willie, my child !"

And then they never spoke to one another any more. One sweet look upward to his mother's face, and the gentle eyes closed forever.

As he fell asleep, through the parted curtains, the morning light stole faintly in. Another day was breaking ; but before the sun rose, Gabrielle's child was dead. Softly in his sleep the spirit had passed away. When Bertha came in, after the few hours' rest that she had snatched, she found the chamber all quiet, and Gabrielle still holding, folded in her arms, the lifeless form that had been so very dear to her.

There was no violent grief in her. His death had been so peaceful and so holy, that at first she did not even shed tears. Quite calmly she knelt down by his side, when they had laid him in his white dress on the bed, and kissed his pale brow and lips, looking almost reproachfully on Bertha as, standing by her side, she sobbed aloud ; quite calmly, too, she let them lead her from the room ; and as they bade her, she lay down upon her bed, and closed her eyes as if to sleep. And then in her solitude, in the darkened room, she wept quite silently, stretching out her arms, and crying for her child.

For many years, two gentle, quiet women lived alone, in the little cottage in the dell ; moving among the dwellers in that country village like two ministering angels ; nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping the needy, soothing many a death-bed with their gentle, holy words ; spreading peace around them wheresoever their footsteps went. And often in the summer evenings, one of them, the youngest and most beautiful, would wend her quiet way to the old church-yard ; and there, in a green, sunny spot, would calmly sit and work for hours, while the lime-trees waved their leaves above her, and the sunlight shining through them, danced and sparkled on a little grave.

A PANTHER HUNT.

BARKING and yelping, with noses close to the ground, three noble hounds of rare breed rushed through the thickly-grown wood, sometimes losing the track amidst the withered leaves, then, snuffing about the decayed and prostrate trees, they would once more resume the chase in full cry—a sure sign that their pursuit was of the bear or panther, and not the nimble-footed stag which, if it did at times lure them for a brief period from the path, never rendered them wholly untrue to it.

They had now reached a spot where their foe had evidently been for a time, and must have crossed their road ; for, stopping for a moment, they sought, whimpering wildly, more eagerly than ever through the closely-hanging parasitical plants which, like a living wall, encircled the place, then returning again and again to the centre, renewed their howls and lamentations as before.

Suddenly the bushes parted, and a young man on a small black Indian pony, cutting by one

vigorous stroke, with the broad hunting-knife he held in his hand, the creepers which threatened to drag him off his horse, leaped in directly between the hounds, who, delighted at his appearance, fawned upon him for an instant, then, urged to redoubled zeal by the neighborhood of their master, proceeded anew in their search.

"So! so! my brave dogs!" cried the young hunter, stopping to replace his knife in its sheath, and laying the rifle which he carried on his shoulder on the saddle before him. "So! right! seek! seek you here, on the road, and this time I think we shall succeed in nabbing the pig-stealer that has escaped us so often. Hurrah!" shouted he, raising himself in his saddle, as he saw the oldest of the dogs taking the lead, and, followed closely by the others, plunge at once into the thicket. "Hurrah!" And throwing his gun again across his shoulder, as he seized the reins in his right hand and pressed his heels against the pony's side, he flew in wild bounds after the dogs. On the way lay trunks of trees, overgrown bushes, marshy sloughs, and slimy channels, but nothing could repress their ardor. Onward and onward still they went, followed by the black pony snorting and foaming, and its rider huzzaing loudly with delight. Once more the hounds stopped, but this time from no uncertainty as to the path their enemy had taken, for, barking and howling, they sprang at one of the mightiest oaks on the upland, gnawing with rage the roots and bark of the noble tree which had afforded shelter to their foe, and thus hindered their pursuit of him. The hunter now arrived at the chosen spot, and without staying to check his horse, he leaped in one bound, which almost overset the animal, from out his saddle, and began with eager glance to search throughout the thick leaves of the tree, round which the dogs were jumping in so much exultation; and soon espied 'twixt two of the branches the form of some living creature which, clinging closely to the boughs, seemed to deem itself altogether unnoticed and concealed. It was, indeed, sufficiently dark amidst the shade of the thick foliage for a less practiced eye than that of our young habitant of the forest to have remained some time in doubt as to the description of animal which so earnestly sought to shun his observation. But Weston's eagle eye soon recognized, in the crouching figure and long tail, which it could not perfectly conceal, the panther's cub, and raised his gun to fetch it more certainly from its height, while the dogs, breathless with expectation, looked, now toward the rifle from which they momentarily expected to see the flash, and now toward the summit of the oak, in whose branches they knew their enemy to be. But in vain was the low whine with which they hoped to hasten the proceedings of their master; he seemed suddenly to change his mind, and, laying his gun aside, he commenced once more a cautious and attentive examination of the tree. Reassured at length, apparently, of that which he desired to know, he unbuckled the belt in

which his knife and tomahawk were stuck, and taking off his hunting-shirt, again returned toward the oak, from which the dogs, though anxiously observant of his every movement, had never once removed their eyes.

"I will try," he murmured to himself, "and take it alive; for if I bring a young panther to Little Rock, I shall readily obtain my ten or fifteen dollars for it; but if, on the other hand, I shoot it, its skin will be worth nothing. The old one must have left it, as I can not see it any where in the tree, and, for ten dollars, one may for once bear a few scratches from the young chap. So look out, Master Panther! I'm coming!"

With these words he went to his pony, which was grazing quietly hard by, unslung a rope from around its neck, buckled on his girdle again, in which he replaced his knife, but left the tomahawk behind, and began to ascend the mighty tree; drawing the rope three times round the stem, which he could not firmly clasp, and, fastening the ends together, he seized it sometimes with the right and sometimes with the left arm, and by its assistance cautiously mounted up to the top; while the hounds, comprehending instantly what he meant, jumped with delight around the oak. Slowly then, indeed, but surely, he climbed nearly forty feet up the slender body ere he arrived at the first branch; when, stopping for a moment to rest himself and take breath, he felt if his knife was still secure, and looked up toward the young panther, which remained almost motionless, and clinging to the same branches as at first. Weston then slung the rope, which he no longer needed, round his shoulder, and, making use of the twigs as rails for his natural ladder, he ascended quickly and lightly toward the cub, which, though it did not move in the least, still kept its fiery eyes fixed on its approaching foe. But yet wilder glances were watching the progress of our hunter, who was wholly unconscious of the proximity of so grim and dangerous a foe—none other than the mother of the cub, who lay, with tail gently waving, in one of the withered trees that stood beside, with branches interlaced in that in which he was, ready for the spring, and seeming but to await his nearer approach ere, with a vigorous bound, she threw herself, tooth and claw, upon the audacious man who would dare to seize her offspring. Carelessly, then, swinging from bough to bough, Weston was now close under the young one, who, raising itself gently, after the fashion of a cat, with its back up, stood upon the branch and looked down upon the hunter as if not perfectly comprehending the danger to be apprehended from him.

Weston stopped, and, taking the rope from off his shoulder, he formed a noose with it to catch over the panther's head; then, settling himself firmly between two branches, he looked up in expectation of the proper moment for attack, and saw, directly opposite and hardly ten paces from him, the glowing eyes of the female as she bent down in readiness for the spring.

Brought up from childhood in the woods, and

well acquainted with the dangers which so often threaten the solitary sportsman, Weston retained in this fearful moment presence of mind enough to place the body of the tree between him and his enemy, ere the latter could divine his intention; and this he fortunately succeeded in effecting just in time, as that instant the dark figure of the panther leaped upon the spot he had quitted, and gazed with fiery eyes on the undaunted hunter, who, with his left arm clasped around a branch, held in his right hand his bare knife, as with every breath he drew he expected to see the enraged animal spring down upon him. She, however, intimidated by the eye he kept firmly fixed upon her, was satisfied to know of the safety of her young, and to lie attentively marking every movement of her foe at scarcely six paces from him. At this moment, Weston first believed that he was lost; for even if able to use his knife, a good stout weapon, against his grim antagonist, still the place on which he stood, and from whence the slightest false step would dash him headlong to the ground, was by no means suitable for so fearful a struggle. But perceiving then that his adversary was content with merely watching him, he swiftly but cautiously, and without any rash movement, which might irritate the monster, replaced the knife in its sheath, and slowly commenced his retreat. The panther, seeing him remove further and further away, followed him leisurely: and often did he feel for his weapon, as he saw her about to take a leap, yet without ever daring to bring himself to an open and eye to eye encounter.

Arriving, then, once more at the last branch, he again fastened the rope around the stem and slid as quickly as possible down it. The dogs, meanwhile, driven almost to despair by perceiving their enemy in the branches without being able to get at her, jumped and howled in a heart-breaking manner about. At length Weston once more regained the firm ground, with clothes torn, blood oozing from his arms, cut by the rough bark of the tree, his knees trembling, and strength exhausted. But not one moment did he allow himself for repose; but hastening to where his gun was laid, he seized and leveled it toward the panther's fancied place of security. Vain, however, were all his efforts to hold the heavy barrel steady for a second—his limbs shook; so he was compelled to throw himself down to rest, yet without withdrawing his eye an instant from the form of the animal, which was now close to the stem, and its young one, no longer apprehensive of danger, with tail uplifted, stretching itself comfortably on the bough beside its mother. Weston soon recovered himself, and seizing once more his rifle, took a long and steady aim, until the distant hills reverberated with the echo of its thunder. The beast, pierced through by the ball, drew itself together, and sprang in furious haste from bough to bough, the branches bending beneath her weight, until she gained the lofty summit of the tree, when, having reached the highest point, and striving to get still further, the slender foliage gave way

and she toppled over, clutching with powerful claws at every leaf and twig in her descent, till, with a mighty crash, amidst the expectant howling of the dogs, she fell at Weston's feet. There was now no further impediment to the capture of the young one, who had followed the mother in terror to the lower branches of the tree; but Weston's nerves had been too strained in his first attempt to admit of his trying the perilous path anew. So reloading his gun, he brought it in one shot within reach of the dogs who flew upon it in fury.

In a brief space the skins were thrown across the pony's back, and away trotted our bold hunter, followed by his hounds, in search of new dangers and fresh prey.

A REMINISCENCE OF A BOW-STREET OFFICER.

I AM an old man now, and though my life has been full of adventures, some of a rather odd, and some of a hazardous description, it is very little that has been said about them. It was not near so much the fashion in my time as it is now to let all the world know how the secret and silent machinery of justice did its business. We, whose function it was to work out the retribution due to crime, kept our own counsel, and made no more revelations than we were obliged to make. We could not afford to do so, in fact. We had not the means and facilities that later times have afforded to our successors. Railways existed only in the brains of projectors and speculators, whom the wise world looked upon as madmen; and the electric telegraph had not even got so far as to be laughed at, which I have observed is generally the first step forward of all great discoveries. So, as I said, we kept our own counsel, and made up, as far as we could, by secrecy, cunning, and stratagem for the want of better tools to work with. Fifty years ago thief-taking had not grown into a science, and there was then much more uncertainty in the practice even of sciences than there is at present. Still, we did not let all the rogues escape us; and I am given to understand they are not all caught even now. In deprecation of the present fashion of decrying us old fellows who are laid upon the shelf, perhaps I may be allowed to present the reader with a short sample of my own experience, which will show that we did something, at any rate, toward the capture and punishment of offenders.

It is now between thirty and forty years ago that a tradesman, in a large way of business in the city of Bath, inclosed in a very corpulent letter, directed to a wholesale house in London, a heavy sum of money, amounting, if I recollect right, to little short of £2000 in Bank of England notes. The letter, which was posted by the tradesman himself, never reached its destination. No trace of it could be discovered, upon inquiry at the post-offices, either in Bath or London; but it was found that before any investigation had been set on foot, some days having unavoidably elapsed ere any suspicion

of robbery occurred, the whole of the stolen notes had been passed in London, and most of them had found their way to the cash-boxes of different bankers. To me was assigned the task of scenting out the trail of the thief; and I immediately set about the business, though I must confess with very indifferent hope of success. The notes had, as I soon became aware, all been changed by one person, so that there was probably no confederate in the crime, and consequently less chance of discovery. The descriptions given by the different persons who had changed the notes of the person who had paid them away, though they varied very much in many particulars, as descriptions of persons always do, yet tallied in one respect: they all described him as a merry, vivacious, gentlemanly man of about thirty-five years of age, and a little under the middle size. In one place, moreover, where he had changed a hundred-pound note to pay for a green-striped silk dress, he was accompanied by a lady, young, tall, sprightly, but not handsome. The young shopman at the draper's in Oxford-street, who gave me this clew, added further, that he thought the lady was no stranger to town, she having been to the shop since alone for ribbons to match the silk, and that perhaps she might be met with without much trouble. I thought so too, and, furnished with a pattern of silk from the same piece, I commenced a prowl, which I continued day and night in all likely and unlikely localities, endeavoring to match my pattern upon the dresses of young ladies "tall, sprightly, but not handsome." My exertions were not without their reward. I found the lady, habited as I expected, in the green-striped silk—but was no nearer to the thief than before. She was the daughter of a woman who kept a lodging-house in Piccadilly. The person who had changed the notes was a lodger, who had staid in town for a few days only—who had appeared to take a particular pleasure in her society—had induced her, with her parents' consent, to accompany him in a round of sight-seeing—had treated her very handsomely, and purchased for her several trinkets and the dress in question. He had given out that he was on his way to France; but this I soon discovered, was nothing but a blind, since he had never applied for a passport in London, and I could meet with no trace of him at Calais or Boulogne, where he might have obtained one for the interior. I could do no more. The rogue had been too cunning to leave a trail behind him, and, unless accident should turn him up, had effectually given justice the slip. Meanwhile, other events occurred of more stirring interest, which drove him entirely out of my mind, and the affair soon vanished altogether from my recollection.

About three years afterward the delightful city of Bath was honored with the presence of certain scions of royalty and the élite of the fashionable world, who all at once took it into their heads that the hot springs, once so refreshing to the pigs of King Bladud, might prove

equally invigorating to the blood royal. A full season was expected, and a full season there was. Together with the nobility of the capital, down came the invariable attendants in those days upon wealth and fashion, a huge shoal, to wit, of gamblers, sharpers, and the swell-mob, who calculated, not without reason, upon reaping a good harvest among the unsophisticated citizens of "the west countree." But the authorities at Bow-street, who were perfectly well aware of what was going on, not willing to let them have all the fun to themselves, resolved to have a hand in the game, and to seize the opportunity of thinning the ranks of the pick-pockets especially, and of sending a batch of the old offenders upon their travels for the good of the country. It would have been easy to frighten them back to London, by allowing a few of my London colleagues to show their well-known faces in the streets of Bath. It was judged better to take the worst of the rascals, if it could be managed, *in flagrante delicto*, and rid the realm of them at once as a warning to the rest. For this purpose, I, as I knew the town and was known to many of the inhabitants in consequence of my investigations on the subject of the post-office robbery, was sent down to take what measures I chose for the speedy capture of the light-fingered race. Having communicated my plan, and made some necessary arrangements with the corporation-officers, I walked forth the day after my arrival, rigged out as the very model of a gentleman farmer, and with eyes, mouth, and pockets wide open, and a stout gold-headed cane in my hand, strolled leisurely through the fashionable thoroughfares, the pump-room, and the assembly-rooms, like a fat goose waiting to be plucked. I wore a pair of yellow gloves well wadded, to save me from falling, through a moment's inadvertency, into my own snare, which snare consisted of about fifty fish-hooks, large black hackles, firmly sewn, barb downward, into each of the pockets of my bran new leather breeches. The most blundering "prig" alive might have easily got his hand to the bottom of my pockets, but to get it out again, without tearing every particle of flesh from the bones, was a sheer impossibility. As I lounged staring about, I took care never to see any of my old customers until the convulsive tug at one or other of the pockets announced the capture of a thief. I then coolly linked my arm in that of the prisoner, told him in a confidential whisper who I was, and professed to wonder that he did not know me; assured him I did not wish to hurt his feelings by exposure, as he was a bit of a gentleman; and, walking him off to a private receptacle in Orange Grove, where my coadjutors were in waiting, released him from hook to be consigned to the tender mercies of Crook, who was then a magistrate of the city. I should perhaps be accused of boasting, if I declared how many head of game I bagged the first day. One circumstance made me laugh in spite of myself: as I was walking off with the first victim, we came bolt upon his "pal," who,

seeing me arm-in-arm with his fellow, naturally supposed I was a picked-up pigeon, and, eager for his share of the plucking, actually walked with us into the trap without being hooked. The second day's sport was much less productive than the first; the ruse had somehow got wind, and the rogues had taken a panic. On the third day I showed myself in my true colors, and, in company with the town police, scoured out the dens of the evil-doers, and warned all that yet remained of the London practitioners to quit the town within twelve hours. This, and the seizure of a couple of gambling-gangs, with their apparatus, in a house in Milson-street, effectually dispersed the cloud of villainy that had settled upon the city, and I began before a week had elapsed to think of returning home. Accordingly, I took a place in the mail which left the York House at nine o'clock, and amused myself in the interim by walking about the town and gossiping occasionally with those of the inhabitants with whom I had formed a temporary acquaintance.

I was standing at the corner of Milson-street, near Loder's music-shop, and laughing with the Rev. Mr. —, officiating curate of the — Church, when we were joined by a gentlemanly man, who shook hands with the curate and inquired the subject of our mirth, bowing politely to me. Mr. — introduced us to each other, when, upon looking in the stranger's face, an undefinable something secretly told me that though I did not know him, and though I could not recollect having ever seen him before, yet that I ought to have known him, and *must* know him and all about him by some means or other. I took good notice of his countenance and figure, and my conviction of some as yet unaccountable connection between him and me grew momentarily stronger and stronger. He did not once look me in the face, and I thought changed color slightly when he heard my vocation mentioned; he very shortly took his leave. I inquired immediately who he was. "Oh," said Mr. —, "he is the landlord of the Fox, at Midford, a most welcome personage, I can assure you, to the eyes of an angler, after a warm day's fishing in Coombe-brook; a very worthy and respectable sort of man he is, and a most attentive host." I could not make it out, nor for the life of me account for the strange ideas that ran in my head—the presentiment that already rose in my mind that it was my destiny to coil a halter round the neck of that "worthy and respectable sort of man." Do what I would I could not get the notion out of my head all the evening. At length the time came for starting. I walked to the coach-office, clapped my portmanteau in the front boot, and, as Fate would have it, found myself the sole inside passenger. Here, left to my own thoughts, as the mail rattled lightly along the dark road, I began calling myself to account why the common-place physiognomy of the stranger I had met in the afternoon, and whom I had never, to my knowledge, seen before, should haunt me incessantly as it did. I

ran over in my mind all my experience in the profession, from the very first pickpocket captured twenty years before down to the transactions of yesterday. That face was never among the number of my prisoners. No, it was altogether new to me; and yet, I thought again, is that the face of one whom I ought to have captured, though I never did? Let me see. I began again to revise all the fruitless chases I had made in the course of my life, and to compare the descriptions of every missing rogue with the face and figure of the stranger. Before the coach stopped for supper at Newbury I had come upon the right scent. "That's the man," said I, to myself, "who stole the two thousand pound letter from the post-office, three years ago!" After supper, I had leisure to think the matter over, and to form my plans; and having settled what I would do, I went comfortably to sleep, and enjoyed a good night's rest at my ease in the coach. I reported myself at the office the same morning, and requested a private conference with my superiors. It was immediately granted, when I stated that I had grounds for supposing myself at length in the way of clearing up the affair of the robbery, and asked for leave to pursue the investigation in my own way, with such assistance only as I should see fit to apply for. No objection was made to my demand, and, supplied with the necessary funds, I immediately set off in search of the young shopman who had guided me in the matter of the sprightly young lady. Though he had left his situation in Oxford-street, he had fortunately left his present address behind him, and we were soon in conference. To my inquiry whether he would be still able to identify the man we sought, "Yes," said he, "at any time, among a thousand others." "Then," said I, "you will come with me and notice every man into whose company I bring you; and if you should see him, you will pull out your watch and say to him, 'Oblige me with the time by you, sir, my watch is stopped.'" I took a couple of places in the Bath coach for the same night, and having first placed a watch upon the motions of the sprightly young lady, who was still at the maternal home in Piccadilly, I again started off with my companion early in the evening for the city of the hot springs.

In the afternoon of the next day, having refreshed ourselves after our journey with a nap of a couple of hours and a good dinner, I made a call, in company with the young draper, upon the Rev. Mr. —. "What! not gone yet?" said he, "I thought you were in London long before this." I did not think it necessary to undeceive him. "Why," said I, "I have met with a young friend; and as I think I have a right to a day's holiday, I mean to take a turn at trout-fishing along with him. I am come to ask if you will condescend to join us. You were saying the other day that you knew of some place where we might catch fish, and get a decent dinner afterward; if you will make one of our party and bring any friend with you, we may, perhaps, spend a pleasant day together."

The reverend gentleman was nothing loth, and we agreed to set forth directly after breakfast on the following morning. I now went to the Town-hall in search of a couple of the city officers in whom I knew I might confide, and engaging them to be at the brook near Midford-bridge, fishing-rods in hand, on the morrow, informed them that they were to keep an eye on the landlord of the "Fox," and in case of any symptoms of a meditated escape, to take him into custody. This precaution I thought necessary, as it was possible, were he the man I sought, he might recollect the face of the shopman who had sold him the striped silk, and slope off without waiting to cook our dinner for us. As we emerged from the Town-hall, and were descending the steps, my eye lighted upon a couple of young fellows, who with rods in their hands and creels at their hips, were evidently just returned from a day's fishing. I asked them what sport, got into conversation, and following them into the upper parlor of an inn in the Boroughwalls, sat down with them to taste the publican's Burton ale. The discourse was of trout and of trout-fishing, and I made many inquiries as to the different brooks in the neighborhood. At last Midford was mentioned, and the "Fox Inn" followed as a matter of course. I pretended to be struck with the name of the landlord of the "Fox," and asked who he was, where he came from—could it be my old friend? "Oh!" said one of the young fellows, "H—— can tell you all about him; we'll have him up. Here, waiter, call Mr. H——." The waiter disappeared, and the publican came up-stairs. "Here's a gentleman who wants to know about ——, as keeps the 'Fox' at Midford; you can tell'n all about him." "Yes," said I, "I want to know whether he is a friend of mine—that's all. How long has this gentleman kept the 'Fox?' and what was he before he kept that house?" "Oh!" said the publican, "he hasn't kept that house many years; he were in the post-office here, long enough afore he took to that. He've got a goodish business in summer-time out there, but he doan't do much in the winter. 'Tis but a little place, you know." "Ah, he is not my friend," said I; "I beg pardon for troubling you." "No trouble at all, sir," and the publican disappeared.

In the post-office, thought I; we're on the right track, as to-morrow will show. The morrow came, and a glorious day for fishing they said it was. The curate and a friend he brought with him, and I and the young draper, stepped into a hired chaise at half-past nine in the morning, and drove off to Midford. We surmounted slowly the huge hill, and drew up at the door of the "Fox" in less than an hour. I seized my rod, and, pushing my companion before me, made for the brook-side beyond the mill, pretending eagerness for the sport, and begging our friends to order dinner, and then rejoin us. I was afraid lest the landlord should catch a glimpse of us, and, disliking our appearance, make himself scarce; and I was unwilling, too,

to spoil the sport of the party. The day was warm and close, but cloudy at times; and the two gentlemen, who understood the craft of angling, had good success. The draper and I, on the other hand, made a sorry affair of it. A dozen times, at least, the fish broke away our hooks, and, when at last the draper caught one, he broke the rod in lugging it out. As for me, I caught none. I was all the while thinking of a bigger fish, which I was afraid was lying shy in the public-house, and might not be induced to come out of his hole. But these were groundless fears. The stable-boy came running across the meadow about five o'clock, to tell us dinner was waiting; and we saw the landlord himself, without his coat, standing on the little plank-bridge by the mill, and signing with his hands for us to make haste, at the distance of half a mile. We found the ducks and green peas smoking on the table, and a tidy lass in waiting. I bade her tell her master to bring a bottle of his best sherry. She withdrew, and, in a few minutes, the landlord came in all smiles and good-humor, bottle and corkscrew in hand, and began drawing the cork.

As the wine glugged forth into the decanter, the draper, who just then, was thinking of nothing but satisfying his appetite, started, turned pale, and, recovering himself as he met my glance, pulled out his watch, and, turning to the unconscious victim of the law, said, "Landlord, oblige me with the exact time by you; my watch is stopped."

"The exact time," said the other, obsequiously, "is sixteen minutes past five to a second."

The die was cast.

The gentlemen all enjoyed their dinner, and, for the matter of that, so did I mine. The landlord waited upon us with the utmost glee and alacrity, laughed at the passing jokes till the tears ran out of his eyes, took wine with the curate, with whom he was on terms of respectful familiarity, and seemed altogether as happy as man could be in the enjoyment of the comforts and delights of existence. It went against my heart to think how soon all this would be dashed away from him; but I knew that feeling was a weakness I ought not to entertain. When we had done dinner and finished a bottle of port, I ordered the chaise to the door, requested, as the evening was getting cool, to have it closed up, and bade the landlord make out his bill. While our party were packing up their tackle and fish, and loading the chaise, I whispered to the draper that he should ride outside with the driver. I got first into the chaise, and taking out my purse, called to the landlord, as the two gentlemen were getting in, to come and receive his money. We were all seated when he came, bill in hand, and, bowing presented it to me. I took hold of his hand instead of the bill: "Come!" said I, "here's room enough for you," and I pulled him, before he was aware of my intent, down on the seat at my side. I shut the door while he yet thought I was joking, and grasping him firmly by the arm, apprised him

that he was my prisoner for a robbery committed on the post-office three years ago. All this had taken place so rapidly, that my two companions in the chaise were only convinced that the whole was not a practical jest on my part after I had ordered the driver to proceed as fast as possible to the Town-hall in Bath, and they had time to notice the horror-stricken condition of the miserable man in custody, as I fastened the handcuffs on his wrists. At their request I stopped the chaise at the foot of the hill, and suffered them to alight, taking up in their stead the two town-officers, who had been lurking all day in the neighborhood, and had seen how the affair had been managed. One of them ran back to the inn for the hat and coat of the prisoner, who groaned bitterly, and writhed in agony of spirit, but spoke not a word during the short journey. He was safely lodged in jail in Grove-street the same evening, after the hearing of the charge I had to prefer against him. I then went to the post-office to see what chance of evidence inquiry in that quarter might afford. There I learned that the prisoner had been in the constant habit of calling once or twice a week to see his old companions, and had as constantly assisted them in sorting the letters and making up the mail-bags whenever, from pressure of business, his experienced assistance was desirable. The master remembered distinctly that he had assisted to make up the London mail-bag which ought to have contained the missing letter three years before. Upon my demanding why I was not informed of that during the investigation I made at the time, he said it had escaped his memory, and that, further, Mr. — was the last man upon earth whom he should have suspected; and that, indeed, notwithstanding appearances, nothing should convince him of the prisoner's guilt.

When the trial came on about six weeks after, the Old Bailey jury were of a very different opinion. The evidence was, in fact, overpowering. He was identified not only by the sprightly young lady and her mother, but by half a score of the tradesmen and shopkeepers who had changed large notes for small purchases. He was sentenced to be hanged—and hanged he was in less than a month after the trial, in spite of all the efforts made by his friends (in support of which efforts no expense was spared) to procure a commutation of the sentence. The day before his execution he made a full confession of his guilt. All the excuse he could allege was the force of the temptation which took him by surprise, and he had not the power to resist it. He forgave me, as the instrument of his punishment, on the ground that I had only done my duty; and, in compliance with his last request, I saw his body packed up and forwarded to Bath for interment by his family.

THE GOOD ANGELS.

"COME Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little daughters about nine o'clock one evening. Ady

was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work-table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needlework.

"Papa hasn't come home yet," answered Ady.

"No, dear, but it's getting late, and it is time you were in bed. He may not be home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work, and left the table, and Jane closed her books, and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantle-piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, and looking around as she spoke, she saw the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood well the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said, "It is very cold to-night, children."

"But we don't feel it, mother," replied Ady. "We'll run along very quickly."

And the two little ones went out, before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward, and murmured, "God bless and reward the dear children."

It was a dark winter night as the little adventurers stepped into the street; the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back into the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their little feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted, but the children were not afraid: love filled their hearts, and left no room for fear. They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a considerable distance, they stopped before a house over the door of which was a handsome ornamental gas-lamp, bearing the words, "Oysters and Refreshments." It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter at such an hour; but, after standing for a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

"Ah!" exclaimed a man who was reading at the table, "here are those babes again."

Ady and Jane stood still near the door, and looked all around the room, but not seeing the object of their search, they went to the bar, and said timidly to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses—"Has papa been here to-night?"

The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, and said in an angry way, "I don't know any thing about your father. And see—don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they turned back from him, and were walk-

ing toward the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance, called loud enough for them to hear him, "Come here, my little girls."

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned for them to approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Ady.

"What did the man at the bar say to you?"

"He said that papa was not here; and if we came here any more he would set his big dog on us."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir."

The man knit his brow for an instant, then he said, "Who sent you here?"

"Nobody," answered Ady.

"Don't your mother know you have come?"

"Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed; but we couldn't go until papa was home. And so we came for him first."

"He is here."

"Is he?" and the children's faces brightened.

"Yes, he's at the other side of the room. I'll wake him for you."

Half intoxicated and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused. As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened, and he found Ady and Jane had each grasped one of his hands, he rose up, and, yielding passively to their direction, suffered them to lead him away.

"O dear," exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest, "that's a temperance lecture I can't stand. God bless the little ones," he added, with emotion, "and give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them before?" said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.

"No, and I never wish to do so again—at least in this place. Who is their father?"

"Freeman, the lawyer."

"Not the one who, a few years ago, conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"

"The same."

"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed round the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and argued that it was a most touching scene.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him, I feel sometimes, when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," remarked another.

"But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the paths he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please about it, gentlemen," spoke up the landlord, "but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject. I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two lit-

tle things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night."

One of them who had expressed an interest in the children felt angry at these remarks, and he retorted with some bitterness—"And I would think less of the man who would make their father drunk."

"Ditto to that," responded one of the company.

"And here's my hand to that," said another.

The landlord, finding that the majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings, and kept silence. A few minutes afterward two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock on the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and, after sitting down said, "I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise me not be offended?"

"If you offer me an insult I will resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I come with a desire to do you a great service."

"Very well—say on."

"I was at Lawson's Refectory last night."

"Well?"

"And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night, it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir; I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir! the thought of their coming out in the cold winter night in search of me in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of all his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but could not utter a word.

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger, "you have fallen at the hand of the monster intemperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may yet rise, if you will. Let me, in the name of the sweet babes who have shown in so wonderful a manner their love for you, conjure you to rise up superior to this deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this good act.—Come!"

Half bewildered, though with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated, both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them, he said in a low whisper, "You will never have to come for me again."

The children then lifted their eyes quickly

to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

"I will never go there again," he added; "I will always stay at home with you."

Ady and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, hid their faces in his bosom, and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear; and, while her heart yet stood trembling between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket, and threw it on the table by which he was sitting. She opened it hastily. It was a pledge with his well-known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprang to his side, and his arms encircled his wife as well as children in a fonder embrace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their father. They were indeed his good angels.



ADVENTURES IN JAPAN.

FOR above two hundred years, the unknown millions of Japan have been shut up in their own islands forbidden, under the severest penalties, either to admit foreigners on their shores, or themselves to visit any other realm in the world. The Dutch are permitted to send two ships in a year to the port of Nangasaki, where they are received with the greatest precaution, and subjected to a surveillance even more degrading than was that formerly endured by the Europeans at Canton. Any other foreigner whom misfortune or inadvertence may land on their shores, is doomed to perpetual imprisonment; and even if one of their own people should pass twelve months out of the country, he is on his return, kept for life at the capital, and suffered no more to join his family, or mingle at large in the business or social intercourse of life. In pursuance of this policy, it is

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believed that the Japanese government now holds in captivity several subjects of the United States, and it is expected that an armament will be sent to rescue them by force.

Since this announcement has been made, and the general expectation has been raised that Japan will soon have to submit, like China to surrender its isolation, and enter into relations with the rest of the civilized world, there has seasonably appeared a reprint of a work hitherto little known among us—a personal narrative of a Japanese captivity of two years and a half, by Captain Golownin.

The leading circumstances connected with Captain Golownin's captivity were the following: In the year 1803, the Chamberlain Resanoff was sent by the Emperor Alexander, to endeavor to open friendly relations with Japan, and sailed from the eastern coasts in a merchant vessel belonging to the American Company. But receiving a peremptory message of dismissal, and refusal of all intercourse, he returned to Okhotsk, and died on his way to St. Petersburg. Lieutenant Chwostoff, however, who had commanded the vessel, put to sea again on his own responsibility, attacked and destroyed several Japanese villages on the Kurile Islands, and carried off some of the inhabitants. In the year 1811, Captain Golownin, commander of the imperial war sloop *Diana*, lying at Kamtschatka, received orders from head quarters to make a particular survey of the southern Kurile Islands, and the coast of Tartary. In pursuance of his instructions, he was sailing without any flag near the coast of Eetooroop (Staaten), when he was met by some Russian Kuriles, who informed him that they had been seized and were still detained prisoners, on account of the Chwostoff outrage. They persuaded the captain to take one of them on board as an interpreter, and proceed to Kunashir, to make such explanations as might exonerate the Russian government in this matter. The Japanese chief of the island further assured the Russians, that they could obtain a supply of wood, water, and fresh provisions at Kunashir; and he furnished them with a letter to its governor. The reception of the *Diana* at Kunashir was, in the first instance, a vigorous but ineffective discharge of guns from the fortress, the walls of which were so completely hung with striped cloth, that it was impossible to form any opinion of the size or strength of the place. After some interchange, however, of allegorical messages, conveyed by means of drawings floated in empty casks, Golownin was invited on shore by the beckoning of white fans. Concealing three brace of pistols in his bosom, and leaving a well armed boat close to the shore, with orders that the men should watch his movements, and act on his slightest signal, he ventured on a landing, accompanied by the Kurile Alexei and a common sailor. The lieutenant-governor soon appeared. He was in complete armor, and attended by two soldiers, one of whom carried his long spear, and the other his cap or helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. "It is scarcely possible," says the

narrator, "to conceive any thing more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked. His eyes were cast down and fixed on the earth, and his hands pressed closely against his sides, while he proceeded at so slow a pace, that he scarcely moved one foot beyond the other, and kept his feet wide apart. I saluted him after the European fashion, upon which he raised his left hand to his forehead, and bowed his whole body toward the ground."

In the conversation that ensued, the governor expressed his regret that the ignorance of the Japanese respecting the object of this visit should have occasioned them to fire upon the *Diana*. He then closely interrogated the captain as to the course and objects of his voyage, his name, the name of his emperor, and whether he knew any thing of Resanoff. On the first of these heads, Golownin deemed it prudent to use some deception, and he stated that he was proceeding to St. Petersburg, from the eastern extremity of the Russian Empire; that contrary winds had considerably lengthened his voyage; and that, being greatly in want of wood and fresh water, he had been looking on the coasts for a safe harbor where these might be procured, and had been directed by an officer at Etoorooop to Kunashir. To all the other questions, he returned suitable answers which were carefully written down. The conference ended most amicably, and the captain was invited to smoke tobacco, and partake of some tea, *sagi*,* and caviar. Every thing was served on a separate dish, and presented by a different individual, armed with a poniard and sabre; and these attendants, instead of going away after handing any thing to the guests, remained standing near, till at length they were surrounded by a formidable circle of armed men. Golownin would not stoop to betray alarm or distrust, but having brought some French brandy as a present to the governor, he desired his sailors to draw a bottle, and took this opportunity of repeating his order, that they should hold themselves in readiness. There appeared, however no intention of resorting to violence. When he prepared to depart, the governor presented a flask of *sagi*, and some fresh fish, pointing out to him at the same time a net which had been cast to procure a larger supply. He also gave him a white fan, with which he was to beckon, as a sign of amity, when he came on shore again. The whole draught of fish was sent on board in the evening.

On the following day, the captain, according to appointment, paid another visit on shore, accompanied by two officers, Alexei, and four seamen carrying the presents intended for the Japanese. On this occasion, the former precautions were dispensed with; the boat was hauled up to the shore, and left with one seaman, while the rest of the party proceeded to the castle. The result was, that after a renewal of the friendly explanations and entertainments of the preceeding day, the treacherous Japanese threw off the mask, and made prisoners of the whole party.

"The first thing done, was to tie our hands be-

hind our backs, and conduct us into an extensive but low building, which resembled a barrack, and which was situated opposite to the tent in the direction of the shore. Here we were placed on our knees, and bound in the cruellest manner with cords about the thickness of a finger; and as though this were not enough, another binding of smaller cords followed which was still more painful. The Japanese are exceedingly expert at this work, and it would appear that they conform to some precise regulation in binding their prisoners, for we were all tied exactly in the same manner. There was the same number of knots and nooses, and all at equal distances, on the cords with which each of us was bound. There were loops round our breasts and necks; our elbows almost touched each other, and our hands were firmly bound together. From these fastenings proceeded a long cord, the end of which was held by a Japanese, and which, on the slightest attempt to escape, required only to be drawn to make the elbows come in contact with the greatest pain, and to tighten the noose about the neck to such a degree as almost to produce strangulation. Besides all this, they tied our legs in two places—above the knees and above the ankles; they then passed ropes from our necks over the cross-beams of the building, and drew them so tight, that we found it impossible to move. Their next operation was searching our pockets, out of which they took every thing, and then proceeded very quietly to smoke tobacco. While they were binding us, the lieutenant-governor shewed himself twice, and pointed to his mouth, to intimate, perhaps, that it was intended to feed, not to kill us."

After some hours, the legs and ankles of the prisoners were partially loosed, and preparations were made for removing them to Matsmai, which seems to be the head-quarters of government for the Kurile dependencies of Japan. The journey, which occupied above a month, was performed partly in boats, which were dragged along the shore, and even for miles over the land; and partly on foot, the captives being marched in file, each led with a cord by a particular conductor, and having an armed soldier abreast of him. It was evident, however, that whatever was rigorous in their treatment, was not prompted by personal feelings of barbarity, but by the stringency of the law, which would have made the guards answerable for their prisoners with their own lives. They were always addressed with the greatest respect; and, as soon as it was deemed safe, their hands, which were in a dreadfully lacerated state, were unbound, and surgically treated; but not till their persons had been again most carefully searched, that no piece of metal might remain about them, lest they might contrive to destroy themselves. Suicide is, in Japan, the fashionable mode of terminating a life which can not be prolonged but in circumstances of dishonor: to rip up one's own bowels in such a case, wipes away every stain on the character. The guards of the Russian captives not only used every precaution

* *Sagi* is the strong drink of Japan, distilled from rice.

against this, but carefully watched over their health and comfort, carrying them over the shallowest pools and streamlets, lest their feet should be wet, and assiduously beating off the gnats and flies, which would have been annoying. At every village, crowds of both sexes, young and old, turned out to see these unfortunate men; but there was nothing like insult or mockery in the demeanor of any—pity appeared to be the universal feeling: many begged permission from the guards to offer sagi, comfits, fruits, and other delicacies; and these were presented often with tears of compassion, as well as gestures of respect.

The prison to which Golownin and his companions were finally committed had been constructed expressly for their habitation in the town of Matsmai. It was a quadrangular wooden building, 25 paces long, 15 broad, and 12 feet high. Three sides of it were dead-wall, the fourth was formed of strong spars. Within this structure were two apartments, formed likewise of wooden spars, so as to resemble cages: one was appropriated to the officers, the other to the sailors and Alexei. The building was surrounded by a high wall or paling, outside of which were the kitchen, guard-house, &c., inclosed by another paling. This outer inclosure was patrolled by common soldiers; but no one was allowed within, except the physician, who visited daily, and the orderly officers, who looked through the spars every half-hour. Of course, it was rather a cold lodging; but, as winter advanced, a hole was dug a few feet from each cage, built round with freestone, and filled with sand, upon which charcoal was afterward kept burning. Benches were provided for them to sleep on, and two of the orderlies presented them with bear-skins; but the native fashion is to lie on a thick, wadded quilt, folded together, and laid on the floor, which, even in the poorest dwellings, is covered with soft straw-mats. A large wadded dress, made of silk or cotton, according to the circumstances of the wearer, serves for bed-clothes—which seem to be quite unknown; and while the poorer classes have only a piece of wood for a pillow, the richer fasten a cushion on the neat boxes which contain their razors, scissors, pomatum, tooth-brushes, and other toilet requisites.

But while the comfort of the captives was attended to in many minor matters, there was no relaxation of the vigilance used to preclude the possibility of self-destruction. They were not allowed scissors or knives to cut their nails, but were obliged to thrust their hands through the palisades, to get this office performed for them. When they were indulged with smoking, it was with a very long pipe held between the spars, and furnished with a wooden ball fixed about the middle, to prevent its being drawn wholly within the cage.

For weeks together they were brought daily before the bunyo (governor of the town, and probably lord-lieutenant of all the Japanese Kurile islands), bound and harnessed like horses as be-

fore. The ostensible object of these examinations, which frequently lasted the whole day, was to ascertain for what purpose they had come near Japan, and what they knew of Resanoff and Chwostoff—for a singularly unfortunate combination of circumstances had arisen to give color to the suspicion, that some of their party had been connected with that expedition. But for one inquiry connected with the case, there were fifty that were wholly irrelevant, and prompted by mere curiosity. The most trivial questions were put several times and in different forms, and every answer was carefully written down. Golownin was often puzzled, irritated, and quite at the end of his stock of patience; but that of the interrogators appeared interminable. They said, that by writing down every thing they were told, whether true or false, and comparing the various statements they received, they were enabled through time to separate truth from fiction, and the practice was very improving. At the close of almost every examination, the bunyo exhorted them not to despair, but to offer up prayers to heaven, and patiently await the emperor's decision.

Presently new work was found for them. An intelligent young man was brought to their prison, to be taught the Russian language. To this the captain consented, having no confidence in the Kurile Alexei as an interpreter, and being desirous himself to gain some knowledge of Japanese. Teske made rapid progress, and soon became a most useful and kindly companion to the captives. Books, pens, and paper were now allowed them in abundance; and their mode of treatment was every way improved. But by-and-by, they were threatened with more pupils; a geometrician and astronomer from the capital was introduced to them, and would gladly have been instructed in their mode of taking observations. Other learned men were preparing to follow, and it was now evident that the intention of the Japanese government was to reconcile them to their lot, and retain them for the instruction of the nation. Indeed, this appears to be the great secret of the policy of detaining for life, instead of destroying the hapless foreigners that light on these shores; as the avowed motive for tolerating the commercial visits of the Dutch is, that they furnish the only news of public events that ever reach Japan. Fearful of becoming known to other nations for fear of invasion, they are yet greedy of information respecting them; and many were the foolish questions they asked Golownin about the emperor of Russia, his dress, habitation, forces, and territories.

Golownin, on his part, endeavored to elicit all the information he could gain with respect to the numbers, resources, government, and religion of this singular people. He found it impossible to ascertain the amount of the population; indeed, it seems it would be very difficult for the government itself to obtain a census, for millions of the poor live abroad in the streets, fields, or woods, having no spot which they can call a home. Teske showed a map of the empire, having every

town and village marked on it; and though on a very large scale, it was thickly covered. He pointed out on it a desert, which is considered immense, because litters take a whole day to traverse it, and meet with only one village during the journey. It is perhaps fifteen miles across. The city of Yedo was usually set down by Europeans as containing 1,000,000 inhabitants; but Golownin was informed, that it had in its principal streets 280,000 houses, each containing from 30 to 40 persons; besides all the small houses and huts. This would give in the whole a population of above 10,000,000 souls. The incorporated society of the blind alone is affirmed to include 36,000.

The country, though lying under the same latitudes as Spain and Italy, is yet very different from them in climate. At Matsmai, for instance, which is on the same parallel as Leghorn, snow falls as abundantly as at St. Petersburg, and lies in the valleys from November till April. Severe frost is uncommon, but cold fogs are exceedingly prevalent. The climate, however, is uncommonly diversified, and consequently so are the productions, exhibiting in some places the vegetation of the frigid zone, and in others that of the tropics.

Rice is the staple production of the soil. It is nearly the only article used instead of bread, and the only one from which strong liquor is distilled, while its straw serves for many domestic purposes. Besides the radishes already mentioned, there is an extensive cultivation of various other esculent roots and vegetables. There is no coast without fisheries, and there is no marine animal that is not used for food, save those which are absolutely poisonous. But an uncommonly small quantity suffices for each individual. If a Japanese has a handful of rice and a single mouthful of fish, he makes a savory dish with roots, herbs, or mollusca, and it suffices for a day's support.

Japan produces both black and green tea; the former is very inferior, and used only for quenching thirst; whereas the latter is esteemed a luxury, and is presented to company. The best grows in the principality of Kioto, where it is carefully cultivated for the use both of the temporal and spiritual courts. Tobacco, which was first introduced by the European missionaries, has spread astonishingly, and is so well manufactured, that our author smoked it with a relish he had never felt for a Havana cigar. The Japanese smokes continually, and sips tea with his pipe, even rising for it during the night.

All articles of clothing are made of silk or cotton. The former appears to be very abundant, as rich dresses of it are worn even by the common soldiers on festive days; and it may be seen on people of all ranks even in poor towns. The fabrics are at least equal to those of China. The cotton of Japan seems to be of the same kind as that of the West Indian colonies. It furnishes the ordinary dress of the great mass of the people, and also serves all the other purposes for which wool, flax, furs, and feathers are em-

ployed. The culture of it is, of course, very extensive; but the fabrics are all coarse: Golownin could hardly make himself believe that his muslin cravat was of this material. There is some hemp, which is manufactured into cloth for sails, &c.; but cables and ropes are made from the bark of a tree called kadyz. This bark likewise supplies materials for thread, lamp-wicks, writing-paper, and the coarse paper used for pocket-handkerchiefs.

There is no lack of fruit-trees, as the orange, lemon, peach, plum, fig, chestnut, and apple; but the vine yields only a small, sour grape, perhaps for want of culture. Timber trees grow only in the mountainous districts, which are unfit for cultivation. Camphor is produced abundantly in the south, and large quantities of it are exported by the Dutch and Chinese. The celebrated varnish of Japan, drawn from a tree called silz, is so plentiful, that it is used for lacquering the most ordinary utensils. Its natural color is white, but it assumes any that is given to it by mixture. The best varnished vessels reflect the face as in a mirror, and hot water may be poured into them without occasioning the least smell.

The chief domestic animals are horses and oxen for draught; cats and dogs are kept for the same uses as with us; and swine furnish food to the few sects who eat flesh. Sheep and goats seem to be quite unknown: the Russian captives had to make drawings of the former, to convey some idea of the origin of wool.

There are considerable mines of gold and silver in several parts of the empire, but the government does not permit them to be all worked, for fear of depreciating the value of these metals. They supply, with copper, the material of the currency, and are also liberally used in the decoration of public buildings, and in the domestic utensils of the wealthy. There is a sufficiency of quicksilver, lead, and tin, for the wants of the country; and one island is entirely covered with sulphur. Copper is very abundant, and of remarkably fine quality. All kitchen utensils, tobacco-pipes, and fire-shovels, are made of it; and so well made, that our author mentions his tea-kettle as having stood on the fire, like all other Japanese kettles, day and night for months, without burning into holes. This metal is likewise employed for sheathing ships, and covering the joists and flat roofs of houses. Iron is less abundant, and much that is used is obtained from the Dutch. Nails alone, of which immense numbers are used in all carpentry-work, consume a large quantity. Diamonds, cornelians, jaspers, and some very fine agates, and other precious stones, are found; but the natives seem not well to understand polishing them. Pearls are abundant; but not being considered ornamental, they are reserved for the Chinese market.

Steel and porcelain are the manufactures in which the Japanese chiefly excel, besides those in silk-stuffs and lacquered ware already mentioned. Their porcelain is far superior to the Chinese, but it is scarce and dear. With respect to steel manufactures, the sabres and daggers of

Japan yield only perhaps to those of Damascus ; and Golownin says their cabinet-makers' tools might almost be compared with the English. In painting, engraving, and printing, they are far behind ; and they seem to have no knowledge of ship-building or navigation beyond what suffices for coasting voyages, though they have intelligent and enterprising sailors. There is an immense internal traffic, for facilitating which there are good roads and bridges where water-carriage is impracticable. These distant Orientals have likewise bills of exchange and commercial gazettes. The emperor enjoys a monopoly of the foreign commerce.

It is popularly said, that Japan has two emperors—one spiritual, and the other temporal. The former, however, having no share in the administration of the empire, and seldom even hearing of state affairs, is no sovereign according to the ideas we attach to that term. He seems to stand much in the same relation to the emperor that the popes once did to the sovereigns of Europe. He governs Kioto as a small independent state ; receives the emperor to an interview once in seven years ; is consulted by him on extraordinary emergencies ; receives occasional embassies and presents from him, and bestows his blessing in return. His dignity, unlike that of the Roman pontiffs, is hereditary, and he is allowed twelve wives, that his race may not become extinct. According to Japanese records, the present dynasty, including about 130 Kin-reys, has been maintained in a direct line for above twenty-four centuries. The person of the Kin-rey is so sacred, that no ordinary mortal may see any part of him but his feet, and that only once a year ; every vessel which he uses must be broken immediately ; for if another should even by accident eat or drink out of it, he must be put to death. Every garment which he wears must be manufactured by virgin hands, from the earliest process in the preparation of the silk.

The adherents of the aboriginal Japanese religion, of which the Kin-rey is the head, adore numerous divinities called Kami, or immortal spirits, to whom they offer prayers, flowers, and sometimes more substantial gifts. They also worship Kadotski, or saints—mortals canonized by the Kin-rey—and build temples in their honor. The laws concerning personal and ceremonial purity, which form the principal feature of this religion, are exceedingly strict, not unlike those imposed on the ancient Jews. There are several orders of priests, monks, and nuns, whose austerity, like that of Europe, is maintained in theory more than in practice.

Three other creeds, the Brahminical, the Confucian, and that which deifies the heavenly bodies, have many adherents ; but their priests all acknowledge a certain religious supremacy to exist in the Kin-rey. There is universal toleration in these matters ; every citizen may profess what faith he chooses, and change it as often as he chooses, without any one inquiring into his reasons ; only it must be a spontaneous choice, for

proselyting is forbidden by law. Christianity alone is proscribed, and that on account of the political mischief said to have been effected through its adherents in the seventeenth century. There is a law, by which no one may hire a servant without receiving a certificate of his not being a Christian ; and on New-Year's Day, which is a great national festival, all the inhabitants of Nangasaki are obliged to ascend a staircase, and trample on the crucifix, and other insignia of the Romish faith, which are laid on the steps as a test. It is said that many perform the act in violation of their feelings. So much of the religious state of the empire Golownin elicited in conversation with Teske and others ; but every thing on this subject was communicated with evident reluctance ; and though in the course of the walks which they were permitted to take in harness, the Russian captives sometimes saw the interior of the temples, they were never permitted to enter while any religious rites were celebrated.

With respect to the civil administration of Japan, our author seems to have gathered little that was absolutely new to us. The empire comprises above 200 states, which are governed as independent sovereignties, by princes called Daymos, who frame and enforce their own laws. Though most of these principalities are very small, some of them are powerful : the damyo of Sindai, for instance, visits the imperial court with a retinue of 60,000. Their dependence on the emperor appears chiefly in their being obliged to maintain a certain number of troops, which are at his disposal. Those provinces which belong directly to the emperor, are placed under governors, called Bunyos, whose families reside at the capital as hostages. Every province has two bunyos, each of whom spends six months in the government and six at Yedo.

The supreme council of the emperor consists of five sovereign princes, who decide on all ordinary measures without referring to him. An inferior council of fifteen princes or nobles presides over important civil and criminal cases. The general laws are few and well known. They are very severe ; but the judges generally find means of evading them where their enforcement would involve a violation of those of humanity. In some cases, as in conjugal infidelity or filial impiety, individuals are permitted to avenge their own wrong, even to the taking of life. Civil cases are generally decided by arbitrators, and only when they fail to settle a matter is there recourse to the public courts of justice. Taxes are generally paid to the reigning prince or emperor, in tithes of the agricultural, manufactured, or other productions of the country.

Such were some of the leading particulars ascertained by Golownin concerning the social and civil condition of this singular people. He says, they always appeared very happy, and their demeanor was characterized by lively and polite manners, with the most imperturbable good temper. It seems at length to have been through fear of a Russian invasion, rather than from any sense

of justice, that his Japanese majesty, in reply to the importunities of the officers of the *Diana*, consented to release the captives, on condition of receiving from the Russian government a solemn disavowal of having sanctioned the proceedings of Chwostoff. Having obtained this, the officers repaired for the fourth time to these unfriendly shores, and enjoyed the happiness of embracing their companions, and taking them on board.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

BUT, when the seas rolled and the dreary leagues interposed, between her and her lover—when new images presented themselves—when the fever slaked, and reason returned—Doubt broke upon the previous despair. Had she not been too credulous, too hasty? Fool, fool! Audley had been so poor a traitor! How guilty was she, if she had wronged him! And in the midst of this revulsion of feeling, there stirred within her another life. She was destined to become a mother. At that thought her high nature bowed; the last struggle of pride gave way; she would return to England, see Audley, learn from his lips the truth, and even if the truth were what she had been taught to believe, plead not for herself, but for the false one's child.

Some delay occurred, in the then warlike state of affairs on the Continent, before she could put this purpose into execution; and on her journey back various obstructions lengthened the way. But she returned at last, and resought the suburban cottage in which she had last lodged before quitting England. At night, she went to Audley's London House; there was only a woman in charge of it. Mr. Egerton was absent—electioneering somewhere—Mr. Levy, his lawyer, called every day for any letters to be forwarded to him. Nora shrank from seeing Levy, shrank from writing even a letter that would pass through his hands. If she had been deceived, it had been by him, and willfully. But parliament was already dissolved; the elections would soon be over, Mr. Egerton was expected to return to town within a week. Nora went back to Mrs. Goodyers' and resolved to wait, devouring her own heart in silence. But the newspapers might inform her where Audley really was, the newspapers were sent for, and conned daily.

And one morning this paragraph met her eye:

"The Earl and Countess of Lansmere are receiving a distinguished party at their country seat. Among the guests is Miss Leslie, whose wealth and beauty have excited such sensation in the fashionable world. To the disappointment of numerous aspirants among our aristocracy, we hear that this lady has, however, made her distinguished choice in Mr. Audley Egerton. That gentleman is now contesting the borough of Lansmere, as a supporter of the government; his success is considered certain, and according to the report of a large circle of friends, few new

members will prove so valuable an addition to the Ministerial ranks; a great career may indeed be predicted for a young man so esteemed for talent and character, aided by a fortune so immense as that which he will shortly receive with the hand of the accomplished heiress."

Again the anchor snapt—again the storm descended—again the stars vanished. Nora now was once more under the dominion of a single thought, as she had been when she fled from her bridal home. Then, it was to escape from her lover—now, it was to see him. As the victim stretched on the rack implores to be led at once to death, so there are moments when the annihilation of hope seems more merciful than the torment of suspense.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the scenes in some long diorama pass solemnly before us, there is sometimes one solitary object, contrasting, perhaps, the view of stately cities, or the march of a mighty river, that halts on the eye for a moment, and then glides away, leaving on the mind a strange, comfortless, undefined impression.

Why was the object presented to us? In itself it seemed comparatively insignificant. It may have been but a broken column—a lonely pool, with a star-beam on its quiet surface—yet it awes us. We remember it when phantasmal pictures of bright Damascus, or of colossal pyramids—of bazaars in Stamboul, or lengthened caravans that defile slow amid the sands of Araby—have sated the wondering gaze. Why were we detained in the shadowy procession by a thing that would have been so commonplace had it not been so lone? Some latent interest must attach to it. Was it there that a vision of woe had lifted the wild hair of a Prophet?—there where some Hagar had stilled the wail of her child on her indignant breast? We would fain call back the pageantry procession—fain see again the solitary thing that seemed so little worth the hand of the artist—and ask, "Why art thou here, and wherefore dost thou haunt us?"

Rise up—rise up once more—by the broad great thoroughfare that stretches onward and onward to the remorseless London—Rise up—rise up—O solitary tree with the green leaves on thy bough, and the deep rents in thy heart; and the ravens, dark birds of omen and sorrow, that built their nest amid the leaves of the bough, and drop with noiseless plumes down through the hollow rents of the heart—or are heard, it may be, in the growing shadows of twilight, calling out to their young!

Under the old pollard tree, by the side of John Avenel's house, there cowered, breathless and listening, John Avenel's daughter Nora. Now, when that fatal newspaper paragraph, which lied so like truth, met her eyes, she obeyed the first impulse of her passionate heart—she tore the wedding ring from her finger—she inclosed it, with the paragraph itself, in a letter to Audley—a letter that she designed to convey scorn

* Continued from the August Number.

and pride—alas! it expressed only jealousy and love. She could not rest till she had put this letter into the post with her own hand, addressed to Audley at Lord Lansmere's. Scarce was it gone ere she repented. What had she done? resigned the birthright of the child she was so soon to bring into the world—resigned her last hope in her lover's honor—given up her life of life—and from belief in what?—a report in a newspaper! No, no; she would go herself to Lansmere; to her father's home—she could contrive to see Audley before that letter reached his hand. The thought was scarcely conceived before obeyed. She found a vacant place in a coach that started from London some hours before the mail, and went within a few miles of Lansmere; those last miles she traveled on foot. Exhausted—fainting—she gained at last the sight of home, and there halted, for in the little garden in front she saw her parents seated. She heard the murmur of their voices, and suddenly she remembered her altered shape, her terrible secret. How answer the question, "Daughter, where and who is thy husband?" Her heart failed her; she crept under the old pollard tree, to gather up resolve, to watch and to listen. She saw the rigid face of the thrifty, prudent mother, with the deep lines that told of the cares of an anxious life, and the chafe of excitable temper and warm affections against the restraint of decorous sanctimony and resolute pride. The dear stern face never seemed to her more dear and more stern. She saw the comely, easy, indolent, good-humored father; not then the poor, paralytic sufferer, who could yet recognize Nora's eyes under the lids of Leonard, but stalwart and jovial—first bat in the Cricket Club, first voice in the Glee Society, the most popular canvasser of the Lansmere Constitutional True Blue Party, and the pride and idol of the Calvinistical prim wife. Never from those pinched lips of hers had come forth even one pious rebuke to the careless social man. As he sate, one hand in his vest, his profile turned to the road, the light smoke curling playfully up from the pipe, over which lips, accustomed to bland smile and hearty laughter, closed as if reluctant to be closed at all, he was the very model of the respectable retired trader, in easy circumstances, and released from the toil of making money while life could yet enjoy the delight of spending it.

"Well, old woman," said John Avenel, "I must be off presently to see to those three shaky voters in Fish Lane; they will have done their work soon, and I shall catch 'em at home. They do say as how we may have an opposition; and I know that old Smikes has gone to Lonnon in search of a candidate. We can't have the Lansmere Constitutional Blues beat by a Lonnoner! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you will be home before Jane and her husband Mark come? How ever she could marry a common carpenter!"

"Yes," said John, "he is a carpenter; but he has a vote, and that strengthens the family in-

terest. If Dick was not gone to Amerikay, there would be three on us. But Mark is a real good Blue! A Lonnoner, indeed!—a Yellow from Lonnon beat my Lord and the Blues! Ha, ha!"

"But, John, this Mr. Egerton is a Lonnoner?"

"You don't understand things, talking such nonsense. Mr. Egerton is the Blue candidate, and the Blues are the Country Party; therefore how can he be a Lonnoner? An uncommon clever, well grown, handsome young man, eh! and my young lord's particular friend."

Mrs. Avenel sighed.

"What are you sighing and shaking your head for?"

"I was thinking of our poor, dear, dear Nora!"

"God bless her!" cried John, heartily.

There was a rustle under the boughs of the old hollow-hearted pollard tree.

"Ha! ha! Hark! I said that so loud that I have startled the ravens!"

"How he did love her!" said Mrs. Avenel, thoughtfully. "I am sure he did; and no wonder, for she looks every inch a lady; and why should not she be my lady, after all?"

"He? Who? Oh, that foolish fancy of yours about my young lord? A prudent woman like you!—stuff! I am glad my little beauty has gone to Lonnon, out of harm's way!"

"John—John—John! No harm could ever come to my Nora. She's too pure and too good, and has too proper a pride in her, to—"

"To listen to any young lords, I hope," said John; "though," he added, after a pause, "she might well be a lady too. My lord, the young one, took me by the hand so kindly the other day, and said, 'Have not you heard from her—I mean Miss Avenel—lately?' and those bright eyes of his were as full of tears as—as—as yours are now."

"Well, John, well; go on."

"That is all. My lady came up, and took me away to talk about the election; and just as I was going, she whispered, 'Don't let my wild boy talk to you about that sweet girl of yours. We must both see that she does not come to disgrace.' 'Disgrace!' that word made me very angry for the moment. But my lady has such a way with her, that she soon put me right again. Yet, I do think Nora must have loved my young lord, only she was too good to show it. What do you say?" and the father's voice was thoughtful.

"I hope she'll never love any man till she's married to him; it is not proper, John," said Mrs. Avenel, somewhat starchy, though very mildly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed John, chucking his prim wife under the chin, "you did not say that to me when I stole your first kiss under that very pollard tree—no house near it then!"

"Hush, John, hush!" and the prim wife blushed like a girl.

"Pooh," continued John, merrily, "I don't see why we plain folks should pretend to be more saintly and prudish-like than our betters. There's

that handsome Miss Leslie, who is to marry Mr. Egerton—easy enough to see how much she is in love with him—could not keep her eyes off from him even in church, old girl? Ha, ha! What the deuce is the matter with the ravens?"

"They'll be a comely couple, John. And I hear tell she has a power of money. When is the marriage to be?"

"Oh, they say as soon as the election is over. A fine wedding we shall have of it! I dare say my young lord will be bridesman. We'll send for our little Nora to see the gay doings!"

Out from the boughs of the old tree came the shriek of a lost spirit—one of those strange, appalling sounds of human agony, which, once heard, are never forgotten. It is as the wail of Hope, when SHE, too, rushes forth from the coffer of woes, and vanishes into viewless space;—it is the dread cry of Reason parting from clay—and of Soul, that would wrench itself from life! For a moment all was still—and then a dull, dumb, heavy fall!

The parents gazed on each other, speechless: they stole close to the pales, and looked over. Under the boughs, at the gnarled roots of the oak, they saw—gray and indistinct—a prostrate form. John opened the gate, and went round; the mother crept to the roadside, and there stood still.

"Oh, wife, wife!" cried John Avenel, from under the green boughs, "it is our child, Nora! our child—our child!"

And, as he spoke, out from the green boughs started the dark ravens, wheeling round and around, and calling to their young! . . .

And when they had laid her on the bed, Mrs. Avenel whispered John to withdraw for a moment; and, with set lips but trembling hands, began to unlace the dress, under the pressure of which Nora's heart heaved convulsively. And John went out of the room bewildered, and sate himself down on the landing-place, and wondered whether he was awake or sleeping; and a cold numbness crept over one side of him, and his head felt very heavy, with a loud booming noise in his ears. Suddenly his wife stood by his side, and said, in a very low voice:

"John, run for Mr. Morgan—make haste. But mind—don't speak to any one on the way. Quick, quick!"

"Is she dying?"

"I don't know. Why not die before?" said Mrs. Avenel between her teeth. "But Mr. Morgan is a discreet, friendly man."

"A true Blue!" muttered poor John, as if his mind wandered; and rising with difficulty, he stared at his wife a moment, shook his head, and was gone.

An hour or two later, a little covered taxed-cart stopped at Mr. Avenel's cottage, out of which stepped a young man with pale face and spare form, dressed in the Sunday suit of a rustic craftsman; then a homely, but pleasant, honest face, bent down to him smilingly; and two arms, emerging from under covert of a red cloak, ex-

tended an infant, which the young man took tenderly. The baby was cross and very sickly; it began to cry. The father hushed, and rocked, and tossed it, with the air of one to whom such a charge was familiar.

"He'll be good when we get in, Mark," said the young woman, as she extracted from the depths of the cart a large basket, containing poultry and home-made bread.

"Don't forget the flowers that the Squire's gardener gave us," said Mark, the Poet.

Without aid from her husband, the wife took down basket and nosegay, settled her cloak, smoothed her gown, and said, "Very odd!—they don't seem to expect us, Mark. How still the house is! Go and knock; they can't ha' gone to bed yet."

Mark knocked at the door—no answer. A light passed rapidly across the windows on the upper floor, but still no one came to his summons. Mark knocked again. A gentleman dressed in clerical costume, now coming from Lansmere Park, on the opposite side of the road, paused at the sound of Mark's second and more impatient knock, and said, civilly:

"Are you not the young folks my friend, John Avenel, told me this morning he expected to visit him?"

"Yes, please, Mr. Dale," said Mrs. Fairfield, dropping her courtesy. "You remember me! and this is my dear, good man!"

"What! Mark, the poet?" said the curate of Lansmere, with a smile. "Come to write squibs for the election?"

"Squibs, sir!" cried Mark, indignantly.

"Burns wrote squibs," said the curate, mildly.

Mark made no answer, but again knocked at the door.

This time, a man, whose face, even seen by the starlight, was much flushed, presented himself at the threshold.

"Mr. Morgan!" exclaimed the curate, in benevolent alarm; "no illness here, I hope?"

"Cott! it is you, Mr. Dale! Come in, come in; I want a word with you. But who the teuce are these people?"

"Sir," said Mark, pushing through the doorway, "my name is Fairfield, and my wife is Mr. Avenel's daughter!"

"Oh, Jane—and her baby, too! Cood—cood! Come in; but be quiet, can't you? Still, still—still as death!"

The party entered, the door closed; the moon rose, and shone calmly on the pale silent house, on the sleeping flowers of the little garden, on the old pollard with its hollow core. The horse in the taxed-cart dozed, unheeded; the light still at times flitted across the upper windows. These were the only signs of life, except when a bat, now and then attracted by the light that passed across the windows, brushed against the panes, and then, dipping downward, struck up against the nose of the slumbering horse, and darted merrily after the moth that fluttered round the raven's nest in the old pollard.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALL that day Harley L'Estrange had been more than usually mournful and dejected. Indeed the return to scenes associated with Nora's presence increased the gloom that had settled on his mind since he had lost sight and trace of her. Audley, in the remorseful tenderness he felt for his injured friend, had induced L'Estrange toward evening to leave the Park, and go into a district some miles off, on pretense that he required Harley's aid there to canvass certain important outvoters: the change of scene might rouse him from his reveries. Harley himself was glad to escape from the guests at Lansmere. He readily consented to go. He would not return that night. The outvoters lay remote and scattered—he might be absent for a day or two. When Harley was gone, Egerton himself sank into deep thought. There was rumor of some unexpected opposition. His partisans were alarmed and anxious. It was clear that the Lansmere interest, if attacked, was weaker than the Earl would believe; Egerton might lose his election. If so, what would become of him? How support his wife, whose return to him he always counted on, and whom it would then become him at all hazards to acknowledge? It was that day that he had spoken to William Hazelden as to the family living. "Peace, at least," thought the ambitious man—"I shall have peace!" And the Squire had promised him the rectory if needed; not without a secret pang, for his Carry was already using her conjugal influence in favor of her old school friend's husband, Mr. Dale; and the Squire thought Audley would be but a poor country parson, and Dale—if he would only grow a little plumper than his curacy could permit him to be—would be a parson in ten thousand. But while Audley thus prepared for the worst, he still brought his energies to bear on the more brilliant option; and sate with his committee, looking into canvass-books, and discussing the characters, politics, and local interests of every elector, until the night was well-nigh gone. When he gained his room, the shutters were unclosed, and he stood a few moments at the window gazing on the moon. At that sight, the thought of Nora, lost and afar, stole over him. The man, as we know, had in his nature little of romance and sentiment. Seldom was it his wont to gaze upon moon or stars. But whenever some whisper of romance did soften his hard strong mind, or whenever moon or stars did charm his gaze from earth, Nora's bright muse-like face—Nora's sweet loving eyes, were seen in moon and star beam—Nora's low tender voice, heard in the whisper of that which we call romance, and which is but the sound of the mysterious poetry that is ever in the air, could we but deign to hear it! He turned with a sigh, undressed, threw himself on his bed, and extinguished his light. But the light of the moon *would* fill the room. It kept him awake for a little time; he turned his face from the calm, heavenly beam, resolutely toward the dull blind wall, and fell asleep, and in the sleep he was with

Nora;—again in the humble bridal-home. Never in his dreams had she seemed to him so distinct and life-like—her eyes upturned to his—her hands clasped together, and resting on his shoulder, as had been her graceful wont—her voice murmuring meekly, "Has it then been my fault that we parted?—forgive, forgive me!"

And the sleeper imagined that he answered, "Never part from me again—never, never!" and that he bent down to kiss the chaste lips that so tenderly sought his own. And suddenly he heard a knocking sound, as of a hammer—regular, but soft, low, subdued. Did you ever, O reader, hear the sound of the hammer on the lid of a coffin in a house of woe—when the undertaker's decorous hireling fears that the living may hear how he parts them from the dead? Such seemed the sound to Audley—the dream vanished abruptly. He woke, and again heard the knock; it was at his door. He sate up wistfully—the moon was gone—it was morning. "Who is there?" he cried peevishly.

A low voice from without answered, "Hush, it is I; dress quick; let me see you."

Egerton recognized Lady Lansmere's voice. Alarmed and surprised, he rose, dressed in haste, and went to the door. Lady Lansmere was standing without, extremely pale. She put her finger to her lip, and beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed mechanically. They entered her dressing-room, a few doors from his own chamber, and the Countess closed the door.

Then laying her slight, firm hand on his shoulder, she said, in suppressed and passionate excitement:

"Oh, Mr. Egerton, you must serve me, and at once—Harley—Harley—save my Harley—go to him—prevent his coming back here—stay with him—give up the election—it is but a year or two lost in your life—you will have other opportunities—make that sacrifice to your friend."

"Speak—what is the matter? I can make no sacrifice too great for Harley!"

"Thanks—I was sure of it. Go then, I say, at once to Harley; keep him away from Lansmere on any excuse you can invent, until you can break the sad news to him—gently, gently. Oh, how will he bear it—how recover the shock? My boy, my boy!"

"Calm yourself! Explain! Break what news?—recover what shock?"

"True—you do not know—you have not heard. Nora Avenel lies yonder, in her father's house—dead—dead!"

Audley staggered back, clapping his hand to his heart, and then dropping on his knee as if bowed down by the stroke of heaven.

"My bride, my wife!" he muttered. "Dead—it can not be!"

Lady Lansmere was so startled at this exclamation, so stunned by a confession wholly unexpected, that she remained unable to soothe—to explain, and utterly unprepared for the fierce agony that burst from the man she had ever seen so dignified and cold—when he sprang to his feet,

and all the sense of his eternal loss rushed upon his heart.

At length he crushed back his emotions, and listened in apparent calm, and in a silence broken but by quick gasps for breath, to Lady Lansmere's account.

One of the guests in the house, a female relation of Lady Lansmere's, had been taken suddenly ill about an hour or two before;—the house had been disturbed, the Countess herself aroused, and Mr. Morgan summoned as the family medical practitioner. From him she had learned that Nora Avenel had returned to her father's house late on the previous evening; had been seized with brain fever, and died in a few hours.

Audley listened, and turned to the door, still in silence.

Lady Lansmere caught him by the arm—"Where are you going? Ah, can I now ask you to save my son from the awful news, you yourself the sufferer? And yet—yet—you know his haste, his vehemence, if he learn that you were his rival—her husband; you whom he so trusted! What, what would be the result?—I tremble!"

"Tremble not—I do not tremble! Let me go—I will be back soon—and then—(his lips writhed)—*then* we will talk of Harley."

Egerton went forth, stunned and dizzy. Mechanically he took his way across the park to John Avenel's house. He had been forced to enter that house, formally, a day or two before, in the course of his canvass; and his worldly pride had received a shock when the home, the birth, and the manners of his bride's parents had been brought before him. He had even said to himself, "And is it the child of these persons that I, Audley Egerton, must announce to the world as wife!" Now, if she had been the child of a beggar—nay, of a felon—*now*, if he could but recall her to life, how small and mean would all that dreaded world have seemed to him! Too late—too late! The dews were glistening in the sun—the birds were singing over head—life waking all around him—and his own heart felt like a charnel-house. Nothing but death and the dead there—nothing! He arrived at the door; it was open: he called; no one answered: he walked up the narrow stairs, undisturbed, unseen; he came into the chamber of death. At the opposite side of the bed was seated John Avenel; but he seemed in a heavy sleep. In fact paralysis, had smitten him; but he knew it not; neither did any one. Who could heed the strong hearty man in such a moment? Not even the poor anxious wife! He had been left there to guard the house, and watch the dead—an unconscious man; numbed, himself, by the invisible icy hand! Audley stole to the bedside; he lifted the coverlid thrown over the pale still face. What passed within him, during the minute he staid there who shall say? But when he left the room, and slowly descended the stairs, he left behind him love and youth, all the sweet hopes and joys of the household human life—for ever and ever!

He returned to Lady Lansmere, who awaited his coming with the most nervous anxiety.

"Now," said he drily, "I will go to Harley, and I will prevent his returning hither."

"You have seen the parents. Good heavens! do they know of your marriage?"

"No; to Harley I must own it first. Meanwhile, silence!"

"Silence!" echoed Lady Lansmere; and her burning hand rested in Audley's, and Audley's hand was as ice.

In another hour Egerton had left the house, and before noon he was with Harley.

It is necessary now to explain the absence of all the Avenel family, except the poor stricken father.

Nora had died in giving birth to a child—died delirious. In her delirium she had spoken of shame—of disgrace; there was no holy nuptial ring on her finger! Through all her grief, the first thought of Mrs. Avenel was to save the good name of her lost daughter—the unblemished honor of all the living Avenels. No matron long descended from knights or kings, had keener pride in name and character than the poor, punctilious Calvinistic trader's wife. "Sorrow later, honor now!" With hard dry eyes she mused and mused, and made out her plan. Jane Fairfield should take away the infant at once before the day dawned, and nurse it with her own. Mark should go with her, for Mrs. Avenel dreaded the indiscretion of his wild grief. She would go with them herself part of the way, in order to command or reason them into guarded silence. But they could not go back to Hazeldean with another infant; Jane must go where none knew her; the two infants might pass as twins. And Mrs. Avenel, though naturally a humane, kindly woman, and with a mother's heart to infants, looked with almost a glad sternness at Jane's punny babe, and thought to herself, "All difficulty will be over if there be only *one*! Nora's child could thus pass throughout life for Jane's!"

Fortunately for the preservation of the secret, the Avenels kept no servant—only an occasional drudge, who came a few hours in the day, and went home to sleep. Mrs. Avenel could count on Mr. Morgan's silence as to the true cause of Nora's death. And, Mr. Dale, why should he reveal the dishonor of a family? That very day, or the next at farthest, she could induce her husband to absent himself lest he should blab out the tale while his sorrow was greater than his pride. She alone would then stay in the house of death until she could feel assured that all else were hushed into prudence. Ay, she felt, that with due precautions, the *name* was still safe. And so she awed and hurried Mark and his wife away, and went with them in the covered cart—that hid the faces of all three—leaving for an hour or two the house and the dead to her husband's charge, with many an admonition, to which he nodded his head, and which he did not hear! Do you think this woman was unfeeling and inhuman? Had Nora looked from heaven into

her mother's heart, Nora would not have thought so. A good name, when the burial stone closes over dust, is still a possession upon the earth; on earth it is indeed our only one! Better for our friends to guard for us that treasure than to sit down and weep over perishable clay. And weep—Oh! stern mother, long years were left to thee for weeping! No tears shed for Nora made such deep furrows on the cheeks as thine did! Yet who ever saw them flow?

Harley was in great surprise to see Egerton; more surprised when Egerton told him that he found he was to be opposed—that he had no chance of success at Lansmere, and had, therefore, resolved to retire from the contest. He wrote to the Earl to that effect; but the Countess knew the true cause, and hinted it to the Earl; so that, as we saw at the commencement of this history, Egerton's cause did not suffer when Captain Dashmore appeared in the borough; and, thanks to Mr. Hazeldean's exertions and oratory, Audley came in by two votes—the votes of John Avenel and Mark Fairfield. For though the former had been removed a little way from the town, and by medical advice—and though, on other matters, the disease that had smitten him left him docile as a child—yet he still would hear how the Blues went on, and would get out of bed to keep his word; and even his wife said, "He is right; better die of it than break his promise!" The crowd gave way as the broken man they had seen a few days before so jovial and healthful, was brought up on a chair to the poll, and said with his tremulous quavering voice, "I'm a true Blue—Blue forever!"

Elections are wondrous things! No one who has not seen, can guess how the zeal in them triumphs over sickness, sorrow, the ordinary private life of us!

There was forwarded to Audley, from Lansmere Park, Nora's last letter. The postman had left it there an hour or two after he himself had gone. The wedding-ring fell on the ground, and rolled under his feet. And those burning passionate reproaches—all that anger of the wounded dove—they explained to him the mystery of her return—her unjust suspicions—the cause of her sudden death, which he still ascribed to brain fever, brought on by excitement and fatigue. For Nora did not speak of the child about to be born; she had not remembered it when she wrote, or she would not have written. On the receipt of this letter, Egerton could not remain in the dull village district—alone, too, with Harley. He said, abruptly, that he must go to London—prevailed on L'Estrange to accompany him; and there, when he heard from Lady Lansmere that the funeral was over, he broke to Harley, with lips as white as the dead, and his hand pressed to his heart, on which his hereditary disease was fastening quick and fierce, the dread truth that Nora was no more. The effect upon the boy's health and spirits was even more crushing than Audley could anticipate. He only woke from grief to feel remorse. "For," said the noble

Harley, "had it not been for my mad passion—my rash pursuit—would she ever have left her safe asylum—ever even have left her native town? And then—and then—the struggle between her sense of duty and her love to me! I see it all—all! But for me, she were living still!"

"Oh, no!" cried Egerton—his confession now rushing to his lips. "Believe me, she never loved you as you think. Nay—nay—hear me! Rather suppose that she loved another—fled with him—was perhaps married to him, and—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Harley, with a terrible burst of passion—"you kill her twice to me, if you say that! I can still feel that she lives—lives here, in my heart—while I dream that she loved me—or, at least, that no other lip ever knew the kiss that was denied to mine! But if you tell me to doubt *that*;—you—you!"—The boy's anguish was too great for his frame; he fell suddenly back into Audley's arms; he had broken a blood-vessel. For several days he was in great danger, but his eyes were constantly fixed on Audley's, with wistful, intense gaze. "Tell me," he muttered, at the risk of re-opening the ruptured veins, and of the instant loss of life—"tell me—you did not mean *that*! Tell me you have no cause to think she loved another—*was* another!"

"Hush, hush—no cause—none—none. I meant but to comfort you, as I thought—fool that I was—that is all!" cried the miserable friend. And from that hour Audley gave up the idea of righting himself in his own eyes, and submitted still to be the living lie—he, the haughty gentleman!

Now, while Harley was still very weak and suffering, Mr. Dale came to London, and called on Egerton. The curate, in promising secrecy to Mr. Avenel, had made one condition, that it should not be to the positive injury of Nora's living son. What if she were married, after all? And would it not be right, at least, to learn the name of the child's father? Some day he might need a father. Mrs. Avenel was obliged to content herself with these reservations. However, she implored Mr. Dale not to make inquiries. What good could they do? If Nora were married, her husband would naturally, of his own accord, declare himself; if seduced and forsaken, it would but disgrace her memory (now saved from stain) to discover the father to a child of whose very existence the world as yet knew nothing. These arguments perplexed the good curate. But Jane Fairfield had a sanguine belief in her sister's innocence; and all her suspicions naturally pointed to Lord L'Estrange. So, indeed, perhaps, did Mrs. Avenel's, though she never owned them. Of the correctness of these suspicions Mr. Dale was fully convinced;—the young lord's admiration, Lady Lansmere's fears, had been too evident to one who had often visited at the Park—Harley's abrupt departure just before Nora's return home—Egerton's sudden resignation of the borough before even opposition was declared,

in order to rejoin his friend, the very day of Nora's death—all confirmed his ideas that Harley was the betrayer or the husband. Perhaps there might have been a secret marriage—possibly abroad—since Harley wanted some years of his majority. He would, at least, try to see and to sound Lord L'Estrange. Prevented this interview by Harley's illness, the curate resolved to ascertain how far he could penetrate into the mystery by a conversation with Egerton. There was much in the grave repute which the latter had acquired, and the singular and pre-eminent character for truth and honor with which it was accompanied, that made the curate resolve upon this step. Accordingly, he saw Egerton, meaning only diplomatically to extract from the new member for Lansmere what might benefit the family of the voters who had given him his majority of two.

He began by mentioning, as a touching fact, how poor John Avenel, bowed down by the loss of his child, and the malady which had crippled his limbs and enfeebled his mind, had still risen from his bed to keep his word. And Audley's emotions seemed to him so earnest and genuine, to show so good a heart, that out by little and little came more; first, his suspicions that poor Nora had been betrayed; then his hopes that there might have been private marriage; and as Audley, with his iron self-command, showed just the proper degree of interest, and no more, he went on, till Audley knew that he had a child!

"Inquire no further," said the man of the world. "Respect Mrs. Avenel's feelings and wishes, I entreat you; they are the right ones. Leave the rest to me. In my position—I mean as a resident of London—I can quietly and easily ascertain more than you could, and provoke no scandal! If I could right this—this—poor—poor—(his voice trembled)—right the lost mother, or the living child—sooner or later you will hear from me; if not, bury this secret where it now rests, in a grave which slander has not reached. But the child—give me the address where it is to be found—in case I succeed in finding the father, and touching his heart."

"Oh, Mr. Egerton, may I not say where you may find him—who he is?"

"Sir!"

"Do not be angry; and, after all, I can not ask you to betray any confidence which a friend may have placed in you. I know what you men of high honor are to each other—even in sin. No, no—I beg pardon; I leave all in your hands. I shall hear from you, then?"

"Or, if not—why, then, believe that all search is hopeless. My friend! if you mean Lord L'Estrange, he is innocent. I—I—I—(the voice faltered)—am convinced of it."

The curate sighed, but made no answer. "Oh, ye men of the world!" thought he. He gave the address which the member for Lansmere had asked for, and went his way, and never heard again from Audley Egerton. He was convinced

that the man who had showed such deep feeling had failed in his appeal to Harley conscience, or had judged it best to leave Nora's name in peace, and her child to her own relations and the care of heaven.

Harley L'Estrange, scarcely yet recovered, hastened to join our armies on the Continent, and seek the Death which, like its half-brother, rarely comes when we call it.

As soon as Harley was gone, Egerton went to the village to which Mr. Dale had directed him, to seek for Nora's child. But here he was led into a mistake which materially affected the tenor of his own life, and Leonard's future destinies. Mrs. Fairfield had been naturally ordered by her mother to take another name in the village to which she had gone with the two infants, so that her connection with the Avenel family might not be traced, to the provocation of inquiry and gossip. The grief and excitement through which she had gone, dried the source of nutriment in her breast. She put Nora's child out to nurse at the house of a small farmer, at a little distance from the village, and moved from her first lodging to be nearer to the infant. Her own child was so sickly and ailing, that she could not bear to intrust it to the care of another. She tried to bring it up by hand; and the poor child soon pined away and died. She and Mark could not endure the sight of their baby's grave; they hastened to return to Hazeldean, and took Leonard with them. From that time, Leonard passed for the son they had lost.

When Egerton arrived at the village, and inquired for the person whose address had been given to him, he was referred to the cottage in which she had last lodged, and was told that she had been gone some days—the day after her child was buried. Her child buried! Egerton stayed to inquire no more; thus he heard nothing of the infant that had been put out to nurse. He walked slowly into the church-yard, and stood for some minutes gazing on the small new mound; then, pressing his hand on the heart to which all emotion had been forbidden, he re-entered his chaise and returned to London. The sole reason for acknowledging his marriage seemed to him now removed. Nora's name had escaped reproach. Even had his painful position with regard to Harley not constrained him to preserve his secret, there was every motive to the World's wise and haughty son not to acknowledge a derogatory and foolish marriage, now that none lived whom concealment could wrong.

Audley mechanically resumed his former life—sought to resettle his thoughts on the grand objects of ambitious men. His poverty still pressed on him; his pecuniary debt to Harley stung and galled his peculiar sense of honor. He was no way to clear his estates, to repay his friend, but by some rich alliance. Dead to love, he faced this prospect first with repugnance, then with apathetic indifference. Levy, of whose treach-

ery toward himself and Nora he was unaware, still held over him the power that the money-lender never loses over the man that has owed, owes, or may owe again. Levy was ever urging him to propose to the rich Miss Leslie;—Lady Lansmere, willing to atone, as she thought, for his domestic loss, urged the same;—Harley, influenced by his mother, wrote from the Continent to the same effect.

“Manage it as you will,” at last said Egerton to Levy, ‘so that I am not a wife’s pensioner.’”

“Propose for me if you will,” he said to Lady Lansmere—“I can not woo—I can not talk of love.”

Somehow or other, the marriage, with all its rich advantages to the ruined gentleman, was thus made up. And Egerton, as we have seen, was the polite and dignified husband before the world—married to a woman who adored him. It is the common fate of men like him to be loved too well!

On her death-bed his heart was touched by his wife’s melancholy reproach: “Nothing I could do has ever made you love me!” “It is true,” answered Audley, with tears in his voice and eyes, “Nature gave me but a small fund of what women like you call ‘love,’ and I lavished it all away.” And he then told her, though with reserve, some portion of his former history;—and that soothed her; for when she saw that he *had* loved, and *could* grieve, she caught a glimpse of the human heart she had not seen before. She died, forgiving him, and blessing.

Audley’s spirits were much affected by this new loss. He inly resolved never to marry again. He had a vague thought at first of retrenching his expenditure, and making young Randal Leslie his heir. But when he first saw the clever Eton boy, his feelings did not warm to him, though his intellect appreciated Randal’s quick, keen talents. He contented himself with resolving to push the boy; to do what was merely just to the distant kinsman of his late wife. Always careless and lavish in money matters, generous and princely, not from the delight of serving others, but from a *grand Seigneur’s* sentiment of what was due to himself and his station, Audley had a mournful excuse for the lordly waste of the large fortune at his control. The morbid functions of the heart had become organic disease. True, he might live many years, and die at last of some other complaint in the course of nature; but the progress of the disease would quicken with all emotional excitement; he might die suddenly—any day—in the very prime, and, seemingly, in the full vigor, of his life. And the only physician in whom he confided what he wished to keep concealed from the world (for ambitious men would fain be thought immortal), told him frankly that it was improbable that, with the wear and tear of political strife and action, he could advance far into middle age. Therefore, no son of his succeeding—his nearest relations all wealthy—Egerton resigned himself to his constitutional

disdain of money; he could look into no affairs, provided the balance in his banker’s hands were such as became the munificent commoner. All else he left to his steward and to Levy. Levy grew rapidly rich—very, very rich—and the steward thrived.

The usurer continued to possess a determined hold over the imperious great man. He knew Audley’s secret; he could reveal that secret to Harley. And the one soft and tender side of the statesman’s nature—the sole part of him not dipped in the ninefold Styx of practical prosaic life, which so renders man invulnerable to affection—was his remorseful love for the school friend whom he still deceived.

Here then you have the key to the locked chambers of Audley Egerton’s character, the fortified castle of his mind. The envied minister—the joyless man—the oracle on the economies of an empire—the prodigal in a usurer’s hands—the august, high-crested gentleman, to whom princes would refer for the casuistry of honor—the culprit trembling lest the friend he best loved on earth should detect his lie! Wrap thyself in the decent veil that the Arts or the Graces weave for thee, O, Human Nature! It is only the statue of marble whose nakedness the eye can behold without shame and offense!

CHAPTER XIX.

Of the narrative just placed before the reader, it is clear that Leonard could gather only desultory fragments. He could but see that his ill-fated mother had been united to a man she had loved with surpassing tenderness; had been led to suspect that the marriage was fraudulent; had gone abroad in despair, returned repentant and hopeful; had gleaned some intelligence that her lover was about to be married to another, and there the manuscript closed with the blisters left on the page by agonizing tears. The mournful end of Nora—her lonely return to die under the roof of her parents—this he had learned before from the narrative of Dr. Morgan.

But even the name of her supposed husband was not revealed. Of him Leonard could form no conjecture, except that he was evidently of higher rank than Nora. Harley L’Estrange seemed clearly indicated in the early boy-lover. If so, he must know all that was left dark to Leonard and to him Leonard resolved to confide the MS. With this resolution he left the cottage, resolving to return and attend the funeral obsequies of his departed friend. Mrs. Goodyer willingly permitted him to take away the papers she had lent to him, and added to them the packet which had been addressed to Mrs. Bertram from the Continent.

Musing in anxious gloom over the record he had read, Leonard entered London on foot, and bent his way toward Harley’s hotel; when, just as he had crossed into Bond Street, a gentleman in company with Baron Levy, and who seemed, by the flush on his brow and the sullen tone of his voice,

to have had rather an irritating colloquy with the fashionable usurer, suddenly caught sight of Leonard, and, abruptly quitting Levy, seized the young man by the arm.

"Excuse me, sir," said the gentleman, looking hard into Leonard's face; "but unless these sharp eyes of mine are mistaken, which they seldom are, I see a nephew whom, perhaps, I behaved to rather too harshly, but who still has no right to forget Richard Avenel."

"My dear uncle," exclaimed Leonard, "this is indeed a joyful surprise; at a time, too, when I needed joy! No; I have never forgotten your kindness, and always regretted our estrangement."

"That is well said; give us your fist again. Let me look at you—quite the gentleman, I declare!—still so good-looking, too. We Avenels always were. Good-by, Baron Levy. Need not wait for me; I am not going to run away. I shall see you again."

"But," whispered Levy, who had followed Avenel across the street, and eyed Leonard with a quick, curious, searching glance—"but it must be as I say with regard to the borough; or (to be plain) you must cash the bills on the day they are due."

"Very well, sir—very well. So you think to put the screw upon me, as if I were a poor, ten-pound householder. I understand—my money, or my borough?"

"Exactly so," said the Baron, with a soft smile.

"You shall hear from me—you shall hear from me. (Aside, as Levy strolled away)—D—d tarnation rascal!"

Dick Avenel then linked his arm in his nephew's, and strove, for some minutes, to forget his own troubles, in the indulgence of that curiosity in the affairs of another which was natural to him, and, in this instance, increased by the real affection which he had felt for Leonard. But still his curiosity remained unsatisfied; for long before Leonard could overcome his habitual reluctance to speak of his success in letters, Dick's mind wandered back to his rival at Screwtown, and the curse of "over-competition"—to the bills which Levy had discounted, in order to enable Dick to meet the crushing force of a capitalist larger than himself—and the "tarnation rascal" who now wished to obtain two seats at Lansmere, one for Randal Leslie, one for a rich Nabob whom Levy had just caught as a client; and Dick, though willing to aid Leslie, had a mind to the other seat for himself. Therefore Dick soon broke in upon the hesitating confessions of Leonard, with exclamations far from pertinent to the subject, and rather for the sake of venting his own griefs and resentment than with any idea that the sympathy or advice of his nephew could serve him.

"Well, well," said Dick, "another time for your history. I see you have thrived, and that is enough for the present. Very odd; but just now I can only think of myself. I'm in a regular

fix, sir. Screwtown is not the respectable Screws town that you remember it—all demoralised and turned topsy-turvy by a demoniacal monster capitalist, with steam-engines that might bring the falls of Niagara into your back parlor, sir! And, as if that was not enough to destroy and drive into almighty shivers a decent fair-play Britisher like myself, I hear he is just in treaty for some patent infernal invention that will make his engines do twice as much work with half as many hands! That's the way those unfeeling ruffians increase our poor-rates! But I'll get up a riot against him—I will! Don't talk to me of the law! What the devil is the good of the law if it don't protect a man's industry—a *liberal* man, too, like me!" Here Dick burst into a storm of vituperation against the rotten old country in general, and the monster capitalist of Screwtown in particular.

Leonard started; for Dick now named, in that monster capitalist, the very person who was in treaty for Leonard's own mechanical improvement on the steam-engine.

"Stop, uncle—stop! Why, then, if this man were to buy the contrivance you speak of, it would injure you?"

"Injure me, sir! I should be a bankrupt—that is, if it succeeded; but I daresay it is all a humbug."

"No, it *will* succeed—I'll answer for that!"

"You! You have seen it?"

"Why, I invented it."

Dick hastily withdrew his arm from Leonard's.

"Serpent's tooth!" he said, falteringly, "so it is you, whom I warmed at my hearth, who are to ruin Richard Avenel?"

"No—but to save him! Come into the city and look at my model. If you like it, the patent shall be yours!"

"Cab—cab—cab," cried Dick Avenel, stopping a "Hansom;" "jump in, Leonard—jump in. I'll buy your patent—that is, if it is worth a straw; and as for payment—"

"Payment! Don't talk of that!"

"Well, I won't," said Dick, mildly; "for 'tis not the topic of conversation I should choose myself, just at present. And as for that black-whiskered alligator, the Baron, let me first get out of those rambustious, unchristian, filbert-shaped claws of his, and then—But jump in—jump in—and tell the man where to drive!"

A very brief inspection of Leonard's invention sufficed to show Richard Avenel how invaluable it would be to him. Armed with a patent, of which the certain effects in the increase of power and diminution of labor were obvious to any practical man, Avenel felt that he should have no difficulty in obtaining such advances of money as he required, whether to alter his engines, meet the bills discounted by Levy, or carry on the war with the monster capitalist. It might be necessary to admit into partnership some other monster capitalist—What then? Any partner better than Levy. A bright idea struck him.

"If I can just terrify and whop that infernal intruder on my own ground, for a few months, he may offer, himself, to enter into partnership—make the two concerns a joint stock friendly combination, and then we shall flog the world."

His gratitude to Leonard became so lively that Dick offered to bring his nephew in for Lansmere instead of himself; and when Leonard declined the offer, exclaimed, "Well, then, any friend of yours; you have only to say the word at the last hour, for I am sure of both seats. I'm all for Reform against those high and mighty right honorable boroughmongers; and what with loans and mortgages on the small householders, and a long course of "free and easies," with the independent Freeman, I carry the town of Lansmere in my breeches pocket." Dick then, appointing an interview with Leonard at his lawyer's to settle the transfer of the invention, upon terms which he declared "should be honorable to both parties," hurried off, to search among his friends in the city for some monster capitalist, who might be induced to extricate him from the jaws of Levy, and the engines of his rival at Screwstown. "Mullins is the man, if I can but catch him," said Dick. "You have heard of Mullins?—A wonderful great man; you should see his nails; he never cuts them! Three millions, at least, he has scraped together with those nails of his, sir. And in this rotten old country, a man must have nails a yard long to fight with a devil like Levy! Good by—good *by*—good by, my dear nephew!"

CHAPTER XX.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE was seated alone in his apartments. He had just put down a volume of some favorite classic author, and he was resting his hand firmly clenched upon the book. Ever since Harley's return to England, there had been a perceptible change in the expression of his countenance, even in the very bearing and attitudes of his elastic youthful figure. But this change had been more marked since that last interview with Helen which has been recorded. There was a compressed resolute firmness in the lips—a decided character in the brow. To the indolent careless grace of his movements had succeeded a certain indescribable energy, as quiet and self-collected as that which distinguished the determined air of Audley Egerton himself. In fact, if you could have looked into his heart, you would have seen that Harley was, for the first time, making a strong effort over his passions and his humors; that the whole man was nerving himself to a sense of duty. "No," he muttered—"no—I will think only of Helen; I will think only of real life! And what (were I not engaged to another) would that dark-eyed Italian girl be to me?—What a mere fool's fancy is this! I love again—I who, through all the fair spring of my life, have clung with such faith to a memory and a grave! Come, come, come, Har-

ley L'Estrange, act thy part as man among men at last! Accept regard; dream no more of passion. Abandon false ideals. Thou art no poet—why deem that life itself can be a poem?"

The door opened, and the Austrian Prince, whom Harley had interested in the cause of Violante's father, entered with the familiar step of a friend.

"Have you discovered those documents yet?" said the Prince. "I must now return to Vienna within a few days. And unless you can arm me with some tangible proof of Peschiera's ancient treachery, or some more unanswerable excuse for his noble kinsman, I fear that there is no other hope for the exile's recall to his country than what lies in the hateful option of giving his daughter to his perfidious foe."

"Alas!" said Harley, "as yet, all researches have been in vain; and I know not what other steps to take, without arousing Peschiera's vigilance, and setting his crafty brains at work to counteract us. My poor friend, then, must rest contented with exile. To give Violante to the Count were dishonor. But I shall soon be married; soon have a home, not quite unworthy of their due rank, to offer both to father and to child."

"Would the future Lady L'Estrange feel no jealousy of a guest so fair as you tell me this young signorina is? And would you be in no danger yourself, my poor friend?"

"Pooh!" said Harley, coloring. "My fair guest would have *two* fathers; that is all. Pray do not jest on a thing so grave as honor."

Again the door opened, and Leonard appeared.

"Welcome," cried Harley, pleased to be no longer alone under the Prince's penetrating eye—"welcome. This is the noble friend who shares our interest for Riccabocca, and who could serve him so well, if we could but discover the document of which I have spoken to you."

"It is here," said Leonard simply; "may it be all that you require!"

Harley eagerly grasped at the packet, which had been sent from Italy to the supposed Mrs. Bertram, and, leaning his face on his hand, rapidly hurried through the contents.

"Hurrah!" he cried at last, with his face lighted up, and a boyish toss of his right hand. "Look, look, Prince, here are Peschiera's own letters to his kinsman's wife; his avowal of what he calls his 'patriotic designs;' his entreaties to her to induce her husband to share them. Look, look, how he wields his influence over the woman he had once wooed; look how artfully he combats her objections; see how reluctant our friend was to stir, till wife and kinsman both united to urge him."

"It is enough—quite enough," exclaimed the Prince, looking at the passages in Peschiera's letters which Harley pointed out to him.

"No, it is not enough," shouted Harley as he continued to read the letters with his rapid sparkling eyes. "More still! O villain, doubly damn-

ed! Here, after our friend's flight, here, is his avowal of guilty passion; here he swears that he had intrigued to ruin his benefactor, in order to pollute the home that had sheltered him. Ah! see how she answers; thank Heaven her own eyes were opened at last, and she scorned him before she died. She was innocent! I said so. Violante's mother was pure. Poor lady, this moves me! Has your Emperor the heart of a man?"

"I know enough of our Emperor," answered the Prince, warmly, "to know that, the moment these papers reach him, Peschiera is ruined, and your friend is restored to his honors. You will live to see the daughter, to whom you would have given a child's place at your hearth, the wealthiest heiress of Italy—the bride of some noble lover, with rank only below the supremacy of kings!"

"Ah!" said Harley in a sharp accent and turning very pale—"ah, I shall not see her that! I shall never visit Italy again!—never see her more—never, after she has once quitted this climate of cold iron cares and formal duties—never, never!" He turned his head for a moment, and then came with quick step to Leonard, "But you, O happy poet! No ideal can ever be lost to you. You are independent of real life. Would I were a poet!" He smiled sadly.

"You would not say so, perhaps, my dear lord," answered Leonard with equal sadness, "if you knew how little what you call 'the ideal' replaces to a poet the loss of one affection in the genial human world. Independent of real life! Alas! no. And I have here the confessions of a true poet-soul, which I will entreat you to read at leisure; and when you have read, answer if you would still be a poet!"

He took forth Nora's MSS. as he spoke.

"Place them yonder, in my *secrétaire*, Leonard; I will read them later."

"Do so, and with heed; for to me there is much here that involves my own life—much that is still a mystery, and which I think you can unravel!"

"I," exclaimed Harley; and he was moving toward the *secrétaire*, in a drawer of which Leonard had carefully deposited the papers, when once more, but this time violently, the door was thrown open and Giacomo rushed into the room, accompanied by Lady Lansmere.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" cried Giacomo, in Italian, "the signorina! the signorina—Violante!"

"What of her? Mother, mother! what of her? Speak, speak!"

"She has gone—left our house!"

"Left! No, no!" cried Giacomo. "She must have been deceived or forced away. The Count! the Count! Oh, my good lord, save her, as you once saved her father!"

"Hold!" cried Harley. "Give me your arm, mother. A second such blow in life is beyond the strength of man—at least of mine. So, so!—I am better now! Thank you, mother. Stand

back, all of you—give me air. So the Count has triumphed, and Violante has fled with him! Explain all—I can bear it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO EXCLUSIVE ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.

THIS is a world of inflexible commerce; no thing is ever given away, but every thing is bought and paid for. If, by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits, we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfactions of which the mind is the region and the source. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to its delicious whirl. He says to himself, I will think of nothing but business till I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather round me books, and pictures, and friends. I will have knowledge, taste, and cultivation, the perfume of scholarship, and winning speech, and graceful manners. I will see foreign countries, and converse with accomplished men. I will drink deep of the fountains of classic lore. Philosophy shall guide me, history shall instruct, and poetry shall charm me. Science shall open to me her world of wonders. I shall then remember my present life of drudgery as one recalls a troubled dream when the morning has dawned. He keeps his self-registered vow. He bends his thoughts downward, and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes, in letters which he who runs may read, "No admittance except on business." In time he reaches the goal of his hopes, but now insulted nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural is now natural to him. The enforced constraint has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken. He can no longer lift his thoughts from the ground. Books and knowledge, and wise discourse, and the amenities of art, and the cordial of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of his soul, nothing genial, graceful, or winning will cling. He can not even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean money-getting mask which the child does not look at without ceasing to smile. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth, he is like a blind man in a picture-gallery. That which he has done he must continue to do; he must accumulate riches which he can not enjoy, and contemplate the dreary prospect of growing old without any thing to make age venerable or attractive, for age without wisdom and without knowledge is the winter's cold without the winter's fire.—*The Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession; an Address, by George A. Sardilli, of Boston, U. S.*

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVII.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

RICHARD very often came to see us while we remained in London (though he soon failed in his letter-writing), and with his quick abilities, his good spirits, his good temper, his gaiety and freshness, was always delightful. But, though I liked him more and more, the better I knew him, I still felt more and more how much it was to be regretted that he had been educated in no habits of application and concentration. The system which had addressed him in exactly the same manner as it had addressed hundreds of other boys, all varying in character and capacity, had enabled him to dash through his tasks, always with fair credit, and often with distinction; but in a fitful, dazzling way that had confirmed his reliance on those very qualities in himself, which it had been most desirable to direct and train. They were great qualities, without which no high place can be meritoriously won; but, like fire and water, though excellent servants, they were very bad masters. If they had been under Richard's direction, they would have been his friends; but, Richard being under their direction, they became his enemies.

I write down these opinions, not because I believe that this or any other thing was so, because I thought so; but only because I did think so, and I want to be quite candid about all I thought and did. These were my thoughts about Richard. I thought I often observed besides, how right my Guardian was in what he had said; and that the uncertainties and delays of the Chancery suit had imparted to his nature something of the careless spirit of a gamester, who felt that he was part of a great gaming system.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayham Badger coming one afternoon, when my Guardian was not at home, in the course of conversation I naturally inquired after Richard.

"Why, Mr. Carstone," said Mrs. Badger, "is very well, and is, I assure you, a great acquisition to our society. Captain Swosser used to say of me that I was always better than land a-head and a breeze a-stern to the midshipmen's mess when the purser's junk had become as tough as the fore-topse! weather earings. It was his naval way of mentioning generally that I was an acquisition to any society. I may render the same tribute, I am sure, to Mr. Carstone. But, [—you won't think me premature if I mention it?"]

I said no, as Mrs. Badger's insinuating tone seemed to require such an answer.

"Nor Miss Clare?" said Mrs. Bayham Badger, sweetly.

Ada said no, too, and looked uneasy.

"Why, you see, my dears," said Mrs. Badger—"you'll excuse my calling you my dears?"

We entreated Mrs. Badger not to mention it.

"Because you really are, if I may take the

liberty of saying so," pursued Mrs. Badger, "so perfectly charming. You see, my dears, that although I am still young—or Mr. Bayham Badger pays me the compliment of saying so—"

"No," Mr. Badger called out, like some one contradicting at a public meeting. "Not at all!"

"Very well," smiled Mrs. Badger, "we will say still young."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Badger.

"My dears, though still young, I have had many opportunities of observing young men. There were many such on board the dear old Crippler, I assure you. After that, when I was with Captain Swosser in the Mediterranean, I embraced every opportunity of knowing and befriending the midshipmen under Captain Swosser's command. You never heard them called the young gentlemen, my dears, and probably would not understand allusions to their pipe-claying their weekly accounts; but it is otherwise with me, for blue water has been a second home to me, and I have been quite a sailor. Again, with Professor Dingo."

"A man of European reputation," murmured Mr. Badger.

"When I lost my dear first, and became the wife of my dear second," said Mrs. Badger, speaking of her former husbands as if they were parts of a charade, "I still enjoyed opportunities of observing youth. The class attendant on Professor Dingo's lectures was a large one, and it became my pride, as the wife of an eminent scientific man seeking herself in science the utmost consolation it could impart, to throw our house open to the students, as a kind of Scientific Exchange. Every Tuesday evening there was lemonade and a mixed biscuit, for all who chose to partake of those refreshments. And there was Science to an unlimited extent."

"Remarkable assemblies those, Miss Summerson," said Mr. Badger, reverentially. "There must have been great intellectual friction going on there, under the auspices of such a man!"

"And now," pursued Mrs. Badger, "now that I am the wife of my dear third, Mr. Badger, I still pursue those habits of observation which were formed during the lifetime of Captain Swosser, and adapted to new and unexpected purposes during the lifetime of Professor Dingo. I therefore have not come to the consideration of Mr. Carstone as a Neophyte. And yet I am very much of the opinion, my dears, that he has not chosen his profession advisedly."

Ada looked so very anxious now, that I asked Mrs. Badger on what she founded her supposition?

"My dear Miss Summerson," she replied, "on Mr. Carstone's character and conduct. He is of such a very easy disposition, that probably he would never think it worth while to mention how he really feels; but, he feels languid about the profession. He has not that positive interest in it which makes it his vocation. If he has any decided impression in reference to it, I should say it was that it is a tiresome pursuit. Now.

* Continued from the August Number

this is not promising. Young men, like Mr. Allan Woodcourt, who take to it from a strong interest in all that it can do, will find some reward in it through a great deal of work for a very little money, and through years of considerable endurance and disappointment. But I am quite convinced that this would never be the case with Mr. Carstone."

"Does Mr. Badger think so too?" asked Ada, timidly.

"Why," said Mr. Badger, "to tell the truth, Miss Clare, this view of the matter had not occurred to me until Mrs. Badger mentioned it. But, when Mrs. Badger put it in that light, I naturally gave great consideration to it; knowing that Mrs. Badger's mind, in addition to its natural advantages, has had the rare advantage of being formed by two such very distinguished (I will even say illustrious) public men as Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy and Professor Dingo. The conclusion at which I have arrived is—in short, is Mrs. Badger's conclusion."

"It was a maxim of Captain Swosser's," said Mrs. Badger, "speaking in his figurative naval manner, that when you make pitch hot, you can not make it too hot; and that if you only have to swab a plank, you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after you. It appears to me that this maxim is applicable to the medical, as well as to the nautical profession."

"To all professions," observed Mr. Badger. "It was admirably said by Captain Swosser. Beautifully said."

"People objected to Professor Dingo, when we were staying in the North of Devon, after our marriage," said Mrs. Badger, "that he disfigured some of the houses and other buildings, by chipping off fragments of those edifices with his little geological hammer. But the Professor replied, that he knew of no building, save the Temple of Science. The principle is the same, I think?"

"Precisely the same," said Mr. Badger. "Finely expressed! The Professor made the same remark, Miss Summerson, in his last illness; when, (his mind wandering) he insisted on keeping his little hammer under the pillow, and chipping at the countenances of the attendants. The ruling passion!"

Although we could have dispensed with the length at which Mr. and Mrs. Badger pursued the conversation, we both felt that it was disinterested in them to express the opinion they had communicated to us, and that there was a great probability of its being sound. We agreed to say nothing to Mr. Jarndyce until we had spoken to Richard; and, as he was coming next evening, we resolved to have a very serious talk with him.

So, after he had been a little while with Ada, I went in and found my darling (as I knew she would be) prepared to consider him thoroughly right in whatever he said.

"And how do you get on, Richard?" said I. I always sat down on the other side of him. He made quite a sister of me.

"O! well enough!" said Richard.

"He can't say better than that, Esther, can he?" cried my pet, triumphantly.

I tried to look at my pet in the wisest manner, but, of course, I couldn't.

"Well enough?" I repeated.

"Yes," said Richard, "well enough. It's rather jog-trotty and hum-drum. But it'll do as well as any thing else!"

"O! my dear Richard!" I remonstrated.

"What's the matter?" said Richard.

"Do as well as any thing else!"

"I don't think there's any harm in that, Dame Durden," said Ada, looking so confidently at me across him! "Because if it will do as well as any thing else, it will do very well, I hope."

"O yes, I hope so," returned Richard, carelessly tossing his hair from his forehead. "After all, it may be only a kind of probation till our suit is—I forgot though. I am not to mention the suit. Forbidden ground! O yes, it's all right enough. Let us talk about something else."

Ada would have done so, willingly, and with a full persuasion that we had brought the question to a most satisfactory state. But I thought it would be useless to stop there, so I began again.

"No, but Richard," said I, "and my dear Ada! Consider how important it is to you both, and what a point of honor it is toward your cousin, that you, Richard, should be quite in earnest without any reservation. I think we had better talk about this, really, Ada. It will be too late, very soon."

"O yes! We must talk about it!" said Ada. "But I think Richard is right."

What was the use of my trying to look wise, when she was so pretty, and so engaging, and so fond of him!

"Mr. and Mrs. Badger were here yesterday, Richard," said I, "and they seemed disposed to think that you had no great liking for the profession."

"Did they though?" said Richard. "O! Well, that rather alters the case, because I had no idea that they thought so, and I should not have liked to disappoint or inconvenience them. The fact is, I don't care much about it. But O, it don't matter! It'll do as well as any thing else!"

"You hear him, Ada!" said I.

"The fact is," Richard proceeded, half thoughtfully and half jocosely, "it is not quite in my way. I don't take to it. And I get too much of Mrs. Bayham Badger's first and second."

"I am sure *that's* very natural!" cried Ada, quite delighted. "The very thing we both said yesterday, Esther!"

"Then," pursued Richard, "its monotonous, and to-day is too like yesterday, and to-morrow is too like to-day."

"But I am afraid," said I, "this is an objection to all kinds of application—to life itself, except under some very uncommon circumstances."

"Do you think so?" returned Richard, still considering. "Perhaps! Ha! Why, then, you know," he added, suddenly becoming gay again,

"we travel outside a circle, to what I said just now. It'll do as well as any thing else. O, it's all right enough! Let us talk about something else."

But, even Ada, with her loving face—and if it had seemed innocent and trusting, when I first saw it in that memorable November fog, how much more so did it seem now, when I knew her innocent and trusting heart—even Ada shook her head at this, and looked serious. So I thought it a good opportunity to hint to Richard, that if he were sometimes a little careless of himself, I was very sure he never meant to be careless of Ada; and that it was a part of his affectionate consideration for her, not to slight the importance of a step that might influence both their lives. This made him almost grave.

"My dear Mother Hubbard," he said, "that's the very thing! I have thought of that, several times; and have been quite angry with myself for meaning to be so much in earnest, and—somehow—not exactly being so. I don't know how it is; I seem to want something or other to stand by. Even you have no idea how fond I am of Ada (my darling cousin, I love you, so much!), but I don't settle down to constancy in other things. It's such uphill work, and it takes such a time!" said Richard, with an air of vexation.

"That may be," I suggested, "because you don't like what you have chosen."

"Poor fellow!" said Ada. "I am sure I don't wonder at it!"

No. It was not of the least use my trying to look wise. I tried again; but how could I do it, or how could it have any effect if I could, while Ada rested her clasped hands upon his shoulder, and while he looked at her tender blue eyes, and while they looked at him!

"You see, my precious girl," said Richard, passing her golden curls through and through his hand, "I was a little hasty, perhaps; or I misunderstood my own inclinations, perhaps. They don't seem to lie in that direction. I couldn't tell, till I tried. Now the question is, whether it's worth while to undo all that has been done. It seems like making a great disturbance about nothing particular."

"My dear Richard," said I, "how *can* you say about nothing particular?"

"I don't mean absolutely that," he returned. "I mean that it *may* be nothing particular, because I may never want it."

Both Ada and I urged, in reply, not only that it was decidedly worth while to undo what had been done, but that it must be undone. I then asked Richard whether he had thought of any more congenial pursuit?

"There, my dear Mrs. Shipton," said Richard, "you touch me home. Yes, I have. I have been thinking that the law is the boy for me."

"The law!" repeated Ada, as if she were afraid of the name.

"If I went into Kenge's office," said Richard, "and if I were placed under articles to Kenge, I should have my eye on the—hum!—the forbidden

ground—and should be able to study it, and master it, and to satisfy myself that it was not neglected, and was being properly conducted. I should be able to look after Ada's interests, and my own interests (the same thing!); and I should peg away at Blackstone and all those fellows with the most tremendous ardor."

I was not by any means so sure of that; and I saw how his hankering after the vague things yet to come of those long-deferred hopes, cast a shade on Ada's face. But I thought it best to encourage him in any project of continuous exertion, and only advised him to be quite sure that his mind was made up now.

"My dear Minerva," said Richard, "I am as steady as you are. I made a mistake; we are all liable to mistakes; I won't do so any more, and I'll become such a lawyer as is not often seen. That is, you know," said Richard, relapsing into doubt, "if it really is worth while, after all, to make such a disturbance about nothing particular!"

This led to our saying again, with a great deal of gravity, all that we had said already, and to our coming to much the same conclusion afterward. But, we so strongly advised Richard to be frank and open with Mr. Jarndyce, without a moment's delay; and his disposition was naturally so opposed to concealment; that he sought him out at once (taking us with him), and made a full avowal. "Rick," said my Guardian, after hearing him attentively, "we can retreat with honor, and we will. But we must be careful—for our cousin's sake, Rick, for our cousin's sake—that we make no more such mistakes. Therefore, in the matter of the law, we will have a good trial before we decide. We will look before we leap, and take plenty of time about it."

Richard's energy was of such an impatient and fitful kind, that he would have liked nothing better than to have gone to Mr. Kenge's office in that hour, and to have entered into articles with him on the spot. Submitting, however, with a good grace to the caution that we had shown to be so necessary, he contented himself with sitting down among us in his lightest spirits, and talking as if his one unvarying purpose in life from childhood had been that one which now held possession of him. My Guardian was very kind and cordial with him, but rather grave; enough so to cause Ada, when he had departed and we were going up-stairs to bed, to say:

"Cousin John, I hope you don't think the worse of Richard?"

"No, my love," said he.

"Because it was very natural that Richard should be mistaken in such a difficult case. It is not uncommon."

"No, no, my love," said he. "Don't look unhappy."

"O, I am not unhappy, cousin John!" said Ada, smiling cheerfully, with her hand upon his shoulder, where she had put it in bidding him good night. "But I should be a little so, if you thought at all the worse of Richard."

"My dear," said Mr. Jarndyce, "I should think the worse of him, only if you were ever in the least unhappy through his means. I should be more disposed to quarrel with myself, even then, than with poor Rick, for I brought you together. But, tut, all this is nothing! He has time before him, and the race to run. I think the worse of him? Not I, my loving cousin! And not you, I swear!"

"No, indeed, cousin John," said Ada, "I am sure I could not—I am sure I would not—think any ill of Richard, if the whole world did. I could, and I would, think better of him then, than at any other time!"

So quietly and honestly she said it, with her hands upon his shoulders—both hands now—and looking up into his face, like the picture of Truth!

"I think," said my Guardian, thoughtfully regarding her, "I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers. Good-night, my rosebud. Good-night, little woman. Pleasant slumbers! Happy dreams!"

This was the first time I ever saw him follow Ada with his eyes, with something of a shadow on their benevolent expression. I well remembered the look with which he had contemplated her and Richard, when she was singing in the fire-light; it was but a very little while since he had watched them passing down the room in which the sun was shining, and away into the shade; but, his glance was changed, and even the silent look of confidence in me which now followed it once more, was not quite so hopeful and untroubled as it had originally been.

Ada praised Richard more to me, that night, than ever she had praised him yet. She went to sleep, with a little bracelet he had given her clasped upon her arm. I fancied she was dreaming of him when I kissed her cheek after she had slept an hour, and saw how tranquil and happy she looked.

For I was so little inclined to sleep, myself, that night, that I sat up working. It would not be worth mentioning for its own sake, but I was wakeful and rather low-spirited. I don't know why. At least I don't think I know why. At least, perhaps I do, but I don't think it matters.

At any rate, I made up my mind to be so dreadfully industrious that I would leave myself not a moment's leisure to be low spirited. For I naturally said, "Esther! You to be low-spirited. You!" And it really was time to say so, for I—yes, I really did see myself in the glass, almost crying. "As if you had any thing to make you unhappy, instead of every thing to make you happy, you ungrateful heart!" said I.

If I could have made myself go to sleep, I would have done it directly; but not being able to do that, I took out of my basket some ornamental work for our house (I mean Bleak House) that I was busy with at that time, and sat down to it with great determination. It was necessary to count all the stitches in that work,

and I resolved to go on with it until I couldn't keep my eyes open, and then, to go to bed.

I soon found myself very busy. But I had left some silk down-stairs in a work-table drawer in the temporary Growlery; and coming to a stop for want of it, I took my candle and went softly down to get it. To my great surprise, on going in, I found my Guardian still there, and sitting looking at the ashes. He was lost in thought, his book lay unheeded by his side, his silvered iron-gray hair was scattered confusedly upon his forehead as though his hand had been wandering among it while his thoughts were elsewhere, and his face looked worn. Almost frightened by coming upon him so unexpectedly, I stood still for a moment; and should have retired without speaking, had he not, in again passing his hand abstractly through his hair, seen me and started.

"Esther!"

I told him what I had come for.

"At work so late, my dear?"

"I am working late to-night," said I, "because I couldn't sleep, and wished to tire myself. But, dear Guardian, you are late too, and look weary. You have no trouble, I hope, to keep you waking?"

"None, little woman, that *you* would readily understand," said he.

He spoke in a regretful tone so new to me, that I inwardly repeated, as if that would help me to his meaning, "That *I* could readily understand!"

"Remain a moment, Esther," said he. "You were in my thoughts."

"I hope I was not the trouble, Guardian?"

He slightly waved his hand, and fell into his usual manner. The change was so remarkable, and he appeared to make it by dint of so much self-command, that I found myself again inwardly repeating, "None that *I* could understand!"

"Little woman," said my Guardian, "I was thinking—that is, I have been thinking since I have been sitting here—that you ought to know, of your own history, all I know. It is very little. Next to nothing."

"Dear Guardian," I replied, "when you spoke to me before on that subject—"

"But, since then," he gravely interposed, anticipating what I meant to say, "I have reflected that your having any thing to ask me, and my having any thing to tell you, are different considerations, Esther. It is perhaps my duty to impart to you that little I know."

"If you think so, Guardian, it is right."

"I think so," he returned, very gently, and kindly, and very distinctly. "My dear, I think so, now. If any real disadvantage can attach to your position, in the mind of any man or woman worth a thought, it is right that you at least, of all the world should not magnify it to yourself, by having vague impressions of its nature."

I sat down; and said, after a little effort to be as calm as I ought to be, "One of my earliest remembrances, Guardian, is of these words. 'Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace, and you were hers. The time will come, and soon enough,

when you will understand this better, and will feel it too, as no one save a woman can." I had covered my face with my hands, in repeating the words; but I took them away now with a better kind of shame, I hope, and told him, that to him I owed the blessing that I had from my childhood to that hour never, never, never felt it. He put up his hand as if to stop me. I well knew that he was never to be thanked, and said no more.

"Nine years, my dear," he said, after thinking for a little while, "have passed since I received a letter from a lady living in seclusion, written with a stern passion and power that rendered it unlike all other letters I have ever read. It was written to me (as it told me in so many words), perhaps, because it was the writer's idiosyncrasy to put that trust in me; perhaps, because it was mine to justify it. It told me of a child, an orphan girl then twelve years old, in some such cruel words as those which live in your remembrance. It told me that the writer had bred her in seclusion from her birth, had blotted out all trace of her existence, and that if the writer were to die before the child became a woman, she would be left entirely friendless, nameless, and unknown. It asked me, to consider if I would in that case, finish what the writer had begun?"

I listened in silence, and looked attentively at him.

"Your early recollection, my dear, will supply the gloomy medium through which all this was seen and expressed by the writer, and the distorted religion which clouded her mind with impressions of the need there was for the child to expiate an offense of which she was quite innocent. I felt concerned for the little creature, in her darkened life; and replied to the letter."

I took his hand and kissed it.

"It laid the injunction on me that I should never propose to see the writer, who had long been estranged from all intercourse with the world, but who would see a confidential agent if I would appoint one. I accredited Mr. Kenge. The lady said, of her own accord, and not of his seeking, that her name was an assumed one. That she was, if there were any ties of blood in such a case, the child's aunt. That more than this she would never (and he was well persuaded of the steadfastness of her resolution), for any human consideration, disclose. My dear, I have told you all."

I held his hand for a little while in mine.

"I saw my ward oftener than she saw me," he added, cheerily making light of it, "and I always knew she was beloved, useful, and happy. She repays me twenty-thousand fold, and twenty more to that, every hour in every day!"

"And oftener still," said I, "she blesses the Guardian who is a Father to her!"

At the word Father, I saw his former trouble come into his face. He subdued it as before, and it was gone in an instant; but, it had been there, and it had come so swiftly upon my words that I felt as if they had given him a shock. I again

inwardly repeated, wondering, "That *I* could readily understand. None that *I* could readily understand!" No, it was true. I did not understand it. Not for many and many a day.

"Take a fatherly good-night, my dear," said he, kissing me on the forehead, "and so to rest. These are late hours for working and thinking. You do that for all of us, all day long, little house-keeper!"

I neither worked nor thought any more, that night. I opened my grateful heart to Heaven in thankfulness for its providence to me and its care of me, and fell asleep.

We had a visitor next day. Mr. Allan Woodcourt came. He came to take leave of us; he had settled to do so beforehand. He was going to China, and to India, as a surgeon on board ship. He was to be away a long, long time.

I believe—at least I know—that he was not rich. All his widowed mother could spare had been spent in qualifying him for his profession. It was not lucrative to a young practitioner, with very little influence in London; and although he was, night and day, at the service of numbers of poor people, and did wonders of gentleness and skill for them, he gained very little by it in money. He was seven years older than I. Not that I need mention it, for it hardly seems to belong to any thing.

I think—I mean, he told us—that he had been in practice three or four years, and that if he could have hoped to contend through three or four more he would not have made the voyage on which he was bound. But he had no fortune or private means, and so he was going away. He had been to see us several times altogether. We thought it a pity he should go away. Because he was distinguished in his art among those who knew it best, and some of the greatest men belonging to it had a high opinion of him.

When he came to bid us good-by, he brought his mother with him for the first time. She was a pretty old lady, with bright black eyes, but she seemed proud. She came from Wales; and had had, a long time ago, an eminent person for an ancestor, of the name of Morgan ap-Kerrig—of some place that sounded like Gimlet—who was the most illustrious person that ever was known, and all of whose relations were a sort of Royal Family. He appeared to have passed his life in always getting up into mountains and fighting somebody; and a Bard whose name sounded like Crumlinwallinwer had sung his praises, in a piece which was called, as nearly as I could catch it, Mewlinnwillinwodd.

Mrs. Woodcourt, after expatiating to us on the fame of her great kinsman, said that, no doubt, wherever her son Allan went, he would remember his pedigree, and would on no account form an alliance below it. She told him that there were many handsome English ladies in India who went out on speculation, and that there were some to be picked up with property; but, that neither charms nor wealth would suffice for the descendant from such a line, without birth: which must

ever be the first consideration. She talked so much about birth that, for a moment, I half fancied, and with pain—but, what an idle fancy to suppose that she could think or care what *mine* was!

Mr. Woodcourt seemed a little distressed by her prolixity, but he was too considerate to let her see it, and contrived delicately to bring the conversation round to making his acknowledgments to my Guardian for his hospitality, and for the very happy hours—he called them the very happy hours—he had passed with us. The recollection of them, he said, would go with him wherever he went, and would be always treasured. And so we gave him our hands, one after another—at least, they did—and I did; and so he put his lips to Ada's hand—and to mine; and so he went away upon his long, long voyage!

I was very busy indeed, all day, and wrote directions home to the servants, and wrote notes for my Guardian, and dusted his books and papers, and jingled my house-keeping keys a good

deal, one way and another. I was still busy between the lights, singing and working by the window, when who should come in but Caddy, whom I had no expectation of seeing!

"Why, Caddy, my dear," said I, "what beautiful flowers!"

She had such an exquisite little nosegay in her hand.

"Indeed, I think so, Esther," replied Caddy. "They are the loveliest I ever saw."

"Prince, my dear?" said I, in a whisper.

"No," answered Caddy, shaking her head, and holding them to me to smell. "Not Prince!"

"Well, to be sure, Caddy!" said I. "You must have two lovers!"

"What? Do they look like that sort of thing?" said Caddy.

"Do they look like that sort of thing!" I repeated, pinching her cheek.

Caddy only laughed in return; and telling me that she had come for half-an-hour, at the expiration of which time Prince would be waiting



CADDY'S FLOWERS.

for her at the corner, sat chatting with me and Ada in the window: every now and then, handing me the flowers again, or trying how they looked against my hair. At last, when she was going, she took me into my room and put them in my dress.

"For me?" said I, surprised.

"For you," said Caddy, with a kiss. "They were left behind by Somebody."

"Left behind?"

"At poor Miss Flite's," said Caddy. "Somebody who has been very good to her, was hurrying away an hour ago, to join a ship, and left these flowers behind. No, no! Don't take them out. Let the pretty little things lie here!" said Caddy, adjusting them with a careful hand, "because I was present myself, and I shouldn't wonder if Somebody left them on purpose!"

"Do they look like that sort of thing?" said Ada, coming laughingly behind me, and clasping me merrily round the waist. "O, yes, indeed they do, Dame Durden! They look very, very like that sort of thing. O, very like it indeed, my dear!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—LADY DEDLOCK

It was not so easy as it had appeared at first, to arrange for Richard's making a trial of Mr. Kenge's office. Richard himself was the chief impediment. As soon as he had it in his power to leave Mr. Badger at any moment, he began to doubt whether he wanted to leave him at all. He didn't know, he said, really. It wasn't a bad profession; he couldn't assert that he disliked it; perhaps he liked it as well as he liked any other—suppose he gave it one more chance! Upon that, he shut himself up, for a few weeks, with some books and some bones, and seemed to acquire a considerable fund of information with great rapidity. His fervor, after lasting about a month, began to cool; and when it was quite cooled, began to grow warm again. His vacillations between law and medicine lasted so long, that Midsummer arrived before he finally separated from Mr. Badger, and entered on an experimental course of Messrs. Kenge and Carboy. For all this waywardness, he took great credit to himself as being determined to be in earnest "this time." And he was so good-natured throughout, and in such high spirits, and so fond of Ada, that it was very difficult indeed to be otherwise than pleased with him.

"As to Mr. Jarndyce," who, I may mention, found the wind much given, during this period, to sticking in the east; "as to Mr. Jarndyce," Richard would say to me, "he is the finest fellow in the world, Esther! I must be particularly careful, if it were only for his satisfaction, to take myself well to task, and have a regular wind-up of this business now."

The idea of his taking himself well to task, with that laughing face and heedless manner, and with a fancy that every thing could catch and nothing could hold, was ludicrously anomalous. However, he told us between whiles, that he was

doing it to such an extent, that he wondered his hair didn't turn gray. His regular wind-up of the business was (as I have said), that he went to Mr. Kenge's, about Midsummer, to try how he liked it.

All this time he was, in money affairs, what I have described him in a former illustration; generous, profuse, wildly careless, but fully persuaded that he was rather calculating and prudent. I happened to say to Ada, in his presence, half-jestingly, half-seriously, about the time of his going to Mr. Kenge's, that he needed to have Fortunatus's purse, he made so light of money, which he answered in this way:

"My jewel of a dear cousin, you hear this old woman! Why does she say that? Because I gave eight pounds odd (or whatever it was) for a certain neat waistcoat and buttons a few days ago. Now, if I had staid at Badger's I should have been obliged to spend twelve pounds at a blow, for some heart-breaking lecture-fees. So I make four pounds—in a lump—by the transaction!"

It was a question much discussed between him and my Guardian what arrangements should be made for his living in London, while he experimented on the law; for, we had long since gone back to Bleak House, and it was too far off to admit of his coming there oftener than once a week. My Guardian told me that if Richard were to settle down at Mr. Kenge's, he would take some apartments or chambers, where we, too, could occasionally stay for a few days at a time; "but, little woman," he added, rubbing his head very significantly, "he hasn't settled down there yet!" The discussion ended in our hiring for him, by the month, a neat little furnished lodging in a quiet old house near Queen Square. He immediately began to spend all the money he had, in buying the oddest little ornaments and luxuries for this lodging; and as often as Ada and I dissuaded him from making any purchase that he had in contemplation, which was particularly unnecessary and expensive, he took credit for what it would have cost, and made out that to spend any thing less on something else was to save the difference.

While these affairs were in abeyance, our visit to Mr. Boythorn's was postponed. At length, Richard having taken possession of his lodging, there was nothing to prevent our departure. He could have gone with us at that time of the year, very well; but, he was in the full novelty of his new position, and was making most energetic attempts to unravel the mysteries of the fatal suit. Consequently, we went without him; and my darling was delighted to praise him for being so busy.

We made a pleasant journey down into Lincolnshire by the coach, and had an entertaining companion in Mr. Skimpole. His furniture had been all cleared off, it appeared, by the person who took possession of it on his blue-eyed daughter's birth-day; but, he seemed quite relieved to think that it was gone. Chairs and tables, he

said, were wearisome objects; they were monotonous ideas, they had no variety of expression, they looked you out of countenance, and you looked them out of countenance. How pleasant, then, to be bound to no particular chairs and tables, but to sport like a butterfly among all the furniture on hire, and to flit from rosewood to mahogany, and from mahogany to walnut, and from this shape to that, as the humor took one!

"The oddity of the thing is," said Mr. Skimpole, with a quickened sense of the ludicrous, "that my chairs and tables were not paid for, and yet my landlord walks off with them as comportedly as possible. Now, that seems droll! There is something grotesque in it. The chair and table merchant never engaged to pay my landlord my rent. Why should my landlord quarrel with *him*? If I have a pimple on my nose, which is disagreeable to my landlord's peculiar ideas of beauty, my landlord has no business to scratch my chair and table merchant's nose, which has no pimple on it. His reasoning seems defective!"

"Well," said my Guardian, good-humoredly, "it's pretty clear that whoever became security for those chairs and tables will have to pay for them."

"Exactly!" returned Mr. Skimpole. "That's the crowning point of unreason in the business! I said to my landlord, 'My good man, you are not aware that my excellent friend Jarndyce will have to pay for those things that you are sweeping off in that indelicate manner. Have you no consideration for *his* property?' He hadn't the least."

"And refused all proposals?" said my Guardian.

"Refused all proposals," returned Mr. Skimpole. "I made him business proposals. I had him into my room. I said, 'You are a man of business, I believe?' He replied, 'I am.' 'Very well,' said I, 'now let us be business-like. Here is an inkstand, here are pens and paper, here are wafers. What do you want? I have occupied your house for a considerable period, I believe to our mutual satisfaction until this unpleasant misunderstanding arose: let us be at once friendly and business-like. What do you want?' In reply to this, he made use of the figurative expression—which has something Eastern about it—that he had never seen the color of my money. 'My amiable friend,' said I, 'I never have any money. I never know any thing about money.' 'Well, sir,' said he, 'what do you offer, if I give you time?' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'I have no idea of time; but, you say you are a man of business, and whatever you can suggest to be done in a business-like way with pen, and ink, and paper—and wafers—I am ready to do. Don't pay yourself at another man's expense (which is foolish), but be business-like!' However, he wouldn't be, and there was an end of it."

If these were some of the inconveniencies of Mr. Skimpole's childhood, it assuredly possessed its advantages too. On the journey he had a very

good appetite for such refreshment as came in our way (including a basket of choice hot-house peaches), but never thought of paying for any thing. So, when the coachman came round for his fee, he pleasantly asked him what he considered a very good fee indeed, now—a liberal one—and, on his replying, half-a-crown for a single passenger, said it was little enough too, all things considered; and left Mr. Jarndyce to give it him.

It was delightful weather. The green corn waved so beautifully, the larks sang so joyfully, the hedges were so full of wild flowers, the trees were so thickly out in leaf, the bean fields, with a light wind blowing over them, filled the air with such a delicious fragrance! Late in the afternoon we came to the market-town where we were to alight from the coach—a dull little town, with a church-spire, and a market-place, and a market-cross, and one intensely sunny street, and a pond with an old horse cooling his legs in it, and a very few men sleepily lying and standing about in narrow little bits of shade. After the rustling of the leaves and the waving of the corn all along the road, it looked as still, as hot, as motionless a little town as England could produce.

At the inn, we found Mr. Boythorn on horseback, waiting with an open carriage, to take us to his house, which was a few miles off. He was overjoyed to see us, and dismounted with great alacrity.

"By heaven!" said he, after giving us a courteous greeting, "this is a most infamous coach. It is the most flagrant example of an abominable public vehicle that ever encumbered the face of the earth. It is twenty-five minutes after its time, this afternoon. The coachman ought to be put to death!"

"Is he after his time?" said Mr. Skimpole, to whom he happened to address himself. "You know my infirmity."

"Twenty-five minutes! Twenty-six minutes!" replied Mr. Boythorn, referring to his watch. "With two ladies in the coach, this scoundrel has deliberately delayed his arrival six-and-twenty minutes. Deliberately! It is impossible that it can be accidental! But his father—and his uncle—were the most profligate coachmen that ever sat upon a box."

While he said this in tones of the greatest indignation, he handed us into the little phaeton with the utmost gentleness, and was all smiles and pleasure.

"I am sorry, ladies," he said, standing bareheaded at the carriage-door, when all was ready, "that I am obliged to conduct you nearly two miles out of the way. But our direct road lies through Sir Leicester Dedlock's park; and, in that fellow's property, I have sworn never to set foot of mine, or horse's foot of mine, pending the present relations between us, while I breathe the breath of life!" And here, catching my Guardian's eye, he broke into one of his tremendous laughs, which seemed to shake even the motionless little market-town.

"Are the Dedlocks down here, Lawrence?" said my Guardian as we drove along, and Mr. Boythorn trotted on the green turf by the roadside.

"Sir Arrogant Numskull is here," replied Mr. Boythorn. "Ha ha ha! Sir Arrogant is here, and, I am glad to say, has been laid by the heels here. My lady," in naming whom he always made a courtly gesture as if particularly to exclude her from any part in the quarrel, "is expected, I believe, daily. I am not in the least surprised that she postpones her appearance as long as possible. Whatever can have induced that transcendent woman to marry that effigy and figure-head of a baronet, is one of the most impenetrable mysteries that ever baffled human inquiry. Ha ha ha ha!"

"I suppose," said my Guardian, laughing, "we may set foot in the park while we are here? The prohibition does not extend to us, does it?"

"I can lay no prohibition on my guests," he said, bending his head to Ada and me, with the smiling politeness which sat so gracefully upon him, "except in the matter of their departure. I am only sorry that I can not have the happiness of being their escort about Chesney Wold, which is a very fine place! But, by the light of this summer day, Jarndyce, if you call upon the owner, while you stay with me, you are likely to have but a cool reception. He carries himself like an eight-day clock at all times; like one of a race of eight-day clocks in gorgeous cases that never go and never went—Ha ha ha!—but he will have some extra stiffness, I can promise you, for the friends of his friend and neighbor Boythorn!"

"I shall not put him to the proof," said my Guardian. "He is as indifferent to the honor of knowing me, I dare say, as I am to the honor of knowing him. The air of the grounds, and perhaps such a view of the house as any other sight-seer might get, are quite enough for me."

"Well!" said Mr. Boythorn, "I am glad of it on the whole. It's in better keeping. I am looked upon, about here, as a second Ajax defying the lightning. Ha ha ha ha! When I go into our little church on a Sunday, a considerable part of the inconsiderable congregation expect to see me drop, scorched and withered, on the pavement under the Dedlock displeasure. Ha ha ha ha! I have no doubt he is surprised that I don't. For he is, by Heaven! the most self-satisfied, and the shallowest, and the most coxcombical and utterly brainless ass!"

Our coming to the ridge of a hill we had been ascending, enabled our friend to point out Chesney Wold itself to us, and diverted his attention from its master.

It was a picturesque old house, in a fine park richly wooded. Among the trees, and not far from the residence, he pointed out the spire of the little church of which he had spoken. O, the solemn woods over which the light and shadow traveled swiftly, as if Heavenly wings were sweeping on benignant errands through the sun-

mer air; the smooth green slopes, the glittering water, the garden where the flowers were so symmetrically arranged in clusters of the richest colors, how beautiful they looked! The house, with gable, and chimney, and tower, and turret, and dark doorway, and broad terrace walk, twining among the balustrades of which, and lying heaped upon the vases, there was one great flush of roses, seemed scarcely real in its light solidity, and in the serene and peaceful hush that rested all around it. To Ada and to me, that, above all, appeared the pervading influence. On every thing, house, garden, terrace, green slopes, water, old oaks, fern, moss, woods again, and far away across the openings in the prospect, to the distance lying wide before us with a purple bloom upon it, there seemed to be such undisturbed repose.

When we came into the little village, and passed a small inn with the sign of the Dedlock Arms swinging over the road in front, Mr. Boythorn interchanged greetings with a young gentleman sitting on a bench outside the inn-door, who had some fishing-tackle lying beside him.

"That's the housekeeper's grandson, Mr. Rouncewell by name," said he; "and he is in love with a pretty girl up at the House. Lady Dedlock has taken a fancy to the pretty girl, and is going to keep her about her own fair person—an honor which my young friend himself does not at all appreciate. However, he can't marry just yet, even if his Rosebud were willing; so he is fain to make the best of it. In the mean while, he comes here pretty often, for a day or two at a time, to—fish. Ha ha ha ha!"

"Are he and the pretty girl engaged, Mr. Boythorn?" asked Ada.

"Why, my dear Miss Clare," he returned, "I think they may perhaps understand each other; but you will see them soon, I dare say, and I must learn from you on such a point—not you from me."

Ada blushed; and Mr. Boythorn, trotting forward on his comely gray horse, dismounted at his own door, and stood ready, with extended arm and uncovered head, to welcome us when we arrived.

He lived in a pretty house, formerly the Parsonage-house, with a lawn in front, a bright flower-garden at the side, and a well-stocked orchard and kitchen-garden in the rear, inclosed with a venerable wall that had of itself a ripened, ruddy look. But, indeed, every thing about the place wore an aspect of maturity and abundance. The old lime-tree walk was like green cloisters, the very shadows of the cherry-trees and apple-trees were heavy with fruit, the gooseberry-bushes were so laden that their branches arched and rested on the earth, the strawberries and raspberries grew in like profusion, and the peaches basked by the hundred on the wall. Tumbled about among the spread nets and the glass frames sparkling and winking in the sun, there were such heaps of drooping pods, and marrows, and cucumbers, that every foot of ground appeared a vegeta-

ble treasury, while the smell of sweet herbs and all kinds of wholesome growth (to say nothing of the neighboring meadows where the hay was carrying) made the whole air a great nosegay. Such stillness and composure reigned within the orderly precincts of the old red wall, that even the feathers hung in garlands to scare the birds hardly stirred; and the wall had such a ripening influence that where, here and there high up, a disused nail and scrap of list still clung to it, it was easier to fancy that they had mellowed with the changing seasons, than that they had rusted and decayed according to the common fate.

The house, though a little disorderly in comparison with the garden, was a real old house, with settles in the chimney of the brick-floored kitchen, and great beams across the ceilings. On one side of it was the terrible piece of ground in dispute, where Mr. Boythorn maintained a sentry, in a smock-frock, day and night, whose duty was supposed to be, in case of aggression, immediately to ring a large bell hung up there for the purpose, to unchain a great bull-dog established in a kennel as his ally, and generally to deal destruction on the enemy. Not content with these precautions, Mr. Boythorn had himself composed and posted there, on painted boards to which his name was attached in large letters, the following solemn warnings: "Beware of the Bull-dog. He is most ferocious. Lawrence Boythorn." "The blunderbuss is loaded with slugs. Lawrence Boythorn." "Man-traps and spring-guns are set here at all times of the day and night. Lawrence Boythorn." "Take notice. That any person or persons audaciously presuming to trespass on this property, will be punished with the utmost severity of private chastisement, and prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. Lawrence Boythorn." These he showed us, from the drawing-room window, while his bird was hopping about his head; and he laughed, "Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha!" to that extent as he pointed them out, that I really thought he would have hurt himself.

"But, this is taking a good deal of trouble," said Mr. Skimpole in his light way, "when you are not in earnest, after all?"

"Not in earnest!" returned Mr. Boythorn, with unspeakable warmth. "Not in earnest! If I could have hoped to train him, I would have bought a Lion instead of that dog, and would have turned him loose upon the first intolerable robber who should dare to make an encroachment on my rights. Let Sir Leicester Dedlock consent to come out and decide this question by single combat, and I will meet him with any weapon known to mankind in any age or country. I am that much in earnest. Not more!"

We arrived at his house on a Saturday. On the Sunday morning we all set forth to walk to the little church in the park. Entering the park, almost immediately by the disputed ground, we pursued a pleasant foot-path winding among the verdant turf and the beautiful trees, until it brought us to the church-porch.

The congregation was extremely small and quite a rustic one, with the exception of a large muster of servants from the House, some of whom were already in their seats, while others were yet dropping in. There were some stately footmen; and there was a perfect picture of an old coachman, who looked as if he were the official representative of all the pomps and vanities that had ever been put into his coach. There was a very pretty show of young women; and above them, the handsome old face and fine responsible portly figure of the housekeeper, towered pre-eminent. The pretty girl, of whom Mr. Boythorn had told us, was close by her. She was so very pretty, that I might have known her by her beauty, even if I had not seen how blushing conscious she was of the eyes of the young fisherman, whom I discovered not far off. One face, and not an agreeable one, though it was handsome, seemed maliciously watchful of this pretty girl, and indeed of every one and every thing there. It was a Frenchwoman's.

As the bell was yet ringing and the great people were not yet come, I had leisure to glance over the church, which smelt as earthy as a grave, and to think what a shady, ancient, solemn little church it was. The windows, heavily shaded by trees, admitted a subdued light that made the faces around me pale, and darkened the old brasses in the pavement, and the time and damp-worn monuments, and rendered the sunshine in the little porch, where a monotonous ringer was working at the bell, inestimably bright. But a stir in that direction, a gathering of reverential awe in the rustic faces, and a blandly-ferocious assumption on the part of Mr. Boythorn of being resolutely unconscious of somebody's existence, forewarned me that the great people were come, and that the service was going to begin.

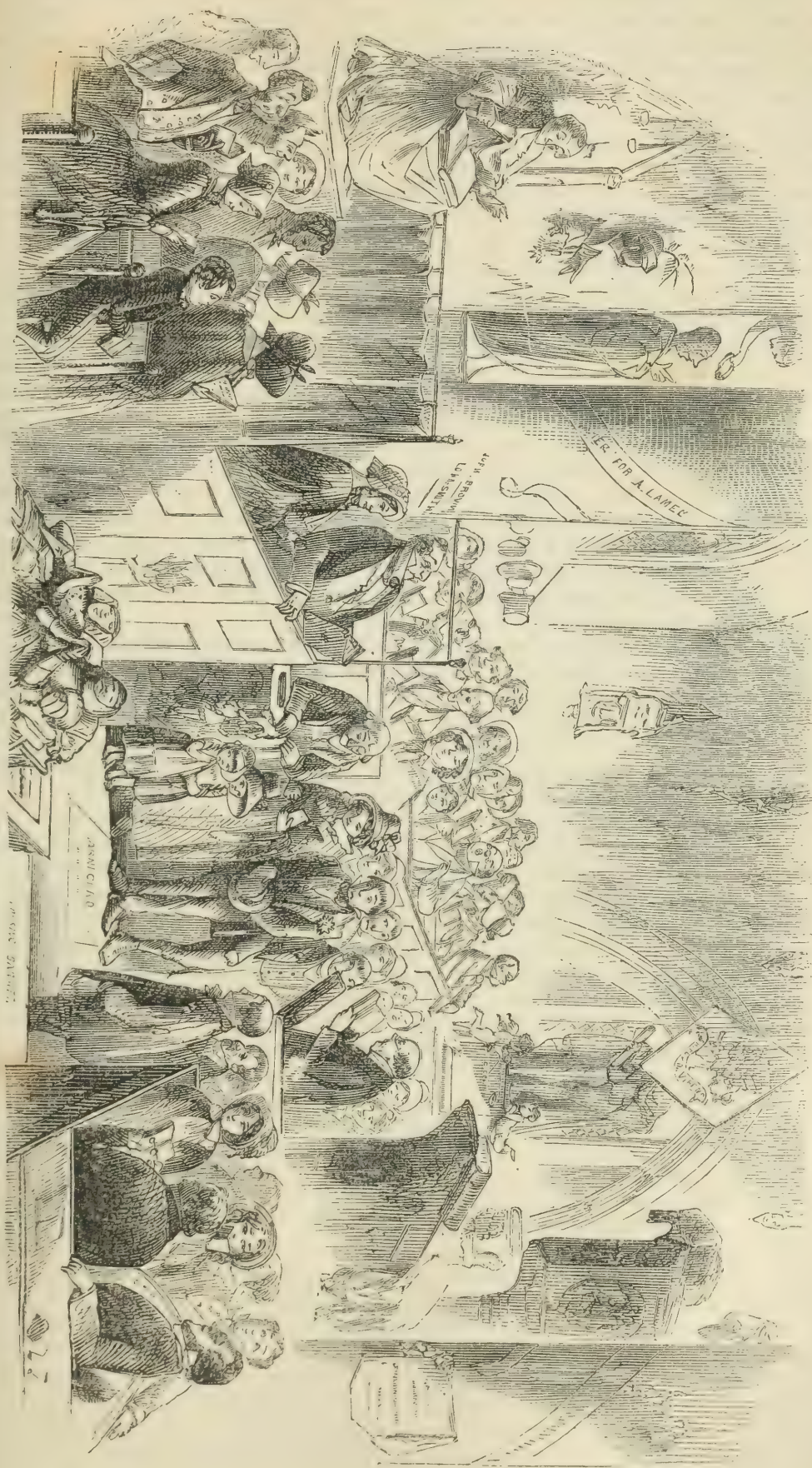
"'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight—'"

Shall I ever forget the rapid beating at my heart, occasioned by the look I met, as I stood up! Shall I ever forget the manner in which those handsome proud eyes seemed to spring out of their languor, and to hold mine! It was only a moment before I cast mine down—released again, if I may say so—on my book; but, I knew the beautiful face quite well in that short space of time.

And, very strangely, there was something quickened within me, associated with the lonely days at my godmother's; yes, away even to the days when I had stood on tiptoe to dress myself at my little glass, after dressing my doll. And this, although I had never seen this lady's face before in all my life—I was quite sure of it—absolutely certain.

It was easy to know that the ceremonious, gouty, gray-haired gentleman, the only other occupant of the great pew, was Sir Leicester Dedlock; and that the lady was Lady Dedlock. But why her face should be, in a confused way, like a broken glass to me, in which I saw scraps of old remembrances; and why I should be so flut-

THE LITTLE CHURCH IN THE PARK.



tered and troubled (for I was still), by having casually met her eyes; I could not think.

I felt it to be an unmeaning weakness in me, and I tried to overcome it by attending to the

words I heard. Then, very strangely, I seemed to hear them, not in the reader's voice, but in the well remembered voice of my godmother. This made me think, did Lady Dedlock's face

accidentally resemble my godmother's? It might be that it did, a little; but, the expression was so different, and the stern decision which had worn into my godmother's face, like weather into rocks, was so completely wanting in the face before me, that it could not be that resemblance which had struck me. Neither did I know the loftiness and haughtiness of Lady Dedlock's face at all, in any one. And yet *I—I*, little Esther Summerson, the child who lived a life apart, and on whose birth-day there was no rejoicing—seemed to arise before my own eyes, evoked out of the past by some power in this fashionable lady, whom I not only entertained no fancy that I had ever seen, but whom I perfectly well knew I had never seen until that hour.

It made me tremble so, to be thrown into this unaccountable agitation, that I was conscious of being distressed even by the observation of the French maid, though I knew she had been looking watchfully here, and there, and every where, from the moment of her coming into the church. By degrees, though very slowly, I at last overcame my strange emotion. After a long time, I looked toward Lady Dedlock again. It was while they were preparing to sing, before the sermon. She took no heed of me, and the beating at my heart was gone. Neither did it revive for more than a few moments, when she once or twice afterward glanced at Ada or at me through her glass.

The service being concluded, Sir Leicester gave his arm with much state and gallantry to Lady Dedlock—though he was obliged to walk by the help of a thick stick—and escorted her out of church to the pony carriage in which they had come. The servants then dispersed, and so did the congregation: whom Sir Leicester had contemplated all along (Mr. Skimpole said, to Mr. Boythorn's infinite delight), as if he were a considerable landed proprietor in Heaven.

"He believes he is!" said Mr. Boythorn. "He firmly believes it. So did his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather!"

"Do you know," pursued Mr. Skimpole, very unexpectedly to Mr. Boythorn, "it's agreeable to me to see a man of that sort."

"Is it!" said Mr. Boythorn.

"Say that he wants to patronize me," pursued Mr. Skimpole. "Very well! I don't object."

"I do," said Mr. Boythorn, with great vigor.

"Do you really?" returned Mr. Skimpole, in his easy, light vein. "But that's taking trouble surely. And why should you take trouble? Here am I, content to receive things childishly, as they fall out: and I never take trouble! I come down here, for instance, and I find a mighty potentate, exacting homage. Very well! I say 'Mighty potentate, here is my homage! It's easier to give it, than to withhold it. Here it is. If you have any thing of an agreeable nature to show me, I shall be happy to see it; if you have any thing of an agreeable nature to give me, I shall be happy to accept it.' Mighty potentate replies in effect, 'This is a sensible fellow. I

find him accord with my digestion and my bilious system. He doesn't impose upon me the necessity of rolling myself up like a hedgehog with my points outward. I expand, I open, I turn my silver lining outward like Milton's cloud, and it's more agreeable to both of us.' That's my view of such things: speaking as a child!"

"But suppose you went down somewhere else to-morrow," said Mr. Boythorn, "where there was the opposite of that fellow—or of this fellow. How then?"

"How then?" said Mr. Skimpole, with an appearance of the utmost simplicity and candor. "Just the same, then! I should say, 'My esteemed Boythorn'—to make you the personification of our imaginary friend—'my esteemed Boythorn, you object to the mighty potentate? Very good. So do I. I take it that my business in the social system is to be agreeable; I take it that every body's business in the social system is to be agreeable. It's a system of harmony, in short. Therefore, if you object, I object.' Now, excellent Boythorn, let us go to dinner!"

"But, excellent Boythorn might say," returned our host, swelling and growing very red, "I'll be—"

"I understand," said Mr. Skimpole. "Very likely he would."

"—if I *will* go to dinner!" cried Mr. Boythorn, in a violent burst, and stopping to strike his stick upon the ground. "And he would probably add, 'Is there such a thing as principle, Mr. Harold Skimpole?'"

"To which Harold Skimpole would reply, you know," he returned in his gayest manner, and with his most ingenuous smile, "'Upon my life I have not the least idea! I don't know what it is you call by that name, or where it is, or who possesses it. If you possess it and find it comfortable, I am quite delighted, and congratulate you heartily. But I know nothing about it, I assure you; for I am a mere child, and I lay no claim to it, and I don't want it!' So, you see, excellent Boythorn and I would go to dinner after all!"

This was one of many little dialogues between them, which I always expected to end, and which I dare say would have ended under other circumstances, in some violent explosion on the part of our host. But, he had so high a sense of his hospitable and responsible position as our entertainer, and my Guardian laughed so sincerely at and with Mr. Skimpole, as a child who blew bubbles and broke them all day long, that matters never went beyond this point. Mr. Skimpole, who always seemed quite unconscious of having been on delicate ground, then betook himself to beginning some sketch in the park which he never finished, or to playing fragments of airs on the piano, or to singing scraps of songs, or to lying down on his back under a tree, and looking at the sky—which he couldn't help thinking, he said, was what he was meant for; it suited him so exactly.

"Enterprise and effort," he would say to us

(on his back), "are delightful to me. I believe I am truly cosmopolitan. I have the deepest sympathy with them. I lie in a shady place like this, and think of adventurous spirits going to the North Pole, or penetrating to the heart of the Torrid Zone, with admiration. Mercenary creatures ask, 'What is the use of a man's going to the North Pole? What good does it do?' I can't say; but, for any thing I *can* say, he may go for the purpose—though he don't know it—of employing my thoughts as I lie here. Take an extreme case. Take the case of the Slaves on American plantations. I dare say they are worked hard, I dare say they don't altogether like it, I dare say theirs is an unpleasant experience on the whole; but, they people the landscape for me, they give it a poetry for me, and perhaps that is one of the pleasanter objects of their existence. I am very sensible of it, if it be, and I shouldn't wonder if it were!"

I always wondered on these occasions whether he ever thought of Mrs. Skimpole and the children, and in what point of view they presented themselves to his cosmopolitan mind. So far as I could understand, they rarely presented themselves at all.

The week had gone round to the Saturday following that beating of my heart in the church; and every day had been so bright and blue, that to ramble in the woods, and to see the light striking down among the transparent leaves, and sparkling in the beautiful interlacings of the shadows of the trees, while the birds poured out their songs, and the air was drowsy with the hum of insects, had been most delightful. We had one favorite spot, deep in moss and last year's leaves, where there were some felled trees from which the bark was all stripped off. Seated among these, we looked through a green vista, supported by thousands of natural columns, the whitened stems of trees, upon a distant prospect made so radiant by its contrast with the shade in which we sat, and made so precious by the arched perspective through which we saw it, that it was like a glimpse of the better land. Upon the Saturday we sat here, Mr. Jarndyce, Ada, and I, until we heard thunder muttering in the distance, and felt the large rain-drops rattle through the leaves.

The weather had been all the week extremely sultry; but, the storm broke so suddenly—upon us, at least, in that sheltered spot—that before we reached the outskirts of the wood, the thunder and lightning were frequent, and the rain came plunging through the leaves, as if every drop were a great leaden bead. As it was not a time for standing among trees, we ran out of the wood, and up and down the moss-grown steps which crossed the plantation-fence like two broad-staved ladders placed back to back, and made for a keeper's lodge which was close at hand. We had often noticed the dark beauty of this lodge standing in a deep twilight of trees, and how the ivy clustered over it, and how there was a steep hollow near, where we had once seen the keeper's dog dive down into the fern as if it were water.

The lodge was so dark within, now the sky was overcast, that we only clearly saw the man, who came to the door when we took shelter there, and put two chairs for Ada and me. The lattice-windows were all thrown open, and we sat, just within the doorway, watching the storm. It was grand to see how the wind awoke, and bent the trees, and drove the rain before it like a cloud of smoke; and to hear the solemn thunder, and to see the lightning; and, while thinking with awe of the tremendous powers by which our little lives are encompassed, to consider how beneficent they are, and how upon the smallest flower and leaf there was already a freshness poured from all this seeming rage, which seemed to make creation new again.

"Is it not dangerous to sit in so exposed a place?"

"O no, Esther dear!" said Ada, quietly.

Ada said it to me; but, *I* had not spoken.

The beating at my heart came back again. I had never heard the voice, as I had never seen the face, but it affected me in the same strange way. Again, in a moment, there arose before my mind innumerable pictures of myself.

Lady Dedlock had taken shelter in the lodge, before our arrival there, and had come out of the gloom within. She stood behind my chair, with her hand upon it. I saw her with her hand close to my shoulder, when I turned my head.

"I have frightened you?" she said.

No. It was not fright. Why should I be frightened!

"I believe," said Lady Dedlock to my Guardian, "I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Jarndyce."

"Your remembrance does me more honor than I had supposed it would, Lady Dedlock," he returned.

"I recognized you in church on Sunday. I am sorry that any local disputes of Sir Leicester's—they are not of his seeking, however, I believe—should render it a matter of some absurd difficulty to show you any attention here."

"I am aware of the circumstances," returned my Guardian, with a smile; "and am sufficiently obliged."

She had given him her hand, in an indifferent way that seemed habitual to her, and spoke in a correspondingly indifferent manner, though in a very pleasant voice. She was as graceful as she was beautiful; perfectly self-possessed; and had the air, I thought, of being able to attract and interest any one, if she had thought it worth her while. The keeper had brought her a chair, on which she sat, in the middle of the porch, between us.

"Is the young gentleman disposed of, whom you wrote to Sir Leicester about, and whose wishes Sir Leicester was sorry not to have it in his power to advance in any way?" she said, over her shoulder to my Guardian.

"I hope so," said he.

She seemed to respect him, and even to wish to conciliate him. There was something very win-

ning in her haughty manner; and it became more familiar—I was going to say more easy, but that could hardly be—as she spoke to him over her shoulder.

“I presume this is your other ward, Miss Clare?”

He presented Ada in form.

“You will lose the disinterested part of your Don Quixote character,” said Lady Dedlock to Mr. Jarndyce, over her shoulder again, “if you only redress the wrongs of beauty like this. But present me,” and she turned full upon me, “to this young lady too!”

“Miss Summerson really is my ward,” said Mr. Jarndyce. “I am responsible to no Lord Chancellor in her case.”

“Has Miss Summerson lost both her parents?” said my Lady.

“Yes.”

“She is very fortunate in her Guardian.”

Lady Dedlock looked at me, and I looked at her, and said I was indeed. All at once she turned from me with a hasty air, almost expressive of displeasure or dislike, and spoke to him over her shoulder again.

“Ages have passed since we were in the habit of meeting, Mr. Jarndyce?”

“A long time. At least I thought it was a long time, until I saw you last Sunday,” he returned.

“What! Even you are a courtier, or think it necessary to become one to me!” she said, with some disdain. “I have achieved that reputation, I suppose.”

“You have achieved so much, Lady Dedlock,” said my Guardian, “that you pay some little penalty, I dare say. But none to me.”

“So much!” she repeated, slightly laughing. “Yes!”

With her air of superiority, and power, and fascination, and I know not what, she seemed to regard Ada and me as little more than children. So, as she slightly laughed, and afterward sat looking at the rain, she was as self-possessed, and as free to occupy herself with her own thoughts, as if she had been alone.

“I think you knew my sister, when we were abroad together, better than you knew me?” she said, looking at him again.

“Yes, we happened to meet oftener,” he returned.

“We went our several ways,” said Lady Dedlock, “and had little in common even before we agreed to differ. It is to be regretted, I suppose, but it could not be helped.”

Lady Dedlock again sat looking at the rain. The storm soon began to pass upon its way. The shower greatly abated, the lightning ceased, the thunder rolled among the distant hills, and the sun began to glisten on the wet leaves and falling rain. As we sat there, silently, we saw a little pony phaeton coming toward us at a merry pace.

“The messenger is coming back, my lady,” said the keeper, “with the carriage.”

As it drove up, we saw that there were two

people inside. There alighted from it, with some cloaks and wrappers, first the Frenchwoman whom I had seen in church, and secondly the pretty girl; the Frenchwoman, with a defiant confidence; the pretty girl, confused and hesitating.

“What now?” said Lady Dedlock. “Two!”

“I am your maid, my lady, at the present,” said the Frenchwoman. “The message was for the attendant.”

“I was afraid you might mean me, my lady,” said the pretty girl.

“I did mean you, child,” replied her mistress, calmly. “Put that shawl on me.”

She slightly stooped her shoulders to receive it, and the pretty girl lightly dropped it in its place. The Frenchwoman stood unnoticed, looking on with her lips very tightly set.

“I am sorry,” said Lady Dedlock to Mr. Jarndyce, “that we are not likely to renew our former acquaintance. You will allow me to send the carriage back for your two wards. It shall be here directly.”

But, as he would on no account accept this offer, she took a graceful leave of Ada—none of me—and put her hand upon his proffered arm, and got into the carriage; which was a little, low, park carriage, with a hood.

“Come in, child!” she said to the pretty girl. “I shall want you. Go on!”

The carriage rolled away; and the Frenchwoman, with the wrappers she had brought hanging over her arm, remained standing where she had alighted.

I suppose there is nothing Pride can so little bear with, as Pride itself, and that she was punished for her imperious manner. Her retaliation was the most singular I could have imagined. She remained perfectly still until the carriage had turned into the drive, and then, without the least discomposure of countenance, slipped off her shoes, left them on the ground, and walked deliberately in the same direction, through the wettest of the wet grass.

“Is that young woman mad?” said my Guardian.

“O no, sir!” said the keeper, who, with his wife, was looking after her. “Hortense is not one of that sort. She has as good a head-piece as the best. But, she’s mortal high and passionate—powerful high and passionate; and what with having notice to leave, and having others put above her, she don’t take kindly to it.”

“But why should she walk, shoeless, through all that water?” said my Guardian.

“Why, indeed, sir, unless it is to cool her down!” said the man.

“Or unless she fancies it’s blood,” said the woman. “She’d as soon walk through that as any thing else, I think, when her own’s up!”

We passed not far from the House, a few minutes afterward. Peaceful as it had looked when we first saw it, it looked even more so now, with a diamond spray glittering all about it, a light wind blowing, the birds no longer hushed but

singing strongly, every thing refreshed by the late rain, and the little carriage shining at the doorway like a fairy carriage made of silver. Still, very steadfastly and quietly walking toward it, a peaceful figure too in the landscape, went Mademoiselle Hortense, shoeless, through the wet grass.

CHAPTER XIX.—MOVING ON.

It is the long vacation in the regions of Chancery Lane. The good ships Law and Equity, those teak-built, copper-bottomed, iron-fastened, brazen-faced, and not by any means fast-sailing Clippers, are laid up in ordinary. The Flying Dutchman, with a crew of ghostly clients imploring all whom they may encounter to peruse their papers, has drifted, for the time being, Heaven knows where. The Courts are all shut up; the public offices lie in a hot sleep; Westminster Hall itself is a shady solitude where nightingales might sing, and a tenderer class of suitors than is usually found there, walk.

The Temple, Chancery Lane, Sergeants' Inn, and Lincoln' Inn even unto the Fields, are like tidal harbors at low water; where stranded proceedings, offices at anchor, idle clerks lounging on lop-sided stools that will not recover their perpendicular until the current of Term sets in, lie high and dry upon the ooze of the long vacation. Outer doors of chambers are shut up by the score, messages and parcels are to be left at the Porter's Lodge by the bushel. A crop of grass would grow in the chinks of the stone pavement outside Lincoln's Inn Hall, but that the ticket-porters, who have nothing to do beyond sitting in the shade there, with their white aprons over their heads to keep the flies off, grub it up and eat it thoughtfully.

There is only one Judge in town. Even he only comes twice a-week to sit in chambers. If the country folks of those assize towns on his circuit could only see him now! No full-bottomed wig, no red petticoats, no fur, no javelin-men, no white wands. Merely a close-shaved gentleman in white trousers and a white hat, with sea-bronze on the judicial countenance, and a strip of bark peeled by the solar rays from the judicial nose, who calls in at the shell-fish shop as he comes along, and drinks iced ginger-beer!

The bar of England is scattered over the face of the earth. How England can get on through four long summer months without its bar—which is its acknowledged refuge in adversity, and its only legitimate triumph in prosperity—is beside the question; assuredly that shield and buckler of Britannia are not in present wear. The learned gentleman who is always so tremulously indignant at the unprecedented outrage committed on the feelings of his client by the opposite party, that he never seems likely to recover it, is doing infinitely better than might be expected, in Switzerland. The learned gentleman who does the withering business, and who blights all opponents with his gloomy sarcasm, is as merry as a grig at a French watering-place.

The learned gentleman who weeps by the pint on the smallest provocation, has not shed a tear these six weeks. The very learned gentleman who has cooled the natural heat of his gingery complexion in pools and fountains of law, until he has become great in knotty arguments for Term-time, when he poses the drowsy Bench with legal "chaff," inexplicable to the uninitiated and to most of the initiated too, is roaming, with a characteristic delight in aridity and dust, about Constantinople. Other dispersed fragments of the same great Palladium are to be found on the canals of Venice, at the second cataract of the Nile, in the baths of Germany, and sprinkled on the sea-sand all over the English coast. Scarcely one is to be encountered in the deserted region of Chancery Lane. If such a lonely member of the bar do flit across the waste, and come upon a prowling suitor who is unable to leave off haunting the scenes of his anxiety, they frighten one another and retreat into opposite shades.

It is the hottest long vacation known for many years. All the young clerks are madly in love, and, according to their various degrees, pine for bliss with the beloved object, at Margate, Ramsgate, or Gravesend. All the middle-aged clerks think their families too large. All the unowned dogs who stray into the Inns of Court, and pant about staircases and other dry places, seeking water give short howls of aggravation. All the blind men's dogs in the streets draw their masters against pumps, or trip them over buckets. A shop with sun-blind, and a watered pavement, and a bowl of gold and silver fish in the window, is a sanctuary. Temple Bar gets so hot, that it is to the adjacent Strand and Fleet Street, what a heater is in an urn, and keeps them simmering all night.

There are offices about the Inns of Court in which a man might be cool, if any coolness were worth purchasing at such a price in dullness; but, the little thoroughfares immediately outside those retirements seem to blaze. In Mr. Krook's court it is so hot that the people turn their houses inside out, and sit in chairs upon the pavement—Mr. Krook included, who there pursues his studies, with his cat (who never is too hot) by his side. The Sol's Arms has discontinued the harmonic meetings for the season, and Little Swills is engaged at the Pastoral gardens down the river, where he comes out in quite an innocent manner, and sings comic ditties of a juvenile complexion, calculated (as the bill says) not to wound the feelings of the most fastidious mind.

Over all the legal neighborhood, there hangs, like some great vail of rust, or gigantic cobweb, the idleness and pensiveness of the long vacation. Mr. Snagsby, law-stationer of Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, is sensible of the influence; not only in his mind as a sympathetic and contemplative man, but also in his business as a law-stationer aforesaid. He has more leisure for musing in Staple Inn and in the Rolls Yard, during the long vacation, than at other seasons;

and he says to the two 'prentices, what a thing it is in such hot weather, to think that you live in an island, with the sea a roling and a bowl-ing right round you.

Guster is busy in the little drawing-room, on this present afternoon in the long vacation, when Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby have it in contemplation to receive company. The expected guests are rather select than numerous, being Mr. and Mrs. Chadband, and no more. From Mr. Chadband's being much given to describe himself, both verbally and in writing, as a vessel, he is occasionally mistaken by strangers for a gentleman connected with navigation; but he is, as he expresses it, "in the ministry." Mr. Chadband is attached to no particular denomination; and is considered by his persecutors to have nothing so very remarkable to say on the greatest of subjects as to render his volunteering, on his own account, at all incumbent on his conscience; but, he has his followers, and Mrs. Snagsby is of the number. Mrs. Snagsby has but recently taken a passage upward by the vessel, Chadband; and her attention was attracted to that Bark A 1, when she was something flushed by the hot weather.

"My little woman," says Mr. Snagsby to the sparrows in Staple Inn, "likes to have her religion rather sharp, you see!"

So, Guster, much impressed by regarding herself for the time as the handmaid of Chadband, whom she knows to be endowed with the gift of holding forth for four hours at a stretch, prepares the little drawing-room for tea. All the furniture is shaken and dusted, the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby are touched up with a wet cloth, the best tea-service is set forth, and there is excellent provision made of dainty new bread, crusty twists, cool fresh butter, thin slices of ham, tongue and German sausage, and delicate little rows of anchovies nestling in parsley; not to mention new laid eggs, to be brought up warm in a napkin, and hot buttered toast. For, Chadband is rather a consuming vessel—the persecutors say a gorging vessel; and can wield such weapons of the flesh as a knife and fork, remarkably well.

Mr. Snagsby in his best coat, looking at all the preparations when they are completed, and coughing his cough of deference behind his hand, says to Mrs. Snagsby, "At what time did you expect Mr. and Mrs. Chadband, my love?"

"At six," says Mrs. Snagsby.

Mr. Snagsby observes in a mild and casual way, that "it's gone that."

"Perhaps you'd like to begin without them," is Mrs. Snagsby's reproachful remark.

Mr. Snagsby does look as if he would like it very much, but he says, with his cough of mildness, "No, my dear, no. I merely named the time."

"What's time," says Mrs. Snagsby, "to eternity?"

"Very true, my dear," says Mr. Snagsby. "Only when a person lays in victuals for tea, a

person does it with a view—perhaps—more to time. And when a time is named for having tea, it's better to come up to it."

"To come up to it!" Mrs. Snagsby repeats with severity. "Up to it! As if Mr. Chadband was a fighter!"

"Not at all, my dear," says Mr. Snagsby.

Here, Guster, who has been looking out of the bedroom window, comes rustling and scratching down the little staircase like a popular ghost, and, falling flushed into the drawing-room, announces that Mr. and Mrs. Chadband have appeared in the court. The bell at the inner door in the passage immediately thereafter tinkling, she is admonished by Mrs. Snagsby, on pain of instant reconsignment to her patron saint, not to omit the ceremony of announcement. Much discomposed in her nerves (which were previously in the best order) by this threat, she so fearfully mutilates that point of state as to announce "Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseming, least which, I mean—tersay whatsername!" and retires conscience-stricken from the presence.

Mr. Chadband is a large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system. Mrs. Chadband is a stern, severe-looking, silent woman. Mr. Chadband moves softly and cumbrously, not unlike a bear who has been taught to walk upright. He is very much embarrassed about the arms, as if they were inconvenient to him, and he wanted to grovel; is very much in a perspiration about the head; and never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them.

"My friends," says Mr. Chadband. "Peace be on this house! On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men! My friends, why do I wish for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No. Is it lovely, and gentle, and beautiful, and pleasant, and serene, and joyful? O yes! Therefore, my friends, I wish for peace upon you and upon yours."

In consequence of Mrs. Snagsby looking deeply edified, Mr. Snagsby thinks it expedient on the whole to say Amen, which is well received.

"Now, my friends," proceeds Mr. Chadband, "since I am upon this theme—"

Guster presents herself. Mrs. Snagsby, in a spectral bass voice, and without removing her eyes from Chadband, says, with dread distinctness, "Go away!"

"Now, my friends," says Chadband, "since I am upon this theme, and in my lowly path improving it—"

Guster is heard unaccountably to murmur "one thousing seven hunderd and eighty-two." The spectral voice repeats more solemnly, "Go away!"

"Now, my friends," says Mr. Chadband, "we will inquire in a spirit of love—"

Still Guster reiterates "one thousing seven hunderd and eighty-two."

Mr. Chadband, pausing with the resignation of a man accustomed to be persecuted, and languidly folding up his chin into his fat smile, says, "Let us hear the maiden! Speak, maiden!"

"One thousing seven hunderd and eighty-two, if you please, sir. Which he wish to know what the shilling ware for," says Guster, breathless.

"For?" returns Mrs. Chadband. "For his fare!"

Guster replied that "he insistes on one and eightpence, or on summonsizing the party." Mrs. Snagsby and Mrs. Chadband are proceeding to grow shrill in indignation, when Mr. Chadband quiets the tumult by lifting up his hand.

"My friends," says he, "I remember a duty unfulfilled yesterday. It is right that I should be chastened in some penalty. I ought not to murmur. Rachael, pay the eightpence!"

While Mrs. Snagsby, drawing her breath, looks hard at Mr. Snagsby, as who should say, "you hear this Apostle!" and while Mr. Chadband glows with humility and train oil, Mrs. Chadband pays the money. It is Mr. Chadband's habit—it is the head and front of his pretensions indeed—to keep this sort of debtor and creditor account in the smallest items, and to post it publicly on the most trivial occasions.

"My friends," says Chadband, "eightpence is not much; it might justly have been one and fourpence; it might justly have been half-a-crown. O let us be joyful, joyful! O let us be joyful!"

With which remark, which appears from its sound to be an extract in verse, Mr. Chadband stalks to the table, and, before taking a chair, lifts up his admonitory hand.

"My friends," says he, "what is this which we now behold as being spread before us? Refreshment. Do we need refreshment then, my friends? We do. And why do we need refreshment, my friends? Because we are but mortal, because we are but sinful, because we are but of the earth, because we are not of the air. Can we fly, my friends? We can not. Why can we not fly, my friends?"

Mr. Snagsby, presuming on the success of his last point, ventures to observe in a cheerful and rather knowing tone, "No wings." But, is immediately frowned down by Mrs. Snagsby.

"I say, my friends," pursues Mr. Chadband, utterly rejecting and obliterating Mr. Snagsby's suggestion, "why can we not fly? Is it because we are calculated to walk? It is. Could we walk, my friends, without strength? We could not. What should we do without strength, my friends? Our legs would refuse to bear us, our knees would double up, our ankles would turn over, and we should come to the ground. Then from, whence, my friends, in a human point of view, do we derive the strength that is necessary to our limbs? Is it," says Chadband, glancing over the table, "from bread in various forms, from butter which is churned from the milk

which is yielded unto us by the cow, from the eggs which are laid by the fowl, from ham, from tongue, from sausage, and from such like? It is. Then let us partake of the good things which are set before us!"

The persecutors denied that there was any particular gift in Mr. Chadband's piling verbose flights of stairs, one upon another, after this fashion. But this can only be received as a proof of their determination to persecute, since it must be within every body's experience, that the Chadband style of oratory is widely received and much admired.

Mr. Chadband, however, having concluded for the present, sits down at Mrs. Snagsby's table, and lays about him prodigiously. The conversion of nutriment of any sort into oil of the quality already mentioned, appears to be a process so inseparable from the constitution of this exemplary vessel, that in beginning to eat and drink, he may be described as always becoming a kind of considerable Oil Mill, or other large factory for the production of that article on a wholesale scale. On the present evening of the long vacation, in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, he does such a powerful stroke of business, that the warehouse appears to be quite full when the works cease.

At this period of the entertainment, Guster, who has never recovered her first failure, but has neglected no possible or impossible means of bringing the establishment and herself into contempt—among which may be briefly enumerated her unexpectedly performing clashing military music on Mr. Chadband's head with plates, and afterward crowning that gentleman with muffins—at this period of the entertainment, Guster whispers Mr. Snagsby that he is wanted.

"And being wanted in the—not to put too fine a point upon it—in the shop!" says Mr. Snagsby, rising, "perhaps this good company will excuse me for half a minute."

Mr. Snagsby descends, and finds the two 'prentices intently contemplating a police constable, who holds a ragged boy by the arm.

"Why, bless my heart," says Mr. Snagsby, "what's the matter!"

"This boy," says the constable, "although he's repeatedly told to, won't move on—"

"I'm always a moving on, sir," cries the boy, wiping away his grimy tears with his arm. "I've always been a moving and a moving on, ever since I was born. Where can I possibly move to, sir, more nor I do move!"

"He won't move on," says the constable, calmly, with a slight professional hitch of his neck involving its better settlement in his stiff stock, "although he has been repeatedly cautioned, and therefore I am obliged to take him into custody. He's as obstinate a young gonoph as I know. He won't move on."

"O my eye! Where can I move to!" cries the boy, clutching quite desperately at his hair, and beating his bare feet upon the floor of Mr. Snagsby's passage.

"Don't you come none of that, or I shall make a blessed short work of you!" says the constable, giving him a passionless shake. "My instructions are, that you are to move on. I have told you so five hundred times."

"But where?" cries the boy.

"Well! Really, constable, you know," says Mr. Snagsby, wistfully, and coughing behind his hand his cough of great perplexity and doubt; "really, that does seem a question. Where, you know?"

"My instructions don't go to that," replies the constable. "My instructions are that this boy is to move on."

Do you hear, Jo? It is nothing to you or to any one else, that the great lights of the parliamentary sky have failed for some few years, in this business, to set you the example of moving on. The one grand recipe remains for you—the profound philosophical prescription—the be-all and the end-all of your strange existence upon earth. Move on! You are by no means to move off, Jo, for the great lights can't at all agree about that. Move on!

Mr. Snagsby says nothing to this effect; says nothing at all, indeed; but coughs his forlornest cough, expressive of no thoroughfare in any direction. By this time, Mr. and Mrs. Chadband, and Mrs. Snagsby, hearing the altercation, have appeared upon the stairs. Guster having never left the end of the passage, the whole household are assembled.

"The simple question is, sir," says the constable, "whether you know this boy. He says you do."

Mrs. Snagsby, from her elevation, instantly cries out, "No, he don't!"

"My lit-tle woman!" says Mr. Snagsby, looking up the staircase. "My love, permit me! Pray, have a moment's patience, my dear. I do know something of this lad, and in what I know of him, I can't say that there's any harm; perhaps on the contrary, constable." To whom the law-stationer relates his Joful and woful experience, suppressing the half-crown fact.

"Well!" says the constable, "so far, it seems, he had grounds for what he said. When I took him into custody up in Holborn, he said you knew him. Upon that, a young man who was in the crowd said he was acquainted with you, and you were a respectable housekeeper, and if I'd call and make the inquiry, he'd appear. The young man don't seem inclined to keep his word, but—Oh! here is the young man!"

Enter Mr. Guppy, who nods to Mr. Snagsby, and touches his hat with the chivalry of clerkship to the ladies on the stairs.

"I was strolling away from the office just now, when I found this row going on," says Mr. Guppy to the law-stationer; "and as your name was mentioned, I thought it was right the thing should be looked into."

"It was very good-natured of you, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, "and I am obliged to you." And Mr. Snagsby again relates his experience, again suppressing the half-crown fact.

"Now, I know where you live," says the constable, then, to Jo. "You live down in Tom-all-alone's. That's a nice innocent place to live in, ain't it?"

"I can't go and live in no nicer place, sir," replies Jo. "They wouldn't have nothink to say to me if I was to go to a nice innocent place fur to live. Who ud go and let a nice innocent lodging to such a reg'lar one as me!"

"You are very poor, ain't you?" says the constable.

"Yes, I am indeed, sir, wery poor in gin'ral," replies Jo.

"I leave you to judge now! I shook these two half-crowns out of him," says the constable, producing them to the company, "in only putting my hand upon him!"

"They're wot's left, Mr. Snagsby," says Jo, "out of a sov'ring as was give me by a lady in a wale as sed she was a servant, and as come to my crossin one night and asked to be show'd this 'ere ouse and the ouse wot him as you giv the writin to died at, and the berrin ground wot he's berrid in. She ses to me she ses 'are you the boy at the Inkwhich?' she ses. I ses 'yes' I ses. She ses to me she ses 'can you show me all them places?' I ses 'yes, I can,' I ses. And she ses to me 'do it,' and I dun it, and she giv me a sov'ring and hooked it. And I an't had much of the sov'ring neither," says Jo, with dirty tears, "fur I had to pay five bob, down in Tom-all-alone's, afore they'd square it fur to giv me change, and then a young man he thieved another five while I was asleep, and another boy he thieved ninepence, and the landlord he stood drains round with a lot more on it."

"You don't expect any body to believe this, about the lady and the sovereign, do you?" says the constable, eying him aside with ineffable disdain.

"I don't know as I do, sir," replies Jo. "I don't expect nothink at all, sir, much, but that's the true his'try on it."

"You see what he is!" the constable observes to the audience. "Well, Mr. Snagsby, if I don't lock him up this time, will you engage for his moving on?"

"No!" cries Mrs. Snagsby from the stairs.

"My little woman!" pleads her husband. "Constable, I have no doubt he'll move on. You know you really must do it," says Mr. Snagsby.

"I'm every ways agreeable, sir," says the hapless Jo.

"Do it, then," observes the constable. "You know what you have got to do. Do it! And recollect you won't get off so easy next time. Catch hold of your money. Now, the sooner you're five mile off, the better for all parties."

With this farewell hint, and pointing generally to the setting sun, as a likely place to move on to, the constable bids his auditors good afternoon; and makes the echoes of Cook's Court perform slow music for him as he walks away on the shady side, carrying his iron-bound hat in his hand for a little ventilation.

Now, Jo's improbable story concerning the lady and the sovereign has awakened more or less the curiosity of all the company. Mr. Guppy, who has an inquiring mind in matters of evidence, and who has been suffering severely from the lassitude of the long vacation, takes that interest in the case, that he enters on a regular cross-examination of the witness, which is found so interesting by the ladies that Mrs. Snagsby politely invites him to step up-stairs, and drink a cup of tea, if he will excuse the disarranged state of the tea-table, consequent on their previous exertions. Mr. Guppy yielding his assent to this proposal, Jo is requested to follow into the drawing-room doorway, where Mr. Guppy takes him in hand as a witness, patting him into this shape, that shape, and the other shape, like a but-terman dealing with so much butter, and worrying him according to the best models. Nor is the examination unlike many such model displays, both in respect of its eliciting nothing, and of its being lengthy; for, Mr. Guppy is sensible of his talent, and Mrs. Snagsby feels, not only that it gratifies her inquisitive disposition, but that it lifts her husband's establishment higher up in the law. During the progress of this keen encounter, the vessel Chadband, being merely engaged in the oil trade, gets aground, and waits to be floated off.

"Well!" says Mr. Guppy, "either this boy sticks to it like cobbler's wax, or there is something out of the common here that beats any thing that ever came into my way at Kenge and Carboy's."

Mrs. Chadband whispers Mrs. Snagsby, who exclaims, "You don't say so!"

"For years!" replies Mrs. Chadband.

"Has known Kenge and Carboy's office for years," Mrs. Snagsby triumphantly exclaims to Mr. Guppy. "Mrs. Chadband—this gentleman's wife—Reverend Mr. Chadband."

"Oh, indeed!" says Mr. Guppy.

"Before I married my present husband," says Mrs. Chadband.

"Was you a party in any thing, ma'am?" says Mr. Guppy, transferring his cross-examination.

"No."

"Not a party in any thing, ma'am?" says Mr. Guppy.

Mrs. Chadband shakes her head.

"Perhaps you were acquainted with somebody who was a party in something, ma'am?" says Mr. Guppy, who likes nothing better than to model his conversation on forensic principles.

"Not exactly that, either," replies Mrs. Chadband, humoring the joke with a hard-favored smile.

"Not exactly that, either!" repeats Mr. Guppy. "Very good. Pray, ma'am was it a lady of your acquaintance who had some transactions (we will not at present say what transactions) with Kenge and Carboy's office, or was it a gentleman of your acquaintance? Take time, ma'am. We shall come to it presently. Man or woman, ma'am?"

"Neither," says Mrs. Chadband, as before.

"Oh! A child!" says Mr. Guppy, throwing on the admiring Mrs. Snagsby the regular acute professional eye which is thrown on British jurymen. "Now, ma'am, perhaps you'll have the kindness to tell us *what* child."

"You have got at it at last, sir," says Mrs. Chadband, with another hard-favored smile. "Well, sir, it was before your time, most likely, judging from your appearance. I was left in charge of a child named Esther Summerson, who was put out in life by Messrs. Kenge and Carboy!"

"Miss Summerson, ma'am!" cries Mr. Guppy, excited.

"I call her Esther Summerson," says Mrs. Chadband, with austerity. "There was no Missing of the girl in my time. It was Esther. 'Esther, do this! Esther do that!' and she was made to do it."

"My dear ma'am," returns Mr. Guppy, moving across the small apartment, "the humble individual who now addresses you received that young lady in London, when she first came here from the establishment to which you have alluded. Allow me to have the pleasure of taking you by the hand."

Mr. Chadband, at last seeing his opportunity, makes his accustomed signal, and rises with a smoking head, which he dabs with his pocket-handkerchief. Mrs. Snagsby whispers "Hush!"

"My friends," says Chadband, "we have partaken, in moderation" (which was certainly not the case so far as he was concerned), "of the comforts which have been provided for us. May this house live upon the fatness of the land; may corn and wine be plentiful therein; may it grow, may it thrive, may it prosper, may it advance, may it proceed, may it press forward! But, my friends, have we partaken of any thing else? We have. My friends, of what else have we partaken? Of spiritual profit? Yes. From whence have we derived that spiritual profit? My young friend, stand forth!"

Jo, thus apostrophized, gives a slouch backward, and another slouch forward, and another slouch to each side, and confronts the eloquent Chadband, with evident doubts of his intentions.

"My young friend," says Chadband, "you are to us a pearl, you are to us a diamond, you are to us a gem, you are to us a jewel. And why, my young friend?"

"I don't know," replies Jo. "I don't know nothink."

"My young friend," says Chadband, "it is because you know nothing that you are to us a gem and jewel. For what are you, my young friend? Are you a beast of the field? No. A bird of the air? No. A fish of the sea or river? No. You are a human boy, my young friend. A human boy. O glorious to be a human boy! And why glorious, my young friend? Because you are capable of receiving the lessons of wisdom, because you are capable of profiting by this discourse which I now deliver for your good, because

you are not a stick, or a staff, or a stock, or a stone, or a post, or a pillar.

O running stream of sparkling joy,
To be a soaring human boy!

And do you cool yourself in that stream now, my young friend? No. Why do you not cool yourself in that stream now? Because you are in a state of darkness, because you are in a state of obscurity, because you are in a state of sinfulness, because you are in a state of bondage. My young friend, what is bondage? Let us, in a spirit of love, inquire."

At this threatening stage of the discourse, Jo, who seems to have been gradually going out of his mind, smears his right arm over his face, and gives a terrible yawn. Mrs. Snagsby indignantly expresses her belief that he is a limb of the arch-fiend.

"My friends," says Mr. Chadband, with his persecuted chin folding itself into its fat smile again as he looks round, "it is right that I should be humbled, it is right that I should be tried, it is right that I should be mortified, it is right that I should be corrected. I stumbled, on Sabbath last, when I thought with pride of my three hours' improving. The account is now favorably balanced; my creditor has accepted a composition. O let us be joyful, joyful! O let us be joyful!"

Great sensation on the part of Mrs. Snagsby.

"My friends," says Chadband, looking round him, in conclusion, "I will not proceed with my young friend now. Will you come to-morrow, my young friend, and inquire of this good lady where I am to be found to deliver a discourse unto you, and will you come like the thirsty swallow upon the next day, and upon the day after that, and upon the day after that, and upon many pleasant days, to hear discourses?" (This, with a cow-like lightness.)

Jo, whose immediate object seems to be to get away on any terms, gives a shuffling nod. Mr. Guppy then throws him a penny, and Mrs. Snagsby calls to Guster to see him safely out of the house. But, before he goes down stairs, Mr. Snagsby loads him with some broken meats from the table, which he carries away, hugging in his arms.

So, Mr. Chadband—of whom the persecutors say that it is no wonder he should go on for any length of time uttering such abominable nonsense, but that the wonder rather is that he should ever leave off, having once the audacity to begin—retires into private life until he invests a little capital of supper in the oil-trade. Jo moves on, through the long vacation, down to Blackfriars Bridge, where he finds a baking stony corner, wherein to settle to his repast.

And there he sits, munching and gnawing, and looking up at the great Cross on the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral, glittering above a red and violet-tinted cloud of smoke. From the boy's face one might suppose that sacred emblem to be, in his eyes, the crowning confusion of the great confused city; so golden, so high up, so

far out of his reach. There he sits, the sun going down, the river running fast, the crowd flowing by him in two streams—every thing moving on to some purpose and to one end—until he is stirred up, and told to "move on" too.

ANIMAL MECHANICS.

WHOEVER has had the pleasure of studying Dr. Arnott's *Elements of Physics*, must have dwelt with peculiar zest on the many illustrations of its doctrines which the author has drawn from the structure of the human body. Well do we remember with what a flutter of surprise the professors and students of two distinguished schools of medicine first learned from Dr. Arnott's book, that atmospheric pressure is one of the forces by which the stability of the joint is secured; and that in the knee joint, for instance, the articulating surfaces of the bones are pressed together by about sixty pounds' weight of air. For a whole session teachers and pupils never tired of talking about this wonderful discovery; and endless were the experiments made on tortured cats and dogs, as well as upon the dead subject, to prove the truth of a proposition which ought to have been self-evident to men but moderately versed in natural philosophy. It was not that those learned professors and those earnest students had been previously unacquainted with the phenomenon of atmospheric pressure; they knew as well as Dr. Arnott that every square inch of the surface of the human body sustained its airy burden of fifteen pounds; they knew as well as he, that between the articulating surfaces of bones there was no elastic medium interposed which could counteract that pressure; but, unlike him, they had not learned to put those two facts together, but had suffered them to roll about in their minds in unprofitable isolation, like the loose grains in a sportsman's shot pouch. If it is a good thing for a man to know the extent of his own ignorance, on the other hand, it appears to us scarcely less desirable that he should be able to make out a true inventory of his knowledge for the readier use thereof. "Happy the man who knows what he knows," exclaims the sententious Jacotot.

Dr. Arnott's work was soon followed by an essay from the pen of the late Sir Charles Bell, entitled "*Animal Mechanics*." It is strange that the example of these writers has hitherto incited few inquirers, if any, to follow them upon this new field of study. New it is, at least in modern times; for since the extinction of what may be called the Mechanical School of Physiology, of which the last eminent representative, Baglivi, died in 1706, scarcely any anatomist had thought of comparing the facts revealed by the scalpel with the principles of physical statics and dynamics. Even now it is but just beginning to be acknowledged that the cultivators of biological and of physical science—or, in other words, of that which relates to living and that which relates to dead matter—are too often content to remain more or less ig-

norant, to their great mutual detriment, each of the subjects of the other's speculations. Hence comes defective knowledge on both sides, now and then clumsily pieced out with conjectures caught up, wrong end foremost, in wild adventurous forays across the common border. Science suffers from this want of reciprocal commerce between its votaries. The arts, too, are deprived of many useful inventions, which a more intimate knowledge of animated nature might suggest to men of constructive ingenuity. It is not unlikely that the inventor of the ball and socket joint, whoever he may have been, derived the ideas, though it were even unconsciously, from the articulation of the thigh bone of a quadruped, or of man with the haunch. The celebrated shield used in excavating the Thames Tunnel was avowedly imitated by Mr. Brunel, from the head-piece of a species of worm that burrows under the silt at the bottom of rivers.

Most of the mechanical principles exhibited in bones have been elucidated by Arnott and Bell; but a very interesting part of the subject has wholly escaped their notice. They have shown, for instance, that sundry advantages result from the hollowness of the long bones of the limbs; that it affords not only an ampler surface for the attachment of muscles, but also increase of strength without increase of weight. The strength of a cylinder of given length and material is exactly in proportion to its diameter, and if the mass remain the same, the diameter can be increased only by making the cylinder hollow. In fact, it is only a certain thickness of the outer ring that resists fracture; the central portion contributes nothing to the amount of that resistance. The force which tends to break any straight bar, compresses the particles on one side and distends those on the opposite side; hence, a very slight notch in the under surface of a transverse beam supporting a heavy weight in the middle, may be sufficient to cause its destruction. If the beam be arched with its convexity downward, the danger is greatly increased; if, on the other hand, the convexity be upward, the danger vanishes, for then the incumbent weight tends to compress both surfaces alike. A plain cylinder is manifestly weaker than one of similar dimensions with superadded ribs or flutings; and lastly, the power of resistance may be increased by widening the surface liable to compression and augmenting its density, lengthening the transverse diameter in the direction of the probable line of fracture, and providing for the greater cohesiveness of the side liable to disruption. All these contrivances are exemplified in the long bones. They are not quite cylindrical (though so called), but have a more or less flattened surface on one side, and opposite to this a longitudinal projecting ridge or spine. They appear as if slightly twisted round their own axis, the effect of which is, that the broad surfaces and the longitudinal spines present themselves in the most advantageous positions to resist the strain of the adjacent muscles. To the same end, they are sometimes

considerably arched from one extremity to the other, as in the instance of the human thigh bone. The density and hardness of their surface vary in different parts, and are always greatest where those qualities are most needed.

So much we find set forth in detail by Arnott and Bell; but no writer has assigned any satisfactory reason for the fact, that the long bones of man and of quadrupeds are filled with marrow. What may be the use of this substance is a question which remains for us to solve. It is one which, as Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson observes of the cosmogony and the creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers in all ages. Anatomical writers have long given it up in despair, or have contented themselves with the unmeaning conclusion, that the marrow is there for no very particular use, but simply as a light material to fill up vacant space. Assuredly, nature's workmanship is never disgraced by any such superfluous cobbling. Our solution of the question is, that the marrow serves to increase the rigidity of the bone, by acting as a medium through which the strength of every part of its containing walls is simultaneously exerted to resist an excessive strain at any one point.

It is a well-known principle of hydrostatics, that a pressure exerted on any part of a mass of fluid is immediately propagated through every other portion. If a tightly fitting tube, furnished with a piston, the surface of which measures, say one square inch, be inserted into the head of a full cask, and if a weight of ten pounds be laid on the piston rod, that pressure will not be transmitted solely to the inch of surface at the bottom which corresponds to the column of fluid directly under the piston, but every inch of the interior surface of the cask, top and sides, as well as bottom, will have to bear an additional pressure of ten pounds. If any one of them is unable to withstand that additional pressure, the cask will burst; if they are all able to do so, the top, sides, and bottom of the cask will react against the pressure, so that the equilibrium will be maintained, and the piston can not descend. Now, marrow consists of a delicate network of cellular tissue, and of a fine oil which occupies its interstices, and we may consider it practically as a fluid filling a narrow, elongated, little cask. The cavity in which it is confined is nearly cylindrical, whatever be the irregularities of form on the outer surface of the bone. The shape of such a cavity can not be altered without diminishing its capacity, and consequently compressing its contents. But such alteration and such compression must necessarily take place before the bone can break or even bend considerably; and, in consequence of the hydrostatic law above stated, the tendency to this compression at any one or more points will be resisted by the cohesive force of every other point in the bony case.

The hollows in the bones of birds of flight are filled not with marrow but with air, whereby the specific gravity of the whole body is diminished. These air cavities are also in a measure supple-

mentary to the lungs, and help to furnish the muscles with that large supply of aerated blood which their rapid and continuous action demands. Besides these two functions, the air in the bones fulfills a third also, analogous to that which we have ascribed to marrow. Air, being an elastic fluid, is less capable than oil of resisting pressure; but that confined air can yet impart considerable rigidity to the walls of its chamber, any one may easily convince himself by handling a blown bladder or gut, such as is used by sausage-makers. The inferior stiffness of a bird's bones is no doubt compensated for by the low specific gravity which imposes so much the less strain on the skeleton.

May we not hope to see the principle of these beautiful natural contrivances applied to a variety of useful purposes in art? We think we may. Nevertheless there are certain difficulties which we must not overlook. To shut up air in cases, whether flat, tubular, or of any other form, is a simple matter enough; but it is not quite so easy a thing as it may seem to fill a tube with a liquid so that it shall contain no air, and then to seal the tube hermetically in such a manner that the sealed end shall be as strong as any other part to resist a disruptive force from within. We must also bear in mind how dissimilarly solids and liquids expand and contract under the influence of heat and cold. In the living subject marrow and bone remain constantly at the same temperature. An imitation of them in water and iron would be ill-fitted for enduring great alternations of heat and cold.

MY BROTHER TOM.

THERE was a thought of naming him Isaac. At least that was my mother's thought when Tom was born, for he was the child of her old age. But my father would not listen to it; and although my mother did think of making a practical use of the sentence in the baptismal service, "Name the child," by popping Isaac into the clergyman's ear, and before my father could recover from his astonishment, completing the Hebraism, she did not venture on it. So he was christened Thomas.

There were before him six of us, myself the eldest—Miss Price by courtesy, and of the same name still, for no one has thought of changing my patronymic. I am now aged—But no matter; while there is life there is hope, and I can boast the experience of four married women and one married man. I will not anticipate, but begin at the beginning. It is of Tom that I am to speak, and not of myself; and if my own story comes out incidentally, I hope to be acquitted of egotism. Sure I am, that I have been so Thomased all my life that I am not quite sure of my identity.

When Tom was born, there was great rejoicing. For a short time there was also great contention; for my four youngest sisters and I clamored which should hold the baby. Mother settled the dispute, and to my infinite complacency said, "Let Patience have him; she is the

eldest." Short-sighted child that I was, I was delighted at this decision. I am older and wiser now. With what importance did I then assert my right and prerogative! Nobody could hold the baby but mother and I. The young tyrant soon learned to tolerate no one else, and he grew to us like a fixture. To his mother he clung from necessity; to me for recreation. He crowded and shouted with delight at my appearance, and gave his first token of appreciativeness by putting out his arms to me. I was in ecstasy. It was delight—triumph; and in the first magnificent feeling of womanly consequence, I twisted up my hair and put in a comb.

"Bless me!" cried my father, "how like an old woman cut short!"

"Indeed!" said my mother, "Patience is quite a woman, and I should not know what to do without her."

"Humph!" said my father. But his eye caught the reflection of a gray hair or two in the mirror opposite, and he said no more—if saying "humph" be saying any thing. And I inwardly resolved that the tucks in my present frocks should be "let out," if the baby ever gave me an opportunity, and that the next should be of greater longitude. Why not? It is wonderful how, in some respects, brother Tom brought me forward; and, if in others, how he has kept me back—perhaps that is only compensatory justice.

My father died when Tom was four years old. Poor little Tom! he was very fond of him, and showed a knowledge and a feeling quite beyond his years in his lamentations. Mother was inconsolable and helpless, and Tom was fastened on me more closely than ever. I was only sixteen, but seemed a woman grown, so much had household cares and duties brought me forward. I was the admiration of all our friends, and was pointed at as the model-daughter. Such indeed I was; but, if there had been less model in me, my mother would have more wisely shaped herself, and my sisters would not have been quite so useless. I tried to direct them. They rebelled. I appealed to my mother, and she said, "You are a dear good girl, Patience, and it is easier for you to do all than to ask them." They felt the rebuke and I the praise; and, while they tried to do more, I strove to anticipate them. So at eighteen I was housekeeper in fact, and my mother only my police force, in last resort, to quell rebellions. It was all on account of brother Tom, for he had placed me in my dangerous elevation.

As Tom grew to boyhood, he became the apple of my eye and the pride of my life. No lad in the neighborhood was better dressed. While my sisters slept, and my mother dozed and wondered, my frocks scarce worn, were transformed into fancy costumes for little Tom. Oftentimes I scrimped a pattern, or bought just a little more, to fit him out in a jacket or sack of brilliant colors. I was delighted when the little rogue said, "all Patty's frocks made of a bit of mine!" That idea grew with him. He

thought—bless the man, he thinks now—that I and mine, soul, body, and wardrobe, are a part of him and his! This is true—with a difference. The boy's egotism and selfishness have merely reversed the fact. He is a type of his sex—begging the gentlemen's pardon—perhaps a little exaggerated, but not much. Such selfish and arrogant, self-sufficient and presuming—but I must be cool.

Young friends began to cluster about the house. There were five Miss Prices, and it would have been misprision of treason against Cupid if no man called on them. Young lady friends of my sisters brought their brothers, then the brothers came of themselves, and then their friends came with them. In our bloom we were quite the fashion. We were pretty and well-bred, accomplished, and not very poor. In a word we were respectable. And my eldest brother, William, he had his friends too. So, on the whole, in our set we were quite the fashion.

We! I had forgotten. *They*, I should say—for where was I? Overshadowed by Tom—brother Tom—dear brother Tom! At eight years of age he would not go to sleep unless some one sat in his room. Sisters had company. The housemaid, like all housemaids, was *always* out. Mother was busy. "Couldn't I just sit in his room and draw up his day's rents, or sew a button on to-morrow's trowsers?" I could just do nothing else. The company was always sisters'. And Tom waked up and cried so. It was croup, or ear-ache, or cholera-morbus, or terror, or, no matter what. Sister Patience was the catholicon, the panacea, the anodyne. The others always asked, "How can you hear him cry so?" It was as if I alone had the key of his vocal organs, and the charge of grand pacificator. Our guests must not hear his noise; but nobody thought of any one's quelling the riot, except Patience. All fell on poor me! And this was in part the reversion of my mother's praise—"Patience is the eldest. Patience is quite a woman." I submitted, and looked forward to the day—which I then trusted would come some time—that Tom could wipe his own nasal promontory. It was a sort of a dream-life; but I had hope.

I waked from my dream to hear that sister Carry was to be married! She was the next oldest, and had fairly, or rather unfairly, stolen my turn. Thomas—dear brother Tom—consoled me. "You won't go and get married, and go away to leave us, will you, sister Patty?" And mother, with a sigh, said, "No, Tommy, sister Patty is *such* a good daughter—we could not live without her." There was a half tear in mother's eye, and a whole one in my own. It was not that I wanted to be married. Oh, no! But any other servant who had been so long in the family, would have been trusted with the secret before quite all the arrangements were determined on. However, I had some solace. Caroline grew affectionate. There were worlds to do, and sister Patience—dear sister Patty—

was quite in request. She helped to get up various dresses, and even Tom was a little taken off her hands. I must say, however, that they neglected him. His hair was not half combed, and his jackets got all out at elbows; and, to crown all, they made him sick with cake, and I held him on my knees in the nursery, while my sister Caroline promised to love, honor, and obey in the church. They were all so sorry. "But then," they said, "nobody *could* take care of Tom but sister, and they were afraid he would be sick." Why didn't they prevent it?

I need not dwell on collateral matters. All were married, brother Will bringing up the rear—all, I mean, except Tom. He grew up to a fine lad, and sister Patty became more obsolete than ever—obsolete except in cases of croup, convulsions, christenings, fittings out for the country and sea-side, and the other demands of a baker's dozen of aunts and cousins. In the ailments of all their mothers, sister Patience is invaluable. But these things are not my theme. I only mention them in illustration of my boast, before spoken, that I have the experience of four married women, and one married man.

Now came Tom's youth, and now came my hardest trials. Four young married sisters and a brother kept open house for him. Sister Patience dropped in upon them with her mother in a sociable way. Brother Tom was the Mercury for each. He sang at their young parties, and turned over the pages for musical misses. Sister Patience was never asked, for they "knew she would not come." How they knew without asking is a mystery to my powers of divination. Sister Patience never would get married—for who could take care of Tom? Mother could "visit round," or keep house very comfortably alone—but poor Tom! They were horrified on his account, mother and all. And sister "was really getting old; she never liked society, and she could not begin now."

Heigh-ho! I found I had raised a brother for my sisters. I was always his favorite—when he was sick. I was his dear sister when there was a vest to embroider. I was his angel on slippers and watch-cases; his divinity—when he needed a new dozen of shirts. But the others found him such a delightful stop-gap when their husbands were morose or busy, and would not go out; so useful in summer pic-nics, and winter parties, and sleigh rides; so capital a hand to fight up to the box-office for tickets, that mother and poor I had no knowledge of him except to keep his wardrobe in order. And that all fell on me. Mother declared that Patience always was such an assistance to her! And to think that Tom has the assurance to offer me a shilling's worth of entertainments at some wandering lecturer's levee once every winter, and, because I don't accept such fourpenny-bit civility, goes away, and declares that he would gladly wait on me out, but I prefer to be at home with mother! "She is *so* good and daughter-like!" Was there ever such kind appreciation?

I can not understand where the man spends

his evenings—all his evenings. I know that a portion of them are spent at his sister's; but where does he wind up? He is always out till eleven o'clock, and often until midnight. His clothing, his hair, his very imperial smell dreadfully of cigars. And yet he is a great invalid, my brother Tom. He never has any appetite in the mornings, except when I can manage to get up something uncommonly tempting for him. He frequently begs me so gently to bring him a cup of coffee to his bedside—that I can not refuse. I rebel inwardly; but when I see his face—Tom is handsome—and when he “dear sisters” me, what can I do? I am so afraid he will get married, and his wife will not take half care of him! He is so fragile and delicate! Several times he has attempted business, but is always driven back by indisposition. Indeed, the very thought seems to throw him into a fever.

My mother is as anxious as I am. She says Tom is the stay of the house, now that the others are all gone. (I am only a parenthesis, and can be dropped out.) Indeed, he does furnish us with occupation—mother with sighs, and wonders, and ejaculations; and me with labor, from morn till dewy eve, and so on till midnight. Something is always to be said, or feared, or hoped for Tom. That is mother's province. I have her to cheer, and Tom to labor for. I could wish that he were a thought more grateful and considerate; but mother says that all men are like him, and that they feel more than they express. Indeed, it is to be hoped they do.

There is an end to patience, and, I fear, sometimes Tom will make an end of me. He can not pack his trunk. He can not even hang up his coat. He does not so much as put away his tonsorial apparatus. He drops his garments and pocket furniture, his books, papers, pencils—every thing but his loose change—all over the house, and for whatever he wants, raises a hue and cry like Giant Grim for his supper. He borrows all the money I have, and anticipates mother's semi-annual dividend. He dines out on a sovereign, wines and cigars included, and mother economises half-a-crown, on her marketing, and treats herself to “a tea dinner.” All his shirts must be made in the house, and my eyes ache over the fine stitches. Mother says that the money it would cost a pair to make them fit for Tom's wear is an item in housekeeping, and must be saved. That is true, and I submit. But I overheard him say the other day to a friend, who sometimes calls to take him out, when he might chance to stay at home, that if he (the friend) could find cigars fit to smoke for fifteen pounds a thousand, “it was an object.” He (brother Tom) could find none under eighteen pounds. And I am sure he smokes a thousand in a week—I mean a month. Or suppose it three—are not sixty pounds a year a pretty item to burn up? say, mamma. And must we eat cold mutton and hash to his *ragouts* and *pâtés*, and turn the carpets, and renovate the beds, and alter the curtains, and buy our frocks off the same piece, that my skirt may make her a new

body, and *vice versa*, that he may figure in Regent Street, and quarrel about the Norma of Grisi and Cruvelli? Must I make fifty shirts to find him in smoke for a quarter? Must we do the shabby genteel to keep him in oyster suppers, and not save enough in a year to give him extras for a month—and after all he be “ashamed of our appearance?” O Tom, dear brother Tom—*dear* with a money mark, which is worse than dear with a vengeance! And yet I love the fellow!

It is wonderful the troops of friends he has, and the hopes he entertains from them. He is quite a Mæcnas in a small way; a patron of the fine arts. His portrait is extant in as many forms as a popular minister's—all presents; first attempts of aspiring genius, presented with compliments, but costing each, in the long run, more than a miniature by Ross. He is always “forced by position” to take boxes at benefits, and figures in complimentary committees. Such very neat presents as he receives from various people! And so many, many times he has been groomsman. The brides all say he has such a delicate taste in his presents on such occasions! My bonnet has been altered the third time after the invaluable fashion plates of *La Follet*—and by my own fingers. I *did* intend to put new material in the last time, but dear brother Tom had a wedding tour to make. He couldn't be mean. He did not want to go, and he told me so, when he borrowed my last sovereign, and mother's too. “Dear Patty,” he said, “I wish I was out of it. My friend offers to pay all expenses; but that would be small in me to accept, you know.” So off he went. I did keep back a reserve fund, of which he knew nothing; but a tailor's bill came in, of his, while he was gone, and swept the last corner of my *porte-monnaie*. I did not want mother to hear of it, so I paid it, and said nothing.

People say it is all our own fault—mother's and mine; that we have spoiled him: but his younger sisters and their set need not make him such extravagant Christmas and New Year's presents; they know he will not be outdone, though his mother and I go naked for it. If he is spoiled, how is he to be unspoiled?—that's what I should like to know; and what *am* I to do? Do tell me, dear Editor, for in a few months, or more years, I shall be a ruined spinster. He has even now begun his approaches to induce mother to mortgage the house, which she holds in her own right, that he may “go into business.” Business, indeed, it will be! I shall have to take up his notes for him, for any thing harder to draw than an Havana cigar will certainly make him hopelessly sick. He would be thrown entirely on his back by the danger of a protest, and go to his room in hard times, never to emerge till money was easy.

P. S. Tom is to be married.

I have just learned it, confidentially from mother. And he has actually, the ingrate, served me as all the rest did. And they have combined to entertain mother at a round of visits among

them ; and the house, the old family mansion, is to be mortgaged, to refurnish the parlors : and my room is to be taken for the bridal chamber ; for Tom, dear brother Tom, says it is the best in the house. And I am already looked to for various exertions and preparations. Tom says he will give me a home as long as he lives. Will he, indeed ! And am I to be Aunt Pattied quite into my grave by a troop of new-comers ? Am I to hold the babies while my new sister receives her guests ? Am I to take care of Tom's wardrobe while he and his bride are spending evenings out ? Oh, Tom, dear brother Tom !

Shall I submit ? What else can I do ?

SECOND P. S. I am to be married.

A widower with ten children has proposed, and I have accepted him. That is about the number I should have been entitled to if I had married at the proper time, instead of being brother Thomased into a nonentity. I would not accept my man if he had one child less, for ten is the very least number that will give me a title to stay at home and mind my own business. The care of my six sisters' and brothers' families threatens to be much too onerous ; and since Tom turns me out of my own house—fairly and properly mine—and then coolly offers me, with great condescension, a part of my own, "as long as I live," it is high time I sought a more permanent establishment.

Thomas is highly indignant. Even the Irish girl in the kitchen declares against my marrying a "widow man." My mother begs me, on account of "poor Tom," to think better of it. Poor Tom, indeed ! Where is poor Patience ? If the boy will get married, his wife may take care of him, and I wish her joy of it.

Here ends the confessions of a maiden sister ; for before this appears in print, Miss Price will be no more. I ought, perhaps, to go back and correct the doubts at the beginning of my confessions—but, no matter. I might harmonize some apparent incongruities—but they are no matter either. The thing, as it stands, is a sort of diary, which Miss Price leaves as a legacy to the mothers of our land, to warn them against patting and wheedling girls of domestic inclinations into old-maid nurses of brother Toms. Let the boy-creatures learn to take care of themselves.

But then—after all—I do hope—when my son is born, that his ten elder sisters and brothers will be kind to him !

THE LITTLE WOOD-GATHERERS.

ONE cold day in the month of December, 1829, two poor children, thin and pale, half clad in rags, issued from a cottage situated on the verge of the forest of Sancy. The ground was covered with snow ; the trees were all stripped of their leaves ; the wind blew with fury. It was only seven in the morning, scarcely day-break.

Nicholas and Frank, the two poor little wood-gatherers, walked rapidly toward the centre of the forest. Their feet were ill protected by the old shoes they wore. Coarse linen trowsers, a

blouse, and a bonnet of rabbit-skin, completed their attire.

When they had walked a considerable distance, they stopped at a place where several roads met. "Stop, Frank," said Nicholas ; "take this rope, and bind up in it as much dead wood as you can gather together."—"Yes, brother."—"When you have gathered enough, you can meet me at the entrance to the forest."

The two brothers then separated, and took different roads. They had soon gathered sticks enough to make a heavy load apiece. Bending under their several burdens, they shortly after met at the place appointed.

"Come on, Nicholas," said Frank ; "let us make haste, for while we loiter here, mother is suffering from the cold."

"Oh ! yes, the wind blows from all sides of the hut, and the snow falls on the straw where we slept last night."

"Ah ! little robbers ! I have caught you again !" suddenly shouted a rough voice close at hand.

The two boys, frightened, let their loads fall from off their backs, and threw themselves at the feet of a man who now presented himself. He was a stiff, gruff-looking fellow, of repulsive voice and manner, and he fixed his eyes on the two trembling boys with a fierce expression. He was dressed as a game-keeper, and carried a gun under his arm.

"Little good-for-naughts !" said he ; "isn't this the second time I have caught you ?"

"Pardon, pardon, Mr. Sylvester," cried the two boys, weeping.

"Ah ! do you suppose you are to be allowed to rob the marquis of his wood in this way ! But we shall see—we shall see !"

"But it is dead wood, and when it isn't gathered, it only rots upon the ground, and is of no use to any body."

"Come, come, Mr. Logician, take up your plunder and follow me."

"Follow you ? And—where ?"

"To prison, little miscreants !"

"To prison ? oh, good sir, in pity spare us !"

"No ! I tell you."

"But our mother may die of cold, she has only us in the world to help her ; and if you put us in prison, what will she do ?"

"It's all the same to me."

"O ! you have neither heart nor soul in you," said one of the boys, almost desperate ; "well may they call you *Sylvester the Wolf*."

"Good ! good ! I perform my duty, and don't bother myself about any thing else."

"Listen, Mr. Sylvester," said Nicholas ; "I am bigger and stronger than my brother, and I gathered more of the dead wood than he did ; I am, therefore, more guilty : well, punish me as you will ; punish me for both of us, but send my brother back to the cottage."

"Nay, listen to me, good sir," cried Frank ; "it is I whom you must put in prison. Nicholas is stronger than me, and his labor is more useful to our mother."

"Come, no more talking," said Sylvester; "you needn't be jealous—you must both go."

"My poor mother," said Frank, sobbing.

The two boys took up their burdens, and followed the heartless game-keeper. As they passed before the chateau of the marquis, Nicholas said to Sylvester—"Before going to prison, I wish to see the marquis himself."

"In good time," said Sylvester; "here he comes."

In fact, the Marquis de Sancy was advancing to meet them. He was a man of about sixty, of good figure, a noble-looking gentleman. His white hairs fell about his cheeks; and his blue eyes, full of sweetness and kindly expression, inspired confidence in those who looked him in the face.

"Well, Sylvester," said the marquis; "what are you going to do with these children?"

"My lord, they are little robbers, whom I have caught for the second time, stealing wood."

The two brothers stood crying bitterly.

"You know this wood does not belong to you," said the marquis.

"Yes sir," said Frank.

"Then you are very blamable, indeed; for, when you had been already forbidden to take it, you ought not to have done so."

"We must then have laid down and died of cold," said Nicholas, sadly.

"How, child! What do you say?" asked the marquis, with seeming interest.

"Yes sir, I shall tell you the truth, and you can judge whether we deserve to be punished or not. Our father was a woodman; kept down by hard work and poverty, he could scarcely provide food for his family. One day they brought him home dying. He had been crushed by the fall of a tree which he had felled. After many months of cruel suffering, he died; and we were left alone—my brother and I, with our dear mother, who is old and infirm. A poor hut built on the sod, covered with bark—a little potato field—such is all that we possess. In summer, Frank and I split wood in the forest, or we help the peasants with their work: we can thus earn a little money, which helps our mother to live. But in winter, sir, ah! then we are very miserable indeed. The snow covers the ground; the wind shakes our mean little dwelling; the rain penetrates it every where, and freezes on our very clothes. We who are young can bear all that; but our mother, sir! our poor mother—oh! when we see her pale, cold, almost perished, trying in vain to keep warm her frozen limbs, our heart is torn, and tears run from our eyes. Then we sally forth to hide our grief: the forest is before us; the earth is strewn with branches which the wind has blown down: a few of these useless remnants would warm our mother. Are we to leave her to die, when we can so easily save her? There, marquis, is the whole truth, and now say if we are guilty."

"Yes, my little fellows," replied the marquis; "inasmuch as you have taken what did not

belong to you. But you are good and dutiful children, and it would be a very cruel act indeed to punish you. Go; I forgive you. When you are cold, go into the forest, and gather what sticks you want: I permit you. You hear, Sylvester?" addressing the game-keeper.

"Yes, sir," replied he, touching his cap.

"And now, since these children must be tired with the long walk you have given them, take a cart and carry the wood to the cabin of their mother."

"Oh! thanks, thanks! good, kind sir! May Heaven protect you for your pity to the unfortunate!" cried the two children, taking leave of their benefactor, with tears in their eyes. . . .

The winter of 1829-30, was terrible. The cold reached to an extraordinary degree, and was exceedingly long continued. The most rapid rivers were covered with ice, and carriages, no matter what their weight, could pass over them as on a highway. Horses and beasts were frozen to death in their stalls; men fell lifeless on the hard earth; wild beasts issued from their lairs, and came into the villages, into the stables, and even into the houses themselves, to allay the hunger and thirst which tortured them. In short, misery and distress had reached their height.

Thanks to the kindness of the Marquis de Sancy, his *protégés* of the forest were enabled to support the rigors of the season. A little house, solidly constructed of stone, replaced the little cabin in which they had before dwelt. The marquis gave them some few articles of furniture, added a bit to their field, and thus gave them comparative ease and comfort, in place of misery and despair.

Winter continued; but the little wood-gatherers bore it without complaint. Their mother, seated beside a good fire, could turn her wheel, and spin for the good marquis: in the day-time the boys worked at making a hedge, wherewith to inclose their little field; and in the evening, they worked willow baskets, and made cages, which they went to sell on the day following in the neighboring town. Sometimes they returned home late, and they often trembled with fear, at hearing the howling of wolves in the forest.

One night, when they were on their way home from the town, where they had been selling their little wares, as they passed along one of the by-paths of the forest, a cry of distress reached their ear.

"It is the voice of the marquis!" exclaimed Frank.

"Let us run this way," cried Nicholas.

They hastened toward the place from whence they had thought proceeded the voice of their benefactor. They carried in their hands a little sharp hatchet, with which they were wont to cut wood. They always carried it with them on those nights when they were likely to be late in reaching home.

In a few minutes, they reached a man struggling with a wolf of enormous size. It was indeed their friend, the marquis. The wolf had thrown itself upon him, torn him with its horrid

teeth, and, after a terrible struggle with his adversary, the marquis was on the point of falling its victim. Nicholas rushed at the ferocious brute, and fetching a blow with his ax, cut off one of his paws. The wolf, furious at his new enemy, turned upon him to avenge his wound. He leapt upon Nicholas. Frank threw himself on the wolf's back, and bound his arms tight about its neck to strangle it. The wolf fell to the ground, Nicholas under him: his hatchet fell from his hands; but the marquis, snatching it up, watched his opportunity of striking the beast without wounding the children, and by a well-aimed blow, cleft the wolf's head.

"Ah! my children," exclaimed the marquis, on recognizing his young defendants; "it is to you, then, that I owe my life!"

"Sir, you have had pity on our misfortunes; you have saved our poor mother's life; we owe every thing to you."

"You see, Sylvester," observed the marquis to the game-keeper, who ran up at this moment; "you see how those two noble youths have borne themselves in saving my life. Instead of being harsh and cruel toward the unfortunate, be kind, generous, charitable; and bethink yourself always, that even though you may not do a kindness out of love of virtue, it is well to do it even out of selfish motives; for we may be indebted for our life and safety to those who are weaker and smaller than ourselves. Even the marquis, you see, may come in the little peasant's way, and owe his life to them, as I do now."

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS, ANECDOTES, ETC., ETC.

THE following desultory paper has been prepared for our Magazine under the impression that, better than all labored biographies, such an article will convey to the minds of its readers the true picture of the subject *as he really was*, and as he lived and moved among his fellow-men, in public and private life. We begin with his earlier years:

The death of Randolph's mother had a melancholy and striking effect upon him ever afterward. She was but thirty-six years old when she died. Cut off in the bloom of youth and beauty, he always retained a vivid remembrance of her person, her charms, and her virtues. He always kept her portrait hanging before him in his chamber. "Although he was not yet fifteen years old," says one of his biographers, "the loss to him was irreparable. She *knew* him; she knew the delicacy of his frame, the tenderness of his heart, the waywardness and irritability of his temper. Many years after this event—the day after his duel with Mr. Clay—while reflecting upon the narrow escape he had made with his life, and the professions of men who disappear in such an hour of trial, his mind naturally reverted to his dear mother,* who alone

understood, and never forsook him; and he wrote thus to a friend:

"I am a fatalist. I am all but friendless. Only one human being ever knew me. *She* only knew me—my mother.' He always spoke of his mother in terms of the warmest affection, and never mentioned her name without invoking God's blessing upon her. She 'taught his infant lips to pray;' and never, save when he was in the barren wilds of unbelief, could he silence that 'still small voice' of memory, which recalled to him the days of his youth when she used to make him kneel beside her, and repeat the Lord's Prayer.

"Many and many a time during his life, did he visit the old church-yard at Matoax, in its wasted solitude, and shed tears over the grave of his mother, by whose side it was the last wish of his heart to be buried."

THOMAS, in his "Reminiscences of the Last Sixty-five Years," gives us the following sketch of John Randolph, when he was a boy: "On a bright sunny morning there entered my bookstore in Charleston, South Carolina, a fine-looking, florid-complexioned old gentleman, with hair as white as snow, which contrasted with his own complexion; showed him to have been a bon vivant of the first order. Along with him was a tall, gawky-looking, flaxen-haired strippling, apparently of the age of from sixteen to eighteen, with complexion of a clear parchment color, beardless chin, and as much assumed self-consequence as any two-footed animal I ever saw.

"This was John Randolph. I handed him from the shelves volume after volume, which he tumbled carelessly over, and handed back again. At length he hit upon something that struck his fancy. My eye happened to be fixed upon his face at that moment, and never did I witness so sudden, so complete a change of the human countenance. That which before was dull and heavy, in a moment became animated and flushed with the brightest beams of intellect. He stepped up to the old gray-headed gentleman, and giving him a thundering slap on the shoulder, said:

"'Jack, look at this!'

"I was young then, but I can never forget the thought that rushed through my mind, that he was, without exception, the most impudent youth I ever saw. He had come to Charleston to attend the races."

In April, 1820, according to Mr. Anderson, the cashier of the United States' Branch Bank in Richmond, Mr. Randolph came into the bank, and asked for writing materials to write a check. He dipped his pen into the ink, and finding that it was black, asked for red ink, saying:

"I now go for blood!"

He filled up the check, and asked Mr. Anderson to add his name to it. Mr. Anderson refused to write his name; and after importuning that gentleman for some time, he called for black ink, and signed:

"John Randolph of Roanoke;

"His + mark."

* His father's face he had never seen; nor had he any other impression of him than what could be derived from the lines of a miniature likeness, which he always wore in his bosom.

He then called to the porter, and sent the check to a Mr. Taylor's, to pay on account.

"One day I was passing along the street," says Mr. Anderson, "when Mr. Randolph hailed me in a louder voice than usual. The first question he asked me was :

"Do you know of any good ship in James River, in which I can get a passage to England? I've been sick of a remittent and intermittent fever for forty days, and my physician says I must go to England."

"I told him I knew of no ships in the river that were fit for his accommodation, and that he had better go to New York and sail from that port.

"Do you think," said he, in reply to this suggestion, "that I would give my money to those who are ready to make my negroes cut my throat? No; if I can't go to England from a southern port, I won't go at all."

"On reflection, I told him there *was* a ship in the river.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"The Henry Clay," I answered.

"Henry Clay!" he exclaimed, throwing up his arms; "no, sir! I will never step on the plank of a ship of *that* name!"

The late Jacob Harvey, of this city, who twice crossed the Atlantic in company with Mr. Randolph, has left on record several lively and characteristic anecdotes of him. We make room for a few of these :

"I observed one morning that Mr. Randolph was examining a very large box of books, containing enough to keep him busy during a voyage round the world. I asked him why he had brought so many with him?

"I want to have them bound in England, sir," he replied.

"Bound in England!" I echoed, laughing; "why don't you send them to New York or Boston, where you could get them done cheaper, and quite as well?"

"What, sir!" he replied, sharply, "patronize our Yankee task-masters?—those patriotic gentry who have caused such a heavy duty to be imposed on foreign books! No, sir—never! I will neither wear what they make, nor eat what they raise, so long as my tobacco crop will enable me to get my supplies from *Old* England. I shall employ John Bull to bind my books until the time arrives when they can properly be done south of Mason and Dixon's line!"

"Turning over his books, and speaking of the collection, he said :

"I place first on the list "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress," for its wit and satire; the "Two-penny Post-bag" for similar excellencies; and this "Childe Harold" for every variety of sentiment, well expressed. I can't go for Moore's songs: they are too sentimental by half.*

* Apropos of this, is the following colloquy between Mr. Randolph and a friend, after his second visit to the British House of Commons :

"Who do you think I met under the gallery of the House of Commons the other evening?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Observing a copy of Halleck's 'Fanny' among his books, I said :

"I am glad that you do not proscribe Yankee poetry as well as Yankee cod-fish."

"Oh no, sir," he replied; "I always admire talent, no matter where it may come from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that we have yet seen. I am proud of it, sir; and I mean to take it to London with me, and to present it to that lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire."

The volume was subsequently given to Miss Edgeworth, as being "without a competitor" in the donor's estimation.

When the vessel arrived in Liverpool, Mr. Randolph took leave of Mr. Harvey in the following characteristic manner :

"Don't tell any man that I am here. I have come to England to see, and not to be seen; to hear, and not to be heard. I don't want to be made a lion of, sir."

While in London, Mr. Harvey obtained two admissions to the House of Lords, one of which he proffered to Mr. Randolph, calling at his lodgings for that purpose. What ensued is interesting :

"Pray, sir," said he, "at which door do you intend to enter the house?"

"At the lower door, of course," said I, "where all strangers enter."

"Not *all* strangers," said he, "for I shall enter at the private door, near the throne!"

"Oh, my dear sir," I replied, "your privilege will answer on any common occasion, but to-night the members of the House of Commons will entirely fill the space around the throne, and no stranger will be admitted there. So don't refuse this chance, or you will regret it."

"What, sir!" he retorted, "do you suppose I would consent to struggle with and push through the crowd of persons who must push their way in at the lower door? No, sir, I shall do no such thing. If I can't go in as a gentleman, I go not at all!"

The result was quite different from Mr. Harvey's predictions. "At night," he goes on to say—

"With great difficulty, and wondering how I had preserved my coat-tails whole, I finally squeezed myself into the House, half suffocated, but was fortunate enough to secure a stand at the bar, where I could see all that was worth seeing, and hear all that was spoken.

"But you can't guess—so I'll tell you. There was a spruce, dapper little gentleman sitting next to me, and he made some trifling remark, to which I responded. Presently, we were gradually led into conversation, and I found him a most fascinating, witty fellow. He pointed out to me the distinguished members who were unknown to me, and frequently gave them a friendly shot. At parting, he handed me his card, and I read, with some surprise—"Mr. Thomas Moore." Upon which I said, "Well, Mr. Moore, I am delighted to meet you thus; and I tell you, sir, that I envy you more for being the author of the "Two-penny Post-bag" and "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress," than for all your beautiful songs, which play the fool with young ladies' hearts."

"He laughed heartily at what he called my 'singular taste,' and we parted the best friends imaginable.

"Casting a glance toward the throne, I beheld, to my no small surprise and envy, 'Randolph of Roanoke,' in all his glory, walking in leisurely, and perfectly at home, alongside of Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Robert Peel, and many other distinguished members of the House of Commons. Some of these gentlemen selected for the eccentric visitor a prominent position, where he could hear and see perfectly, and many courtesies passed between them during the night."

Mr. Randolph, on one occasion, gave an entertaining account of a ball which he attended in London, got up under the immediate patronage of George the Fourth, where were congregated the flower of the aristocracy of Great Britain:

"It was cheap, sir—very cheap. Actors and actresses innumerable were there, and all dressed out most gorgeously. There were jewels enough there, sir, to make new crowns for all the monarchs of Europe! And I, too, republican though I am, must needs go in a court dress!"

"Well, sir, you smile; but don't suppose I was such a fool as to *purchase* a new suit, at the cost of twenty-five or thirty guineas. Not I! I haven't studied London life for nothing. I had been told, sir, that many a noble lady would appear at the ball that night with jewels hired for the occasion; and I took the hint, sir; and hired a full court-dress, in excellent order, for five guineas. When I beheld myself in the glass I laughed outright at the oddity of my appearance, and congratulated myself that I was three thousand miles from Charlotte Court-House, Virginia."

A correspondent, who saw much of Mr. Randolph while in this city, on two or three occasions, has kindly sent us the following:

"At the time of the great race of the Eclipse and Sir Henry, Randolph came to New York, and boarded at Mrs. Southard's in Broadway. Some person stole his hat from the entry, consequently he was bare-headed except a slight covering from a pocket handkerchief. He walked down Wall-street in search of a hat store. At the corner of Wall and William he went into Waldron's tailor-shop, and said, in his usual squeaking tone:

"Can you tell me where the devil I can buy a hat?"

"Waldron said: 'Yes, Mr. Randolph.'

"Well, how the devil did you know my name was Randolph?"

"Well, sir, I have seen pictures of you, and have heard you so accurately described, that I knew you in a moment."

"What do you do for a living?" said Randolph.

"I am a tailor, sir."

"Make me a suit of clothes then."

"Mr. Randolph then went to St. John's, in Broadway, and purchased that identical fur-cap which he wore so long afterward.

"At the race between the Eclipse and Sir Henry, on Long Island, he became so excited

that, after having betted as much money as he had to spare, he rose up in his stirrups and announced at the top of his voice:

"I'll bet a crop of niggers on Sir Henry!"

"In 1829 I dined at a public table, and immediately opposite me sat Mr. Randolph. No one of our party happened to be acquainted with him. Having finished his dinner, he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and commenced reading. We had all heard of his surprising memory, particularly of dates. One of the company commenced conversation on history, and managed to introduce a great number of dates, in each case intentionally making an error of one or two years in each date of each transaction quoted. Randolph stood these errors for a few minutes, and although the conversation was not addressed to him, he could not forego leaning across the table, and saying:

"Pardon me, sir; not 1667; it was October 15th, 1659;" and in this way, as each error occurred, he corrected it, until their frequency disgusted him. He then jumped up from the table, evidently irritated, crammed his newspaper into his pocket, and, very much in the style of Calvin Edson, the living skeleton, rushed out of the room.

"You doubtless have heard of the anecdotes of him while at the Russian court, such as on his first introduction to the emperor.

"How are you, emperor? How is madam?" meaning the empress."

A friend mentioned the other day a circumstance quite in illustration of Mr. Randolph's eccentric character. A lady of the first respectability in this city, at whose house Mr. Randolph had been sojourning for some weeks, had a lovely little girl, of some six or seven years of age. Randolph being about to leave, presented the child with "a present," carefully done up in several folds of paper, directing her to show it to her mother. It proved to be a *fine-tooth comb*! Indignant at such an insult, the lady, after many vain attempts at evasion on the part of Randolph, succeeded in securing the pledge of his "personal honor" that he intended no intimation of the necessity for such a present in the case of the child, but a *bonâ-fide* present. Few believed at the time, however, that he had not sacrificed something more valuable to his love of a malignant jest.

Very unamiable, also, to say the least, was his reply to the young man, who asked respectfully after his health one day, in Pennsylvania-avenue, at Washington. In answer to a repetition of the question, he said, "Ah! you are the son of Mr. L——, bookseller, in Baltimore? Well, sir, do I owe your father any thing? Good-morning, sir!"

Sitting one day opposite a gentleman at a hotel dinner-table, in Richmond, he observed that he was eating one of the luxurious soft-crabs of that region, and that, as was the custom at the hotel, a glass of milk had been placed near his plate. Looking up from his own, he said, in a thin, piping voice: "That's a singular dish of

yours, sir, *very singular*; *crabs-and-milk*! Juba, bring me a bowl of milk, and crumble some crabs in it!"

At the same hotel, he said to a waiter, in the temporary absence of Juba, handing him at the same time his cup and saucer:

"Take that away—change it."

"What do you want, Mr. Randolph?" asked the waiter, respectfully. "Do you want coffee or tea?"

"If that stuff is *tea*," said he, "bring me *coffee*; if it's *coffee*, bring me *tea*: I want a change!"

Most readers have heard, perhaps, of his reply to a well-known and highly-respectable gentleman of the South, who introduced himself to him, while standing conversing with some friends, with:

"I should be pleased to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a public servant as Mr. Randolph. I am from the city of Baltimore. My name, sir, is BLUNT."

"Blunt"—oh!" replied Mr. Randolph: "I should *think* so, sir;" and he deigned him no further notice.

Equally familiar to many, it may be, will be found this reply to a gentleman who rather forced himself upon Mr. Randolph's notice, while engaged in conversation with others, at a hotel in Virginia:

"I have had the pleasure, Mr. Randolph, recently, of passing your house."

"I am *glad of it*," said Mr. Randolph; "I hope you will *always* do it, sir!"

On one occasion, at Washington, a brother-member of Congress was enlightening Mr. Randolph as to the manner of "shopping" at the capital. "The merchants," said he, "have two prices—an *asking price*" and a *taking price*." I used to send my wife around to make all the purchases for the family, by which we made a saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent."

"I had rather *my wife*," said Randolph, bitterly, "should make a living in any other way but *one*, than that!"

Being a confirmed old bachelor, the remark was not less comical than severe.

A sporting friend was once relating an adventure, which occurred on the part of another hunter he had fallen in with, on the banks of the Potomac: "The man," he said, "had followed a large flock of canvas-back until they entered a cove, and secreted himself behind a log, to await an opportunity to get a large number in range. After waiting in the cold for some time, and finding a fair chance to place his gun over the log to take rest, and just as he had taken sight, and was ready to pull trigger, what should he see but *another* long gun, directly opposite, aiming at the same object! He had barely time to drop down behind the log, before away blazed the other sportsman, the whole charge coming into the log behind which he was—"

"*Lying*!" said Mr. Randolph, suddenly finishing the sentence, to the great amazement of the company.

Scarcely any thing more characteristic of Mr. Randolph is recorded of him by any of his biographers, than the following incident, which occurred on the morning he was to leave for England, on his last visit to that country. The steamer is waiting to convey passengers, when his friend calls upon him:

"Mr. Randolph," he says, "in the name of Heaven, what is the matter? Do you know that it is nearly ten o'clock, and that the steam-boat waits for nobody? Why, you are not even dressed!"

"I can't help it, sir," replied he. "I'm all confusion this morning: every thing goes wrong; even my memory has gone a-wool-gathering. I am just writing a farewell-address to my constituents, and I've forgotten the exact words of a quotation from the Bible, which I want to use, and as I always quote correctly, I can not close my letter until I find the passage; but, strange to say, I forget both the chapter and verse. I never was at fault before, sir. What *shall* I do?"

"Do you remember any part of the quotation?" asked his friend: "perhaps I can assist you with the rest."

"It begins," said he, "with 'How have I loved thee, oh——;' but, for the life of me, I can't recollect the next words. Oh, my head! my head! There, do you take the Bible, and run over that page, while I am writing the remainder of my address."

"My dear sir," was the reply, "you have no time to do this now: let us take letter, Bible, and all on board the steamer, where you will have enough time to find the passage you want, before we reach the packet."

After a good deal of hesitation and reluctance, and much expostulation, the proposition was agreed to.

A rather cruel test of the affection of his servant John was tried on the occasion referred to. John had in some way offended his master that morning; and, as he was preparing the trunks, Mr. Randolph said to him:

"Finish that trunk at once, John, and take it down to the steam-boat; and, on your return, take passage in the Philadelphia boat; and when you get to Philadelphia, call on Mr. —, in Arch-street, and tell him that I have sailed; then go on to Baltimore, and call on Mr. —, in Monument-place, and say that I shall write to him from London; thence proceed to Washington, pack up the trunks at my lodgings, take them with you to Roanoke, and report yourself to my overseer."

After a pause, he added, in a sarcastic tone:

"Now, John, you have heard my commands; but you need not obey them, unless you choose to do so. You can, if you prefer it, when you arrive in Philadelphia, call on the Manumission Society, and they will make you free; and I shall never look after you! Do you *hear*, sir?"

This unjust aspersion of John's love, was too much for the faithful fellow: his cheek swelled, his lip quivered, his eyes filled—and he replied, in great agitation:

"Massa John, this is too hard ! I don't deserve it ! You know I love you better than any body else ; and you *know* you will find me at Roanoke when you come back !"

"I felt my blood rising," says Mr. Randolph's friend, "and could not avoid saying :

"Well, Mr. Randolph, I could not have believed this, if I had not seen it. I thought you had more compassion for your slaves. Surely, you are unjust in *this* case : you have punished him severely enough by leaving him behind you, without hurting his feelings. You have made the poor fellow *cry*, Mr. Randolph."

"What !" said he, with true emotion, "does he shed tears ?"

"He does," I replied, "and you may see them yourself."

"Then," said Mr. Randolph, "*he shall go with me !* John, take down your baggage ; and let us forget what has passed."

"I was irritated, sir," he added, turning to me ; "and I thank you for the rebuke."

Thus ended this singular scene between Randolph and his servant. John instantly brightened up—soon forgot his master's anger—and in a very few moments was on his way to the boat, perfectly happy.

Mr. Randolph was not twenty-five years of age when he was first elected to Congress ; and when he appeared at the speaker's table, and the roll was called to take the oath of office, the speaker, surprised at his youthful appearance, said to him :

"Are you old enough, Sir, to be eligible ?"

"Ask my constituents !" was all the satisfaction that was afforded the speaker.

In his first speech, on a resolution for reducing the army, Mr. Randolph applied the term "ragamuffins" to the soldiery in general. On the following night, while he was seated in the front row of a box at the theatre, in company with some fellow-members of the House, two officers of the army, in an adjoining box, just before the curtain rose, began to vociferate to the orchestra, "Play up, you d—d ragamuffins !" and repeated it at intervals during the performance. Mr. Randolph's friends apprehending personal insult to him, sat closely on each side of him, and put him on his guard. At the close of the play, as they rose to depart, Mr. Randolph felt some one seize him by the hair from behind, and give him a violent pull that nearly brought him down upon the seat. Turning suddenly round, he found the two officers standing close by ; when he asked :

"Which of these two d—d rascals did that ?"

No answer was returned ; and his friends, taking him between them, retired without molestation. Mr. Randolph appealed to the President in relation to the outrage ; and the affair was sent before the House by Mr. Adams ; when the affair was investigated by a committee, and finally tacitly dropped, as not implying a sufficient "breach of privilege" to be a matter of legislation.

On one occasion the House was called upon

to elect a clerk, in place of a previous incumbent who had deceased. A Mr. Vanzandt, his head-clerk, well acquainted with the duties of the office, was nominated, and, on the first ballot, came within four votes of being elected. Randolph, previous to the second ballot, came in, and delivered a severe phillipic against him, charging him with having listened through the key-hole of the door, when the House was in secret session, and afterward revealing what he had heard. There was not a word of truth in the charge, as subsequently clearly appeared ; but when the candidate approached Mr. Randolph's seat, to offer some explanations, he rudely ordered him away. After the poor fellow was rejected, and his prospects, and those of an amiable family ruined, it turned out that private feeling had dictated Mr. Randolph's course, the man being a protégé of a member whom Mr. Randolph regarded as an enemy.

Mr. Randolph, it is well known, during his whole active life despised gaming, and almost hated the very sight of a gambler, or, as he always phrased them, "black-legs." Perhaps this aversion may have arisen from the following fact, which is early recorded of him :

"On one occasion, he made one of a party at a club, where the game of 'loo' was introduced. The stake played for was considerable, the limit being not less than one or two hundred dollars. Among the company was a rough-looking man, a sea-captain. Mr. Randolph "stood his hand : " he was followed by the captain, of whom he asked whether he had money enough to make good the 'board' if he lost. The captain, not a little angry, pulled out an old rusty pocket-book, well lined with large bank-notes, and the play proceeded—the stakes all the while increasing. While the captain and Mr. Randolph were competitors for a stake of eighty dollars, the captain arose, and, striking his fist upon the table, asked whether *he* was able to make the stake good if he lost ? Randolph, much chagrined, admitted that he was not quite able to do it, but he asked to leave the room and get the money. But this request was decided as "against the rules." He threw down the cards, quitted the room in disgust, and never afterward played a game in his life.

The account of the duel with Mr. Clay has appeared in a previous number. Mr. Randolph fought another duel when young, with a brother-student at a Virginia college, injuring him for life. He came very near fighting another with a Mr. Eppes, of Congress, but it "ended in smoke," although Mr. Randolph obtained a pair of celebrated hair-triggers by express from Baltimore, engaged a surgeon from the same place, and, under the drilling of a first-rate shot, practiced two hours a day about the woods, on the turnpike to the northeast of the capital, insomuch that it was dangerous to pass, from the frequent whizzing of balls. But with all this, and the picking of rare flints, drying and inspecting, grain by grain, of "London dueling powder," on a sheet of white paper, and choos-

ing nicely-fitting bullets, nothing further came of the hostile demonstration.

That Mr. Randolph led, in the main, a wretched and lonely life, may be inferred from the uniform tenor of his biographies and his letters. In a letter to the late Francis S. Key, of Baltimore, a life-time friend, and author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Randolph writes in 1819:

"Once, of all the books of Holy Writ, the Psalms were my especial aversion; but, thanks be to God, they have long constituted with me a favorite portion of that treasury of wisdom! Many passages seem 'written right at me.' It is there that I find my sins and sorrows depicted by a fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer; and there, too, I find consolation. I chiefly read the version in the Book of Common Prayer, and mine is scored and marked from one end to the other. 'Why art thou so heavy, oh my soul!—and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I will yet give HIM thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God!'"

Speaking of the "Frank Key," to whom this letter was addressed, Mr. Randolph says:

"His whole life is spent in endeavoring to do good for his unhappy fellow men. The result is, that he enjoys a tranquillity of mind, a sunshine of the soul, that all the Alexanders of the earth can neither confer nor take away. This is a state to which I can never attain. I have made up my mind to suffer like a man condemned to the wheel or the stake.

"Here I am yearning after the society of some one who is not merely indifferent to me; and condemned day after day, to a solitude like Robinson Crusoe's. But each day brings my captivity and exile nearer to their end. This letter is written as children whistle in the dark, to keep themselves from being afraid. I dare not look upon the blank and waste of the heart within! Dreary, desolate, dismal—there is *no* word in our language that can express the utter misery of my life. I drag on like a tired captive at the end of a slave-chain in an African coffle. I go because I must."

"I have been all my life," he writes elsewhere, "the creature of impulse, the sport of chance, the victim of my own uncontrolled and uncontrollable sensations."

A lady, whose apartment was immediately under that of Mr. Randolph's, writes that she "never waked in the night that she did not hear him moving about, sometimes striding across the floor, and exclaiming, '*Macbeth hath murdered sleep!*' '*Macbeth hath murdered sleep!*' She has known him to have his horse saddled in the dead of night and ride over the plantation with loaded pistols."

We now proceed to a consideration of Mr. Randolph's characteristics as an orator, and the closing scenes of his life:

As an orator, he was animated, clear, and distinct; his delivery was forcible, his language pure, his words select and strictly grammatical,

and his order and arrangement lucid and harmonious. He retaliated with terrible retribution upon those who mis-stated his positions or treated him with personalities. He was more efficient in putting down than in building up, yet there were some important measures for which the nation was indebted to his successful defense. His personal appearance was peculiar. He retained both a part of the external appearance of his Indian descent (remotely from Pocahontas) as well as of its vengeful passions. His color was tawny; he was very strait, and walked like an Indian, with one foot placed on a strait line before the other. When he was seated at his desk he appeared below the middle size, but when he rose he seemed to unjoint or unfold himself, and when erect stood nearly six feet high, his lower limbs being disproportionately long for the body. His head was small, his hair light, worn long, and tied behind: his eyes were black and piercing, his mouth handsome, but with a somewhat puerile look, his chin rather pointed, smooth, and beardless; his hands small, and fingers long and tapering. His voice was clear, loud, and sonorous, and almost as fine as a female's, and in his extemporaneous efforts, in which he excelled, his action was perfectly suited to his expression. His dress was that of the old Virginia gentleman. He wore white top-boots, with drab or buck-skin small-clothes, and sometimes gaiters, and, although always neat, he was generally plain in his appearance, and had no ambition to conform to any prevalent fashion. In the social circle, he was as brilliant and original as on the floor of Congress, charming all hearers by the variety and flow of his conversation.

On his way to Philadelphia, where he died, as will presently appear, Mr. Randolph passed through Washington. While tarrying for a brief space in the capital, he went into the Senate Chamber, accompanied by some friends, and attendants. He took his seat in the rear of Henry Clay, who happened at the time to be on his feet, addressing the Senate.

After taking his seat, he was very weak and feeble; but hearing the tones of his old antagonist's voice, he roused himself, and said:

"Raise me up!—I want to hear that voice again!"

When Mr. Clay had concluded his remarks, which happened to be very brief, he turned round to see from what quarter that singular voice proceeded.

Seeing Mr. Randolph, and that he was in a dying condition, Mr. Clay left his place, and went to speak to him. As he approached, Mr. Randolph said to one of the gentlemen with him:

"Raise me up!"

As Mr. Clay approached and offered his hand, he said:

"Mr. Randolph, let me hope that you are better, Sir."

"No, Sir!" replied Randolph, with great feeling, "I am a *dying man*, Sir; and I came here expressly to have this interview with you!"

They grasped each other's hands, and—parted, never to meet again!

Mr. Randolph passed on to Philadelphia, and placed himself under the competent medical hands of the celebrated Dr. Parish, one of the most eminent of the medical *célébrités* of the "Quaker City" at that period. After many alternations of doubt and hope as to his case, and very many exhibitions of the strange and erratic characteristics of himself *by himself*, he was found to be approaching the end of his brilliant though erratic life. The 'last scene of all, closing this eventful history,' is best given in the words of one of his biographers:

"He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast-button: he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button-hole of the shirt-bosom; but in order to arrange it completely, there was required a corresponding hole upon the opposite side:

"Get a knife!" said he, hurriedly: "get a knife: *cut one!*"

A napkin was now called for, and placed by his faithful servant, John, over his breast.

For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly rose up, and exclaimed:

"*Remorse!—REMORSE!—REMORSE!*" It was thrice repeated—the last time at the top of his voice, and with great agitation. Presently he cried out:

"*Let me see the word! Get a Dictionary!—let me see the word!*"

The Doctor picked up one of his cards, on which was inscribed "*Randolph of Roanoke,*" and asked:

"Shall I write it on this card?"

"Yes," replied Randolph; "nothing could be more proper."

The word "*REMORSE*" was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity.

"Write it on the back!" he exclaimed. It was so done, and handed to him again. He was extremely agitated:

"*Remorse!*" said he, "you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it. . . . Let John take your pencil, and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done.

"What am I to do with the card?" inquired the Doctor.

"Keep it—put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead, look at it!—look at it!"

An hour after, at the age of sixty years, all that was mortal of "*JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke*" was hushed in death!

THE LITTLE FRENCH BEGGARS.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

"I'LL clean your boots, sir, stand on my head, and sing you a French song for a half-penny—only, please do, sir."

These words were addressed to a gentleman who was hastening past the railway station in

Lime-street, Liverpool; and although every one in that great ante-room of England is always in a hurry to go somewhere or do something, the oddity of the different offers struck my friend, and positively arrested his steps.

The speaker was a young child, distinguishable from the other boys who invariably haunt these purlieus, by a more refined and far more desolate look. They were poverty-stricken enough, and their tattered clothes shook in the wind; but still they were hale, sturdy varlets, you could fancy that each had some cellar or garret to call a home, some rough mother to look after them and box their ears, some one to fly to in case of need. But this poor little petitioner had a hopeless, despondent expression—you could see his loneliness, and also that he was unused to and terrified by it. Dirty as he was, his skin looked as if it had once been washed; his hair had not the matted appearance which proclaimed it "unconscious of a comb," and his poor thin blouse, torn as it was, was still drawn to meet his waist with a certain air which distinguished it from his companions' ragged jackets. Companions! alas! for him they were not companions, they were rivals—enemies who considered him a trespasser on their ground, and had therefore set aside their own private quarrels to make common cause against the foreigners; for the poor, young, and helpless child had another, yet weaker, dependent on him; and this feeling gave a sort of staid dignity to his manner, which would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances.

My friend did not require a second glance to reveal this to him; for a little girl, as woebegone as the boy, stood near him, carefully holding a blacking-bottle and a box or two of lucifer matches, evidently their stock in trade. Mr. Langton at once yielded up his foot; and the boy, first carefully turning up his customer's trousers far beyond the encroachments of the blacking, washing his brushes, he began his work most scientifically, while the girl joined her voice to his in the well-known strain, "*Mou-rons pour la Patrie.*" Their accent was undeniably Parisian, and their childish music seemed likely to attract the attention of others, when their competitors, apparently checking this "Free Trade" and appreciation of foreign goods, had recourse to a most cruel stratagem to drive them off the field. One of the other lads, pretending to be running heedlessly along, pushed against the girl, and knocked both the bottle and matches out of her hands. This was total ruin to the poor little traders; the girl burst into bitter sobs, while her partner, in a fit of rage and indignation, forgot not only his customer, but the halfpenny he had so nearly earned, and boldly rushed on the aggressors. Shame to say, the others lost all thought of fair play, and would have fallen three or four to one on the Frenchman had not Mr. Langton interfered and quickly dispersed them. The girl's distress was extreme; fear for her protector, terror of their cowardly foes, and self-reproach for this, to them, irreparable

loss, were united in almost heart-breaking agony. The sobs became hysterical, and could not be suppressed, even at the sight of a whole shilling, the gift of their munificent customer.

"Mais tais toi, Alice," cried the boy; "see, I am not hurt, and look at this, c'est plus qu'une pièce de vingt sous—I can buy some bread to-night."

"I am not hungry now, mon frère; but those wicked boys, oh! they will come again—Monsieur will not be there, and you will be killed like papa. We shall die—we shall die. Oh! let us go away, let us go back to Paris—Mdlle. Delaine will help us."

"Do not say that again, Alice; please do not; you know mamma made us promise we would come here—there, kiss me, do not cry so. See, Monsieur is waiting, and I have not stood on my head yet,"

The next moment the active boy had performed the promised feat; but Mr. Langton felt so interested by the short dialogue he had overheard, and Alice's uncontrollable distress, that he could not leave them; so desiring them to follow him, he led the way to an humble, eating-house adjoining the railway.

Both children were now sobbing loudly; for the boy, alarmed at his sister's state, and affected by Mr. Langton's kind voice and manner, could no longer restrain his own agitation. The courage which had hitherto sustained and enabled him to cheer his charge, gave way before a friendly tone; and now that he seemed to have found the protector so necessary to his age, he was again the trembling, timid child.

It was some time before the efforts of their new friend, seconded by those of a very kind-hearted landlady, at all restored them to calmness. "Poor dears, I'll be moidered with their hooting—they're juist clemmed, I'm thinking. Must I give 'em some tea and a buttee bread and butter, sir?"

"Well, do my good woman; and if you could take them in for to-night, I should be very glad; here is something for their expenses. I will call to-morrow to see about them—here is my card. What could bring them here?"

"Thank'ee, sir, I'll be loike to know, too, what ails them. I wouldn't mind giving them a shake-down for a night or so; indeed, I'd be loike to do it, my master 'ud never forgive me if I went to turn 'em out at this time o' night; but I'll pop 'em into the pan-mug, to sunt 'em down fast—they furreners is so dirty."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, please, madame, will you let us wash? Will you wash Alice, madame? Nobody has washed her since mamma did. May we undress and be washed before we eat? Oh, sir, how good you are to us!—now you will see how gentille Alice is."

"Gentel—ay, indeed, poor dear, she's come o' decent folk. See, sir, these things were never made for a beggar's bairn."

Mrs. Davis was now more interested than ever in the strangers, for their unfeigned delight in their ablutions won her cleanly heart. The

promised "buttee" was now sprinkled with sugar on Alice's especial behalf, and she volunteered to "wring out the boy's beat and the rest of their fal-lals, that they might be clean next morning."

Her services were now quite disinterested, without a thought of profit; none but those who go among the poor know how nobly generous they are to each other; had Mr. Langton withdrawn his promised aid, the children would still have found an active friend in this needy, hard-working woman. She knew not even their names; they were too exhausted to bear much questioning; it was sufficient for her to feel that they were motherless, and in want; and when, reveling in the unaccustomed luxuries of warmth and cleanliness, they fell asleep in her share of her hard and only bed, she never grudged them the night's rest she thus relinquished for their sake.

Mr. Langton called early next morning, accompanied by his sister; but, early as it was, the children were up and about, their clean clothes as neatly put on as rags could be, and their skins shining with soap and scrubbing.

"Well, sir, look at 'em now," cried Mrs. Davis; "if your misses could ha' seen 'em yesterday she wouldn't know 'em now; and such good little things, too; Alice would not touch her buttees till her brother had had some too; and as for the little chap, it's a pity he has such an outlandish name—why he went out and bought some blacking with the shilling as you give him, sir, and has been a cleaning of all our shoes, while Alice set herself down to my knitting just like a little woman. Poor lambs! they've been well cared for in their day; I hope they're not dark, coming from those benighted furren parts. They was saying some prayers, but I couldn't make out their language."

The children's simple story was now soon elicited. Their father, Sebastian Vernet, was, as his name denoted, a Frenchman; their mother, however, was English; she had gone over to Paris with the family with whom she was living as lady's maid. In the large Parisian houses or hotels, people of all ranks dwell; and while the Milord Anglais may be found on the first floor, workmen of all ranks occupy the higher stories and garrets. Thus the attics of a tall French house do the work of our back streets, and the poor are in some degree compensated for the toilsome labor of climbing five or six flights of stairs, by breathing a purer air, and being exempted from the noisome scenes of an English alley. It so happened that Sebastian Vernet had a room in the same house with Alice Evans' master; and, as is not unfrequent, the servants of many of the families lodging there had no bedrooms on the same floors with their respective employers. In this manner Alice and Vernet became near neighbors, and often met on the stairs. The young Englishwoman was pretty; the Frenchman smart, well-made, and quite disposed to make the most of any opportunity presented to him; he was enabled

to render some trifling assistance to Alice; this brought on an acquaintance—his attentions redoubled, and in due course of time they married. It was not at all a bad match on either side: Sebastian Vernet was a good workman at a fancy trade, and in constant employ; while Alice Evans, who had but one relation in the world—an old aunt at Liverpool—had saved a little money, and was a neat, industrious, loving woman, a treasure to any man. Her master and mistress were very fond of her, and made her many presents when she left them; they, too, came from Liverpool, and they bade her, should she ever want assistance, to apply to them without scruple.

For many years this promise was merely recalled as a proof of honest service, of which she and her husband were deservedly proud. She heard once or twice from Mrs. Stubbs and the young ladies; but besides the fear of appearing intrusive, the trouble of writing a letter was naturally great to a nearly uneducated person. She was very happy, her husband was all she could desire, kind to her, affectionate to their two children. He was but seldom out of work, and they had already saved money; but little, it is true, still it was something; and she herself found time to teach the children, and keep up their English. The only cloud on her sunny life arose from her husband's political and religious feelings; the first, though he was an enthusiastic republican, would not have disturbed her much, but the other gave her great pain. What though her children were educated in her faith, Sebastian never thought of these things: he never accompanied them to their church; his voice never mingled in their devotions. This serious want of congeniality had not struck her during their courtship; but when her babes first lisped their innocent prayer, it was sad to the mother's mind to feel that they raised no responsive echo in their father's heart. This was the "one thing needful," without which "all was naught" to her.

Time, however, passed rapidly on, and Alice, even with this great drawback, was a happy woman, when the eventful February of 1848 arrived. Sebastian Vernet flew to arms, of course, with the rest of the workmen. His children at first clapped their hands for joy when they saw their father seize his arms, and don the smart uniform he wore when occasionally summoned to take his turn of duty as a National Guard; but their ecstasies ceased at the sight of their mother's tears; and when, after vainly trying to stop her husband, she fainted on their little landing, they at once perceived that something awful was impending.

There is often such a false love of glory inculcated in the French heart from its earliest throb, that terrified as they were, the children dried their tears on hearing the drums beat at a distance, and clambered to their window to be scared by the active change below. The street, lately so gay, though quiet, was now filled by a tremendous mob, whom Sebastian, distinguish-

ed by his uniform, was busily directing. Little Alice was the first to discover him. "See mamma," she cried, "look at papa—what is he going to do? he is tearing up the paving stones."

"Mamma, mamma!" exclaimed her brother; "come here, it is so funny—papa has stopped an omnibus, and made every body get out—there is an old woman scolding so, but they all laugh at her; the conducteur is helping them—they have taken the horses out, and laid it across the street."

"See, now, mon frère," continued his sister, "they are cutting down the trees—oh! the poor trees. What is papa going to do?"

"Make a barricade, to be sure, Alice. A bas les tyrans! we shall all be free now. Vive la France! vive la liberté! Are you not glad?"

"Glad! Oh, heaven, Sebastian! my children—my poor precious children! There will be fighting—they will kill your father."

"No, no, mamma, those aristocrats will not kill him, they can not—he is so brave, he will not let them; besides, I can fight too. Do not cry, dear mamma; do not cry, Alice—I will take care of you—I will fight for papa and la patrie."

"There! papa sees us," cried the little girl, "he is smiling at us; oh! do look, mamma—do come, he beckons and nods."

It was his last look—they never again saw him alive.

Madame Vernet had hastened to the windows at her little girl's appeal, and well it was for them she did so. As she reached the balcony, she saw a troop of soldiers scouring along at the end of the street, and driving all before them. They were coming toward them, and the deep groan of execration from the insurgents assembled at the barricade beneath her, told of an approaching struggle. She had barely time to withdraw the children from their exposed situation, when shots were heard spattering in all directions. Some persons fired on the troops from the floor above the Vernets. A well directed volley was returned—the mother and children crouched under the bed while the bullets whistled around.

There was a momentary cessation. Maddened by suspense, the poor woman again ventured to the window, for her husband was among the combatants. She was seen—the soldiers were infuriated at the cowardly attacks made on them from the sheltering houses; her sex proved no protection to her—she was fired at, and fell back mortally wounded.

The children, who had followed her, clinging to her gown, vainly strove to raise her, to stanch the blood slowly trickling from the tiny wound below her bosom—strange that a parent's life should escape from so small an outlet! She knew her doom—she knew, too, the full extent of their misery; in that brief glance she had seen their father dragged from the fray dying, if not already dead. She knew that she was a widow, that they were doubly orphaned. Their destitution raised her above grief—vanquished

for a while even Death itself. She wasted no words in useless lamentation; and her calmness deceived, even while it awed, her children. "Listen to me, my darlings," she said, "you must not lose one word—I am afraid to speak: Sebastian, if I die, and your father does not return to you, you must go with your sister to England—to Liverpool, remember; you will find friends at these two addresses. You must not live here—there is no fighting in my country, and you are almost an Englishman, you know. Promise me you will do this—promise me you will not stay in Paris, where they have murdered your poor father and mother—promise me you will see your priest in England, and always do as he bids you—no church, no peace, no happiness. And you, Alice, you must do all your brother wishes: we have no relations here—no friends but in happy England. Go, go, my children, my blessed, darling children, go from this dreadful place. Love each other—love your God."

She sank back, but the mother could not die without a fierce struggle; again her will conquered nature, and retarded the fatal moment. The gray hue of death was fast creeping on her; her voice was choked with an inward hemorrhage, but she made them reiterate their promises; she told them where to find her ready money, and in what bank their little store was accumulating. The solemnity of the moment ripened their childish intellect, and the boy felt what he was saying when he pledged himself to his mother, and swore to be his sister's protector. He was barely ten, she three years younger; but the mother saw she could confide in them, and in their mutual love and obedience, and that conviction must have softened her last moments.

As our informants were these very children, and their knowledge of the leading events was naturally confused, exaggerated and imperfect, we had some difficulty in understanding that part of the story to which they were not eye-witnesses.

Some days elapsed before they were assured of their father's fate; their rank was so very humble, they had no near relations, and their few friends were both powerless and engrossed by their own troubles. The revolution brought many evils to the working man, among which the failure of the Savings' Banks was not the least. Every one was busy, no one had time to sympathize with another, and beyond a few immediate offers of assistance nothing was done for the orphans. Their furniture was seized for rent, whether justly or not who can tell? When universal ruin strides along, few pause to be charitable. Their parents were buried; a very small sum was placed in their hands by the concierge who had hitherto managed their affairs for them, and Sebastian was told it was all that was left for them. The kind priest who had been called in to visit them talked of placing them in some charitable establishment; but the boy remembered his mother's last words, he knew that open resistance was impossible at his age, so that same night he and Alice stole from their lodgings, and set out on foot for

Havre. They contrived to make their way there; had they been older they would have been stopped for want of passports, but none could suspect such infants. At Havre their pitiful story, and foreign, though good English, touched the heart of the sailors of a Newcastle collier, who gave them a free passage to Shields. It was no slight task for them to make their way southwards to Liverpool even now; but they effected it, though they had come to their last shilling ere they reached the town.

And there all their hopes were disappointed: on attempting to find their mother's aunt, there was not a vestige of her house left: the very street had been swept away, rased from the ground, to make room for a railroad. The children had but one more friend: with much difficulty they discovered Mr. Stubbs' address, and then were driven from his door—the servant who opened it was in a bad humor, and would give no encouragement to beggars, and truly their dirty haggard looks warranted his supposition. Even then the brave Sebastian did not despair, his sister was dependent on him. Combatting his hunger, and, what was even worse, Alice's, he laid out his last coin in procuring the scanty stock in trade with which he first attracted Mr. Langton's attention. But the business he attempted, though successful in Paris, was then unknown here; no one would patronize him, and he had also to endure the ill-will of a crowd of idle boys. Still his sturdy spirit kept him up; he sang, he made Alice sing, sing for bread to save them from starvation, and had already gained a few pence when he met my friend.

There is but little to add: a reference to Mr. Stubbs proved the truth of a great part of their story; letters were exchanged with one or two persons in Paris, the Stubbs were generously active, nor was Mr. Langton behind hand. The missing aunt also was found; she was in comfortable circumstances for her station, and gladly took charge of her niece's orphans. Though so few years have elapsed, Sebastian is already earning a livelihood in a better business than that of shoe-black; while Alice, who was at once received by Mrs. Stubbs as playmate and companion to her little girl, that she might thus acquire a correct French accent, will shortly be placed in a good school, to enable her to support herself in time. The brother and sister are as fondly united as in their bitter adversity, and have never forgotten their mother's last words, "Love each other; trust in God, and He will protect you. He will be a father to the fatherless, a shield to the oppressed. Love Him; for He is merciful, He is Love."

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

ALTHOUGH we should be sorry, indeed, to imagine for a moment that either sluggards or fools were to be found among the number of our readers, we are disposed to think that there are none, however wise and industrious

they may be, who could not derive profit as well as pleasure from learning something of the wisdom and fore-thought, as well as the readiness to assist each other, which has been implanted in those tiny insects by the Almighty Creator of all things. We shall, therefore, proceed forthwith to furnish a true and simple account of their little community.

Ants belong to that class of insects denominated *Hymenoptera*; that is, insects having four membranous, unequal wings, the two pair of which are hooked together. Our readers, however, will bear in mind, that ants are divided into three classes—male, female, and neuter. The two former of these are alone furnished with wings; and, as they form but a small proportion of the entire community, they will not be surprised if those with which they are best acquainted are wingless. Besides this, when the females become queens, or mothers of new establishments, they invariably divest themselves of their wings, and pass the remainder of their time at home, never wandering from the nest. Is not this a hint to mothers on their duty of staying at home, and not delegating their maternal authority to others? There are a great variety of ants known to the naturalist. Sometimes they are distinguished by their size and color, but more generally by the manner in which they construct their nests. Thus, we hear of black ants, white ants, and brown ants, and, again, of mason ants, carpenter ants, wood ants, &c. The queen ant, like the queen bee, lays all the eggs. These are at first so small as to be scarcely perceptible with the naked eye. Each one, as soon as laid, is taken charge of by a worker, or neuter ant, and carried to the place prepared for it, where it is constantly turned, until it assumes the pupa state. In cold weather, the eggs are taken to the interior of the nest; while in fine warm weather they are laid outside it for a few hours in the day.

In the pupa state they look exceedingly like grains of corn, for which indeed, they were constantly mistaken by early entomologists, who even went so far as to say that the workers nibbled off the ends of the corn, to prevent it sprouting! A more careful examination would have shown that this was merely the workers assisting the pupa to break the integuments by which they had been surrounded. This is generally done at the end of a few weeks, after which they make their appearance as larvæ.

We have spoken of the queen ant. It would, perhaps, have been more correct to have designated her as the *mother*, her power being far more limited than that of the queen bee. Indeed, strictly speaking, ant-hives are republics—each individual having their own special office, and each performing it with assiduous diligence. Between those ants which are indigenous to Europe, and their foreign relatives, there are many and important differences, the principal of which are, that European ants hypernate, or sleep during the winter months, and, consequently, *never* lay by a store of food, all that

they are seen carrying to their nests being intended for immediate consumption. Foreign ants, on the contrary, are active all the year round, and, food being scarce in the autumn and winter, they are obliged to lay by a store, in order to provide for its exigencies. Our readers will not fail to remember this *very* important distinction. We now purpose giving an account of some of the most remarkable of both descriptions. We shall commence with the common brown ant, one of the most generally known of the home species.

The common brown ants are little more than the twelfth of an inch in length. Their nests are constructed in stories nearly half an inch high. They vary in height, consisting sometimes of no less than twenty stories. These stories are not horizontal, but follow the slope of the ant-hill, lying one over another, to the ground-floor, which communicates with the subterranean apartments, which, being much cooler than the upper regions, are generally used as nurseries during the very hot season, while, in rainy weather, the young ones are conveyed to the upper parts. Each story consists of a number of small rooms and halls, as well as of long narrow galleries, or corridors, which are used as a medium of general communication. All the working ants are employed in constructing the nests, which, as the number of young ones increase, is proportionably enlarged, so that they have not an idle life. Unlike bees, ants do not work in concert, neither do they always appear to follow any particular plan; which often causes them additional trouble, as one worker constantly finds himself interfering with the operations of another. Such a circumstance, however, does not ruffle their temper; the last comer cheerfully undoes his previous labor, and speedily joins the other.

When a nest has to be formed, each ant carries between its teeth a little ball of earth, previously collected with its mandible from the bottom of its abode. When these are carried to the right spot, the ants press hard against them in order to fill up the integuments of the wall. After tracing out the plan of their dwelling, by laying here and there the foundation of pillars, walls, &c., they gradually raise them higher, and higher. When about half an inch high, they close them in with a vaulted ceiling. They then mount up, and commence another story, until the nest is sufficiently large. These ants do not make use of any kind of animal secretion to cement the earth of which their nests are formed. They can not, therefore, proceed with their work except in damp or rainy weather, as in dry weather the earth is too crumbly, and would not adhere sufficiently well together. Sometimes, when weary of waiting for rain, the patient little creatures will excavate the ground, until they arrive at earth sufficiently damp for their purpose; and, indeed, they appear to be quite as skillful in the formation of their subterranean abodes as in those raised above ground.

Sometimes these ants appear to commence their labors according to some pre-conceived idea. For instance, should one of them discover a particularly favorable spot for commencing operations, it will distribute little parcels of earth in various directions, working away until the plan is sufficiently developed to be understood by its companions. When this is the case, they all join in the labor with right good-will.

Another very curious kind of ants are those called indiscriminately pismires, hill ants, and wood ants; by the latter of these names we shall designate them. They are very common in the neighborhood of London, and may be easily distinguished from others of the species by the dusky black color of the head and the lower parts of the body, and the darkish brown of the middle. The exterior of their nest is formed of every kind of material which they can find within a short distance of the intended site—straw, grass leaves, twigs of trees, and even grains of corn. Their first business is to excavate a cavity in the earth; some of them then bring materials, and cover in the entrance; while another detachment mixes up the earth (that had previously been thrown up when the foundation was being made) with leaves—thus rendering it more suitable for building. Here and there open spaces are left, which, after the shell or skeleton of the building is completed, are converted into galleries, which lead to different apartments, and which all meet in a large chamber in the centre of the nest, which is the favorite residence of the ants. The roof is composed of straw, and is of a conical form, in order that the rain may pour freely off.

These ants work principally by day, and are so fearless, that it is by no means difficult to watch their proceedings. Toward night, the avenues which, during the day, admit of their free ingress and egress, are gradually lessened, and at length perfectly closed. This is accomplished by placing little bits of wood at the entrances, and then filling up the interstices with leaves or straw—in fact, actually blockading them. Before the last is thus secured, they all retire inside, to repose for the night; three or four, however, remain out, apparently to perform the duty of sentinels. Early every morning the avenues are again opened, and the ants resume their usual avocations. In rainy weather, they remain closed, the entire day, and at any time that rain commences they are forthwith barricaded.

The sagacity of these ants is, indeed, truly wonderful. A gentleman once observed one of them trying to drag along a little bit of wood much larger than its own body. After getting on pretty well for a time, the poor little fellow came to an ascent, and found, to his utter dismay, that it was too heavy, and that he really could not get on. Some of his friends, however, who happened to be passing by, came to his assistance, and, by their united efforts, the piece of wood was soon placed on the summit. They then left our hero to work by himself, fearing

that, if they gave him unnecessary assistance, they might make him lazy. So on he went, but, alas, a fresh difficulty soon presented itself! His load was thicker at one end than at the other, and, while dragging it along, he incautiously drew it between two pieces of wood, where it remained firmly fixed. He pushed, and pushed, but in vain; there it staid. At length he went to the *other end*, dragged it out, took it a short way round, and soon arrived at his destination. Could man, with all his boasted reason, have devised a better expedient? We think not.

The next species which we shall describe, is that called the jet ant, or emmet, and sometimes the carpenter ant. These ants are smaller than the wood ants, and may be distinguished from them by their glossy black color. They are not very common, but may occasionally be found in the trunks of old oak or willow trees. They always form their habitations in the interior of those trees, but are so timid, that it is quite impossible to watch them while at their work. When, however, the nest is completed, it may be examined. And then on one side may be seen a series of horizontal galleries, which follow the circular direction of the layers of wood; on the other side, again, are galleries constructed parallel to each other, and separated by exceedingly thin partitions, in which are small oval apertures, answering, we suppose, the purpose of doors. These nests are chiefly remarkable for their lightness, and the elegant finish of the pillars or columns which support the several stories of the edifice. The chambers are always from eight to ten inches in length, and proportionably high, and yet the wood supporting them is as thin as paper. All these chambers communicate with each other by means of arcades, and thus the ants have free communication with every part of their habitation.

It is a curious circumstance, that the wood in which the jet ant works, invariably assumes a blackish tinge, just as if it had been smoked. The reason of this still remains a mystery. Some entomologists have imagined that it was caused by the layer of wood being acted on by some kind of juice emanating from the insects themselves. This, however, has not been proved, and is, we think, very unlikely, as the tint is never found in the excavations of any other ant, though many of them build in trees.

The manner in which ants are able to communicate their wants, wishes, and intentions to each other, it is, we are sorry to say, out of our power to describe. Wonderful, however, as it may appear, the fact itself is indisputable; and, for the entertainment of our readers, we shall relate one or two remarkable instances of it. A celebrated naturalist was in the habit of keeping the legs of one of his artificial formicaries immersed in pans of water, to prevent the escape of the ants, who are unable to swim. The ants are very thirsty little creatures, and used to lap up the water like dogs. One day, when great numbers of them were thus engaged, he stirred the

water, hoping to frighten them, that he might see what they would do. He succeeded in his endeavor, and most of them retreated to the nest at full speed. A few, however, either more thirsty or more brave, remained, and went on drinking just as if nothing had happened. They were not, however, left without a warning of their danger, for one of the fugitives soon returned, evidently anxious to persuade his friends of the necessity of retiring to a place of safety. One he pushed with his jaw, another he knocked on the breast, and, at length, all, except one, obeyed the summons. This one remained, utterly regardless of all his kind friend's hints; and once that he got a rather too hard knock, he turned angrily round, and looked as if he would almost like to have eaten him, and then began to drink again. But his friend was not thus to be baffled, and, finding that all his admonitions were vain, he seized him in his jaws, and carried him off to the nest in triumph!

We will now relate a striking proof of the unselfishness of ants, as well as their power of communicating with each other. A gentleman once placed a jar of treacle in a closet, into which a great number of ants found their way,

and speedily began to devour the treacle, of which they are very fond. He then shook them all out except one, who feasted away for some time. When quite satisfied, it wished to get out, but for a long time could not succeed, as the gentleman had tied the jar by a string to a nail in the ceiling. At length it clambered up the jar, reached the string, mounted it to the top, ran along the ceiling, then down the wall, and finally disappeared altogether. What was the gentleman's amazement, in about half an hour, to see a whole swarm of ants climbing up the wall, and then down the string to the jar, where they ate up the treacle in an incredibly short space of time. When one set of them had satisfied their hunger, they ascended, and another set took their place, and so on. Now, we think from this, that it is very evident that the first ant must not only in some way or other have communicated the fact of his having partaken of the treacle, but also the manner in which the jar could be reached, as certainly they could not have discovered that it was attached by a string until they had reached the middle of the ceiling—a very unlikely thing for them to attempt without some good reason for so doing.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE past month, in both hemispheres, has been unusually barren in events of interest or importance. Congress continued in session but transacted very little business. Bills making large appropriations of public lands for railroad and other purposes, have been discussed at length but not voted upon, and much time has been consumed in speeches designed for effect in the pending Presidential election. The amendment to the Deficiency Bill, making an additional appropriation of \$25,000 for each trip to the Collins' line of steamers, has passed both Houses. The most important incident of the month relates to the long controverted question of the respective rights of the British and Americans in the Newfoundland fisheries. An official notification from Mr. Webster was published, dated July 6th, stating that information had been received of a circular letter, addressed by Sir John Pakington, the new British Colonial Minister, to the several Governors of the North American colonies, in which he announced the intention of the Government to send a small naval force to enforce, against American fishermen, the observance of the treaty of 1818. The Colonies had also fitted out several armed vessels to co-operate with this force, and three or four seizures of American fishermen had already occurred. The treaty of 1818 contains an express abandonment on the part of the United States, and the liberty before claimed, to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine leagues of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of the British dominions, except in the unsettled bays of Newfoundland and Labrador: but they are allowed to enter any of those bays or harbors for the purposes of shelter, repairing damages, and obtaining wood and water. The note of Mr. Webster further stated that the British authorities insist that England has a right to draw a line

from headland to headland, and to capture all American fishermen who may follow their pursuits inside of that line: while the United States had usually considered that these vast inlets or recesses of the ocean ought to be open to American fishermen as freely as the sea itself, to within three marine leagues of the shore. In 1841, upon application of the authorities of Nova Scotia, the Advocate General and Attorney General of England gave opinions sustaining the British claim, and denying the right of American citizens to enter the bays of Nova Scotia there to take fish, although the fishing being within the bay may be at a greater distance than three miles from the shore of the bay. It is this construction of the intent of the Convention for which the colonies have contended since 1841: but the English government has hitherto declined to enforce it. Indeed dispatches from Mr. Everett, then American Minister in England, have since been published, stating that in 1845 the English Government had determined to concede to American citizens the right to fish in the Bay of Fundy, although it was left doubtful whether the concession was designed to extend to other portions of the coast to which the principles contended for by the United States equally apply.—After rehearsing these facts, Mr. Webster refers to the serious injuries which the course of the British authorities will inflict upon the American fishermen, and adds, that "not agreeing to the construction thus put upon the treaty, the information is made public to the end that those engaged in the American fisheries may perceive how the case stands and be on their guard."—In a speech made a few days afterward, on occasion of a public reception at Marshfield, Mr. Webster stated that the pretensions of the British government would not be allowed by the United States, and that a forcible seizure of our fishermen under such circumstances, without notice,

and the submission of their rights to the petty courts of the provinces were not to be thought of: he stated that the whole subject would immediately engage the attention of the government at Washington.

The subject was brought to the notice of the Senate on the 23d of July, by Mr. Mason, who offered a resolution calling upon the President for all correspondence and information relating to the subject. Mr. Mason characterized the proceedings of the British government in sending ships of war to enforce their construction of the treaty, without previous notification, as not only a breach of national courtesy, but an insult and indignity to the whole American people; and he felt quite sure that the Executive would be expected immediately to send a naval force to the coast for the protection of our fishermen. He referred also to the rumor that this step had been taken as preliminary to certain negotiations on the subject of reciprocal freedom of trade between the United States and Canada; and repelled the thought that we could consent for a moment to negotiate thus under duress. Other Senators took a similar view of the case. Mr. Cass concurred fully in all that Mr. Mason had said, and with one or two others regretted that the Secretary of State had given notice to the fishermen to be on their guard, as that might imply that the rights they had exercised were not well founded. Mr. Seward vindicated the action of Mr. Webster, and deprecated all complaints against the government, at least until the information asked for had been received. The resolution subsequently passed by a unanimous vote. It is understood that two or three ships of war have been sent to the coast, under command of Captain Long, for the protection of American fishermen.—Both Houses of Congress have voted to adjourn on the 31st of August.

The citizens of Boston gave Mr. Webster a public reception on the 9th of July. The demonstration was large and enthusiastic. J. T. Stevenson, Esq. made an address highly eulogistic of Mr. Webster, rehearsing his great services to the country, and tendering him a most cordial and respectful welcome to Boston. In his reply Mr. Webster alluded to the circumstances under which he had first selected Massachusetts as his home—to the men whom he then found engaged there in the practice of law, and to the political history of the State at the time when, in 1823, he first became her representative in Congress. He spoke especially of the attachment to the whole country shown by Massachusetts throughout the revolution and in the adoption of the constitution: and urged the duty of adhering always to that spirit of union, of nationalism, of Americanism, for which she had been distinguished. Any one who would have her believe that her interests are disconnected from and alien to those of other members of this republic, is an enemy to the republican cause, and to freedom all over the world. For himself, he should adhere to the principles he had always maintained, and appeal to posterity and the world to say whether they would or would not stand the test of time or truth.—Four days later the inhabitants of Marshfield gave Mr. Webster a public reception, marked by warm enthusiasm and profound personal respect. His speech on that occasion was mainly one of thanks for the attentions shown him.

The Presidential canvass is carried on with warmth and spirit. Public meetings have been held by both parties in various sections of the country, marked by earnest zeal and confident hope of success. The anniversary of the Battle of Lundy's Lane was celebrated on the 26th of July, by an immense gathering

of the political friends of General Scott. Two public meetings have been held in Boston at which the nomination of General Scott as the Whig candidate has been repudiated, and steps taken to present the name of Mr. Webster. A National Convention of the Native American party was held at Trenton on the 5th of July, at which Mr. Webster was nominated for President, and George C. Washington for Vice President. The gentleman last named has published a letter declining the nomination.—On the 30th of July a statement was published signed by seven members of Congress, Messrs. Stephens, Toombs, and Johnson of Georgia, Messrs. White and Abercrombie of Alabama, Mr. Faulkner of Virginia, and Mr. Brooke of Mississippi, declaring that they could not and would not support General Scott for the Presidency, as he now stands before the American people, because he obstinately refused up to the time of his nomination, to give any public opinion in favor of the compromise measures. In his acceptance of the resolutions adopted by the National Convention, it is urged he did not give them the approval of his judgment, but simply signified his acceptance of the nomination, *cum onere*, "with the resolutions annexed." In one of his public letters, moreover, he had expressed opinions inimical to the institution of slavery, and in the Convention he permitted his name to be used to defeat Mr. Webster and Mr. Fillmore. They believed him to have been the favorite candidate of the Free Soilers, and likely, in the event of his election, to shape his policy so as to meet their views. For these reasons they refuse him their support. Messrs. Gentry and Williams of Tennessee also appended to the document a declaration of their intention to withhold their support from General Scott.—The Whigs of Michigan have nominated Mr. Z. Chandler for Governor, and A. D. S. Walbridge for Lieutenant-governor.—A good deal of interest has been excited by a claim from the British government for the surrender of Thomas Kaine, under the provisions of the Ashburton treaty, being charged with an attempt to kill. The case was indirectly connected with the question of ejecting tenants from leasehold estates in Ireland, and a strong hostility was felt to his surrender, especially by a portion of the Irish citizens. The Court, before which the case was carried, decided in favor of his surrender, and a warrant was issued by the State Department at Washington for his extradition.—A dreadful calamity occurred on the 27th of July on the Hudson River. The steamboat, Henry Clay, left Albany in the morning, carrying a large number of passengers, for New York. During the greater part of the way down she ran a race with a rival steamer, carrying an extraordinary head of steam, and becoming so intensely heated by the large fires kept up, that it had become difficult to pass from one end of the boat to the other. The passengers warmly remonstrated with the officers but without effect. In the afternoon, while opposite Yonkers, about twenty miles above New York, the steamer took fire, was run ashore, and over 70 lives are known to have been lost, part by drowning and part by the flames. Among those lost were Mr. A. J. Downing, the well known horticulturist, Hon. Stephen Allen, formerly Mayor of New York, and J. J. Speed, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Baltimore. The event created very great excitement throughout the community, as it was clearly the result of a most criminal recklessness on the part of the officers of the boat. At the time of closing this Record, a judicial inquiry into the case is in progress.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 30th of July. Crimes and casualties continued to abound in the more recently settled portions of the State. There are serious apprehensions of another Indian war in the San Joaquin region. A party of eight miners in the Upper Sonora were attacked by a large body of Indians, and two of their number were killed. A party of forty men immediately started in pursuit, but were unable to bring the Indians to an engagement. A company of United States troops had also gone out to repel and chastise the savages.—A Whig State Convention was held at San Francisco, on the 8th of June, for the nomination of candidates for Congress and local officers. A series of resolutions was adopted in favor of grants of land by Congress to settlers in California, on the same terms as in Oregon; opposing the sale or leasing of mineral lands, for the establishment of a Branch United States Mint in California; a weekly mail communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and liberal appropriations by Congress for a line of steamers between San Francisco and China and Japan, and intermediate Islands in the Pacific; in favor of Internal Improvement; urging the duty of Congress to construct the Great Pacific Railroad; endorsing the Compromise measures; and calling upon the General Government to assume the indebtedness of California, necessarily contracted in the protection and defense of her citizens in warfare.—The difficulties between the people of California and Chinese emigrants continue unsettled. Further correspondence had taken place between the Chinamen and Governor Bigler, in which the former display a remarkable degree of shrewdness and ability. At some of the mines collisions have occurred between the Chinese and the miners. Large numbers, nevertheless, continued to arrive from Canton.—Colonel Craig, of the Boundary Commission, while crossing the desert from San Diego to the Gila, met two deserters, and on stopping to try to induce them to return, was shot: a sergeant who was with him was also attacked but made his escape. An expedition sent immediately to the spot could not find the body of Colonel Craig, but the deserters were arrested.—A sad and fatal affray occurred in the Court of Sessions, at Sacramento, on the 16th of June. Two men named McKune and Caulfield went into the room to take vengeance upon Judge Wilson, with whom they had previously had a quarrel. As he left the bench, McKune went up to him and told him he must retract some expression he had used. Wilson refused, when McKune struck him with a bludgeon. Wilson drew a knife from his cane and stabbed McKune, it was believed, mortally. Caulfield then drew a pistol and fired at Judge Wilson, but the shot was intercepted by the deputy sheriff, Mr. McDonald, who was severely wounded.—A brutal murder was perpetrated in Suter County, by a man named Jackson, who had stopped all night at the house of one Bader. The next morning Bader was obliged to leave on business, and on returning found his wife murdered and his house robbed by Jackson, who was immediately seized by the neighbors and hung.—A Mexican, named Cheverino, supposed to have been concerned in the recent murder of two Frenchmen, after being committed by the judge for trial, was taken out by the mob and hung, at Jackson, Calaveras County.—A gambler named Macallister attacked Thomas Moore, in a hotel at Sacramento, firing at him with a pistol. Moore drew a revolver, and fired four times, each shot taking effect. Macallister lived about half an hour.—Ninety-six of the five thousand Frenchmen who drew prizes in the grand lot-

tery of the Golden Ingots not long since, arrived at San Francisco on the 2d.—The intelligence from the mining districts was good. The agricultural prospects of the country are also highly encouraging.—The city of Sonora was visited by a very destructive fire on the 18th of June: the aggregate loss was estimated at over a million of dollars.—Advices from Camp Yuma represent the condition of Major Heinzelman, who was there with 150 recruits, as exceedingly embarrassing. The recruits all threaten to desert and go to the mines, and there are only about sixty other soldiers upon whom he can rely to put down the attempt. Difficulty from the progress of the mutiny was daily expected. Mr. Bartlett, of the Boundary Commission, was at that place, and Lieutenant Page, with twenty-seven men, had been detailed to escort him to the Gila river; he has suffered further losses of property from the Indians.—It is stated that several of the leading merchants of San Francisco are fitting out an expedition to Japan. They were intending to sail at once for Hong Kong, where they will remain until the American squadron, under command of Commodore Aulick, shall proceed, in accordance with instructions, to the port of Jeddo, for the purpose of opening a commercial intercourse with the Japanese Government, and in the event of making commercial treaties, be the first under the protection of the American flag to take advantage of the newly opening field of commerce.

From UTAH we have intelligence to the middle of May. Bigham Young had left Salt Lake with a hundred men, on pretense of finding a new location for the Mormons, but really, as was believed, to be out of the way on the arrival of the new governor. A large number of the Mormons in Carson Valley had renounced their religion, and were about to emigrate to California.

MEXICO.

The intelligence from Mexico, to the 7th of July, is destitute of importance. Several members of Congress are strangely in favor of calling an extra session for the purpose of settling the Tehuantepec difficulty, but to this the Government is opposed.—The Indians continue to give trouble on the frontiers, and active steps have been taken to form a military force for their expulsion.—A treaty of commerce between Mexico and Sardinia had been negotiated.—Telegraphic communication between Vera Cruz and Mexico is complete.—A conspiracy had been discovered in one of the towns of Vera Cruz, which had been suppressed by a body of troops sent for that purpose.—Nothing decisive has taken place in regard to the imprisonment of Mr. Rice, United States Consul at Acapulco, noticed in our last record. The "promotor fiscal," or chief prosecuting officer of the Department, had written to Mr. Rice, expressing deep regret at the injustice and indignities to which he had been subjected, by the Mexican agents of justice—declaring that it was owing to the fact that "they knew no better," and that they would be properly punished as soon as the necessary inquiries could be made. In a subsequent communication the same legal officer had protested formally against the action of the authorities, and directed Mr. Rice to be released, unless satisfactory reasons should be given for detaining him, within a specified time. The whole matter has been referred to our government, through the American Minister in Mexico.

SANDWICH ISLANDS

From the Sandwich Islands there is no news of interest. In the Society Islands, however, we learn that the contest between the Republicans and Roy-

alists still continued. There had been an active conflict between their respective forces at Riatea, in which the former, led by the newly elected President, were at first defeated, but afterward rallied, received strong reinforcements, and marched against Queen Pomare's troops, repulsing them with considerable loss of life on both sides, and reinstating their President. Queen Pomare, hearing of the defeat of her troops, hastened to Riatea, but was there assailed with great fury, and forced to fly for her life. She took refuge on board of a French frigate. Up to the 12th of May, our latest dates, she still retained her power over Tahiti under the Protectorate of France. The natives of Riatea, and other leeward islands, however, refuse to acknowledge allegiance to her, and have appointed some of their principal chiefs as Governors. A French frigate had arrived at Tahiti, from Valparaiso, and reported that another might shortly be expected, with a new Governor and about one hundred and fifty political exiles from France. The latter, it was said, would be forwarded thence to the Marquesas, which has been made a French penal settlement.—Painful intelligence has been received of the massacre of the crew of the American sloop *Phantom*, and the destruction of the vessel, by the convicts of one of the Gallipagos islands, in November last. The sloop visited the islands for turtle: and a boat was sent ashore with all the crew, except the captain, mate, and boy. While thus weakened, a boat with five convicts came off, attacked the vessel, and killed the mate; on observing which, the captain jumped overboard, but was pursued and killed in the water. The pirates then returned to the vessel, killed the boy, and plundered the vessel. Money to the amount of \$7,000 or \$8,000 was supposed to have been on board. After robbing the vessel of all they wanted, she was scuttled and sunk. The party on shore were all killed by the convicts, who quarreled among themselves, and killed one of their own number. It is unsafe for vessels to touch at any of these islands, as the convicts are utterly reckless, and the petty governors over them are suspected of at least conniving at their piracies.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Our intelligence from South America adds nothing of interest to our previous advices. The Congress of *Buenos Ayres* assembled on the 1st of June, at San Nicholas, and the treaties with the Brazilian Government had been ratified. The province was tranquil, and parts of the military force had been disbanded.—At *Rio Janeiro* the yellow fever had made its appearance, but not in a serious form. A railroad from the city to one of the towns in the immediate neighborhood was about to be built—the first in Brazil—by a Brazilian company.—In *Peru* the Ministry has been changed: the new administration is decidedly hostile to Flores, and will give him no aid whatever. A letter from a gentleman on board the U. S. ship *Portsmouth*, which was lying a few miles below *Guyaquil*, dated June 10th, states that a large number of Americans were said to have joined Flores, and that he had lately received \$30,000 from Lima, with a prospect of more.—In *New Granada* the bill proposing the erection of the new state of the Isthmus, passed the House, but was rejected in the Senate. The President was authorized to negotiate a loan, to raise an army of thirty thousand men, and to declare war against any nation or nations aiding Flores in his attempts against Ecuador. By a decree, dated May 14, Congress has ceded the island of *Masanilla* to the Panama Railroad Company; also the right of property over such ground as the Com-

pany may recover from the sea at the two extremities of the railroad. The decree prohibits all persons from traveling over the railroad, otherwise than in the Company's cars, under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The political intelligence from England has more than ordinary interest. The dissolution of one Parliament and the election of another, are of themselves events sufficient to distinguish the month. Business during the last days of the session was transacted with dispatch. On the 29th of June the expulsion of English missionaries from Austria was discussed in the Commons, coming up on a motion of indirect censure. Mr. Disraeli defended the action of the Government, showing that nothing had been done by Austria of which England had any right to complain—that the missionaries were simply tolerated within her dominions, and that she had a perfect right to withdraw this toleration at pleasure. Lord Palmerston thought quite differently. He said that the missionaries had been most cruelly and tyrannically treated, and insisted that the tone of the British Government, in its negotiations upon the subject, had been unbefitting and improper. The motion was finally withdrawn.—The Militia Bill was passed by the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington having made a short, emphatic, and characteristic speech in its favor. He insisted that England had been fighting battles in the remotest parts of the world without even an adequate Peace establishment; and that although the present bill would not make good soldiers at once, it would raise a force which would allow soldiers to be sent abroad, and would make the beginning of a really formidable and serviceable army. Under cover of discussing Chancery reform, Lord Lyndhurst made a general review of the policy and progress of the Government, speaking of both in terms of high eulogy. This elicited some answer from Lord Brougham and others, who said, that whatever had been done by Lord Derby's government was due to the forbearance of the Opposition. To this the Earl of Derby partially assented, saying that his successes had been mainly owing to the suspension of party spirit, and that he was fairly entitled to credit for forbearing to introduce party topics. The Government had endeavored to confine its action to necessary business, and it had thus been able to pass many measures of the greatest importance to the country. If they had pressed the financial question upon Parliament, they would undoubtedly have found themselves in a minority in the House of Commons; but upon the general policy of the ministry, he claimed to have enjoyed fully the confidence, and to have received the support of both Houses. The prorogation of Parliament took place on the 1st of July. The Queen's speech on the occasion thanked Parliament for their zeal and diligence, and for the many measures of high importance they had passed. Assurances are received from Foreign powers of continued friendliness: the settlement of the affairs of Holstein and Schleswig is highly gratifying: the amicable termination of differences between the Sublime Porte and the Pacha of Egypt is encouraging for the extension of commerce: the refusal by the King of Ava of just redress has interrupted the friendly relations with his government, and the course of the Governor General of India commands the Royal approbation: the Slave trade has been suppressed by treaty on the African coast, along the Bight of Benin: and the Queen announces the satisfaction with which she has given her assent to the Militia Bill, designed to create "a constitutional force, which being limited to purposes

of internal defense, can afford no just ground of jealousy to neighboring states, but which, in the event of any sudden and unforeseen disturbance of foreign relations, would at all times contribute essentially to the protection and security of the country." The passage of the bills providing for law reform is mentioned with approval, as also the adoption of a new constitution for the colonists in New Zealand. The Queen closed her address by saying: "It is my intention without delay to dissolve this present Parliament; and it is my earnest prayer, that in the exercise of the high functions which according to our free constitution will devolve upon the several constituencies, they may be directed by an All-wise Providence to the selection of representatives, whose wisdom and patriotism may aid me in my unceasing endeavors to sustain the honor and dignity of my crown, to uphold the Protestant institutions of the country, and the civil and religious liberty which is their natural result; to extend and improve the national education; to develop and encourage industry, art, and science; and to elevate the moral and social condition, and thereby promote the welfare and happiness of my people." Parliament was then formally prorogued until the 20th of August.

The elections in general passed off quietly, though in parts of Ireland there were serious collisions between Protestants and Catholics, especially at Cork, Limerick, and Belfast. The final result had not been ascertained at the time of closing this Record. Out of 481 members known to have been chosen, 187 are set down for the Ministry, 237 against it, and 57 classed as liberal Conservatives, who will probably sustain the Ministry upon its general policy, but who will certainly resist any attempt to change the present tariff laws, or to restore the policy of Protection. As the House consists of 654 members, 173 remain to be heard from: it seemed quite certain, however, that the Ministry would be in a minority, and that upon the question of Free Trade the majority against them would be very large. The leading members of the late House have nearly all been returned. Lord Palmerston was re-elected without a contest, and has evinced new abilities as an effective popular orator in his speeches of acknowledgment. Sir James Graham is returned, and Lord John Russell has again secured his seat for London. Mr. Layard, celebrated for his researches in Nineveh, has been elected. George Thompson, of the Tower Hamlets, has been defeated; and the American people will not regret to learn that the result is mainly due to the resentment by his constituents of his repeated intermeddling in the politics and domestic concerns of this country. Mr. Macaulay, the distinguished historian, has been returned for Edinburgh, under circumstances particularly gratifying. Having been defeated there a few years since, he now declined to make any effort to secure his seat, and even to answer questions put to him: he was still elected by a large majority.

The Royal Agricultural Society had its annual dinner at Lewes on the 15th of July. Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, was present, and made a speech strongly deprecatory of any future differences between the United States and England.—A serious riot occurred at Stockport on the 29th of June, growing out of the Queen's proclamation against Roman Catholic processions. The Catholic charity-schools had a procession of their children, as usual, not deeming it to fall within the prohibitions of the proclamation. It led, however, to serious collisions between the Protestants and Catholics of the lower classes, which resulted in the destruction of a good deal of property, and the sacking of several Catholic chapels.

—Rev. Dr. Cullen was enthroned Archbishop of Dublin with great pomp.—Emigration to Australia was rapidly increasing. Not less than ten thousand persons would probably leave Great Britain for that country during the months of July and August.—Mazzini is issuing addresses to the working-classes in London, which excite a good deal of public attention, by the strong urgency with which they exhort them to prepare to take an active part in approaching European struggles.

FRANCE.

The session of the Legislative body was closed on the 28th of June, by a message from the President, who thanked the members for their co-operation and support, and especially for not having been carried away by any *esprit du corps*; for having "occupied themselves with the great interests of the country, laying aside all susceptibility, and feeling that the epoch of sterile and impassioned discourses had passed away, and that of business had arrived." The first trial of the Constitution must have convinced them that they possessed the conditions of a strong and a free government; one which was "no longer that passive butt, against which the various oppositions direct their shafts with impunity, but one which can resist their attacks, and henceforth follow a system without having recourse either to arbitrary rule or to duplicity. On the other hand, the control of the Assembly is real, for discussion is free, and the voting of the taxes decisive." During the recess, the President said he would direct his attention to the wants of the country, and the preparation of projects for diminishing the burdens of the State. He urged the members on returning to their departments, to be the faithful echoes of the sentiment that prevailed in Paris—that of reconciliation and peace. The meaning of what they had seen there was, that "there exists in France a government animated with the faith and the love of good—which reposes on the people, the source of all power—on the army, the source of all force—and on religion, the source of all justice." The last days of the session were marked by incidents of interest. The discussion of the Budget commenced on the 17th of June—the President being personally in attendance. The opening speeches were by MM. Kerdrel and Montalambert, both of whom dissected the Budget with keen objections—the latter urging its rejection. He was answered by M. Stourm, the Councilor of State, who was thoughtless enough to warn members to be prudent—to take care what they did. This threat excited strong indignation, which was heightened soon after by the receipt of a note from M. Casabianca, the Minister of State, declaring that the conduct of the Legislative body, in persisting in the discussion of amendments which had been once dismissed by the Council of State, was in contravention of the Constitution. The next day the discussion proceeded, but opposition to the Budget was withdrawn. A few days after, one of the Opposition members applied to the Legislative body for authority to publish his speech against a bill on the National Guard. M. Billault strongly resisted this, but leave was granted. This example was immediately followed by several others, including those who had spoken against the Budget; and the result was that eight members obtained permission to publish speeches, of which five or six were in unmitigated hostility to the government, and two so strongly antagonistic that efforts were made to stop their delivery. A note, however, was soon published by authority, forbidding the journals to copy the speeches, which the members were only authorized to publish at their own expense. At a subsequent session, M.

de Montalambert called attention to the fact, that no part of the receipts from the seizure of the Orleans property had been included in the estimates of the year, and that the sanction of the Legislative body had not therefore been asked for that measure. The time would doubtless come for its discussion there: "Meantime," said he, "I avail myself of this occasion to raise, in the triple interest of property seriously affected, of justice disregarded, and of august misfortunes, my solemn objections against a fault which has been committed without excuse, without a pretext, without a provocation of any kind, and which it is attempted to render more irreparable each day."

—It is stated in one of the London papers that the Opposition members of the corps have drawn up a strong report, reviewing in the closest manner, and with the most emphatic condemnation of the President's policy, the events of the session; and that as this paper can not be printed, it is widely circulated

in manuscript.—The session of the Senate was closed by decree on the 5th of July.—Rumors have been circulated of intended modifications of the Ministry, but they seem to lack authority.—M. Thiers, on the demand of the French envoy, has been expelled from the Swiss territory, by the Government, and has gone to Florence.—The Council of State has decided, by the casting vote of M. Baroche, in favor of the Orleans confiscations.—The President was about to make the tour of the southern departments.—A good deal of noise was made about the discovery of a conspiracy for assassinating Louis Napoleon in Paris, but it proved to have been simply an arrest of thirty-two persons for fabricating arms contrary to law.—Seventeen persons have been condemned to death by the guillotine at Montpellier, in the south of France, for taking part in the scenes of violence and pillage which followed the usurpation of December last.

Editor's Table.

WHO IS THE STATESMAN? The right solution of this question depends upon another—WHAT IS THE STATE? For the *Statesman* is the *man of the State*, in distinction from the mere politician, the *Demagogue*, or popular leader, or *man of the people*. This may seem like attaching too much importance to mere terminology; but there is a *spirit* in words. We would ever maintain the great value of etymological analysis, especially of leading terms regarded as holding firm the seminal principles of ideas, and that, too, amid the most striking changes, not only in outward circumstances, but even in inward modes of thought. The view, we are happy to find confirmed by one of the most acute writers of the day. "Words," says Trench, "may often ride slackly on their anchors, but few have broken away and drifted from their moorings altogether." The most careless use can not wholly divest them of that original vitality which controls even when latent, and guides to a proper application, even when it is dimly or hardly at all perceived by the ignorant and superficial writer.

Thus *State*, *Staat*, *Etat* is fixedness—that which stands as an abiding organization, or organic principle, in the flowing series of outward mutations. "It is," says Cicero, "not any congregation or aggregation of men in any way assembled, but one bound together, *communione et consensu*, by a communion and common feeling of law," as a connecting principle vitalizing every part. Hence, he proceeds to say: "The cause of this organic convening (*coeundi*), is not so much from a motive of fear, or mutual defense, as a tendency to society growing out of the very nature of man;" in other words, an organic tendency. "For man," he proceeds, "is not an individualizing or solitary being (*singulare nec solivagum genus*) but so born for political association, that without it, even in the greatest affluence of all things else, he would fail in respect to the highest requirements of his nature." That is to say, man out of the state would not be man, but an imperfect animal. He can not exhibit a true humanity except in organization. He must be a *member* of some *coetus*, or community, of which a common law, or *mind of the State* controlling the individual mind, is the animating principle—an organization which is an end—a desirable good in itself—and, at the same time, a means to a higher good and a higher dignity in the individ-

ual members than they could ever have attained to without it. In this way the true value of the individual, instead of being sunk, is elevated and enhanced by his relation to the State. His rank, his well-being, his moral and intellectual worth are all the greater from the worth of the organization of which he is a member. Hence that ancient maxim, now so much misunderstood and condemned as a paradox, that *the individual is for the State*, did, in reality, present the highest view in which it can be said that the State is for the individual. It recognized that vitalizing law of all organic products, whether vegetable, animal, or political, by virtue of which the whole and the members are to each other, reciprocally, both ends and means.

From this there follows directly another view of the State, which the noble Roman philosopher most admirably expresses, when he says: *Debet enim sic constituta esse civitas ut æterna sit—Itaque nullus est interitus Reipublicæ naturalis ut hominis; simile est quodam modo ac si mundus intereat ac concidat*—"The State ought to be so constituted as to be eternal. Thus, there can be no natural death of the republic as of a man; when the state dies, it is as though a world collapsed and perished." There is hyperbole in the style, but how true it is in the essential idea, no man ever more keenly felt than Cicero. To that "greatest Roman of them all" was it given, beyond all other human minds, to realize this event of a nation's death, which he regards as so deplorably unnatural. We know that nations die at last as well as men. In the Roman State the collapse was already commencing when Tully composed his Republica, although it took centuries before the life wholly departed from the huge organization. Still, as compared with the individual period, it may be said of the State—*ut æterna sit*. It lives on, though the individual flowing parts are ever passing away. Generations go and come, but it is *the same State*, the same constitution, if we may use the term as denoting not the written compacts alone, but the constituting principle from which they derive their origin as well as their perduring vitality. In accordance with this idea it was that the Romans applied to their supreme patril deity that striking epithet, JUPITER STATOR; and, perhaps, the most eloquent passage in any of Tully's Orations, is the one in which he invokes him by name as the God of the

State and the Statesman, *quem STATOREM hujus urbis atque imperii vere nominamus*, as the guardian of the civic as well as of the natural life, as the conservative Defender of the political constitution against those fiendish conspirators, and that parricidal treason, which would have struck a blow at its very existence.

It is thus, in relation to the individual, we say, the State ever survives; and in the same comparative sense may we affirm that, when its dissolution arrives, it is not a natural or an ordinary event. When it does come, it must be to the sundered individual membership, in some respects, "as though a world were collapsing and perishing." The common source of political life is departing; the foundation on which are supported all civic rights is breaking up beneath our feet. In the commencing chaos and insecurity of all things, it is felt, as perhaps it was never felt before, how much man owes to law, and how poor a thing he is without it—how essential it is, not only to his personal protection, but to the highest dignity and cultivation of his humanity—how much, in short, its rudest forms and most imperfect administrations raise him above the animals, whose very nature it is to know no positive outward government appealing to the reason as conservative of the organic good, and as distinguished from the lower or "higher law" (if any should so regard it) of the individual choice, even when dignified, as it sometimes is, with the name of the individual conscience. It is the very inferiority of the mere animal, as distinguished from the rational existence, that it knows no law *out of itself* and connecting it with larger organizations. To be thus, at the same time, the subject and object of law, is the glory of man and of all higher beings between him and the throne of the Eternal. Individualism, which is only another name for sensualism, is the death of the rational nature. Law is its nurse, its aliment, its life, its regulative exercise when in health, its curative medicine when diseased. To acknowledge the necessity of right outward authority binding us into organic connection with other beings, is the highest act of the intellect; to submit to it, instead of being a servile and degrading obedience, is the highest glory, and the highest freedom too, of a responsible spiritual agent.

Hence, man may be said to live two lives—the lower as an individual, the higher as a member of a social communion. The latter is, in truth, the higher, because it is the life he lives in common with others, and which, in proportion to its universality rises above the animal and sensual, into the sphere of rational existence. The Greeks, of whom some say they had no political science, denoted this civic existence by a peculiar word; which, to the disgrace of our philosophy, has no counterpart in modern tongues. *Πολιτεύεσθαι* was to *live the life of a citizen*, or member of a State—a political in distinction from an individual or animal existence; just as in the New Testament (Phil. i. 27, iii. 20) the same term is applied to the still higher life the soul lives as a *member of the Church*, or that *Politeuma* whose visible body is on the earth, while it ever has its true vitality in the Heavens.

Abstract as this train of thought may seem to some, we have deemed it the best mode of introducing to the reader's notice the most important differences between the true Statesman and the mere Politician. In the practical course, resulting from the predominance of the one or the other of these two classes of ideas, or modes of thinking, the greatest divergency between the two characters will be found to consist. It is a radical difference of

opinion and action in respect to the right notion of the State, the right idea of law, or, in other words, the nature, the effect, and the end of civil government.

In the thinking of the one, law (we mean positive objective law) is temporal and remedial only; in that of the other, it is an eternal accompaniment of all rational souls. To the one, it is a mere defense against certain incidental effects of human depravity; to the other, it is the spirit's essential health. To the one, it is simply curative; to the other, it is also a high regulative power. One would regard it as a specific medicine for a specific disease; the other, as the proper spiritual aliment for all periods of existence. To the one, it is a "necessary evil," of which the less we have the better, with the other, it is a *positive* good—not simply preventive or defensive, but a positive educating process through which the rational man tends to the development of the highest qualities of his nature. To the one, human justice is wholly human and earthly—human in its very ground and sanction, as well as in its outward form and administration; in the view of the other, its very forms are typical of the higher government, and thus the soul's earliest schoolmaster in the corresponding eternal verities, while over and above all this, it is regarded as possessing an essential divine element connecting it directly with the great law-system of the moral universe.

Again—in the creed of the one, the state is only a greater or lesser mass-meeting, having no other cohesion than the momentary volitions (whether rational or sensual) of the individual parts. To the thinking of the other, it is a permanent living corporation with permanent organs as representative of a living and permanent membership. The latter would, accordingly regard the state as having one pervading life, the same in every part, and tending, when fatally injured, to an universal decomposition, or in other words, an anarchy, from which it might be long before any true political resurrection could be expected to take place. In the view of the other, the political vitality is of no higher an order than that of some of our lowest semi-animal, semi-vegetable species, or, in other words, the state is a huge polypus, a mere mass of motive animation, presenting as many separate lives as the number of sections into which the factious or sectional spirit might arbitrarily divide it.

To pursue our parallel further—to the one, the state is for the individual, while the individual is for himself; to the other, the individual is for the State, not as a sacrifice to a vain abstraction, but for two most substantial reasons—one, because the civil organism is a glorious and desirable thing in itself, having an end in itself, and an excellence in itself as one of the Divine creations intended to manifest the Divine Glory as much as, if not more than, any physical systems—the other, because in such organic relations the highest value of the individual himself is to be sought and found. He is a higher, a more dignified, a more valuable individual in the state than he could ever possibly be out of it; his very individualism, his personal rank and personal distinctness, are both enhanced by his connection with outward positive law.

Again—as regards the political sovereignty—one views it as residing solely in temporal and local majorities, however expressed, or however ascertained. The other, on the contrary, sees this sovereignty only in the constituting law, or *permanent mind of the State*, regarded as representative of the past as well as the present being. In other words, one regards the State as existing only in territorial

space, and that liable at any moment to be broken up by the severing wills of the several parts; the other contemplates it as having an existence in *time*, that is, a true *historical* life, which the immediate acting power (whether more or less than a majority) can neither repudiate nor disregard, any more than the individual man can thus sever his personal identity, and renounce the responsibilities of his previous being, though urged to do so by ever so great a majority of his present appetites and propensities.

It is thus that the true Statesman lives in the past and for the future. The *demagogue*, or popular leader, lives by the day. The past he regards as belonging to the "Old Fogies." Let posterity, he exclaims, take care of itself,—one generation can not bind another,—each is to have regard to its own most apparent and most immediate interests,—no State is the same for more than thirty years,—and the idea of any State *binding itself*, as though there were any such political *self-hood* aside from the present masses, is a most manifest absurdity. Accordingly, a present election, or any present popular movement, however ephemeral, must be of more importance with him than any thing involved in the idea of national integrity, or any national well-being that can not be resolved into something directly sensible or tangible to the present masses. Hence, while the one is largely forecasting or Promethean, the other is a mischievous Epimetheus, a man of after-thoughts and temporary expedients. Not that he is deficient in boldness; for often he does not hesitate to urge on measures pregnant with the most fearful historical consequences, but ever on account of their real or fancied connection with partisan interests, in themselves as worthless as they are momentary.

There is a wide difference, moreover, between the two, even in their views of what may be called the lower aims of the State, or, in other words, the measures of an ordinary political economy. Of the states high educating and rationalizing office the demagogue has hardly a conception. But he takes a position even below that which stands next to this. He denies to it any rightful power for the accomplishment of any positive physical utilities. With him, government is defensive merely. He denies, too, to the State any right to legislate on moralities as such. More than this—he concedes to it no jurisdiction whatever in respect to causes. It has to do only with the most immediate and tangible effects. A law, for example, against the *sale* of intoxicating drinks is, in his view, too positive an act of government. All that it can do is to punish drunkenness. But how utterly illogical to stop here with the principle! One man's drunkenness, it may be said, and it has been said, does not *directly* affect his neighbor's purse or person, any more than his religion or his irreligion! Both may do so in their remote consequences; but the law, on this theory, can only touch them in their most ultimate manifestations as judged by the lowest standard of present convenience—this standard, too, from the very action of such a miserable negative principle, ever sinking to a lower and still lower grade.

In the political philosophy of the Statesman, on the other hand, government has to do with causes. It may not be always wise to exercise the high prerogative, but the true statesman would contend for the inherent right of every nation to pass sumptuary laws, or to adopt a system of legislation regulative of the habits, the moralities, and, to a certain extent, the thinking of its citizens, so far as right laws may mould, and may be designed to mould, the moral dispositions. This it might do, not only on the ground

of the individual good, but from the self-evident right and duty of every organism to conserve itself.

And this leads us to another distinction. The true statesman is necessarily conservative in essence, whatever may be the more or less popular form which his political course may at times present. He is conservative, and necessarily conservative, in the most logical and legitimate sense of this oft-abused term. He is conservative of nationality and all that pertains to it—of the national integrity—of the national idea, or the constituting polity, written or unwritten, which makes the State what it is. As the Statesman, he is opposed to all changes that grow not out of its fundamental law, and according to its fundamental law. He is by no means the enemy of progress, but still maintains, as a great general principle, that progress, to be healthful, must be *organic*, that is, the legitimate development of past ideas and forms. The idea of revolution may be admitted, but ever as an exception, ever as an abnormal proceeding at war with the rightful continuity of political life, and never to be approved except on grounds similar to those which would justify the amputation of a limb from the body, or even, in extreme cases, the taking of life itself.

He is thus, in the truest sense, the Defender of the Constitution; and it is this *essential* conservatism (in distinction from the formal and apparent), which may place the Statesman, in different ages and countries, in what, to the superficial eye, may seem to be directly contrary positions. As the Defender of the Constitution (an office, by the way, which could not exist in a pure despotism or a pure democracy) his hand and eye are ever toward that quarter from whence may come the disturbing and *disorganizing* influence. Thus, in a constitutional monarchy, where the danger is from an undue assertion of the royal prerogative, the noblest statesmanship, and the truest conservatism, are most likely to be found on the popular side. But it is, after all, the State, the Constitution, which he defends, rather than any popular movement as such, having no reference to the common weal or *common-wealth* in its organic integrity. He is the true conservative, even here, and such conservatives were Pym, and Hampden, and Selden, and Hale, and Milton, who were far better entitled to this noble name than the Clarendons or the Falklands, to say nothing of the fawning courtiers and churchmen whose loyalty to the King was nothing else than treason to the State.

In the Republic, on the other hand, the disorganizing influence is likely to be from another quarter, and here, therefore, his position may be changed, but never the man himself, or his great all-conserving principle. The same true statesmanship which would lead him to an opposition to the Crown in the one case, would inevitably involve him in war with the demagogue, and his popular partisan movements, in the other. But he is equally the conservative in both. On the other hand, the courtier and the demagogue, it has been well observed by one of old, are substantially the same genus. Both are ever making themselves friends to the Leviathan, the monarchical, or popular despot; and he who is the canine loyalist in one age and country, would be the servile hound, ever scenting the popular favor, in another. Times change, circumstances change, measures change, but ideas remain the same forever. The Conservative, the Statesman, is ever the Defender of the Constitution, ever the Defender of the State, and, in this, of man's highest earthly glory, as well as of his truest earthly freedom.

In close connection with this idea of his conserv

atism, we may say that the true Statesman will be, in the best and most peculiar sense, a *national man*. Much, too, as he may revere the particular written or unwritten polity of his own country, his views here will have a higher and more universal ground, from whence he easily disposes of questions the demagogue can not comprehend, and which even the more respectable politician would be too much inclined to treat as matters merely of forensic or senatorial interpretation. Strong as he may be in the letter of the constitution, he has a stronger position in the very idea of nationality as it must inhere in every true constitutional organism. Let opponents call it what they please—State—Nation—League—Confederacy—still, under any one of these names, it is none the less a *political whole*, and unless it would act revolutionarily and suicidally, it must, in some way, act as a whole, either by itself, or through some appointed body which the law of its organism may have made legislatively or judicially representative of itself. In this view, the bare thought of a part, as a part, through any inherent right or power as a part, separating itself from a civil organism, or from any organism, is something more than a political absurdity. It is at war with the inherent idea of nationality. It is a logical contradiction compared with which the argument of the revolutionist, or even of the lynch law mob is rationality itself.

Ever conservative, as we have seen, in his essential position, still the true statesman may be also, and in perfect consistency, the popular man. As in a monarchy he may be on the side of the Crown as against a factious opposition, so in a republic he may be a true *man of the people* as against a cheating demagogueism on the one hand, or a spurious conservatism on the other. He may be in favor of a popular movement because it is right in itself, or he may be there from a wise and just expediency. He may be for or against particular measures in such a way as to give superficial adversaries an occasion of charging him with inconsistency. But he is not so much a man of *measures* as of *principles* (a distinction not sufficiently attended to in our political philosophy) and in the latter there is ever harmony. Thus, to present a very plain and familiar example, he may be, at one time, in favor of, and, at another, opposed to, a tariff; but it will be with him, in neither case, a question of prices simply—the way the matter presents itself to the ordinary political economist. His advocacy, or his opposition, is connected with the more remote and deeper principles of national independence, national industry, or national morality.

Again—he may interpose to regulate a movement which the demagogue is pushing on, and has placed, perhaps, in a position making it difficult if not impossible to be resisted. But even when conducting measures which may seem to some deeply tainted with radicalism, the real statesman is still consistent, still faithful to those first principles which make him ever what he is. To take a particular example—we will suppose him to appear as the advocate of such a measure as the gratuitous distribution of the public lands. He may seem in harmony here with the most ultra social reformers, and they may perhaps claim him for the time as one of them; but even in this case, the Statesman and the conservative is still visible. His thoughts are not their thoughts, his reasons are not their reasons. They are thinking, some of them, of votes and elections, or, the more honest and enthusiastic, of wild schemes of disorganizing socialism. They place the measure on some illogical ground of natural right, as opposed to the very idea

of any political organization. He extracts from it a conservative principle, and by putting this in the foreground would give the whole movement a conservative aspect. With all its apparent evils, its success may be made to add strength to the inherent idea of *State sovereignty*, and to the fundamental and most conservative position that the State is the true source, not only of political right, but of all individual property whether in land or otherwise. It asserts it to be *the great landlord in capite*, from whom all tenements are holden, and thus forecloses any reversionary right to land that might be claimed as existing back of it, either in nature, or any other fancied higher or lower law whatever. Tenements thus holden may be modified in any way that may be consistent with, or demanded for, the health of the political organism, as this health is especially maintained in the conservation of its essential idea.

Other differences might be presented, but we would confine ourselves to those that have a most obvious connection with the fundamental differences of thinking from which proceed all other divergencies of character and action. The demagogue, or popular leader, is ever assigning present effects to immediate causes. All the evils that trouble the state are chargeable upon the present or last administration, and, all immediate good is expected from the one that is to succeed. Such is ever the drift of his stump oratory. The true Statesman, on the other hand, looks for the fountain of evils at a distance from the period in which they come forth to outward visibility. The seeds, both of good and evil, may lie buried long before they manifest their nature in the harvest that is to be reaped. Here, again, the difference is one of primary ideas. Immediate influences are consistent with the notion of a mass-meeting, but in such an organism as the State is to the Statesman, nothing can be more irrational. The body politic is analogous to the individual corporation. It has its digestion, its secretion, its assimilation. The alterative influence must become absorbed in the circulation; it must go the round of the organic fluids; it must reach the national heart, and from thence communicate its virus to every part of the system. Hence what is sown in one age bears fruit in another, and generations are bound in a national identity, not only by the interfluent streams of physical succession, but by an intercommunion of mutual responsibilities, rendering it impossible for any one to act by itself or for itself.

On this account, too, the two characters are ever forming different judgments from the same appearances. The State may be all full of inward ulcers, healed over to appearance, but still sore and fretting in the bones, while the outward inflammation is mistaken for the animation and the glow of health. Some present expansion of trade or territory, in which the demagogue makes his loudest glorying, may be, after all, but the swellings and bloatings of a political dropsy in the last and worst stages of the disease. Of course, when the catastrophe comes, the latest administration has to bear the blame; but in either case, whether it be good or ill, the true causes lie back in the remote distance, while the accused or lauded agents are only sowing the seeds of consequences to be equally misjudged in periods to come.

As we have seen, it is a part of the political philosophy of the Statesman that there is a dignity, a value, a glory of the State as a State—as a high work among the Divine creations. This good, this glory may be viewed in itself, as we would examine the worth of a work of art, or it may suggest a wider

interest when contemplated in relation to other and similar organisms. There is a glory of the State among States, and hence the great statesman is inseparable from the great diplomatist. But whether in reference to its internal life, or its external relations, there is ever a following out of the same guiding idea. The demagogue charges the statesman with sacrificing the popular good to splendid abstractions. But it is the dignity, the elevation, the rationalizing of man he seeks, rather than any of that promotion of his immediate pleasures, and immediate excitements, through which the other attains to his ephemeral popularity. This higher worth for man can only be found in the state, and, therefore, the conservation of the State is the greatest service he can render the individual. God only is *absolutely* great. All other things are high or low, great or small, valuable or worthless, in their higher and lower organic relations—a good to all below, in proportion as they maintain their true rank in respect to all above.

Hence the true statesman will be eminently national, as opposed not only to sectionalism, but to its seeming opposite, a boasting and heartless cosmopolitanism. He holds that God meant that man should live in nations and states, as well as in families. He learns from Holy Writ, that the Eternal Lawgiver hath not only "made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth," but also "appoints their times, and assigns the bounds of their habitation;" "He hath divided to the nations their inheritance—He hath separated the sons of Adam." A complex yet regulated variety of parts would seem to be essential to all, and especially the highest, structural organizations. The permanent divisions of families, and the flowing inequalities of station, wealth, and knowledge, are essential to the cohesion, mutual inter-dependence, and consequent stability of a state. For a similar reason, differences of nationality, together with great variety in modes and forms of national polity, would seem absolutely necessary to the right structure of a world. In this way, our whole humanity, as a whole, becomes a higher humanity, a better developed humanity; and what is thus good for it as a whole, will be found, in the end, and according to a necessary law of organization, all the better for the truest well-being of the parts. More of genuine and distinct brotherhood may be felt, and will be felt, across these lines, than within one bounding circumference, embracing an universal sameness intensely selfish in proportion to the absence of all varied relations that might tend to draw each man's individualism out of itself. The socialism that would break up the family, would tend, more than any thing else, to destroy all true social feeling. A cosmopolitanism that would erase the lines of political nationalities, or, in other words, break up the brotherhood of nations, would be, in the end, the deadliest enemy to a true philanthropy. Instead of creating a *sum-phonia*, or *symphony*—to employ the illustration furnished us by the master-mind of the ancient world—the leveling and obliterating philosophy would, in both cases, produce only a flat, tuneless *homo-phony*, without melody, without rhythm, and actually more offensive to the musical ear than discords themselves. These may, for a moment, grate upon the sense, but even discords have sometimes a *ratio*, or reason, in them, and as indicative of distinct relations into which they resolve themselves, may be made subservient to the richest harmony. Closely connected, too, with this strong nationality, there is in the statesman's mind, a holding to the idea of race—with all tolerance indeed, and all protection—

but still with the clearest conviction, that some generic predominance is absolutely essential to that national integrity, or national wholeness, without which there can not be long a distinct national existence.

To conclude—the true Statesman must be a religious man. We do not mean, in personal profession merely. Here the most radical declaimer may exceed him. But he will be the man to discern the essential religious element in the State, and the impossibility of there ever being a true state without it. It will not be the Church by law *established*, and to which the spurious conservative of the malignant Blackwood School attaches so much importance, but the great idea of the inseparable connection between all true government on earth and the invisible government in the Heavens—an idea indispensable to any true nationality, involving, as it does, the sacredness of the oath, the true right to punish, the true ground of obedience to law, the true doctrine of a national conscience, and of a solemn national accountability. He sees that, will we or nill we, there must be, in every State, a predominant religion, or a predominant irreligion—that we can not be a Christian State, unless in some form, be it the most general, Christianity is made the recognized foundation of the law of the land. The demagogue may declaim ever so flippantly about the danger to *our* religious liberties. He may affect ever so much fear of Church and State, when our whole danger is on the other side from an overflowing atheism. But he whose character we have attempted to sketch, is occupied with higher and more serious thoughts. His forecasting mind is intent upon solving, if it be possible, the great and difficult problem of the age—how far the purest toleration of action and opinion may be consistent with that predominance, both of religion and of race, which, in some most liberal and Catholic form, would seem to be an essential element of all true nationality.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE month gone by (and not a terrible month) we treated our readers to a little glimpse of a French court, setting down in our hap-hazard way, the progress of a little trait in reference to a blond donkey. We have, this present month, the honor of giving the same readers (who now count by tens of thousands) a side glance of the way in which the French tribunals dispose of the tender passion.

French sympathies are understood to run by native impulse, in the tenderest of directions; and in reporting—so far as our transcript from French journalism may be considered a report—a little court affair of love, we render our readers a service.

Dutel appears before the Tribunal of the Seine, with a boiling flame in his heart, and a hump upon his back. The object of his flame is a certain Mademoiselle Buchery, a stout and athletic young lady, taller by a head than Dutel, but showing herself very much less than Dutel, in his attack upon her heart.

Dutel, small as he was, and hump-backed as he was, made himself beloved; and then (so inconsistent is the whole race of lovers) he grew suddenly jealous, and feared day by day lest some "gay Lothario," less amiable, but straighter than he, should steal from him the honors of Mademoiselle's affection. This peculiarity of his love did not, unfortunately, very much increase his attractions in the eye of the gentle Desdemona. Therefore, it happened one day that the spirited, but somewhat way-

ward Mademoiselle Buchery, fatigued with the incessant harassments of her crooked lover, broke out, impatiently, into wild abuse, and closed the conflict, with likening the dejected Dutel to a very commonplace animal of the desert.

Stupefied and overcome with such retort from the lady who held his heart, our poor Dutel lost all presence of mind. In the mean time, Mademoiselle disappeared, taking with her as guardian and counselor, a pretty cousin of the unfortunate Dutel—little serpent of nineteen years—that he had nourished in his bosom.

Dutel was in despair, and the despair ran on into fury. He ran to the home of his faithless love, and finding with her the traitor who had supplanted him in her affections, he seized—not a poignard—but a mustard-pot, and blinded himself by rage, he blinded the poor Mademoiselle. She now appears in court, with a claim for five hundred francs, in lieu of a battered eye.

"Messieurs," said she, addressing the court, "who could bear it—little jealousies forever? It was very fatiguing. A man ought to have confidence. Most men do!"

LOVER.—"Confidence! It would be well placed, *ma foi!*"

PLAINTIFF.—"As well placed as the hump on your back, sir."

JUDGE.—"Keep cool, Mademoiselle. Don't insult your lover, or we shall order you out of court. And as for you, Dutel, don't provoke her."

PLAINTIFF.—"All I've got to say is, that he's wearisome, that crooked fellow, and that I called him so: but I didn't call him a dromedary."

DUTEL.—"No, she didn't call me a dromedary."

PLAINTIFF.—"He says so himself, you see."

DUTEL.—"She called me a camel!"

PLAINTIFF.—"I deny that. The truth is, that on the 18th of April, at four o'clock of the morning, I heard a rap at my window on the side of the court; and as I sleep in the back room, I called out, 'Who's there?' A little voice answered, 'It's I, *Mamzelle* Truquet, and I want to get a brandy cherry, before I go out to work.' It seemed a little odd that *Mamzelle* Truquet should want a brandy cherry at four o'clock in the morning, when most people drink coffee. But, since I was a merchant, I was obliged to get it: so I opened my shutters. My eyes! I caught a rap on the face that staggered me: it was that man yonder, who led me into this snare. I soon got better though; he found his cousin, a pretty young fellow as ever was, taking a small glass of *eau de vie*. He commenced abusing me in the worst possible way, and ended with flinging a mustard-pot at my head, that blinded me for full two weeks."

DUTEL.—"If your honor will look at that woman, and then at me, he will be satisfied that any stories of my abusing such a giant, are a humbug. The fact is, she jumped at me—caught me round the neck—boxed my ears—put me out of doors, and sent her maid to pull my hair. It isn't strange, your honor, that in a fight with two women, I should use a mustard-pot. Any man would."

PLAINTIFF.—"I put you out of doors because you didn't behave yourself."

DUTEL.—"I was mortified at finding at the home of Mademoiselle, a young man of nineteen, whose money she sought; and I said to her, 'Young woman, if you respected yourself, and morality, you wouldn't change your lover for such a young cub, but would have found somebody nearer forty.'"

JUDGE.—"You think it would have been more honorable for her to cherish an affection for you?"

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DUTEL.—"Let me explain, your honor. It was a great misfortune that I ever loved that woman; but you know, I dare say, that love plays the devil with a man."

JUDGE.—"You mean then to extenuate your action, by pleading your excessive fondness for the lady?"

DUTEL.—"Excessive! Oh, *mon Dieu!* I think it was: I love her yet!"

PLAINTIFF (smiling ironically).—"Oh—*my!*"

DUTEL.—"Just one word more. In going off, she took my cotton umbrella. She may keep it, to balance the cost of her eyes; but as for the five hundred francs, I can't pay them."

PLAINTIFF (with vivacity).—"He can, your honor; he's worth fifty thousand francs."

DUTEL.—"Ah, that's it; it's because I've got money, that the woman persecutes me; it's the way of the world, your honor. It's the way of the women, above all!"

The court found for the plaintiff: Dutel went to prison for eight days, and paid a hundred francs of *amende*.

As for our Summer, it has tripped itself away with alternations of heat and of cold, of linen jackets and woolen wrappers, and altogether such show of caprice as would do credit to a—wife. The big-mouthed Saratoga has been gluttoned with prey, and has shown its usual galaxy of be-starched and be-padded beauties, and its equally empty and be-padded gentlemen.

Old wry-nosed brokers have forgotten the Wall-street heats in the shadows of the galleries, and have talked jocularly (as they could) of the news of the hour, and of the moralities of their calling. They have measured purses upon the dresses of their daughters, and measured tastes over Hiedsieck and Lafitte. Newly started belles have swung their robes hour upon hour, delighting their meditations with the thought of the hundred wishful admirers, and perhaps closing their summer with a half-regret, that some one of the chances for a changed life, had not been clenched by acceptance.

Old ladies, clinging fondly (as women will) to a traditional possession of personal charms, and freely exhibiting the more current charm of negotiable paper, have played their summer's rôle, sometimes with *rouge*, and sometimes with reason. The innkeepers—most of all the prominent ones of Saratoga—have "ducked to the gilded mob;" and, grown heavy with gains, have pushed our poor amusement-seekers to the worst shifts of crowded tables, and of attic chambers.

It is not a little extraordinary what degree of push and thrust our poor citizens, seeking the sparkling tumblers from the Congress Spring, submit to, as coyly as lambs. And with a philosophy that honors their temper, they will make a merit of their misfortune, and do obeisance to the whole tyranny of hotel-dom at Saratoga.

Thus, year after year, the water-wells up its sparkling currents; year after year, a little paint and plaster new-decks the great caravanseries; year after year belles blush and sigh away the summer; or, linking their destinies, rejoice, or repine at leisure; and, year after year, for a short four months of sequence, the host grows big and rich; and then, the town, the springs, the people, and the whole swarm of servants and landlords subside into an eight-month of painful torpidity and insignificance.

We can imagine nothing more absolutely shocking to a tender-hearted person than Saratoga out of season. The bloated taverns and tavern-keepers col-

lapse; the livery men pine among their straw; the railway-engine whistles at long intervals; the mail-bags lose all their plethora; the parish-preachers, shorn of their occasional help, knuckle to new sermons; the servants disperse ignobly; the head-waiters retire to private life; and the boy at the pump disappears in the shades of the pine-forest.

It is fortunate for the world of action, of resolve, and of honest endeavor, as well as for husbands and fathers, that a Saratoga season comes but once a year. Yet, is it not all a matter for carping? Intelligence quickens in side-corners; and minds, rubbing in the after-dinner chat, grows bright by scintillations, and gain the fever of new endeavor. It is true, moreover, that with the progress of our civilization toward the quiet luxuries of European maturity, conversation is feeling the influence, and is catching by insensible gain somewhat of that fuller and wider current which gives its volume to the talk of the cultivated circles of the old world. Sentimentalisms, and namby-pambyisms, belong of necessity to those extemporaneous gatherings of extemporaneous people, who seek to achieve consideration by dress, and appearance, and extravagance; but so soon as the years have leveled such pretenders to their rank, and the ground-swell of true culture taken the place of up-start, frothy waves, there is a new tone to talk; and he who can not give his quantum of entertainment, or of suggestive thought, loses the prestige of influence.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S LETTER.

"THE BRIDE OF LANDECK."

DEAR SIR—The small town of Landeck, in the Vorarlberg, is, in the summer time, a bright and sunshiny place. The old castle rises up on its rock, as I have said, sheltering it from the prevailing winds; and at the foot of that rock stands a small, modest Tyrolese house, hiding the fallen fortunes of the family to whom that castle once belonged. The high hills rise around it on every side; a bright river flows at a little distance; and the whole scene is so beautiful and picturesque, that it called forth a charming poem—too little known—from a gentleman whom I once met at the house of Sir Walter Scott (of whom he was a near relation), during a delightful sojourn of eight days on the banks of the Tweed.

I shall never forget that visit to Abbotsford—the society I met there—the little incidents that occurred during my stay, or the kind hospitality which my letters of introduction procured me. At one time or another, during the week I remained there, we had Wordsworth, the poet; John Lockhart, the critic and novelist; James, the romance writer and historian; and Carne, the author of *Letters from the East*. The former, I can not say I was very agreeably impressed by, and saw less of him than the rest; for he went away soon, and his great delight seemed to be to roam about the house all day, with his fine head and white hair, repeating his own poetry, somewhat to the discomfort of the thoughts and conversation of others.

Lockhart was a very striking personage, marvelously handsome, and somewhat taciturn. But whatever he did say, possessed terseness and point, not without grace, and rarely without bitterness.

James was any thing but that which one is inclined to fancy him from his works. Some saw a likeness between him and Lockhart; but I could not perceive the slightest resemblance, except, perhaps, in complexion; for he is a much shorter man, and his features altogether want that fine and delicate cutting which gives to Lockhart's head the look of an an-

tique gem. They seemed great friends, however, and were members of, what I think they called "The Good-Natured Club," where the faults and failings of the good world we live in were satirized tolerably severely.

Sir Walter himself did not attend the meetings of the Club, which were generally held at Chiefswood; and he used laughingly to censure his gay friends for their want of charity. They used to retort, that he thought exactly the same, but did not choose to say it; and much gay and witty raillery went on as to whether there was most evil in speaking or in thinking satirically.

However, I must say that I never heard Sir Walter utter any thing that could be looked upon as an ill-natured word but once. He asked me if I knew Mr. —, a man who had gained an ephemeral notoriety in the world of letters. I replied I did not; and inquired what sort of a man he was.

"Oh! I'll give you an idea of him in a minute," replied Sir Walter. "He is the sort of man who makes a diamond pin pay for a dirty shirt."

There was a great deal of quiet fun, however, about the great novelist and poet. But the poet certainly predominated over the satirist; and in our walks and drives, I remarked that every thing that was beautiful and picturesque caught his attention in an instant. I remember walking out with him and a lady, who was staying in the house at the time, along the sunny banks of the Tweed, toward Selkirk. It was a bright morning, and two great and very beautiful stag-hounds accompanied us in the ramblé. Sir Walter pointed out the beauties of the scene with great animation, stumping along the little narrow path we were following, supported by a stout stick. He had a plain Scotch bonnet on his head, and a gray shepherd's maade or plaid round his broad shoulders, and when not excited, he looked with his somewhat heavy features, and white over-hanging eyebrows, like a good, stout, portly farmer. About half a mile from Abbotsford, however, a bright, sparkling stream crossed the path on its way toward the Tweed, forming a little still pool by the side of the road before it took another leap down the bank; and by the side of this pool, one of the stag-hounds, which had run on before, stopped for some moments to contemplate its own image in the mirror, throwing himself into the most graceful attitude imaginable. The dog's proceeding, immediately caught the attention of the poet, and he turned to point it out to our fair companion, with his face all sparkling with eager admiration. The gray eye lighted up, the heavy mouth beamed with a bright smile, and even the stalwart figure became more erect and stately. "Look at the vanity of the creature," he cried. "Did ever lady before her looking-glass show more admiration of herself than that brute!"

Sir Walter's love of dogs, however, was carried to the most extraordinary pitch, and had all the blindness of a passion. He could not believe any ill of the "tykes," as he called them, and was full of anecdote of their virtues and high qualities. He went so far as to deny that there was such a thing as canine madness; and said that it was a libel on the best of God's creatures. Even their propensity to fight, though celebrated by Dr. Watts, he contrived to dignify by a chivalrous epithet; for, even in the case of his own dogs, it was no easy matter to deny the propensity. The two stag-hounds I have mentioned, which were his constant companions, were very pertinacious in their quarrels, being nearly equal in point of strength, and sharpness of fangs. Not being allowed to fight in the drawing-room, they used to go

regularly forth into the woods to settle their differences, or, as Sir Walter called it, "To void their quarrel by the duello;" and would return, half torn to pieces by each other's teeth, presenting a very unsightly spectacle.

I suppose this love of animals is natural to writers of fiction; for James, the novelist, seemed to be quite as fond of the brute creation as Sir Walter, and he rode over from his house on the other side of the hills with eleven dogs at his heels, of every different size and description. He often made a joke of his own passion for these animals, and having some talent for caricature, drew a sketch of himself, surrounded by all his dogs and horses, with their tails coming out from every side of him, while underneath was written, "The Author of Richelieu and many other Tails."

As for Mr. Carne, who staid there for two days, we did not know at first what to make of him; he was such a quiet, placid, every-day sort of a person. But, after dinner, the subject of Eastern story-telling being mentioned, he suddenly squatted himself down on the carpet, cross-legged; and, giving his body a peculiar swinging motion, began to repeat an Eastern tale with such grace and spirit, that the large drawing-room at Abbotsford seemed changed into a *caravanserai*, and we all drank our coffee that evening with quite an Oriental relish.

No, I shall never forget that week at Abbotsford. Every thing, even the most material in character, seemed to strike something new and sparkling from the minds of the persons there assembled: an epigram from Lockhart, a piece of poetry from Sir Walter, or an anecdote from James. I say the most material things had this effect, and I will give an instance of it. Sir Walter was very anxious that the lady whom I have mentioned, and who was an Englishwoman, should taste, in turn, every peculiar Scottish dish; and the house-keeper received a hint from Miss Scott in consequence, to send up one or two each day. It mattered not, however, whether it was haggis, cocky-leaky, draggle beard, crappit heads, or any thing else; there was sure to be some story attached to it, some joke made upon it, or some discussion regarding it. James contended the word "haggis," was a mere corruption of the French word "hachis;" and Sir Walter stoutly defended the Scottish origin of the word; while Lockhart asked if his friend would devise "cocky-leaky from "Coq à la-quaïs." A story was told, however, incidental to *gourmandise*, which made us all laugh very heartily. I must premise, that in England there is only one way of dressing a woodcock, which to our notions on this continent, savors a little of epicurean barbarism. The bird is simply roasted, without being what is called drawn, or cleaned out, and a toast is put under it to receive the internal parts, which the English, to escape giving them the proper name, dignify by the term "*Trail*." One gets to like this thing, even though a foreigner; and having premised thus much, I will go on with the anecdote, which will only occupy a few lines:

Some years ago, an Italian singer, of a very gentlemanly and amiable character, named C——, went over to England, to sing at the Opera. He never loved the stage, and finding an opportunity of entering into some mercantile speculation, he quitted his original profession, dropped the Italian termination of his name, and became highly successful in his new pursuit. His distinguished manners, and the respectability of his character, obtained for him admission into the first circles of London; and the Duke and Duchess of R—— looked upon him with

a particular regard and esteem, admitting him on familiar terms to their domestic circle, as well as to their more public parties. He never could wholly master the English language, however. One day, dining alone with the duke and duchess, the duke sent him some woodcock, but omitted to send him any of the *trail*.

"I will beg your Grace for some of de bowels," said Signor C——.

"Oh, fie! Mr. C——," said the Duchess. "I ask your pardon for correcting you; but we call that in England the *trail*."

"I thank your Grace a thousand times," was the reply. "I will not forget—de *trail*—I shall remember de *trail*. How do you spell it?"

The spelling was explained to him, and the matter passed over. About a month after, a large dinner party was given by the Duke of R——, and Signor C—— was invited, but did not appear at the hour appointed. After waiting a few moments, the company sat down to dinner, and the soup was hardly eaten, when one of the servants brought in a note to the Duke, who, on opening it, appeared convulsed with laughter. The Duchess insisted that the whole party should share in the fun, whatever it was, and after some slight hesitation, his Grace read as follows:

"My Lord Duke—I am profoundly grieved that I can not have the felicity of attending upon your Grace this evening, and have waited to the last moment in hopes that I should be better. I find, however, that it would be vain to attempt it, as I am afflicted with excruciating pains in my *trail*, and can only sign myself, with very great respect, your Grace's faithful servant,
C——."

If this story made us laugh, however, another made us very grave; for we were assured that every particular was perfectly true, by one who was not likely either to deceive or to embellish. I can but relate it briefly, and, perhaps, without sufficient details. But the facts were these. A Mr. Archibald H—— was the second son of a good family in Scotland, living upon the western coast. In very early youth an intimacy sprung up between him and a young lady in the neighborhood, his equal in station. This intimacy grew into ardent and passionate love upon both parts, and there was but one obstacle to the union of the two young people, which was the lack of fortune on either side. When about eighteen, a cadetship was offered him in India—at that time looked upon as a mine of wealth by British adventurers. He accepted it eagerly, and went away determined to acquire that fortune which would enable him to marry the lady of his love, or to die in seeking it. Vows were plighted, rings exchanged, sixpences broken, and all the common love tokens given.

When he had been absent about two years, a gay and gallant officer of dragoons came down to the neighborhood, and, captivated by the great personal beauty of Miss S——, sought her hand. He was rich and well-born, and her parents, as usual, favored his suit. Her own conduct, the neighbors said, was unexceptionable; and just when the gallant captain was pressing his attention most earnestly upon her, news arrived that a great battle had been fought in India, that Lieutenant A. H—— had distinguished himself greatly, and had been desperately wounded by a Mahratta horseman. The young lady shut herself up in her room for several days; but nothing abated the ardor of her new lover, and she only escaped positive disobedience to the commands of her parents by one of those accidents, not at all uncommon in Scotland in those days, which considerably

changed her father's views. The young laird, the brother of Archibald H——, thought fit, while hunting, to ride his horse down a steep, rocky bank, where horses had never gone before, and very conveniently broke his neck. The absent younger brother became the laird, and Mr. S——, the father of the lady, greatly cooled in his warmth to the bold dragoon. Somewhat offended at this treatment, and understanding how matters were likely to go, he quitted that part of the country, and gave up his pursuit for the time. Archibald H——, made aware of his own accession to a considerable property, returned with all speed from India, and brought with him all his ardent love unabated for Mary S——. No objections were made, no delays were necessary; and the lover and the loved were united as speedily as might be. All who knew her thought him a happy man, and all who judged only by externals, judged that she must be a happy woman. They said, that the deep scar partly concealed by his waving hair, partly visible upon his forehead, only rendered him handsomer than ever, and the smile that passed from time to time over his fine, grave features, they compared to a gleam of sunshine, sweeping over a stern and lofty mountain. Others, more observant, however, thought that they observed signs of a moody irritable disposition which had not been perceptible in his demeanor before he went to India. The young couple, however, seemed exceedingly happy and devotedly attached to each other; when, after they had been married about six months, the other lover, Captain N——, again appeared upon the scene. Two military men are easily brought into intimate communication, and Archibald H—— paid every sort of hospitable attention to the stranger. One day, however, some indiscreet friend mentioned Captain N—— to him, jestingly, as "an old sweetheart of his wife;" and the expression was heard with a cloud upon the brow, and a sudden flash of the eye which startled the careless speaker. Two days after, one of those horrible things took place, called a man's dinner party; and the two officers met on apparently as civil terms as usual. Deep drinking was then the mode; too much wine was imbibed; Captain N—— spoke somewhat lightly of Mrs. H——; a glass of wine was instantly thrown in his face by her husband; and they met the next morning with pistols in their hands. Five minutes after, Captain N—— lay upon the ground, a dying man. He besought H—— to speak with him in tones of earnest entreaty; but the other glared at him for a moment with an expression, which those who saw it never forgot, turned upon his heel, and walked away.

Such matters were not investigated very strictly in those days; every thing had been conducted honorably, and the matter passed over. But a change had come upon the domestic happiness of Archibald H—— and his wife. The husband had become gloomy, morose, and very strange in his manner; the wife timid, shrinking, and nervous. She was at this time near her confinement, and, perhaps, as the time of her peril and her suffering approached, her husband became somewhat more tender and affectionate. Nay more, when the hour at length arrived, he rode down himself into the neighboring town to summon assistance, and his eager haste was shown by his coming upon a horse without saddle or stirrups. The case was a difficult one; and for many hours the poor young girl hung between life and death. During all that time her husband paced the dining-room night and day, without an inquiry, without eating or drinking, without rest. The physician strongly recommended him to lie down and take some sleep; but

he answered, gravely, "I never sleep—I have not slept for weeks."

At length, however, a son was born: his wife was safe; and some weeks rolled on, till Mrs. H—— was well enough to go out to church. Nothing occurred as she and her husband went to the building; but as they returned, some accidental circumstance made them take a different path across the grave-yard, and her eye fell upon a new-raised tomb-stone, with a name upon it. She started, and turned deadly pale; and when she raised her eyes, she found those of her husband fixed upon her, with a fierce, wild look. There were many people round; and he calmed himself in an instant. "Ay, he lies there," he said, in a low tone; and on they went homeward.

Two days after, the news spread abroad that Mrs. H—— and the baby had suddenly disappeared. Some one had seen her, or thought they had seen her, walking down toward the sea shore; but she certainly had no child with her then. Various suspicions and rumors floated about the country. The coast was infested by smugglers, and some said even pirates, so that several persons thought she had been carried off by these lawless men. Others declared that her husband had often ill-treated her, and surmised that she had drowned herself and her child in the madness of disappointed affection. Others entertained darker suspicions still; and these grew and increased from day to day. The servants had heard a cry, it was said, the night before she disappeared—a pitiful cry, as if of some one entreating for mercy. The conduct of Archibald H—— gave point to all these rumors. He was exceedingly strange in his manner, like a man ill at ease in himself—absent—thoughtful—muttering to himself at times—even laughing when nobody spoke to him, and that at a moment so full of grief and anxiety.

The reports of foul play became so strong and consistent, that the sheriff at length took the matter up, and determined to search the house. He proceeded thither with several assistants; but found the doors locked; and was obliged to force an entrance by a window. Archibald H—— was evidently within; for the servants admitted the fact, and his steps were heard retreating before the sheriff and his posse from room to room, till at length he was driven into a large old dining-room, which had not been used for years. He tried to lock the door, too, as they approached; but the key would not turn, and they rushed in and seized him somewhat roughly. Without saying a word, he resisted with a strength and determination which required the whole efforts of five strong men to overcome them, and then he stood glaring upon his captors, still in perfect silence.

"I fear you are not right in your mind, Laird," said the sheriff, recovering his breath. "Has the loss of your wife driven you mad?"

There was no answer; and a moment's silence followed. But then there was a faint cry, coming whence no one knew. Search was instantly made, for some time in vain; but the cry was repeated more than once, and at length, on removing a dining-table and an old Turkey carpet, they found a trap-door leading to a cellar. Lights were instantly procured, and on descending, the sheriff found the unhappy Mary H—— lying almost in a dying state, with her infant closely nestled to her breast. "Oh, my husband—my poor husband," was her first exclamation. "He is mad, Mr. L——. He is quite insane. Look to him, for pity's sake; for he will destroy himself if he knows you have found me."

They bore her to the light as gently as possible, and found from her statements, that her husband had

forced her down into that horrid place in spite of her cries and entreaties. That he did not intend to destroy her was evident, though he accused her of infidelity and love of another; for once in every four and twenty hours he had visited the old dining-room during the night, had removed the table and the carpet, and had given her a supply of bread and water. But terror, suffering of mind, damp, and privation had effected what he did not intend. She lingered for five days after she was brought back to the upper air, and then expired, beseeching those around her, with her last breath, to take care of her husband and her child. The child survived, and grew up to manhood; but Archibald H—— remained hopelessly insane for three years, and then died in a Lunatic Asylum, partly, it was supposed, from the effects of the wound he had received upon his head, partly from refusing to take any nourishment except that which was actually forced upon him.

Such tragic events were not at all uncommon in Scotland, even in the last century; and at the time of my first visit to that country, there was a great deal of the original Scottish character left. The fierce and barbarous passions which had displayed themselves, unmitigated and unrestrained, long after they had been checked in the southern parts of the island, were, it is true, greatly softened down, and had almost disappeared from among the Scottish people. But there was a racy humor and frank originality, even in the most cultivated classes, which rarely exists among an over-polished people. The mint mark was sharp and strong upon them. Sir Walter had much of this originality himself, and he relished it greatly in others. It had a share in almost all the little anecdotes and tales he told, and they were many and amusing. But I really must not pause to give them a place here; and I will only add that I ventured to put to the worthy baronet some questions regarding the long kept secret of the Waverley Novels, which had only lately been divulged. He told me that the idea of keeping the authorship secret, arose partly in caprice, partly from policy. "I didna like, my friend," he said, "to spoil a tolerable reputation for writing bad poetry, by gaining another for writing worse prose, and I took all the precautions imaginable to guard against discovery." He added that eleven people, however, had possessed his secret, and not one of them betrayed him. "I restricted it to that number," he said; "for I was sure if I had made it twelve, there would have been a Judas among them." He told me, moreover, that he had received innumerable letters upon the subject of the romances. Among them was one in regard to the Talisman, from a man who had written a very poor but pompous book upon the Crusaders, and who begged leave to ask him what authority he had for giving Richard Cœur de Lion so near a female relation as the Lady Edith. "Deil's in the man," said Sir Walter; "as if a professional liar could be called upon to give a reason for an auld sang!"

Another anecdote I heard regarding the Waverley Novels, from a third party. He said that some time before the secret was divulged, Sir Walter was going out to dinner in Edinburgh in a carriage with three other gentlemen, among whom was a lord of session, very intimate with the poet. Fully believing that Sir Walter was the author of those famous romances, Lord—— sportively determined to drive him to some sort of a confession, and, after some preliminary conversation, thus addressed his friends, in a solemn tone. "I have long wished to reveal to you three, a secret which has been very well kept; but which it is now time should be divulged, and I could find no

moment so propitious as the present, when we are together, with no other ears to overhear us.—I am the author of Waverley."

Sir Walter instantly grasped his hand, and shook it warmly, saying, with an expression of the greatest satisfaction, "I was always quite sure of it, my dear friend. There is not a man in Scotland could write those romances but yourself." The other two laughed heartily, well understanding his lordship's purpose, and seeing that it was frustrated.

Sir Walter certainly had great skill in keeping his own counsel, as well as in telling a good story to an end, which you may by this time perceive, from the fate of "The Bride of Landeck," is not one of the faculties of

Your faithful servant,

P.

Editor's Drawer.

If you will look at pages 570 and 571 of the present Number, you will encounter, reader, a couple of "companion-pictures" that may chance to make you smile. Has it ever been your good fortune to be in the great "tea-room" of the City Fathers, when supper was a-waiting? If you have, you will appreciate the desolate *ennui*, the "hope deferred," that mark the features of the gentlemen "Before Tea." With appetites and digestive powers of anacondas, they lounge listlessly about the room, or stare vacantly out of the windows; when lo! the signal, and down they sit; and long before they retire, they are in the state of "unsullied salubrity" which you see in the "After Tea" sketch. What schemes are concocting over those tumblers of punch; what "aids to taxation" are being developed there!—what speculations for "public good" and private pocket! We recognize *one* man at that table who has been there for years, with no more right to be there than any other one of the five hundred thousand tax-payers of Gotham, but who has become a "fixture" that no administration can shake off.

By-the-by, there is a good story told of him, that made us "laugh consumedly" when it was first mentioned to us. Somebody was telling him one day of a victory that had been obtained by a political orator at a ward-meeting over a crowd of people in opposition, who came to the meeting with the determination to put him down; but he went on, notwithstanding the "noise and confusion," and finally completely triumphed over his opponents.

"Well," said our *ex-officio* Alderman, "opposition is one of the greatest helps to a speaker, if he can only put it down. The audience, once stilled, listen to him with new interest, from the very power he has exercised over them."

"That's a *fact*," said his interlocutor; "and as you are going to speak at—— Hall on Saturday night, s'posin' some of the boys go there and create a little opposition, against which you can make head-way, and by-and-by we'll all hold up, and you can then go on without interruption."

"Good!—that's the very thing: *do* it, and I'll close with a rousing peroration!"

Well, the night came, and after a storm of calls for our friend, he mounted the rostrum. "Gentlemen, and fellow-citizens—" he began.

"Down! down!" shouted several of the preconcerted oppositionists.

"Fellow-citizens and gentlemen, hear me *for our cause*, if for no other—"

"Louder! louder!" exclaimed a hundred voices.

"Hear me, gentlemen, for that great and glorious cause that we have assembled to—"

"Hustle him out!—down! Bivins! Bivins! Bivins!" now rent the very hall.

The speaker's friends had not thought of the infection spreading to other "parties" than their own clique, who understood the whole thing; but the result was, that he was not only "put down," but put out of the room; with his coat rent in twain and a "solution of continuity" in his pantaloons, to say nothing of having his hair dreadfully pulled in the struggle.

Like the man who directed his boy to hide in the corner of a fence, and "booh!" suddenly at a young unbroken colt which he was riding, it was "too big a 'booh!' for so small a horse." And as the victim to popular clamor was going home, he said:

"Why didn't you hold up, as was agreed on? A pretty kind of '*triumph*' I've gained, have n't I? Just look at my coat. See these pantaloons. Feel o' that lump on the back of my head. I never was treated so in my life. I'll not speak in — Hall again, opposition or no opposition."

The "Alderman" has never "heard the last of it," and never will.

It was Sir Walter Scott (according to Lockhart, if we are not mistaken,) who illustrated the reasonable assumption that "a *bad* head was better than *none*." An old lady was telling her grand-children about some troubles in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded: "It was no great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good old lady; "but na'theless it was a sad loss to him!"

THE "*China Mail*," printed at Hong-Kong, announces the following as "*A great Fact for Henwives*:"

"A cute Yankee has invented a nest, in the bottom of which is a trap-door, through which the egg, when laid, immediately drops, and the hen, looking round, and perceiving none, immediately goes to work, and lays another!"

This is the "*Patent Self-Acting Back-Action Hen-Persuader*," invented and patented by our ancient contemporary, the editor of "*The Knickerbocker*," and described by "specifications," with drawings representing the "elevation" of the hen and nest, and a "transverse section" of the same. It seems hard, and unjust to the American genius of invention, that a work of such a character as this should not be more distinctly "credited" in foreign countries.

ONE likes always to see an impudent lawyer, whose forte it is to banter and "ballyrag" witnesses, brought up with a round turn by some victim of his ill-mannered bearing. We heard a recent instance of this kind which is worth relating:

A case was being tried on Long-Island about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not very conversant with such matters, appeared as a witness. He was a little confused in giving his evidence; and a blustering fellow of a lawyer, who examined him, at last exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"

"I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman; "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a *bully* and a *bull*; only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a *bully* (bowing with mock-respect to the pettifogger) luckily for me, has none!"

"You can retire, sir," said the lawyer; "I've no further questions to ask you!"

THIS is a fine passage of Paulding's:

"Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody, befriend no one; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to destroy all the finer feelings of nature, and be rendered mean, miserable, and despised for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease, disappointment, and a miserable death."

ONE of the publishers hereof can vouch for the truth of the following:

At a cheap boarding-house in Pearl-street, where board was at two dollars and a half a week, there was a huge feeder, who "earned" the price of a week's board in three days out of the seven. Butter was extravagantly high, and of this he was especially fond; preferring it

— "*thickly spread*

On corresponding '*chunks*' of bread."

One day the landlady, whose patience had become exhausted, said to him:

"That butter, Mr. —, that you are eating, and appear to like so much, cost two shillings and sixpence a pound."

"*Did it, though?*" asked the gourmand; then, reaching out his knife, he took up a big lump, and putting it upon a little piece of bread, he rolled it round in his mouth appreciatively, saying:

"Well, now I should say that butter was really worth it!"

Not unlike the man who was smoking a cigar in a stage-coach: "Ladies," said he, "p'raps you don't like tobacco-smoke?"

"To tell you the truth, we do *not*," said the ladies whom he addressed: "we can't *bear* the smell of it."

"Jes so—yes; a good many folks can't," said he, taking his cigar out long enough to spit, and resuming it again with the utmost nonchalance, and puffing away like the smoke-pipe of a locomotive.

Speaking of stage-coach impertinences, here is a case in point, not a week old. A lady, a friend of ours, had occasion to take such a conveyance for a few miles, from a point on the Erie Railroad. Among the passengers was a graceless personage, who amused himself and annoyed the other passengers, by roaring forth fragments of negro melodies and such-like choice musical bits. All at once it seemed to strike him that his performances were not appreciated.

"Ladies," he remarked to the passengers generally, "pra'ps my singing isn't agreeable to you."

The suggestion was agreed to, *nem. con.*

"I'm sorry you don't like it; but *I* do; and when I travel I always make a point to enjoy myself—that's what I travel for, *I* do. I'm sorry you don't like music; but I don't see how I can help it!"—and he struck up another "melody."

THAT is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over a single grave.

"THEY say" there is a man in Wall-street, a rich

man, moreover, whose business, while in the "street-hours" is counting money, who has such a taste for handling coin, that in riding home in an omnibus, he always takes the seat nearest the driver, so that he may finger the sixpences of the passengers, and pass them up to the driver, through the usual aperture.

"They do say," also, that having heard the eminent Doctor Durbin preach, on a certain occasion, a most eloquent charity-sermon, he remarked to a friend, in returning from church :

"That sermon was a very s'arching one. He proved so strongly the duty of alms-giving, that I have almost a mind to *beg myself*!"

Not exactly the "application" perhaps that was intended by the minister!

HUMAN nature is very frail. Few men had a stronger feeling of it, under the influence of a sense of justice, than England's great admiral, Lord Nelson. He was always loth to inflict punishment, and when obliged, as he called it, to "endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, and reading the articles of war which the culprit had infringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty!"

The lash was instantly applied, and the sufferer exclaimed: "Forgive me, admiral—forgive me!" On such occasions, Nelson would look around with wild anxiety, and as all his officers kept silence, he would say: "What! none of you speak for him!—cast him off!" and then add, to the suffering culprit: "In the day of battle, remember me, Jack!"

A poor man on one occasion was going to be flogged—a landsman, whom few pitied. His offense was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a pretty girl, contrary to all rule, rushed through the officers, and falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming:

"Pray, forgive him, your honor, and he shall never offend again!"

"Your face," replied the admiral, "is a security for his good behavior: let him go. The fellow can not be bad who has such a lovely creature to plead for him."

The man subsequently rose to be a lieutenant.

THAT was a very definite prescription which one old woman on Long Island gave to another, respecting the mode of ascertaining whether indigo was good or not:

"You see, Miss Hopkins, you must take the lumps, and pound 'em up, e'en a'most to a powder, and then sprinkle the powder on to the top of a pan of water; and if the indigo is good, it'll 'ither sink or swim, and I don't know which!"

THERE is a good story told of old Moolraj, the native East-Indian general. His followers stole from the English a lot of hermetically sealed provisions in tin cases, and not having seen any thing of the kind before, he mistook them for canister shot, and fired nothing from his guns for three days, but fresh lobsters, pickled salmon, and other delicacies, supplying the British camp with a shower of the freshest English provisions!

This incident reminds us of an old Dutch admiral, who, in the progress of a prolonged and sanguinary naval engagement, all at once found, to his great consternation, that his store of cannon-balls had given out. All at once, however, he bethought himself of a substitute for the death-dealing iron. On board the ship, among its stores, were some thousand or more of those round Dutch cheeses, just

about the size of a cannon-ball. They were very old, and hard as brick-bats. There was an amusing dialogue on board the vessel engaged by the Dutch admiral:

"What in the name of Mars is he firing now?" exclaimed the opposing commander.

No sooner had the words passed his lips, than another of these novel balls hit the main-mast, split in two parts, one of which killed a sailor standing near, and the other seriously injured a second.

Taking up a piece of the new war-like missile, the commander answered his own question with:

"As I'm a living man," said he, "he is firing Dutch cheeses!" And then and there was much merriment at so odd a "weapon of war." But the commander afterward "laughed on the other side of his mouth;" for he was absolutely compelled to strike his flag amidst a cloud of cheese-balls!

SOME time since, one of our ship-owners, in dispatching a vessel, had a good deal of trouble with one of his men, who had got very "top-heavy" on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn to be paid.

"What name?" asked the merchant.

"Cain, sir," was the reply.

"What! are you the man who slew his brother?" rejoined the merchant.

"No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, with a knowing wink, and giving his trowsers a hitch—"I am the man that was 'slew'd'!"

THAT is a good story told lately in a Scottish newspaper. A tavern-keeper in the little town of Kelso had recently erected a shower-bath in one of his rooms, part of which was fitted up as a sort of bar, or "tap-room," as they call it on the other side. One evening an Irishman, who happened to be drinking along with a few companions in one of the boxes, rose up for the purpose of ringing for more liquor. Looking round the room for the bell-cord, his eye fell on the rope attached to the shower-bath. "Be Saint Patrick!" said he, "I have found the bell-rope at last;" and seizing it, he gave it "a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

In an instant he was drenched to the skin; and almost frantic with rage, to the no small amusement of his companions, he roared out:

"Oh, be the powers!—is that the way ye play thricks upon travelers? Be Jabers, if I had that big baste of a landlord foraninst me, I'd soon tache him better manners!"

THE late Fenimore Cooper once said that many of the descriptions in modern sea-novels reminded him of the burlesque of Dean Swift upon the same thing, in which the sea-terms are put together at random, but in such accurate imitation of the technicalities of the art, that "seamen have been known to work hard to attain the proper meaning of them." Here ensues a single passage:

"Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather, for the ship was making a little water. But she wore bravely. We belayed the fore-down-haul; but the sail was split, and we handed down the yard and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous.

We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well; and we knew that the top-mast being aloft the ship was wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizzen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, and cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set-in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizzen-tack to the windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie!"

THESE quaint and touching *Lines on the Death of an Infant* may be new to a great majority of our readers. They are by *LYDGATE*, an ancient English poet, whose characteristics were tenderness and grace:

"Ah! weladay! most angelike of face,
A childe, young in his pure innocence,
Tender of limbes, God wote full guiltlesse,
The goodlie faire that lieth here speechlesse;
A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none,
Cannot complain, alas! for none outrage;
Ne grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage:
What heart of steele could do him damage,
Or suffer him die, beholding the manere
And look benign of his twin eyen clere?"

Examinations in Anatomy.—How does man differ from the brute creation?

"He stands upright, but he doesn't act so. He walks on two legs, contrary to the Bible, for it says, 'Upon thy belly shalt thou go all the days of thy life.'"

Where is the carotid artery situated?

"It commences both sides of the neck, at the shirt-collar, passes up under the hat-brim to the top of the head, then down the insensate canal, and terminates in both boots."

How long ought a person to remain in a warm bath?

"Till he finds his toe-nails floating on the surface of the water!"

"Next class in *Materia Medica*!"

If our readers are not willing to peruse an example of the truest and simplest pathos, let them pass over the following, for as sure as they read it, they will find that it has touched that "noble entrail," the heart:

NURSE.—"Lor-a massy, sir! is it you? Well, sure, I be cruel glad to zee ye! How is mistress, and the young ladies—and maister?"

MASTER.—"All well, nurse, and desire to be kindly remembered to you. You are quite stout, I am glad to see—and how is your husband?"

NURSE.—"My husband! Oh, mayhap, sir, you ha'n't a heard the news?"

MASTER.—"The news! No. I hope he is not dead?"

NURSE.—"Oh no, sir, but he's dark."

MASTER.—"Dark? what, blind! How did that happen?"

NURSE.—"Why, there now, sir, I'll tell ye all about it. One morning—'tis so long ago as last apple-picking—I was a-gitting up, and I waked Jahn, and told un 't was time vor he to be upping too. But he was always lazy of a morning: zo a muttered some'at and snoozed round agin. Zo, arter a bit, I spoke to un agin. 'Jahn,' zays I, 'what be snoozing there

vor?—git up.' Zo, zays he, 'What's the use of getting up bevore 'tis light?' 'Oh,' zays I, 'tis n't light, is it? Thee 'st know what's behind the door. I'll zoon tell thee whether 'tis light or no, you lazy veller.' 'Then,' zays he, turning his head, 'why 'tis zo dark as pitch.' Now that did provoke me—I'll tell yer honor the truth—and I began to wallop un a bit. But—Lor a massy—God forgive me! in a minute the blid gushed to my heart—and gi'd me zitch a turn, that I was vit to drap! Vor, instead of putting up his arms to keep off the stick, as a used to do, there was he, drawing 'em all abroad!—and a said, 'Don't ye—don't ye—I can't zee! If 'tis light, I be dark!' 'Oh,' zays I, 'my dear, you ben't, to be zure.' 'Ees,' zays he, 'I be, zure enough.' Well, I was a-gushed—zo I put down the stick, and looked to his eyes, but I couldn't zee nort in 'em. Zo, zays I, 'Why there's nort in your eyes, Jahn; you'll be better by'm bye.' Zo I got un up, dressed un, and tootk un to the winder. 'There,' zaid I, 'Jahn, can't you zee now?' But no, a zaid a couldn't. 'Then,' zays I, 'I know what 't is. 'Tis your zight's a-turned inward.' Zo I tootk a pair of zizzers, not sharp-tapped ones, yer honor, and poked to his eyes to turn the zight outward agin—but I couldn't. Well, then I brought un down stairs, into this here room, yer honor. Zo, zays I, 'Jahn, can 't ye zee in this room neither?' and a zaid no, a couldn't. Well, then I thought of the picturs—he was always cruel vond of picturs—thinks a, pr'aps a may zee they; zo I tootk em up to thin. 'There,' zays I, 'Jahn, don't ye zee the pictur?—'tis Taffy riding upon his goat.' But a zaid no, a couldn't, Zo then a tootk un up to t'other pictur. 'There'—sir, he was always very vond of thin—and I pushed his nose close to un; 'there,' zays I, 'to be sure you zee this pictur, can't ye?' But a zaid no. 'Why,' zaid I, 't is Joseph and his brethren; there they be—there be twelve of 'em—can't ye zee ne'er a one of 'em?' But a zaid no, couldn't zee none of 'em. 'Then,' zays I, 'tis a bad job—your zight's a-turned inward.' Zo we pomsterred with un a bit, and then tried some doctor's trade, but it didn't do un no good; and, at last, we was told there was a vine man at Exeter vor zitch things—zo we zent un up to he. Well—there—the Exeter doctor zeed un, tootk his box of tools, and zarched about his eyes a bit; and, then a zent un home with this word, that he couldn't do un no good, and nobody else couldn't do un no good!"

A SOMEWHAT notorious canal-boat runner, some years ago on the Mohawk, laid a wager that he could throw a half-witted, blustering fellow clear across that narrow river. The bet was taken, and the stakes placed in the holder's hands. A large crowd went to see the performance. The wag, with solemn composure, seized the man by the nape of his neck and the "slack" of his breeches, and pitched him head-long about six-feet into the river. He came out puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and sputtered out:

"You've lost your bet!—you've lost your bet!"

"Not by a jug-full!" replied his tormentor; "I only want to get the *heft* of you. I'll throw you all day, but what I'll get you over! When I bet, *I bet to win*!" The stakes were "drawn."

THAT was a singular burlesque that took place in the "councils" of our City Fathers the other night. In the midst of their grave deliberations, a crazy fellow came in, and in a kind of half-soliloquy began to compliment that august body upon its judgment, intelligence, capacity, &c.; and all at once startled the "assembled wisdom" with:

"God bless the great Board of Aldermen!"

Then, taking to his heels, with the sergeant-at-arms close upon him, he made good his escape.

YOUNG man! never despair. "The darkest hour is just before day." Never leave off until you have "done your best," and even then, "try again" at something *else*, or in some other way:

"'Tis a lesson you should heed,

Try again."

If at first you don't succeed,

Try again.

Then your courage should appear,

For if you will persevere

You will conquer, never fear—

Try again!

Once or twice though you should fail,

Try again!

If you would at last prevail,

Try again.

If you strive, 'tis no disgrace,

Though you do not win the race;

What should you do in such a case?

Try again!"

Is it really true that at Newport the *habitans* live almost altogether upon halibut, tautog, clams, quahaug, and other fish!—and that, to keep up appearances, they sometimes place their "scaly" dinners, carefully concealed in the bottom of a covered basket, from the top of which protrude the stump-end of a leg of mutton, or a brace of turkey-legs? "Can these things be so?"

THE term "*Putting your foot in it*," it seems is of legitimate origin. According to the "*Asiatic Researches*," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practiced in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is too generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it!"

THERE is something oftentimes very amusing in the compositions of the deaf and dumb; and decidedly of this class is "*A Story of Hog*," written by one of the pupils of the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and published in their annual Report:

"I walked on the road. I stood near the water. I undressed my feet. I went in the water. I stood under the bridge. I sat on the log. I washed my feet with hands. I looked at large water came. I ran in the water. I ran out the water. The large water floated fast. I afraid. I wiped feet with stockings. I dressed my feet with stockings and shoes. I went on the ground. I stood on the ground. I seen at the hog ate grass. The hog seen at me. I went on the ground. I ran. The hog heard. The hog looked at me. It ran and jumped. The hog ran under the fence and got his head under the fence and want to ran out the fence! I caught ears its hog. The hog shout. I pulled the hog out the fence. I struck a hog with hand. I rided on the hog ran and jumped fast. The hog ran fell on near the water. I rided off a hog. I stood. I held one ear its hog. The hog slept lies on near the water. I waited. I leaved. I went from the hog. The hog awoke. It rose. It saw not me. It ran and jumped. The hog went from the water. The hog went in the mud and water. The hog wallowed in the mud and water became very dirty. It slept. I went. I went into the house."

THERE are some laughable specimens of *Catastrophes* on record, but we remember none more ridiculous than the following:

"I shall now proceed to expose the character of my antagonist. I shall remove his mask, and show his cloven-foot!"

"I smell a rat!" said a celebrated Irish advocate; "I see it brewing in the storm; but I shall crush it in the bud!"

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

ONE day last week, stimulated by a piscatorial impulse which we could not restrain, we induced a friend, who owns as fine a pinnace as ever a man-of-war could boast, to take us to the New Jersey kills opposite Staten Island. The day appeared to be in all respects propitious; we were well provided with bait; we had no ladies on board to frighten the finny tribe by their never-to-be-controlled gabble and laughter (we beg pardon of the sex)—but for some mysterious reason, the fish refused to bite. As a compensation, however, for the absence of the desired sport, an enjoyment of an unexpected character was reserved for us. Our boat was under the management and guidance of an old pensioner of the "Sailor's Snug Harbor," named William Girdham. Girdham, who is the son of an English sailing master who fell at Trafalgar, served himself, for many years, in the British navy. In the year 1810 he was a seaman attached to the "Salsette" frigate, Captain Bathurst, on board of which Lord Byron embarked at Smyrna, on the 11th April, in that year, and in which he remained as a guest, except when on shore at Constantinople, until he was landed at the island of Zea, toward the end of the succeeding July. Girdham, being all this time cockswain of the captain's gig, and always accompanying Lord Byron in his frequent excursions upon the water, had abundant opportunities of observing the peculiarities of the noble poet.

When Lord Byron and Lieutenant Eakenhead performed the feat of swimming from Sestos to Abydos, Girdham steered the boat which followed them. According to his statement, three or four times before they reached their destination, Byron swam up to the boat, and holding on to the side for a minute or two, took some refreshment to strengthen him. Eakenhead, he asserted, was much the better swimmer of the two; that is to say, he swam faster and more gracefully; but Byron had immense power of endurance. When they reached the opposite shore, neither of them seemed to be exhausted. The poet, in particular, appeared to be as fresh as when he started.

It was Byron's habit, while at Constantinople, to swim early every morning in the Bosphorus. Upon these occasions, Girdham represents himself to have been his only companion. He rowed him out daily at six o'clock to a particular spot. His lordship, who always provided himself with a couple of eggs and a few biscuits, would, after undressing himself, toss one of the eggs into the air with all his strength. Then, noticing where it struck the water, he would dive after it and bring it up from the bottom. This proceeding he would repeat with the other egg, and afterward dress himself, eat his biscuits, and return to town.

We questioned Girdham in reference to Byron's lameness. He informed us that his recollection was very distinct upon the subject. The heel of one of the poet's boots was from three eighths to one half of an inch higher than the other, and the toes of the foot to which it belonged he turned in while walking. His inequality of gait was, however, so slight, that a

person might be some time in his company before perceiving it at all. Girdham's impression was that the *left* foot was the imperfect one. In this statement he disagrees with Moore. The biographer says in a note, "In speaking of this lameness at the commencement of my work, I forbore, both from my own doubts on the subject and the great variance I found in the recollections of others, from stating in *which* of his feet the lameness existed. It will, indeed, with difficulty be believed what uncertainty I found upon this point, even among those most intimate with him. Mr. Hunt, in his book, states it to have been the left foot that was deformed, and this, though contrary to my own impression, and as it appears also to the fact, was the opinion I found also of others who had been much in the habit of living with him. On applying to his early friends at Southwell, and to the shoemaker of that town who worked for him, so little prepared were they to answer with any certainty on the subject, that it was only by recollecting that the lame foot 'was the off one in going up the street,' they at last came to the conclusion that his right limb was the one affected; and Mr. Jackson, his preceptor in pugilism, was, in like manner, obliged to call to mind whether his noble pupil was a right or left hand biter before he could arrive at the same decision." And yet, we are very far from being convinced that Mr. Moore's conclusion is the correct one. An English gentleman well known to the literary community, assures us that his own recollection is in accordance with the statement of our friend Girdham. Although a mere youth at the time, our informant was well acquainted with his lordship—so well, in fact, that he was playfully called by him "little devil," and at one time it was suggested that he should accompany him abroad. He had frequent opportunities to notice Byron's lameness, and upon a certain occasion, when they were together at a fashionable hatter's in Cheapside, his attention was particularly attracted to it. When he came in, the poet was seated before a table with his feet crossed under it. The boy (for boy he was) after a few minutes, being somewhat piqued because Byron had not interrupted the conversation in which he was engaged to be civil to him, withdrew to the other side of the shop. Standing there, leaning against the counter, in the absence of any thing better to do, he occupied himself in watching his lordship's feet. He satisfied his own mind then, that the lame foot was the *left* one—and that there might be no mistake upon the subject, while mentioning this incident to us he placed himself before a table in precisely the same position in which he recollected that Byron was seated, and in this way confirmed his impression.

Girdham is, therefore, very probably after all not in error. He noticed that Byron, when in the water, was almost powerless in one leg. His attention was so frequently called to this circumstance, that he is confident of the accuracy of his recollection as to which was the imperfect limb.

At this period of his life, Byron appeared to be much older than he really was. He was born on the 22d January, 1788, and consequently in May, 1810, was a little more than two-and-twenty. And yet, to the eyes of our informant, he then looked at least thirty. He was already quite corpulent. His shoulders were broad, and his waist small. When undressed, however, his limbs appeared less muscular than one would have expected to find them.

His manners were affable, communicative, and joyous. He was a great favorite with the sailors, both on account of his liberality and the frankness

of his intercourse with them. Hobhouse, who was of the party, and whose bearing was more dignified and aristocratic, was less liked.

Byron's dress upon ordinary occasions was exceedingly plain and unpretending. He had an English love for soap and water, and was always scrupulously neat in his person. When on board the frigate, he spent most of his mornings in the captain's cabin, reading and writing.

Upon the plain of Troy, Girdham remained three days with the poet. On their return to the water's edge, there was some delay about the boat. Lord Byron directed Girdham to bring him his writing-desk, which, when he received it, he placed upon his knee, and before the party were ready to embark, he had "covered a sheet of paper with verses."

Upon another occasion, Girdham was sent with a boat from Scutari, where Lord Byron and Captain Bathurst happened to be, to get some casks of wine. On its return the boat was upset, and the casks floated off. Byron's anxiety was all for the man, the captain's for the wine—probably because he knew that the man was in no danger. Fortunately, however, no damage happened to either.

When Byron was landed at the island of Zea, he went ashore with a kid under each arm, followed by his Albanian body-guard.

We urged the narrator to relate to us some anecdotes of the noble poet which might more pointedly illustrate his character and habits at the time. But unluckily he was unable, after the intervention of so many years, to recal any more particular circumstances.

It is proper that we should add that having visited that part of the world ourselves, and being tolerably familiar with its topography, we were enabled to confirm, in our own mind, the accuracy of Girdham's descriptions. His recollections of the poet were given with but few leading questions on our part, and there was an air of truth about his whole manner which produced the conviction that he was drawing upon his memory and not upon his imagination. We remember that we asked him, for our own information, the meaning of the word "Salsette," the name of Captain Bathurst's frigate. He replied that it is the name of an island near Bombay—that he was at Bombay himself with the frigate, and that he sailed in her in all ten years. In 1815, disgusted with the smallness of a pension which his sisters were in the receipt of from the government, he left the service. Since then he has been engaged in merchant vessels belonging principally to Philadelphia and this port, until laid upon the shelf by age. He is now some seventy years old, and a fine specimen of an intelligent veteran tar. Any one who has the curiosity to hear from his own lips the above more circumstantially than we have related it, can be gratified by calling for him at the "Sailor's Snug Harbor," near Port Richmond, Staten Island.

Our friend from the "rural districts," several of whose city mishaps we have already related, suddenly reappeared in town a few weeks since—the motive for his journey this time being a desire to "assist" (as the French say) at the wedding of a fair cousin some degrees removed, whose parents flourish on the sunny side of prosperity up-town. Happening to be acquainted with the lady ourselves, and to be favored with a card of invitation for the "happy occasion," we proposed to our verdant companion that we should go together to the "reception" after the performance of the ceremony; and our proposition was, of course, cheerfully accepted. Now,

there are a good many innovations in the manner of conducting weddings at the present day; "modern improvements," we presume, upon old fashioned ways. For instance, the great iced cake is no longer cut up in the supper-room and the slices distributed to the expectant maidens and bachelors, each eager to discover, in his or her piece, the single gold ring, the possession of which is to insure that the finder will be the *victim* of the next "propitious event," as the newspapers call it. This practice has been eschewed in fashionable circles. As a tame substitute for it the cake is dissected somewhere out of sight—probably at the baker's shop—and the slices deposited in paper boxes, which, being tied up with white ribbon and left conspicuously on the hall table, the guests are at liberty to take possession of and carry home to dream upon. This seems to us to be a very genteel, but comparatively frigid custom. Then, as to the form of the invitations, old usages have been abandoned, but the new practice is very uncertain. Should it be "Mrs. Snooks at home, &c, &c.," or "Miss Snooks at home, &c., &c.?" And in the event of the adoption of the first form, should Miss Snooks's card be included in the envelope, sandwiched between her mamma's and Mr. Bodkins's, or does modesty require that the young lady should not appear at all on pasteboard? The necessity for a competent court of etiquette to settle these momentous questions is becoming very urgent. Another new custom, and, as we think, a very reasonable one, is for the servant at the door to ask the guests when entering, for their visiting cards, and in the event of their not being provided with them to tender a pencil that they may inscribe their names in a book provided for the purpose. The object of this is, that the "happy couple" (newspaper dialect again) may know whom to call upon and whom to invite to their parties.

But we are forgetting our story. In accordance with previous determination, our rustic friend and ourselves proceeded on the appointed day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to the mansion of the bride's father. *Jeames*, at the street door, immediately asked the gentlemen for "their cards." While fumbling in our pockets for the article requested, we were no less amazed than amused to see our companion tender to the lackey his five inches by three "Mrs. Snooks at home, &c., &c.," while turning to us he exclaimed, "No matter, Peter (he persists in calling us Peter), I dare say that if you have forgotten yours, this young man will let us both in with mine!" He with becoming naïveté supposed that the "show your ticket" practice of the theatres and concert-rooms, obtained equally at private houses on festive occasions.

It is well known in what abhorrence the lawyers hold the "New Code," and what "confusion worse confounded" it has introduced into the practice of the profession. Some months ago, possibly nearly a year—when the late much respected David Graham, Esq. was first attacked by the illness which recently terminated his brilliant career—one day a Mr. P—, a gentleman of the robe, met in the Supreme Court Room another of the codifiers, when the following dialogue took place:

Mr. P—.—"Do you know how Mr. Graham is?"

Codifier.—"He is very ill—completely broken down. The Code has ruined the health of all of us who were engaged upon it—the labor was so intense."

Mr. P—, *very drily*.—"I am not surprised, for it has made all the bar sick!"

A YOUNG English gentleman, a connection of Lord Ashburton's, has been recently traveling in this country. After remaining at Washington some time, he proceeded South; and a day or two before his departure, he called at the house of a family with whom he had become somewhat intimate for the purpose of taking leave. The young lady of the house, on learning his proposed route, offered to give him a letter of introduction to her brother, the editor of a newspaper in one of the southern cities. She would send it, she said, to his lodgings that evening, and she begged that on receiving it, he would read it, in order to ascertain if it was written to his satisfaction. In due time the promised letter came, and, in compliance with the request of the fair writer, our friend, without delay, perused the contents. They were as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., —, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—I have great pleasure in introducing to your acquaintance my friend, Mr. —, an English gentleman, whom I have met at the *festive board* and in the *social hall*. He is active, intelligent, and, I believe, thoroughly honest. Any civilities which you may have it in your power to extend to him will be duly appreciated by me, as a personal favor to

Your affectionate SISTER.

The best of the joke is, that no joke was intended. It is needless to say that the letter *did not suit*, and was never delivered.

It would be a curious study to investigate the origin of slang expressions. Some which are in popular usage here, and which are generally supposed to be of domestic manufacture, are of great antiquity. Occasionally, a word which has become obsolete in England is still retained by us, and set down by the English as a Yankee provincialism.

The word "chores," which is so commonly used in New England, we came across the other day somewhere in Beaumont and Fletcher, although it is out of our power at this moment to indicate the precise passage.

The word "*muss*" is Saxon. The following extract is from "*Antony and Cleopatra*."

Antony.—Of late, when I cried "Ho!"

Like boys unto a *muss*, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?"

Act III., Scene XI.

The explanatory foot note in Knight's edition is "a muss—a scramble."

The verb "*to lamm*" is any thing but an Americanism. It is found several times in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays.

Higgin.—"To amplify the matter then; rogues ye are,
And *lamb'd* ye shall be ere we leave ye."

The Beggar's Bush.

Again,

Laverdine.—"Marry, I say, sir, I have been acquainted with *lamming* in my youth, as you have been with whipping."—*The Honest Man's Fortune*.

And once more,

Bacurius.—"One whose dull body will require a *lamming*."—*A King and no King*.

Theobald explains the word "soundly beaten, and states that it was still used in many parts of England at the time at which he wrote.

The vulgar abbreviation "gent" is also no novelty. In the "Knight of the burning Pestle" (Beaumont and Fletcher) we have the expression "ladies gent" (Act III., Scene IV.), seemingly meaning gentle ladies or ladies of gentle blood. The same expression occurs again in the same act and scene.

Oliver Wendell Holmes stigmatizes the use of this inelegant abbreviation in the following lines :

"The things named "pants" in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen but "gents."

At a period of time not very remote from the present, there flourished, in the city of London, a famous quack who called himself Doctor Von Bunschel. (We are not sure of the spelling.) Although a charlatan in many respects, the doctor was still a man of considerable science, and his practice is said to have been extensive and lucrative. He was in the habit of dressing himself with comic extravagance, and he drove a horse which he painted in the most absurd manner. A fortune was left to him by some relative of his wife, which, according to the terms of the will, he was to enjoy "so long as she should remain above ground." Now, one day, Mrs. Von Bunschel took it into her head rather suddenly to die. The doctor, thinking the loss of the lady a sufficiently severe bereavement by itself, resolved to prevent, if possible, the money from going with her. In order to accomplish this, he determined to have the body embalmed. He accordingly sent for Sir Astley Cooper and two others of the most eminent surgeons of the day. When the operators arrived, they directed the corpse to be removed to the attic of the house, considering that the most convenient place for the performance of their disagreeable task. After every thing was made ready, one of the gentlemen suggested to the husband that he had better withdraw from the room before they commenced,

that he might be spared a spectacle which could not fail to be repugnant to his feelings. But he declined absenting himself, saying that he had made up his mind to remain, and was quite prepared for the event. When it became necessary to remove the eyes, it was discovered that no one had recollected to bring with him a proper instrument for the purpose. But Von Bunschel at once removed the difficulty, by assuring them that he had provided for any such accident, and at the same time taking an ordinary oyster knife from his pocket. When the process of embalming, which it must be confessed that the disconsolate widower bore with manly fortitude, was completed, another embarrassment arose. How was the body to be got down-stairs again? The stair-case, which was unusually narrow, was a spiral one. Poor Mrs. Von Bunschel had just assumed a fearful increase of volume. One proposition was to let her down from the attic window to the window below, by means of cords. The objection to this arrangement was that so unusual a spectacle would be very likely to alarm the neighborhood. At length, however, the husband, who seemed ready for every emergency, taking the "poor, dear woman," as he called her, by the arms, raised her upon his back, staggered with her down-stairs, and deposited her in the chamber which she had occupied when living. Here she is said to have remained until the doctor's death. As she was still "above ground," he continued as long as he lived in the enjoyment of the fortune. The curious will find Mrs. Von Bunschel, at the present day, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons at London.

Literary Notices.

Life of Dr. Chalmers. Vol. IV. This volume which closes Harper and Brothers' edition of the biography of Dr. Chalmers, fully sustains the interest of the preceding portions of the work. With not less of incident and anecdote illustrating the personal traits of its distinguished subject, it brings into prominent view several of the great public movements with which his name has become identified. The history of the Disruption of the Scottish Church, of the establishment and progress of the Free Church, and of the influence of Dr. Chalmers in relation to those events is presented with singular impartiality and clearness of detail, forming a pregnant and instructive chapter in modern ecclesiastical annals. Throughout this exciting contest, the character of Dr. Chalmers is displayed in new strength and beauty. His never failing presence of mind, his unconquerable nerve, his sagacity in counsel, and his energy in action, his unmistakeable conscientiousness combining equal vigor and delicacy, and his personal modesty while pursuing an heroic line of conduct, are revealed in rich and attractive colors, and all the more impressive from the abstinence of the biographer from attempting to place them in an imposing light. He wisely leaves the high heart of Chalmers to show itself without superfluous comment. The intimacy of Dr. Chalmers with his erratic countryman, Thomas Carlyle, is a curious feature in his biography. The correspondence in this volume, which illustrates it, will be welcome to every reader, and does perhaps equal honor to the preacher and the essayist. The following passage from a letter of Carlyle, acknowledging the reception from Dr. Chalmers of his "Lectures on Pauperism," is quite characteristic: "A

wholesome, grateful air of hope, brotherly kindness, cheerful sagacity, salutes me from this book as I eagerly glance over it: to read it with care, as I purpose shortly to do, will be no task for me, but a pleasure. One is sure beforehand of finding much, very much, that one must at once and zealously assent to; and slower assent, doubt, examination—nay, ultimate dissent itself (turning only on the application and details), can but render a beautiful deeper basis of agreement more visible. It seems to me a great truth, this fundamental principle of yours, which I trace as the origin of all these hopes, endeavors, and convictions in regard to Pauperism, that human things can not stand on selfishness, mechanical utilities, economics, and law-courts; that if there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable and doomed to ruin. A poor-law can be no lasting remedy; the poor and the rich, when once the naked parts of their condition come into collision, can not long live together upon a poor-law! Solely as a sad transitional palliative against still fiercer miseries and insupportabilities can it pretend to recommend itself, till something better be vouchsafed us, with *true* healing under its wings! But enough of this. Go as it may, your labors in this matter are not lost—no jot of them is lost. Nay, in one shape or another, as I believe, the thing that you advocate must verily realize itself in this earth—across what famines, poor-laws, convulsions, and embroiled strugglings, is not known to man. My prayer is, that a voice so humane, so true and wise, may long be heard in this debate, and attentively laid to heart on all sides." How much he differed from Carlyle in his estimate of the

Germans, appears from a little incident related in this volume. "Full of the subjects of the Germans and their philosophy, it was natural that during breakfast that morning, he should lead the conversation in that direction. On this particular occasion, however, it happened that his hostility to what he considered a vicious tendency in all characteristic German speculation, predominated over the respect which he acknowledged for the powerful intellectual manifestation visible in this species of labor. As he spoke, he became excited, even angry. There was much false reverence, he thought, for many things, simply because they were foreign, and this was seen in the present rage for German philosophy. It was the greatest madness imaginable. 'Germany! a country where system after system was springing up, none of them lasting a day; every man, as it were, holding up his cheeks, crying, 'Look at me, too!' I tell you I'll look at none of you—your Skillers (Schillers), and your Skagels (Schlegels), and your ——.' There he was interrupted by the merry laughter of all at his half-conscious mispronunciation of the two German names that had the misfortune to occur to him in his moment of wrath, and, well aware of the cause, he broke down into a laugh at himself."

MEYER'S *Universum* is the title of a popular German serial, which has been translated into nearly every language on the European continent, and is now reproduced for the first time in this country. This work is constructed on a novel and highly interesting plan, containing views of the most remarkable cities, public edifices, and natural scenes in every part of the world, accompanied by letter-press descriptions, embodying the most accurate information, and general views of history and philosophy suggested by the subjects in hand. In the American edition, which is under the superintendence of Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, a full collection of views from every portion of the American continent will be presented, eminent artists having been long engaged in exploring the most romantic regions of the country for this purpose. From the specimens of the *Universum* which we have examined, we presume that it will meet with an extensive patronage in the United States. (Published by Hermann J. Meyer.)

Blanchard and Lea have published an edition of NIEBUHR'S *Lectures on Ancient History* in three volumes, comprising the history of the Asiatic Nations, the Egyptians, Greeks, Macedonians, and Carthaginians, from the earliest times to the taking of Alexandria by Octavian. The lectures are well translated by Dr. Schmitz, of Edinburgh, and will be found of great value as furnishing materials for historical research, though not precisely adapted for popular reading in warm weather.

Atlantic and Transatlantic: Sketches Afloat and Ashore. By Captain MACKINNON, R.N. (Harper and Brothers.) These lively jottings of a tour in America present an agreeable contrast to the tone of most British travelers, in their observations on this country. John Bull is so comfortable and well-to-do at home (of course excepting the myriad classes who never think of a foreign land but as a refuge from bitterest poverty and misfortune in their own), that on going abroad he finds every thing which interferes with his accustomed habits, a proof of national inferiority, almost of barbarism, and regards the difference from his cast-iron, conventional fixtures, in the light of a personal injury. Not so the writer of these genial volumes. Captain Mackinnon is a cosmopolitan by nature. He was born to rough it with a good heart, wherever fortune should send

him, and is able to put up with "hog and homminy" when turbot and white bait are wanting. He is not disgusted with the United States, because they still evince something of the petulance and rudeness of hot-blooded youth, nor does he look for Pitti Palaces or Parthenons in the prairies of Illinois. Visiting different portions of America, in the course of an extensive tour, he seizes the respective features of each with discriminating tact, and describes his impressions in a free, sketchy, and perhaps too jaunty style, but one which never fails to sustain the interest of the reader. His attention was particularly directed to the internal improvements, and the material development, in general, of which the United States now present such a striking example. On this subject his remarks are always to the point, and evince great intelligence and discernment. Several piquant anecdotes are interspersed throughout the narrative, showing a genuine love of fun in the cordial Englishman, which no doubt largely contributed to the freedom with which he seems to have made himself at home among all classes of society. His dashing, off-hand descriptions are usually well-adapted to the subject on the carpet, and while they are far more readable than can often be the case with the unpretending note-book of a traveler, they furnish a great deal of important information, which can be relied on as of an authentic character. Captain Mackinnon is evidently a person of good breeding and good sense, and the frank, intelligent, and manly spirit of his book will tend to give him a plenty of firm friends in this country, to which he has attempted to do justice without fulsome adulation.

Harper and Brothers have issued a neat edition of BUTLER'S *Analogy*, containing the original treatise, with a life of the author, by G. R. BROOKS, and a complete and accurate Analysis of the argument of the work, by the late President EMORY, of Dickinson College. The Analysis, which is an important feature of the present edition, is drawn up with eminent skill, and must prove an invaluable aid to the student in pursuing the deductions of Bishop Butler, which are always close and often obscure. The utility of the volume is increased by the brief explanatory notes of the American editor, and by a comprehensive index. No one can peruse the masterly writings of Butler without great intellectual profit. Of all English authors his researches in the science of ethics have produced the most precious and the most permanent fruit. With a profound insight into human nature, he has done much to vindicate the authority of conscience, and to establish the reality of a disinterested principle in the constitution of man. Although devoted to theological investigations, the "Analogy" is thoroughly tinctured with the ethical views of the author, and challenges the attentive study of the moralist no less than of the divine. As a wholesome discipline, in these days of rash and superficial thought, its value can scarcely be overrated.

The Napoleon Dynasty, by the BERKELEY MEN (published by Cornish, Lamport, and Co.), is a new contribution to the Bonaparte literature, devoted to the different members of the family of the Great Corsican. It would seem that no more appreciative justice was to be exercised in regard to the career of Napoleon, than that which it is receiving from the pens of American writers. The Memoirs by Mr. Abbott in our own Magazine, have met with distinguished favor from men of the most opposite political sentiments, and it is believed, that they present a more impartial, as well as a more graphic account of the illustrious conqueror than is to be found else-

where in the English language. The work now on our table regards the subject in a new aspect, making Napoleon the centre of a group composed of his nearest relatives, and presenting the familiar historical facts in a light which invests them with fresh interest. At the same time, the researches of the writers have gathered a mass of information which challenges the interest of all who wish to follow the various fortunes of the Imperial family, in their curious developments. The details here furnished in regard to Joseph Bonaparte and his residence in the United States, the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte with a lady of Baltimore, and the antecedents of the Usurper, Louis Napoleon, are replete with information, even for the practiced student of French history. The typography of the volume is brilliant, and the embellishments, which are numerous, are excellent specimens of their department of art.

A new edition of the *Waverley Novels* is issued in Boston, by S. H. Parker and B. B. Mussey, of neat typographical execution, and of a convenient form for the library.

SHAW'S *Outlines of English Literature*, with a *Sketch of American Literature*, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, has been published by Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia. The value of this excellent compend is increased by Mr. Tuckerman's graceful Essay, which is written in good taste, and with an impartial and discriminating spirit.

Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of *The Personal Adventures of "Our Own Correspondent" in Italy*, by MICHAEL BURKE HONAN, a gay, rollicking description of political, military, humorous, and social scenes, in which the writer—a jovial old stager of the London press—has been engaged during the last four years. It abounds in Irish wit and Irish exaggeration, and never fails to raise a laugh, and sometimes at the expense of the author.

St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, by Rev. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, D.D., is the title of an interesting narrative describing the missionary life of Rev. JAMES M'GREGOR BERTRAM, at Table and Saldanha Bays in the South of Africa, and on the Island of St. Helena. The materials of the work are principally derived from the public addresses of Mr. Bertram, whose appeals in this country in behalf of the work of benevolence in which he is engaged have been responded to with such general cordiality. The volume is introduced with an appropriate essay on "Faith in the Divine Power," by Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., of this city. Published by Edward H. Fletcher.

E. Dunigan and Brother are issuing a serial edition of HAYDOCK'S *Catholic Family Bible*, comprising the Douay version of the Old Testament and the Rheims version of the New Testament, with critical and explanatory notes selected from various commentators. This edition, which is issued under the sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, presents a superb specimen of typography, and is illustrated with engravings in the highest style of art. It is intended to supply a want which the publishers state has been long felt by the Catholic community of America, and it appears to us admirably adapted for that purpose.

J. C. Riker has published a new manual of elocution, by WILLIAM H. GILDER, entitled *The New Rhetorical Reader*. The selections in this work, a large proportion of them from American writers, are made with admirable taste. In the Introduction, a brief summary of the principles of elocution is presented, which, in spite of all the objections to theoretic instruction in reading, can not fail to be of service to those who wish to obtain the command of a

flexible, melodious, and expressive voice. We do not hesitate to pronounce this book a valuable addition to the teacher's library.

SIGNOR GIROLAMO VOLPE, the translator of Mr. WARREN'S *Lily and Bee*, has delivered a course of lectures on the Italian poets in London. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto occupied the chief place, and some scenes from Alfieri's tragedies were also given. Signor Volpe's mode of recitation, his expository discourses, and critical remarks were duly appreciated by his audience.

A London journal notices in the following terms Miss AMY LOTHROP'S *Dollars and Cents*, which, it seems, has been reprinted in London, under the romantic title of *Glen Luna*—a decided improvement on the homely American appellation:

"*Glen Luna* is a fiction in a single volume, but so closely though clearly printed, that in length it is probably equal to the regular three-volume novel. There is no preface or introduction, but it appears to us to be very like an importation from America. Whether it be so or not, certainly it displays a great deal of ability, and the hand of a practiced writer. The name upon the title-page is new to us, but it can not long remain unknown, for *Glen Luna* is sure to be read extensively, and admired greatly. It is a tale of middle-class life, most unaffectedly told—a transcript from the world about us, whose charm lies in its almost daguerreotype exactness to the original. Every body in the book is just like every body one meets in the world; all talk like men and women, and are moved by the ordinary impulses of human nature. The scenes amid which the personages are thrown are painted with uncommon accuracy and brightness, form pictures in the mind's eye, and, therefore, are not likely to fade away from the memory."

The Council of the Royal Society have recommended the following distinguished foreign *savans* to the Society for election on the list of foreign members, there being four vacancies, viz., A. T. BRONGNIART, BENJAMIN PIERCE, J. LAMONT, and V. REGNAULT. The election of these gentlemen will take place at the first meeting of the ensuing session.

The levity of our race (says the London *Leader*) is unpleasantly manifested in the readiness to accuse. Before us lies a grave, temperate pamphlet, by Jared Sparks, the American editor of Washington's *Writings*, in which he is forced to defend himself against the hasty accusations made by Lord Mahon and others, of having tampered with the text, altering, omitting, and inserting, as might suit his caprice—an accusation, in fact, of deliberate dishonesty. We wish our American, no less than our English friends, to understand that Mr. Jared Sparks clearly, calmly, and convincingly refutes that accusation on every point.

Professor Grimm, one of the most eminent Continental philologists, in a treatise on the origin of languages, read before the Royal Academy, Berlin, thus speaks of the English language:—"It possesses, through its abundance of free medial tones, which may be learned indeed, but which no rules can teach, the power of expression such as never perhaps was attained by any human tongue. Its altogether intellectual and singularly happy foundation and development, has arisen from a surprising alliance between the two noblest languages of antiquity—the German and the Romanesque—the relation of which to each

other is well known to be such, that the former supplies the material foundation, the latter the abstract notions. Yes, truly, the English language may with good reason call itself a universal language, and seems chosen, like the people, to rule in future times in a still greater degree in all the corners of the earth. In richness, sound reason, and flexibility, no modern tongue can be compared with it—not even the German, which must shake off many a weakness before it can enter the lists with the English.”

In connection with the poems of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, a London literary journal airs its vocabulary in some entertaining flippancy on American literature in general. “Were a market record to be kept of our intellectual imports, and the ‘doings’ in poets and novelists registered as eggs and cheeses are, people would, perhaps, be surprised to see how the literature of our American kinsmen is spreading among us. Who does not remember the smart snub of their literary pretensions by Sydney Smith, which brought down the reply of the crack Yankee reviewer, who refuted the sarcasm by instancing a dozen writers of whom Europe was content to be ignorant? The reviewer could make a far better reply now! English editions of American authors crowd our booksellers’ windows. Emerson has been reprinted in whole or in part, in three forms. Herman Melville, Edgar Poe, Hawthorne, and Dana are well known; Holmes is beginning to be known, though slowly, for though he ranks among his countrymen as the first in wit, our own present literature is so very rich in that particular, that we can ‘compete with the foreigner’ (as the politicians say), and scarcely need that article from him. But evidences of a distinctly original literature are beginning to be apparent in America, and we shall no longer have to deal with them as savages do with Europeans, getting glass beads and Birmingham buttons in exchange for ivory and gold dust! . . .

“We have spoken thus freely on certain little weaknesses, that our readers might the more confidently take on trust what we have to say with equal emphasis of the hopeful aspect of American letters which we set out with remarking. A breath of genius, as steady as a trade wind, breathes through all the books of Melville—the spirit of Hawthorne is as fresh, healthy, and rich as the beautiful plant (call us not sentimental! ‘with its locks of siller gray,’) his namesake. And in Lowell, of whom we have now something to say specially, we recognize a fine-minded, high-spirited, original man-of-letters, deserving to be better known here. We have heard of him, now and then, for the last few years, by fits and starts, just as the westerly winds blow fragments of his works in our way. He is one of the Boston *literati*; which we specify not without due reason, for America has its distinct seats of polite letters. New York hath one set of writers—Boston another—Philadelphia a third. And Boston, perhaps, would not forgive us if we did not give her her fair claim openly. Though, to be sure, we confess that, as Englishmen, we could not pretend to assign a writer, by his style, to his particular city. It would puzzle us to discern the peculiarity, as much as the moderns are puzzled to determine the real nature of the ‘Patavinity’ attributed to Livy.

“The first work of Lowell’s which was reprinted here was a volume of ‘Conversations on the Old Poets,’ wanting dramatic reality as a book of colloquies, certainly; and, indeed, not pretending to that species of excellence; but it contains a great deal of good, fresh criticism—a hearty warmth of ap-

preciation for the Elizabethans throughout—with a strong tincture, by-the-by, of Emersonian philosophy. It was a book evidently written under the influence of all the ‘newest views’ about literature in general, and distinguished by a particularly high appreciation of Keats. We suppose it was an early book of the writer’s, for the style had the faults of youth. There was an almost absurd redundancy of metaphors, and all the more brilliant parts of rhetoric, about it; every point of criticism was sent whizzing into you feathered by a trope. Each paragraph reminded you of a boy’s sprig of thorn, tipped at every prick with a daisy. There were passages of high poetic beauty, too; yet these were so rhetorically formed, that knowing, as we have all reason to know nowadays, the difference between *poetic writing* and *writing poetry*, you could not help anticipating that the author would write poems with some apprehension. Well, he has published ‘Poems’ in the orthodox form, and of these, two separate editions have been published in this country. In America he ranks high as a poet, and very high as a man of letters. He has published two other works since his poems, the ‘Fable for Critics’ and the ‘Biglow Papers,’ neither of which, we believe, has been reprinted here, though highly deserving of English types.”

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* has a highly appreciative article on NIEBUHR’S *Life and Letters*, closing with a judicious summary of the excellencies of that admirable writer: “Altogether this work is one of the most valuable contributions to our biographical literature which has been made in recent times, and we earnestly recommend it to all our readers. It is impossible to peruse these volumes without learning to love Niebuhr almost as much as we have been accustomed to admire him. With hasty impulses, and a somewhat irritable temper, he combined a warmth of heart and a profound tenderness of nature which break forth in every line; while earnestness of purpose, ardent patriotism, and the sincerest devotion to the truth, overpowered all meaner or more selfish feelings, and conferred a tone of dignity and elevation to his character which renders the delineation here given of it at once attractive and inspiring. It must be a cold and unsympathizing spirit which can read this record of indefatigable industry, noble aspiration, sacred integrity, and unwearied zeal in the discharge of dry official duties, without the heartiest appreciation, and without something, at least, of a wish to emulate such rare endowments.”

LAMARTINE has written, and is about to publish, a “*History of the First Constituent Assembly of France*.” The work is intended to form the first portion of a complete History of the Revolution from 1789 to 1830; and of this history the famous *Girondins*, published some years ago, is to be considered the second part, and *The Restoration* the conclusion.

The Countess D’ORSAY, emboldened by the success of her novel, *L’Ombre de Bonheur*, has just given the world three volumes more, *La Fontaine des Fées*. The Marquis de FOUDRAS, who created a scandal by his *Caprice d’une Grande Dame*, has endeavored to revive that fugitive popularity by a continuation of it, under the suggestive title *Une Madeleine Repentante*.

MAGUIN’S new work, *Histoire des Marionnettes en Europe depuis l’Antiquité jusqu’à nos Jours*, is a reprint of some elaborate articles in the *Revue des*

Deux Mondes, wherein a vast and piquant erudition, aided by a clear and lively style, gives philosophic dignity and interest to a subject which might seem frivolous.

A new Literary Society has been established in Paris, the operations of which can not but be beneficial to the French nation, *Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français*. The Society will collect and publish documents, whether printed or hitherto unedited, relative to the history of French Protestantism in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. A bulletin, or periodical *compte-rendu* of the transactions of the Society will appear, and a *recueil* will contain such papers and documents as the Committee may decide on publishing. Among the names of the Committee are those of M. CHARLES READ, President, M. CHARLES WEISS, V. P., M. EUGENE HAAG, Secretary, with MM. COQUEREL, ADOLPHE MONOD, BARTHOLOMEW, and other leading Protestant pastors and literary men. M. GUIZOT has accepted the Honorary Presidency of the Society. The researches of the Society will not be confined to ecclesiastical matters, but will embrace the history of the social and political relations of Protestantism in France.

Messrs. Furne, one of the principal publishing firms of Paris, and Messrs. Garnier, another eminent house have each just commenced the publication of a new edition of BUFFON'S complete works, with the arrangement and additions of CUVIER. Both republications are admirably printed on superior paper, with beautiful illustrations, colored and plain; and are to be sold in parts at five sous. It is of course only on the calculation that the sale will be immense that such a work can be given at such a price; but the love of natural history is becoming so general among all classes of the population; it is nearly certain that the publishers will not be disappointed in their expectations. In Belgium and in Germany, also, a marked predilection for the natural sciences is now being displayed.

M. BURNOUF, the most distinguished Oriental scholar of France, died rather suddenly a short time since. He was only quite recently elected perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. He was specially well versed in the Sanscrit language.

If one of the Paris journals is to be believed, M. THIERS has long been preparing materials for a *History of Civilization*, and is now in Italy for that purpose. The publication of the work, the newspaper adds, will commence on the completion of the *History of the Consulate and Empire*. Civilization is a noble theme for the historian; but the subject is so vast we can scarcely hope that M. Thiers, notwithstanding his extraordinary industry, will be able to master it.

Signor G. B. NICOLINI, of Rome, formerly a deputy to the Tuscan Constituent Assembly, now a refugee in Edinburgh, is preparing a popular history of the Jesuits, to be published in monthly numbers. Mr. Nicolini has already published a *History of the Pontificate of Pius IX.*, *Life of Gavazzi*, and other works, which attest his ability as an historical writer.

The quantity of printing done in England, Germany and France, has often excited amazement. In the year 1851 there were 1060 books published, and 113 journals. Of the books, 182 were theolog-

ical, 156 political, 123 legal, 80 historical, 55 politico-æconomical and technical, 45 educational, 40 philological, 38 medical, 31 mathematical, 22 physical, 18 geographical, 3 æsthetical, and 3 philosophical. Fiction and belles-lettres have 259, but they are mostly translations from English, French, and German.

The Commission of the Academy of Sciences, charged with preparing the list of candidates for a foreign associate, in room of the late Professor OERSTED, of Copenhagen, presented the names of M. MITSCHERLICH, of Berlin, *en première ligne*, and afterward, in second line, alphabetically placed, the names of AIRY of London, EHRENBERG of Berlin, HERSCHEL of London, LIEBIG of Giessen, MELLONI of Naples, STRUVE of Polkowa. When election took place, M. Mitscherlich obtained 43 out of 46 votes given.

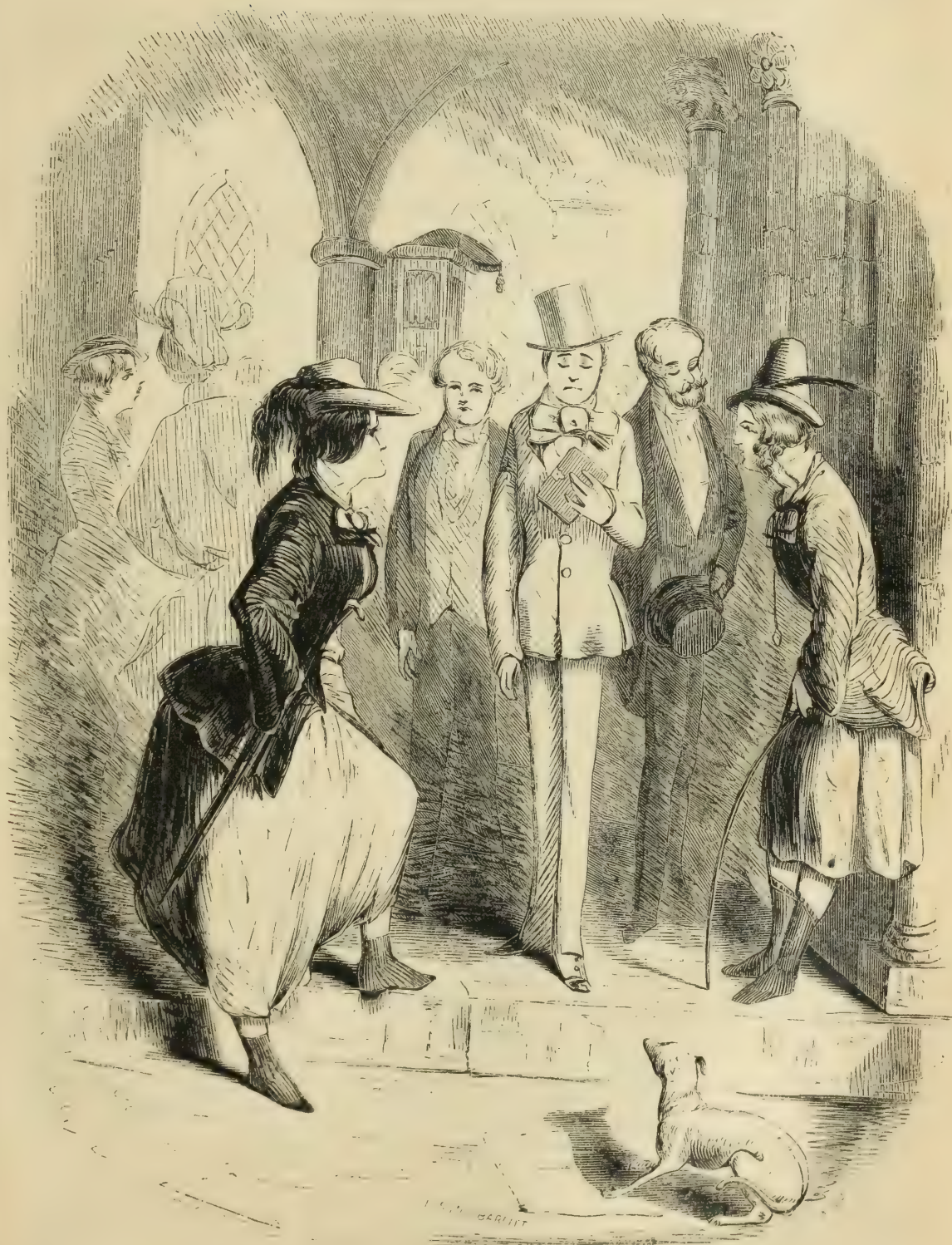
Letters from Munich announce the death of the oldest of the Professors in the University of that capital, the celebrated chemist, M. ANDRE BUCHNER, at the age of sixty-nine. M. Buchner has occupied the chair of chemistry for thirty-four years. He was the author of many and laborious works: the principal one of which is said to be his *Repertory of Pharmacy*, in forty-one large octavo volumes. It is rumored, that he will be succeeded in the chair of chemistry by Baron LIEBIG, who has resigned his professorship at the University of Giessen, and is said to have long had the desire to fix himself at Munich.

The last two numbers of the *Grenzboten* contain papers on ROBERT BROWNING and NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Browning is characterized as "the most distinguished poet of the young English School," and this school (it is asserted) is at war with the traditions of the older literature, and proceeds in the metaphysical tendency of German poesy. It is further asserted, that the leading idea of all Browning's poetry is filched from "Faust," and that the poet has "an extensive cultivation, a large store of conceived reflections and of anticipated sentiments." Of Hawthorne it is said, that of all Anglo-American writers he is most proficient in style, and that he belongs to the same school with Mr. Longfellow and Margaret Fuller.

SCHUBERT, BARTH, NIERITZ, and SCHMIDT, the chief German writers of books for children, have before this been translated into English. But it is certainly a novelty in the history of juvenile literature, to find that these English translations of German works are reprinted in Germany, and offered to the youth of that country under the title of "English Library for the Young." The titles of the books thus reproduced, are, *The Twin Brothers*, by SCHUBERT; *Christmas Morning*, by BARTH; *Augustus, the Drummer*; *Michael, the Miner*; and the *Foundling*, by NIERITZ; *Eustace and Eichenfels*, by SCHMIDT; and *Journal of a Vicar* in Wiltshire, by ZSCHOKKE.

M. TEMMINCK, the eminent zoologist of Leyden, has been elected a corresponding member of the zoological section of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in the room of M. Tiedemann, deceased. Among the candidates recommended by a committee for the honor, were Mr. WATERHOUSE, of London; Mr. DANA of Boston; Mr. DE KAY of New York; and Mr. HOLBROOK of Charleston. The Academy of Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, at Paris, has elected M. NAUDET its perpetual secretary.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



A GREAT NUISANCE.

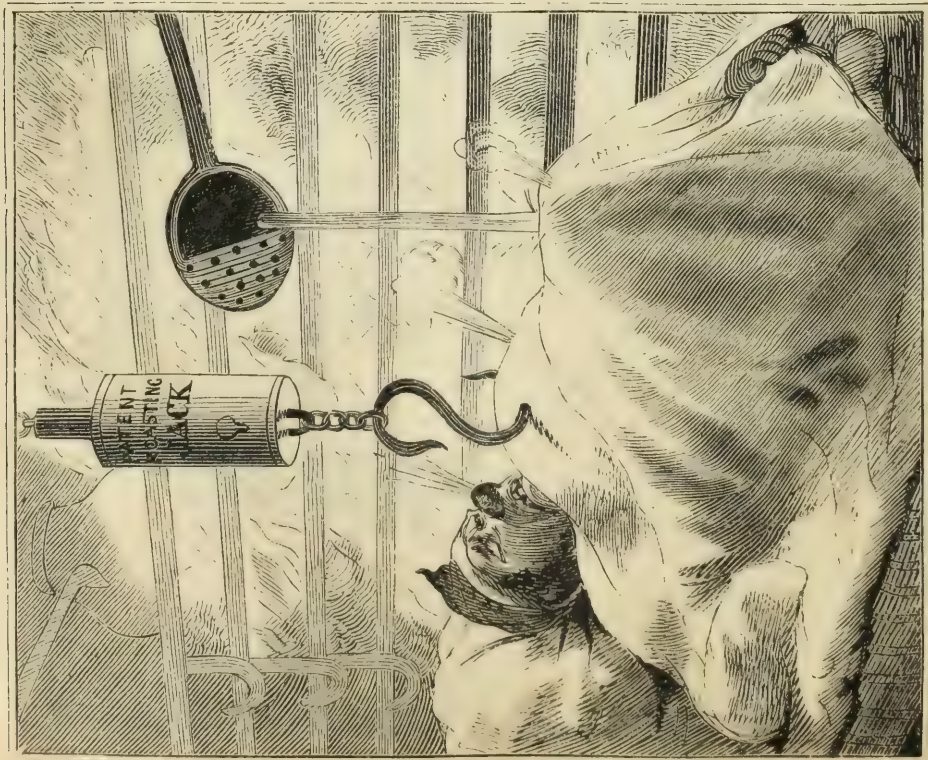
DASHING YOUNG LADY.—Will you allow me, Sir, the honor of escorting you home?
MODEST YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I thank you, Miss. I will not trouble you. Mamma promised to send the carriage for me.



"TEA ROOM" SKETCHES . . BEFORE TEA

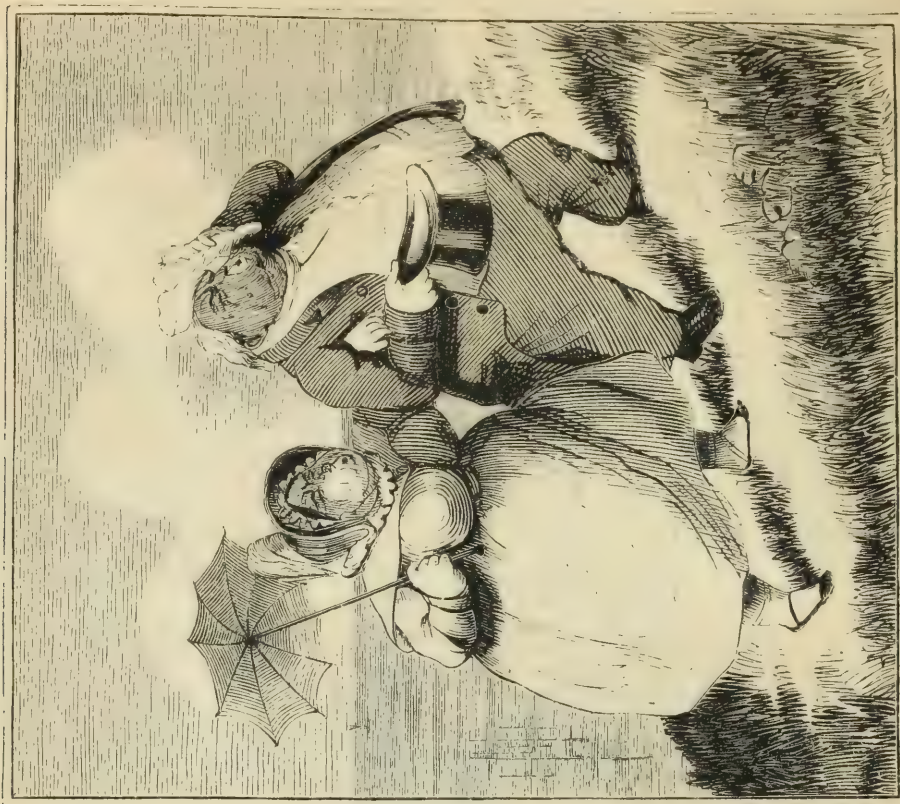
"TEA-ROOM" SKETCHES... AFTER TEA.



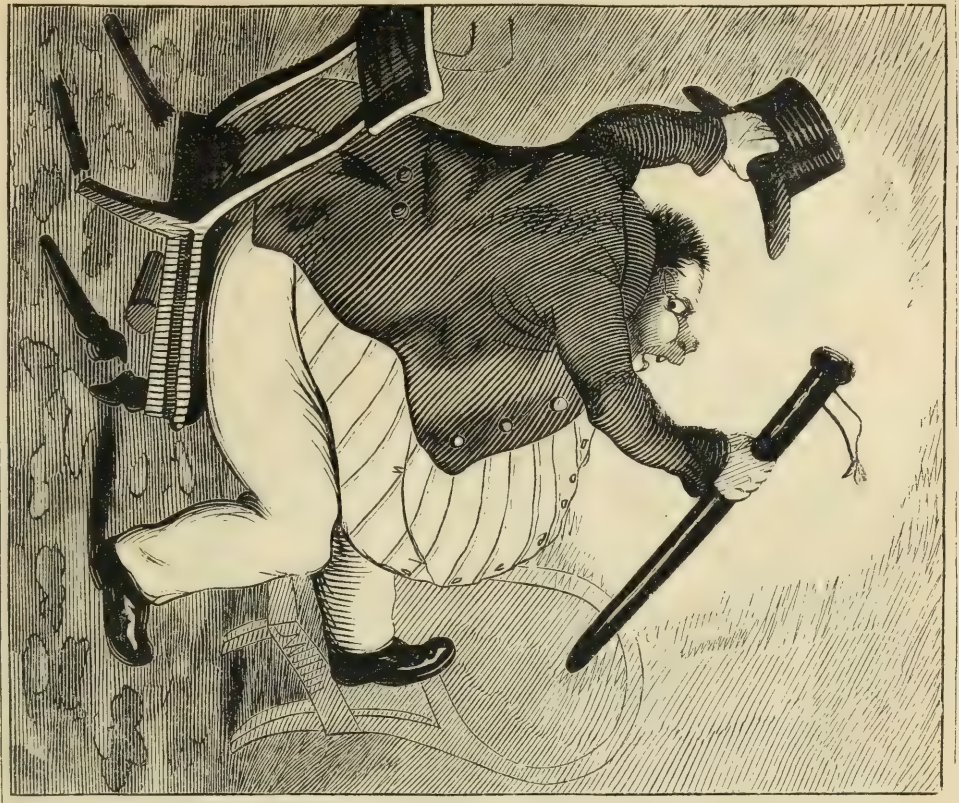


A *Midsummer Night's Dream*

NEW ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.



"Blow like sweet roses in the summer air."
Lone's Labor Lost Act V., Scene 2.



"All places yield to him.—Here sits he down "
Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene 7

NEW ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE



"Speak to him, Ladies . see if you can move him."
As You Like It, Act I., Scene 3



A SUPERFLUOUS QUESTION.

"I say, Old Hoss, what Machine do you run with?"

"CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR."

SWEET is the sound of infant voice;
 Young innocence is full of charms;
 There's not a pleasure half so choice,
 As tossing up a child in arms.
 Babyhood is a blessed state,
 Felicity expressly made for;
 But still, on earth it is our fate,
 That even "Children must be paid for."

If in an omnibus we ride,
 It is a beauteous sight to see,
 When full the vehicle inside,
 Age taking childhood on its knee.
 But in the dog-days' scorching heat,
 When a slight breath of air is pray'd for,
 Half suffocated in our seat,
 We feel that "Children must be paid for."

There is about the sports of youth
 A charm that reaches every heart,
 Marbles or tops are games of truth,
 The bat plays no deceiver's part.

But if we hear a sudden crash,
 No explanation need be staid for,
 We know there's something gone to smash;
 We feel that "Children must be paid for."

How exquisite the infant's grace,
 When, clambering upon the knee,
 The cherub, smiling, takes his place
 Upon his mother's lap at tea;
 Perchance the beverage flows o'er,
 And leaves a stain there is no aid for,
 On carpet, dress, or chair. Once more
 We feel that "Children must be paid for."

Presiding at the festive board,
 With many faces laughing round,
 Dull melancholy is ignored
 While mirth and jollity abound:
 We see our table amply spread
 With knives and forks a dozen laid for;
 Then pause to think:—"How are they fed?"
 Yes, "Children must indeed be paid for!"

Fashions for September.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING COSTUME AND WALKING DRESS.

MORNING COSTUME.—The Hortensia coiffure, confined in small bands of velvet set with jet. A high-bodied redingote of taffeta trimmed with small guipures of black braid. This guipure has just the appearance of lace; but it is surmounted by a narrow border imitating passementerie. The redingote is closed all the way down by small steel buttons very close together. On each side, from top to bottom without any interruption, there is a guipure of passementerie which borders the buttons. Starting from behind, under the arm, a guipure forms an epaulette, follows the outline of the body, drawing gradually together, so as to leave an interval of only two inches and a half, and then goes down the skirt, diverging thirty-two inches in the middle at bottom. Cross-pieces placed slanting and composed of small guipure trim the whole front; the two upper ones starting from the shoulder-seam, the others from the trimming at the sides. The lappets, which are of a piece with the body and continued round behind, begin in front of the trimming; they are slashed very long, and edged with guipure. The front of the skirt is plain without any plaits. All the fullness is thrown

behind, beginning at the side trimming. The sleeve is open behind, ornamented with buttons, and then edged with guipure. A cardinal collar of Venice guipure falls on the neck. The under sleeves are composed of two rows of white guipure following the outline of the sleeve.

WALKING DRESS.—Tulle bonnet, with taffeta ruches and straw trimming. The crown, crossed lengthwise by a tress of straw, is made of white taffeta plaited flat. An ornament of straw with fringe of the same is laid all round the crown, and forms a point at top near the brim; then there is an interval of tulle of about an inch and a half along the middle of which runs a taffeta ruche covering about half the width; then again another interval of the same width, another ruche, and lastly the edge of the brim of fringed straw. The ornament of the brim is continued along behind to form the curtain. The straw trimming, fringe included, is an inch and a half wide. Taffeta body with skirts, and trimming of a narrow ribbon called *farfadets*. These ribbons have small stripes along them, are worked at the edges, and by means of thread they are drawn into

small plaited trimmings. Their width never exceeds half an inch. The two seams of the back start from the middle of the arm-hole and approach each other gradually down to the waist, where they terminate at two buttons, below which a little lozenge-shaped lappet is continued. This part is in relief and lies on the other lappet, it is bordered with a small trimming. The lappets are tolerably long, are slit open, and bound with a narrow *ruched* ribbon. The sleeve is slit open and laced behind from the elbow. The skirt is taffeta and very full. It has three flounces; the bottom one is twelve inches deep; the middle one ten inches, and the top one eight inches. On each of these flounces meanders a *farfadet* ribbon, drawn, and having a small bow of the same in each hollow.

We present the following additional designs for Walking Dresses and Home Costumes, which are remarkably chaste and elegant.



FIGURE 3.

WALKING DRESS.—Bonnet of rice straw, tulle, and blonde, decorated with field-flowers. The brim and curtain are made of an unbroken width of rice straw; from three to three and a half inches wide. The sides and top of crown are tulle, but the sides are overlaid by a width of rice straw placed in relief, and edged in front only by a narrow black blond, which covers the interval between the brim and sides of the crown. The tulle crown is soft. A blond of an inch and a half wide is laid on the edge of the brim, exactly in the style of a fall. Two bouquets of field flowers decorate the interior, the one placed high, the other low. There is also on each side a bunch of field flowers, over the curtain, and falling backward. A narrow lappet trimmed with blonde accompanies the cheeks and ties under the chin. White taffeta strings fastened under the curtain are crossed negligently. A *narcissus* dress. The pattern of this dress consists of rows of worked flowers. Between every two bands are embossed bayadere stripes in full relief. The dress having only a pattern and stripes for three-fourths of the depth of the skirt, the upper part and the body are plain: the latter has lappets and braid trimmings. Cashmere shawl a metre square. It is edged all round with a

black lace twelve inches wide, sewed on even without any fullness, except at the four corners, where it is gathered. About an half inch from the edge of the cashmere a Turkish pattern is embroidered in long stitches of black silk, and nearly an inch in width. One half is worked on the right side the other on the wrong, so that this shawl is worn with one corner hanging below the other. The highest of the two points falls at the waist



FIGURE 4.

HOME DRESS.—This redingote may also be worn for walking. Head-dress of blonde tulle, ribbon, and moss-roses. This little cap incloses the hair behind, and forms a point in front on the parting of the hair. The whole border is supported by a roll of taffeta, along which winds some narrow blond, forming a *ruche*. In each hollow of this *ruche* there is a rosebud with its moss. On each side a bow of ribbons in which some small roses are inserted. The crown, trimmed with three frills of blonde sewed on to little pink rolls, is covered on the top with two loops and two ends. Taffeta redingote with watered ribbons. The body is high, opens down the front, and clasps at bottom. The lappets are cut square. A watered ribbon, an inch and a half wide, is sewed on flat all round a quarter of an inch from the edge. The sleeves and skirt are ornamented with crushed plaits, with a band of moire on each. An additional width is given to the usual fullness of the skirt, and on the front are three crushed plaits which diverge from each other as they rise from the bottom. These plaits are three and a half inches wide; they are sewed nearly half an inch from each side, so that the edges stand in relief; and then a band of moire is laid right down the middle of each. The same ornament is repeated three times on the sleeve, but the plait and the ribbon are narrower. Habit-shirt of embroidered tulle with a row of lace round the neck. Tulle sleeves trimmed with lace.

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MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.*
BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE DEAD SEA.
SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

HOW strongly associated in the minds of men, are the ideas of guilt and ruin, unspeakable and awful, with the names of Sodom and Gomorrah. The very words themselves seem deeply and indelibly imbued with a mysterious and dreadful meaning.

The account given in the Sacred Scriptures of the destruction of these cities, and of the circumstances connected with it, has, perhaps, exercised a greater influence in modifying, or, rather, in forming, the conception which has been since entertained among mankind in respect to the character of God, than any other one portion of the sacred narrative. The thing that is most remarkable about it is, that while in the destruction of the cities we have a most appalling exhibition of the terrible energy with which God will punish confirmed and obdurate wickedness, we have in the attendant circumstances of the case, a still more striking illustration of the kind, and tender, and merciful regard with which he will protect, and encourage, and sustain those who are attempting, however feebly, to please him, and to do his will. We are told elsewhere in the Scriptures, didactically, that God is love, and also that he is a consuming fire. In this transaction we see the gentleness and the tenderness of his love, and the terrible severity of his retributive justice, displayed together. Let us examine the account somewhat in detail.

"And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous,

"I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know."
—*Gen. xviii. 20, 21.*

There is a certain dramatic beauty in the manner in which the designs and intentions of Jehovah are represented in such cases as this, under the guise of words spoken. This rhetorical figure is adopted very frequently by the Hebrew writers, being far more spirited and graphic than the ordinary mode of narration,

and more forcible in its effect upon common minds that are not accustomed to abstractions and generalizations. Thus, instead of saying, And God determined to create man, it is, And God said, I will make man. In the same manner, where a modern historian in speaking of the discovery of America would have written: Columbus, having learned that trunks of trees were brought by western winds to the shores of Europe, inferred that there was land in that direction, and resolved to go in search of it, a Hebrew writer would have said, And it was told to Columbus, that when western winds had long been blowing, trees were thrown up upon the European shores; and Columbus said, I will take vessels and men and go and search for the land whence these trees come.

The verses which we have quoted above, accordingly, though in form ascribing words to Jehovah, in reality are meant only to express, in a manner adapted to the conceptions of men, the cautious and deliberate character of the justice of God. "I have heard the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah, the cry of grievous violence and guilt, and I will go down and see if the real wickedness that reigns there, is as great as would seem to be denoted by the cry. And if not, I will know." In other words, God would not condemn hastily. He would not judge from appearances, since appearances might be fallacious. He would cautiously inquire into all the circumstances, and even in the case of wickedness so enormous as that of Sodom and Gomorrah, he would carefully ascertain whether there were any considerations that could extenuate or soften it. How happy would it be for mankind, if we all, in judging our neighbors, would follow the example of forbearance and caution here presented to us. It was undoubtedly with reference to its influence as an example for us, that the sacred writer has thus related the story.

In the same manner, how strikingly the narrative which is given of the earnest intercession made by Abraham, to save the cities, and of the apparent yielding of the Almighty Judge, again and again, to humble prayers in behalf of sinners, offered by a brother sinner, illustrates the long-suffering and the forbearance of God—his reluctance to punish, and his readiness to save. There is a special charm in the exhibition which is made of these divine attributes in this case, assuming the form as they do of a divine sympathy with the compassionate impulses of man. The great and almighty Judge allows himself to be led to deal mercifully with sinners through

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

the pity and the prayers of a brother sinner, deprecating the merited destruction. The intercession of Abraham was after all unavailing, for there were not ten righteous men to be found to fulfill the condition on which he had obtained the promise that the city should be spared. The narrative, however, of the intercession, the final result of it in the promise of God to spare the whole monstrous mass of wickedness, if only ten righteous men could be found in the city, and the measures which he adopted, when it was ascertained that there were not ten to be found, to warn and rescue all that there were, give to the whole story a great power in bringing home to the hearts of men, a sense of the compassion of God, and the regard which he feels for human sympathies and desires. There is no portion of the sacred Scriptures which has more encouraged and strengthened the spirit of prayer, than the narration of the circumstances that preceded the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

SITUATION OF THE PLAIN.

Sodom and Gomorrah are described as the cities of the plain, and this plain is spoken of as the plain of Jordan. And yet the place where the cities are supposed to have stood, is near the southern end of the Dead Sea, while the Jordan empties into the northern end of it. If, therefore, the plain on which the cities stood was the plain of the Jordan, in the time of Lot, it would seem that the sea itself could not have existed then; but that the river must have continued its flow, beyond the point which now forms the southern termination of the sea. The sea as at present existing, is bounded on both sides by ranges of lofty and precipitous mountains, which lie parallel to each other, and extend north and south for several hundred miles. The space which lies between these ranges, forms a long and narrow ravine, very deeply depressed below the ordinary level of the earth's surface, as if it were an enormous crevasse, with the bed of it filled up to a certain level, in some places with water and in others with alluvial soil, either fertile or barren according to the geological structure of the different sections of it. This remarkable ravine divides itself naturally into five sections. The first, reckoning from north to south, contains the sources of the Jordan, and the lakes Merom and Tiberias. The second is the valley of the Jordan. Here the bottom of the ravine consists of a long and narrow plain of fertile land, with the river meandering through it. The third section is the bed of the Dead Sea. The waters here fill the whole breadth of the valley so completely, that in many places it is impossible to pass along the shore between the mountains and the sea. The water is deepest near the northern part of the sea, and grows more and more shallow toward the southern part, until at length the land rises above the level of the surface of the water, and then the bottom of the ravine presents again a plain of land, instead of a sheet of water. This is the fourth section. It extends, perhaps, a hundred miles, rising gradually all the way, and forming

in summer the bed of a small stream which flows northward to the Dead Sea. This part of the great fissure is called the valley of Arabah.* At length the level of the bottom of the valley reaches its highest point, and the land descends again to the south, forming the fifth or southernmost section of the vast crevasse. The waters of the Red sea flow up some hundred miles into this section, forming the eastern one of the two forks into which that sea divides itself, at its northernmost extremity.

It will be seen thus that it is at the Dead Sea that the depression of the valley is the greatest. In fact, the bed of the valley descends in both directions toward the Dead Sea for a hundred miles. Some writers have supposed that the whole of this depression was produced at the time of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and that previous to that time, the Jordan continued its course through the whole length of the valley to the Red Sea, being bordered throughout this whole distance by fertile plains extending on either hand from its banks to the base of the mountains; and that it was on this plain, near the place where now lies the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, that the cities Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, were built. In adopting this hypothesis we must suppose that the destruction of the cities was attended with some volcanic convulsion, by which all that part of the valley was sunk so far below its natural level that the river could no longer continue its course. The waters then, we must imagine, gradually filled up the deep bed so suddenly made for them, until the surface became so extended that the evaporation from it was equal to the supply from the river; and thus the sea was formed, and its size and configuration permanently determined.

Others supposed that the sea existed from the most ancient times substantially as at present, occupying the whole breadth of the valley, from side to side, though not extending so far to the southward as now. On this supposition the cities destroyed were situated on a fertile plain which then bordered the southern extremity of the sea, but which is now submerged by its waters. It is no longer possible to determine which of these hypotheses, if either, is correct. A much greater physical change is implied in the former than in the latter supposition, but perhaps the latter is not on that account any the less improbable. When the question is of an actual sinking of the earth, whether we suppose the causes to be miraculous or natural, it is as easy to conceive of a great subsidence, as of a small one. The enlargement of a sea, whether by the agency of an earthquake, or by the direct power of God, is as great a wonder as the creation of it would be.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES.

The account given by the sacred writers of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is this. Lot was dwelling, at the time, in Sodom. He was warned by the messengers of God, that the city was to be destroyed, and was directed to

* Wadi Arabah.

make his escape from it with all his family. This warning was given to Lot in the night. He went out immediately to the houses of his sons-in-law, to communicate the awful tidings to them and to summon them to flee. They however did not believe him. They ridiculed his fears and refused to accompany him in his flight. Lot returned to his house much troubled and perplexed. He could not go without his

daughters, and his daughters could not go without their husbands. The two messengers urged him not to delay. They entreated him to take his daughters with him and go, before the fated hour should arrive. Finally they took him by the hand, and partly by persuasion and partly by force, they succeeded in bringing him out of the city. His wife and his daughters accompanied him. His sons-in-law, it seems, were left behind.



THE DEPARTURE OF LOT FROM SODOM.

It was very early in the morning when Lot came forth from the city—not far from the break of day. As soon as he was without the walls, the messengers urged him not to tarry there or imagine that he was yet safe, but to press forward with all speed, until he reached the mountain. “Escape for thy life,” said they “Look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed.” Lot was, however, afraid to go into the mountains. They were wild and desolate. His wife and his daughters were with him and it was yet dark. To take so helpless a company into such solitudes at such a time, seemed awful to him, and he begged to be permitted to retire to Zoar. Zoar was a small town on the eastern side of the plain, just at the foot of the mountains, at a place where a lateral valley opened, through which a stream descended to the plain. Lot begged that he might be permitted to go to Zoar, and that that city might be spared. His prayer was granted. A promise was given him

that Zoar should be saved, and he was directed to proceed thither without delay. He accordingly went eastward across the plain and reached Zoar, just as the sun was rising. His wife, instead of going diligently on with her husband, lingered and loitered on the way, and was lost. The words are, “She became a pillar of salt.” Precisely what is intended by this expression is somewhat uncertain; at any rate she was destroyed, and Lot escaped with his daughters alone into Zoar. Immediately afterward Sodom and Gomorrah were overwhelmed. The description of the catastrophe is given in the following words:

“The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven.

“And he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities and that which grew upon the ground.

“And Abraham got up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord:

“And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah,

and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."—*Gen. xix. 24, 25, 27, 28.*



THE PLAIN.

PHILOSOPHIZING ON THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM
AND GOMORRAH.

There has been a great deal of philosophical speculation on the nature of the physical causes which were called into action in the destruction of these cities, and of the plain on which they stood. These speculations, however, are to be considered as ingenious and curious rather than useful, since they can not lead to any very tangible results. We can, in fact, know nothing positive of the phenomenon except what the sacred narrative records. And yet there is a certain propriety in making philosophical inquiries in respect to the nature even of miraculous effects, for we observe in respect to almost all of the miracles recorded in the Old Testament, that, though they transcend the power of nature, still, in character, they are always in a certain sense in harmony with it. Thus the plagues which were brought upon the Egyptians, in the time of Pharaoh, are the ordinary calamities to which the country was subject, following each other in a rapid and extraordinary succession, and developed in an aggravated and unusual form. The children of Israel, in their journeys through the desert, were fed miraculously on manna. There is a natural manna found in those regions as an ordinary production, from which undoubtedly the type and character of the miraculous supply were determined. The waters of the Red Sea were driven back at the time when the Israelites were to cross it, by the blowing of a strong east wind. The blowing of a wind has a natural tendency to drive back such waters, and to lay the shoals and shallows of a river bare. The effects produced in all these cases were far greater than the causes would naturally account for, but they were all, so to speak, in the same direction with the tendency of the causes. They transcended the ordinary course of nature; still, in character, they were in harmony with its laws. It is right and proper for

us, therefore, where a miraculous effect is described, to look into the natural laws related to it, for the sake of observing whatever of analogy or conformity between the causes and effects may really appear.

With reference to such analogies, the character and the physical constitution of the gorge in which the Dead Sea lies, has excited great interest in every age. The valley has been generally considered as of volcanic formation, though it is somewhat doubtful how far it is strictly correct thus to characterize it, since no signs of lava or of extinct craters appear in any part of it. The whole region, however, is subject to earthquakes, and many substances that are usually considered as volcanic productions are found here and there along the valley,

especially near the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. One of the most remarkable of these substances is bitumen, a hard and inflammable mineral which has been found, from time to time, in all ages, on the shores of the sea. Some writers have supposed that the "pits," which are referred to in the passage, "And the vale of Siddim was full of slime pits," were pits of liquified bitumen or asphaltum,—that the plain of Sodom was composed in a great degree of these and similar inflammable substances—that they were set on fire by lightning from heaven or by volcanic ignition from below, and that thus the plain itself on which the cities stood was consumed and destroyed. Others suppose that under the influence of some great volcanic convulsion, attended, as such convulsions often are, by thunderings and lightnings—the brimstone and fire out of heaven, referred to in the sacred record—a sinking, or subsidence of the land at the bottom of the valley, took place; and that the waters of the Jordan overflowed and filled the cavity, thus forming, or else greatly enlarging the Dead Sea. That the waters of the sea now flow where formerly a tract of fertile land extended, seems to be implied in the passage, *Gen. xiv. 3*, in which it is stated that certain kings assembled their forces, "in the vale of Siddim which is the Salt Sea." The meaning is undoubtedly as if the writer had said, The armies were gathered at a place which was then the vale of Siddim, but which is now the Salt Sea.

THE DEAD SEA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

After the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the valley of the Dead Sea seemed to be forsaken of God, and to be abhorred and shunned by man, so that it remained for a great many centuries, the very type and symbol of solitude, desolation, and death. A few wild Arabs dwelt along its shores, building their rude and simple villages in the little dells that open among the mountains that border it, and feeding their camels on the scan-

ty herbage which grew in them. Now and then some party of Crusaders, or some solitary pilgrim travelers, descended the valley from the fords of the Jordan, till they reached the sea—or looked down upon it from some commanding position among the mountains, on the eastern or western sides—and caravans or beasts of burden were accustomed to go to its southern shores to procure salt for the people of the interior. Through these and other similar channels, vague and uncertain tidings of the deadly influences of the sea and of the awful solitude and desolation which reigned around it, came out, from time to time, to more frequented regions, whence they spread in strange and exaggerated rumors throughout the civilized world. It was said that the waters of the sea filled the gloomy valley which they occupied with influences so pestiferous and deadly that they were fatal to every species of life. No fish could swim in them, no plant could grow upon their shores. It was death for a man to bathe in them, or for a bird to fly over them; and even the breezes which blew from them toward the land, blighted and destroyed all the vegetation that they breathed upon. The surface and margin of the water, instead of being adorned with verdant islands, or fringed with the floating vegetation of other seas, was blackened with masses of bitumen, that were driven hither and thither by the winds, or was bordered with a pestiferous volcanic scum; while all the approaches to the shores in the valley below were filled with yawning pits of pitchy slime, which engulfed the traveler in their horrid depths, or destroyed his life by their poisonous and abominable exhalations. In a word, the valley of the Dead Sea was for two thousand years regarded as an accursed ground, from which the wrath of God, continually brooding over it, sternly excluded every living thing. Within the last half century, however, many scientific travelers have visited the spot, and have brought back to the civilized world more correct information in respect to the natural history of the valley.

BURCKHARDT'S VISIT TO THE
VALLEY OF ARABAH.

One of the earliest of the scientific travelers, to whom we have alluded, was John Lewis Burckhardt, who spent several years, in the early part of the present century, in exploring the countries around the south-eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea, under the auspices of a society established in London, called the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa. Burckhardt prepared himself for his work, by taking up his residence for several years in Aleppo, and in other Oriental cities, for the purpose of studying the Arabic

language, and making himself perfectly familiar with the manners and customs of the people, so that in traveling through the countries which he was intending to explore, he might pass for a native, and thus be allowed to go where he pleased without molestation. He succeeded perfectly in attaining this object. He acquired the Arabic language, assumed the Arabic dress, and learned to accommodate himself, in all respects, to the manners and customs of the country. He thus passed without hindrance or suspicion where no known European or Christian would have been allowed to go.

Burckhardt explored the valley of Arabah, which extends from the Dead Sea to the Red Sea, forming, as has already been said, a southern continuation of the great Jordan gorge. He was, in fact, the first to bring the existence of this southern valley to the notice of the civilized world. The valley of the Jordan, as he describes it, widens about Jericho, where the hills which border it, join the chains of mountains which inclose the Dead Sea. At the southern extremity of the sea they again approach each other, leaving between them a valley or Ghor, similar in form to the northern Ghor, through which the Jordan flows; though the southern valley, from want of water, is a desert, while the Jordan and its tributaries make the other a fertile plain. In the southern Ghor, the rivulets which descend from the mountains are lost in the sand and gravel which form their beds, long before they reach the valley below. The valley itself, therefore, is entirely without water, and is, consequently, barren and desolate. The whole plain, as Burckhardt viewed it, presented the



THE VALLEY OF ARABAH.

appearance of an expanse of shifting sands, the surface varied with innumerable undulations and low hills. A few trees grow here and there in the low places, and at the foot of the rocks which line the valley; but the depth of the sand, and the total want of water in the summer sea-

son, preclude the growth of every species of herbage. A few Bedouin tribes encamp in the valley in the winter, when the streams from the mountains being full, a sufficient supply of water is produced to flow down into the valley, causing a few shrubs to grow, on which the sheep and goats can feed.

Burckhardt and his party were an hour and a half in crossing the valley. It was in the month of August that they made the tour, and they found the heat almost intolerable. There was not the slightest appearance of a road or of any other work of man at the place where they crossed it. Still they met with no difficulty in prosecuting their journey, for the sand, though deep, was firm, and the camels walked over it without sinking. In the various journeys which Burckhardt made in these solitary regions, he carefully noted all that he saw, and copious reports of his observations were afterward published by the society in whose service he was engaged. The only instrument which he had, however, for making observations, was a pocket compass, and this he was obliged to conceal in the most careful manner from his Arab attendants, for fear of betraying himself to them. If they had seen such an instrument in his possession, they would not only have suspected his true character, but would have believed the compass to be an instrument of magic, and would have been overwhelmed with superstitious horror at the sight of it. Accordingly, Burckhardt was compelled, not only to keep his compass in concealment, as he journeyed, but also to resort to a great variety of contrivances and devices to make observations with it without being seen. Sometimes, when riding on horseback, he would stop for a moment in the way, and watching an opportunity when the attention of his companions was turned in another direction, would hastily glance at his compass unseen, covering it, while he did so, beneath his wide Arabian cloak. When riding upon a camel he could not adopt this method, for a single camel in a caravan can not be induced to stop while the train is going on. To meet this emergency, the indefatigable traveler learned to dismount and mount again without arresting the progress of the animal. He would descend to the ground, and straying away for a moment into a copse of bushes, or behind some angle of a rock, would crouch down, take out his compass, ascertain the required bearing, make a note of it secretly in a little book which he carried for the purpose in the pocket of his vest, and then returning to the camel, would climb up to his seat and ride on as before.

It was by such means as these that the existence and the leading geographical features of the valley of Arabah were first made known to the Christian world.

ROBINSON'S VISIT TO EN-GEDI.

Edward Robinson is a distinguished American philosopher and scholar, who has devoted a great deal of attention to the geography and history of Palestine, and whose researches and explorations have perhaps accomplished more in throw-

ing light upon the subject, than those of any other person, whether of ancient or modern times. He has enjoyed very extraordinary facilities for accomplishing his work; for, in his character, and in the circumstances in which he has been placed, there have been combined, in a very remarkable degree, all the qualifications, and all the opportunities necessary for the successful prosecution of it. Having been devoted, during the greater portion of his life, to the pursuit of philological studies, he has acquired a very accurate knowledge of the languages, as well as of the manners and customs of the East; and, being endued by nature with a temperament in which great firmness and great steadiness of purpose are combined with a certain quiet and philosophical calmness and composure, and a quick and discriminating apprehension with caution, prudence, and practical good sense, he is very eminently qualified for the work of an Oriental explorer. In the year 1838, he made an extended tour, or, rather, series of tours, in the Holy Land, a very minute and interesting report of which he afterward gave to the world. He is now, in 1852, making a second journey there; and the Christian world are looking forward, with great interest, to the result of it.

During Robinson's first tour in Palestine, he made an excursion from Jerusalem to the western shores of the Dead Sea, where he visited a spot which is marked by a small tract of fertile ground, under the cliffs on the shore, known in ancient times as En-gedi, but called by the



MAP OF THE DEAD SEA.

Arabs of the present day Ain Jidy. From Jerusalem he traveled south to Hebron, and thence turning to the east, he traversed the mountains through a succession of wild and romantic passes which led him gradually toward the sea. The road conducted him at length into the desolate and rocky region called in ancient times the Wilderness of En-gedi, the place to which David retreated when pursued by the deadly hostility of Saul. It was here that the extraordinary occurrences took place that are narrated in 1 Sam. xxiv. David, in endeavoring to escape from his enemy, hid in a cave. Saul, in pursuing him, came to the same cave, and being wearied, lay down and went to sleep there. While he was asleep, David, coming out, secretly cut off the skirt of his robe, without attempting to do him any personal injury; thus showing conclusively that he bore him no ill-will. Robinson found the region full of caves, and the scenery corre-

then generally supposed to be the case, it would have presented itself to the party of travelers precisely as they had expected to find it. The unlooked for depth was owing to a very extraordinary depression of the valley, the existence and the measure of which has since been ascertained.

Robinson and his companions, from the summit of a small knoll which lay on one side of their path, looked down upon the vast gulf beneath them with emotions of wonder and awe. It was the Dead Sea which they saw extended before them. There it lay, filling the bottom of its vast chasm, and shut in on both sides by ranges of precipitous mountains, whose steep acclivities seemed sometimes to rise directly from the water, though here and there they receded a little from the shore, so as to leave a narrow beach beneath the rocks below. From the point where our observers stood the whole southern half of the sea was exposed to view. The northern part was partly concealed by a precipitous promontory, called Ras Mersed, which rose abruptly from the shore a little north of their position.

The southern part of the sea, as viewed from this point, was remarkable for the numerous shoals and sand bars which appeared projecting in many places from the shore, forming long and low points and peninsulas of sandy land. There was one very large and remarkable peninsula of higher land, in the south-east part of the sea. The position and configuration of this peninsula may be seen upon the map. It is formed in some respect like a human foot, with the heel toward the sea. Of course, the ankle of the foot is the isthmus which connects the

peninsula with the main land. The length of this peninsula, from north to south, is five or six miles. Our observers, from their lofty position at En-gedi, looked down upon it, and could trace almost the whole of its outline. North of it, too, there was a valley, which opened up among the mountains to the eastward, called the Valley of Kerak. At the head of this valley, several miles from the shore of the sea, lies the town of Kerak, a place sometimes visited by pilgrims and travelers, who pass that way along a road which traverses that part of the country on a line parallel to the shore of the sea. The course of the valley was such that the position of our observers on the mountain at En-gedi commanded a full view of the whole extent of it. They could even see the town of Kerak, with its ancient castle on a rock—far up near the summit of the mountain. It is in the lower part of this valley, a little to the eastward of the isthmus which has been already described, that the town of



CAVES OF EN-GEDI.

sponded, in all other respects, with the allusions made to it in the Scripture narrative.

VIEW OF THE SEA.

As our traveler and his party journeyed on toward the sea, they found the country descending continually, and as they followed the road down the valleys and ravines through which it lay, they imagined that they had reached the level of the sea, long before they came in sight of its shores. At length, however, to their astonishment, they came suddenly out upon the brow of a mountain, from which they looked down into a deep and extended valley where the broad expanse of water lay, fifteen hundred feet below them. The surprise which they experienced at finding the sea at so much lower a level than their estimate made it, illustrates the singular accuracy of Robinson's ideas in respect to the topography of the country which he was exploring; for, if the Dead Sea had been really at the same level with the Mediterranean, as was

Zoar stood, as it is supposed, where Lot sought refuge at the time of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

THE PASS.

After remaining on the cliff about three quarters of an hour, to observe and to record every thing worthy of notice in the extended view before them, the party began to go down the pass to the shore. The descent was frightful, the pathway having been formed by zigzags down the cliff, the necessary width for the track having been obtained, sometimes by cutting into the face of the rock, and sometimes by means of rude walls



THE DESCENT.

built from below. As they looked back up the rocks after they had descended, it seemed impossible to them that any road could have been formed there—and yet so skillfully had the work been planned and executed, that the descent, though terrific, was accomplished without any serious difficulty. In fact, the road was so practicable, that loaded camels sometimes passed up and down. One of Mr. Robinson's companions had crossed the heights of Lebanon and the mountains of Persia, and he himself had traversed all the principal passes of the Alps, but neither of them had ever met with a pass so difficult and dangerous as this. The way was really dangerous as well as difficult. An Arab woman, not long before the time of Robinson's visit, in descending the road, had fallen off over the brink of the precipice to the rocks below. She was, of course, killed by the fall.

After descending for about three quarters of an hour, the party reached a sort of dell, where a copious and beautiful fountain, springing forth suddenly from a recess in the rock, formed at once an abundant stream, that flowed tumultuously down a narrow ravine toward the sea, still four hundred feet below. This fount was the Ain Jidy, the word Ain signifying fountain in the Arabic tongue. The meaning of the whole

name is the *fountain of the kid*. The course of the stream in its descent from its source was hidden from view by a luxuriant thicket of trees and shrubs which grew along its bed, nourished by the fertilizing influence of the waters. The party halted at the spring, and pitched their tents, determining to make their encampment at this spot with a view of leaving their animals here and going down on foot to the shore below. They had originally intended not to go up the pass again, but to proceed to the northward along the shore of the sea, having been informed that they could do so. They now learned, however, that there was no practicable passage along the shore, and that they must reascend the mountain in order to continue their journey. They accordingly determined, for the purpose of saving the transportation of their baggage up and down, to encamp at the fountain.

While pitching their tents, an alarm was given, that some persons were coming down the pass, and, on looking upward, they saw at the turns of the zigzag, on the brow of the precipice far above, two or three men, mounted and armed with guns. The party were for a moment alarmed, supposing that the strangers might be robbers. Their true character, however, very soon appeared; for, as they drew near, they were found to be a troop of laboring peasants of the neighborhood, mounted on peaceful donkeys, and coming down to the shore in search of salt; and so the alarm ended in a laugh. The party of peasants stopped a short time at the fountain to rest, and then continued their descent to the shore. They gathered the salt, which they came to procure, on the margin of the sea; for the waters of the sea are so impregnated with saline solutions, that whenever pools of it are evaporated by the sun, along the shore, inflorescences and incrustations remain, which can be easily gathered. After a time, the train of donkeys, bearing their heavy burdens, went toiling up the steep ascent again, and disappeared.

THE SHORE OF THE SEA.

After remaining for some time at the encampment, Robinson and his companions set out at five o'clock, to go down to the shore. The declivity was still steep, though less so than in the pass above. The ground was fertile, and bore many plants and trees, and the surface of it appeared to have been once terraced for tillage and gardens. At one place, near the foot of the descent, were the ruins of an ancient town. From the base of the declivity, there was a rich and fertile plain which lay sloping gradually nearly half a mile to the shore. The bed of the brook could be traced across this plain to the sea, though at the season of this visit, the waters which the fountain supplied, copious as they appeared where they first issued from the rock, were absorbed by the earth long before they reached the shore. The rivulet, therefore, of Ain Jidy is the most short-lived and transitory of streams. It breaks forth suddenly from the earth at its fountain, and then, after tumbling and foaming for a short distance over its rocky

bed, it descends again into the ground, disappearing as suddenly and mysteriously as it came into being.

The plain which this evanescent stream thus gave up its life to fertilize, was all under cultivation at the time that Robinson visited it, being divided into gardens, which belonged to a certain tribe of wandering Arabs. This tribe were, however, not now encamped here, but had gone away to a tract of ground belonging to them in another part of the country, having left only a few sentinels to watch the fruits that were growing in the gardens. Robinson and his party went across the plain, and finally came to the margin of the sea, approaching it at last over a bank of pebbles which lined the shore, and formed a sort of ridge of sand and shingle, six or eight feet higher than the level of the water. The slope of these pebbles, on the seaward side, was covered with saline incrustations.

The water had a greenish hue, and its surface was very brilliant. To the taste, the travelers found it intensely and intolerably salt, and far more nauseous than the waters of the ocean. The great quantity of saline matter, which it contains, makes it very dense, and, of course, very buoyant in respect to bodies floating in it. This property of the sea has been observed and commented upon by visitors in every age. Swimmers, and those who can not swim, as an ancient writer expressed it, are borne up by it alike. Robinson himself bathed in the sea, and though, as he says, he had never learned to swim, he found, that in this water he could sit, stand, lie, or float in any position without difficulty. The bottom was of clean sand and gravel, and the bathers found that the water shoaled very gradually as they receded from the shore, so that they were obliged to wade out many rods before it reached their shoulders. Its great density produced a peculiar effect in respect to the appearance that it presented to the eye, adding greatly to its brilliancy, and imparting a certain pearly richness and beauty to its reflections. The objects seen through it on the bottom appeared as if seen through oil.

MEASUREMENTS.

After having spent some time in noting these general phenomena, Robinson, finding that the day was wearing away, called the attention of his party to the less entertaining but more important work of making the necessary scientific measurements and observations. He laid off a base line on the shore, fifteen hundred feet in length; and from the extremities of it, by means of a large and accurate compass, which he carried with him in all his travels for this express purpose, he took the bearings of all the principal points and headlands which could be seen around the sea, as well as of every mountain in view. By this means he secured the data for making an exact map of the sea, at least so far as these leading points are concerned; for, by the application of certain principles of trigonometry, it is very easy to ascertain the precise situation of any object whatever, provided its precise bear-

ing from each of two separate stations, and also the precise distance between the two stations is known. Accordingly, by establishing two stations on the plain, and measuring the distance between them, and then taking the bearings of all important points on the shores of the sea, from both stations, the materials are secured for a correct map of it, in its general outline.

This work being accomplished, and the day being now fully spent, the party bade the shores of the sea farewell; and, weary with the fatigues and excitement of the day, they began, with slow and toilsome steps, to reascend the path toward their encampment by the fountain. They at length arrived at their tent, and spent the evening there to a late hour, in writing out their records of the observations which they had made, and of the adventures which they had met with during the day. From time to time, as the hours passed on, they looked out from their tent to survey the broad expanse of water now far below them. The day had been sultry and hot, but the evening was cool. The air was calm and still, and the moon rising behind the eastern mountains shone in upon their encampment, and cheered the solitude of the night, illuminating, at the same time, with her beams, the quiet and lonely surface of the sea.

THE SALT MOUNTAIN OF USDUM.

At a subsequent period of his tour in the Holy Land, Robinson approached the Dead Sea again, near the southern extremity of it, and there examined and described a certain very remarkable geological formation, which is justly considered one of the greatest wonders of this most wonderful valley. It is called the Salt Mountain of Usdum. It is a lofty ridge that extends for a great distance along the shore of the sea, and consists of a solid mass of rock-salt. The situation of this mountain, as will be seen from the map, is on the southwestern shore of the sea. There is a narrow tract of low and level land between the mountain and the water. The road passes along this plain, close under the cliffs, giving the traveler a very convenient opportunity of examining the formation of the mountain as he journeys with his caravan slowly along.

The existence of such a mountain of salt was asserted by certain travelers many centuries ago, but the accounts which they gave of it were not generally believed, the spot being visited too seldom, and the accounts which were brought from it being too vague and imperfect to confirm sufficiently so extraordinary a story. Robinson, however, and other travelers who have, since his day, fully explored the locality, have found that the ancient tales were true. The ridge is very uneven and rugged, its summit and its sides having been furrowed by the rains which sometimes, though at very distant intervals, fall in this arid region. The height of the ridge is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. The surface of the hill is generally covered, like that of other rocky ridges, with earth and marl, and sometimes with calcareous strata of various kinds, so that its true character is in some meas-

ure concealed from ordinary and casual observers. The mass of salt, however, which underlies these superficial coverings, breaks out in various places along the line of the hills, and sometimes forms perpendicular precipices of pure crystalized fossil salt, forty or fifty feet high, and several hundred feet long. The traveler who beholds these crystalline cliffs is always greatly astonished at the spectacle, and can scarcely believe that the mountain is really what it seems, until he has gone repeatedly to the precipice and broken off a fragment from the face of it, to satisfy himself of the true character of the rock, by tasting the specimen.

The mountain extends for two or three miles along the shore, drawing nearer and nearer to it toward the south, until at last it approaches so closely to the margin of the sea, that the waters, when high, wash the foot of the precipice. Along the road which lies between the cliffs and the shore, and upon the beach, masses of salt are found, which, having been broken off from the heights above, have fallen down to the level land below, where they lie like common rocks upon the ground. Here and there ravines are found, forming little dells, down which small streams are constantly trickling; and, in some seasons of the year rains fall, and, dissolving small portions of the rock, flow with the solution into the sea below. Of course, what salt finds its way

into the sea remains there forever, except so far as it is carried away by man—for the process of evaporation takes up the aqueous particles alone, from saline solutions. A very small annual addition is therefore sufficient to keep up the saltiness of such a sea. It is supposed that this mountain is the source which furnishes the supply in this case. If so, the Dead Sea, geologically speaking, is simply an accumulation of the waters of the Jordan, formed in a deep depression of its valley, and made salt by impregnation from a range of soluble rocks, the base of which they lave.

THE CAVERN.

At one point in the eastern face of the Usdum mountain, that is the face which is turned toward the sea, there is a cavern. This cavern seems to have been formed by a spring. A spring of water issuing from among soluble strata will, of course, always produce a cavern, as its waters must necessarily dissolve and wear away the substance of the rock, and so, in the process of ages, form an open recess leading into the heart of the mountain. The few European travelers who have ever passed the road that leads along the base of this mountain, have generally stopped to examine and explore this cavern. It is irregular in its form, but very considerable in extent. The mouth of it is ten or twelve feet high, and about the same in breadth. Robinson and his



THE CAVERN OF USDUM.

party went into it with lights. They followed it for three or four hundred feet into the heart of the mountain, until at length they came to a place where it branched off into two small fissures, which could not be traced any farther. A small stream of water was trickling slowly along its bed in the floor of the cavern, which, as well as the walls and roof, were of solid salt. There were clear indications that the quantity of water flowing here varied greatly at different seasons; and the cavern itself was undoubtedly formed by the action of the stream.

AN INCIDENT OF ORIENTAL TRAVELING.

When Robinson and his party came out from the cavern in the Salt Mountain, an incident occurred which illustrates so forcibly both the nature of Oriental traveling, and the manners and customs of the semi-savage tribes that roam about the shores of the Dead Sea, that it well deserves a place in this memoir. When they were about entering the cavern, a report came from some of the scouts, of whom it was always customary to have one or more ahead, when traveling on these expeditions, that a troop of riders were in sight, coming round the southern end of the sea. This report had been confirmed during the time that Robinson and his companions had been in the cave, and when they came out they found their camp in a state of great confusion and alarm. The strangers that were coming were supposed, from their numbers, and from the manner in which they were mounted, to be enemies or robbers. The Arab attendants of the party were greatly excited by this intelligence. They were getting their guns in readiness, and loading and priming them. A consultation was held, and it was determined by the party that they would not leave their encampment at the mouth of the cavern, since the position which they occupied there was such as to afford them a considerable advantage, as they judged, in the case of an attack. They accordingly began to strengthen themselves where they were with such means as they had at their command, and to make the best disposition they could of the animals and baggage, with a view to defending them. At the same time they sent forward an Arab chieftain of the party, to reconnoitre and learn more particularly the character of the enemy.

The messenger soon returned, bringing back a report which at once relieved their fears. The dreaded troop of marauders proved to be a flock of sheep, driven by a few men on donkeys. Of course, all alarm was at once dispelled, and the expedition immediately resumed its march, pursuing its way as before along the strand. But this was not the end of the affair, for the Arabs of Robinson's escort, finding that they were now the stronger party, at once assumed the character of robbers themselves, and began immediately to make preparations for plundering the strangers. The customs of the country as they understood the subject, fully justified them in doing so, and before Robinson was aware of their intentions, they galloped forward, and at-

tacked the peaceful company of strangers, and began to take away from them every thing valuable on which they could lay their hands. One seized a pistol, another a cloak, and a third stores of provisions. Robinson and his companions hastened to the spot and arrested this proceeding, though they had great difficulty in doing it. The Arabs insisted that these men were their enemies, and that they had a right to rob them wherever they found them. To which Robinson replied, that that might perhaps be the law of the desert, but that while the Arabs were in his employ they must be content to submit to his orders. At length the stolen property was reluctantly restored, and the strangers went on their way. They proved to be a party in the service of a merchant of Gaza, a town on the Mediterranean coast, nearly opposite this part of the Dead Sea. This merchant had been to Kerak—the village which has already been mentioned as seen by our party from their position on the heights of Ain Jidy, at the head of the valley which opens on the eastern side of the sea beyond Zoar—and there he had purchased a flock of sheep, and was now driving them, with the assistance of some peasants whom he had hired for the purpose, home to Gaza.

THE FORD.

As has already been stated, the water of the Dead Sea, though deep in the northern part, spreads out toward the southward over an immense region of flats and shallows, so that sometimes the water is only a few feet deep over an extent of many miles. There are, moreover, southward of the sea, vast tracts of low and sandy land, which are sometimes covered with water and sometimes bare, on account of the rising and falling of the sea, the level of which seems to vary many feet in different years and in different seasons, according to the state of the snows on Mount Lebanon and the quantity of water brought down by the Jordan and other streams. The shallowness of the water becomes very marked and apparent at the peninsula, and various rumors were brought to Europe, from time to time, in the middle ages, of a fording place there, by means of which caravans, when the water was low, could cross over from the eastern shore to the western, and thus save the long detour around the southern end of the sea. The most direct and tangible evidence in respect to this ford, was given by the two celebrated travelers, Irby and Mangles, who relate that in descending from Kerak to the peninsula, they fell in with a small company of Arabs that were going down to the sea—riding upon asses and other beasts of burden. The Arabs of this caravan said that they were going to cross the sea at the ford. The travelers did not actually see them make the passage, for they were themselves engaged in exploring the eastern and northern part of the peninsula at the time, and the caravan was thus hidden from view when they approached the water, by the high land intervening between them and the travelers. After a short time, however, the travelers came over to the western

side of the promontory, and there they saw the place of the ford indicated by boughs of trees set up in the water. The caravan had passed the ford, and were just emerging from the water on the western side of the sea. This evidence

service, made his celebrated expedition into the Holy Land, for the express purpose of exploring the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. We have already, in our article on the River Jordan, given an account of the landing of this party at the



THE FORD

was considered as very direct and very conclusive, and yet other travelers who visited the same region, both before and afterward, could obtain no certain information in respect to the ford. Allusions to it exist in some very ancient records, and yet the Arabs themselves who live in the vicinity, when inquired of in respect to the subject, often denied the possibility of such a passage. The only way, apparently, of reconciling these seemingly contradictory accounts, is to suppose that the sea is subject to great changes of level, and that for certain periods, perhaps at distant intervals from each other, the water is so low that caravans can cross it—and that afterward it becomes again too deep to be passable, continuing so perhaps for a long series of years, so that the existence of the ford is for a time in some measure forgotten.

LIEUTENANT LYNCH.

The information which the Christian world obtained in respect to the Dead Sea and the character of the country around it, was, after all, down to quite a late period, of a very vague and unsatisfactory character, being derived almost entirely from the reports of occasional travelers who approached the shores of it, from time to time, at certain points more accessible than others, but who remained at their places of observation for so brief a period, and were so restricted in respect to their means and facilities for properly examining the localities that they visited, that, notwithstanding all their efforts, the geography and natural history of the region were very imperfectly determined. Things continued in this state until the year 1847, when Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States naval

Bay of Acre, of their extraordinary journey across the country to the Sea of Galilee, and of their passage down the Jordan in the metallic boats, the *Fanny Mason* and the *Fanny Skinner*, which they had brought with them across to the Mediterranean. We now propose to narrate briefly the adventures which the intrepid explorer met with in his cruise around the Dead Sea. When he commenced the undertaking, it was considered both by himself and his companions, and also by his countrymen and friends at home, to be extremely doubtful whether he would be able to accomplish it. All previous attempts to navigate the sea had failed, and had proved fatal to their projectors. Some had been destroyed by the natives—others had sunk under the pestiferous effects of the

climate. When, therefore, the boats of this party, heavily laden with their stores of provisions and their crews, came from the mouth of the Jordan out into the open sea, the hearts of the adventurous navigators were filled with many forebodings.

A GALE.

The party expected to spend several weeks upon the sea, and their plan was to establish fixed encampments from time to time on the shore, to be used as stations where they could keep the necessary stores and supplies, and from which they could make excursions over the whole surface of the sea. The first of these stations was to be at a place called the Fountain of Feshkah; a point on the western shore of the sea, about five miles from the mouth of the Jordan. The caravan which had accompanied the expedition along the bank while they had been descending the river, were to go around by land, and meet the boats at the place of rendezvous at night. Things being thus arranged, the land and water parties took leave of each other, and the boats pushed out upon the sea—turning to the westward and southward as soon as they had rounded the point of land which forms the termination of the bank of the river—and shaped their course in a direction toward the place of rendezvous. Their course led them across a wide bay, which forms the northwestern termination of the sea. There was a fresh northwestern wind blowing at the time, though they did not anticipate any inconvenience from it when they left the river. The force of the wind, however, rapidly increased, and the effects which it produced were far more serious than would have

resulted from a similar gale in any other sea. The weight of the water was so great, on account of the extraordinary quantity of saline matter which it held in solution, that the boats in encountering the waves, suffered the most tremendous concussions. The surface of the sea became one wide spread sheet of foaming brine, while the spray which dashed over upon the men, evaporating as it fell, covered their faces, their hands, and their clothes with encrustations of salt, producing, at the same time, prickling and painful sensations upon the skin, and inflammation and smarting in the eyes. The party, nevertheless, pushed boldly on for some time toward the west, in the hope of reaching the shore. The wind, however, being almost directly ahead, they made very little progress. They began to fear that they should be driven entirely out to the open sea, and at length, about the middle of the afternoon, when they had been for some hours in this dangerous situation, the gale increased to such a degree that the boats were in imminent danger of foundering. The officers were obliged to order their supplies of water to be thrown overboard, in order to lighten the burden. They gave up all hope of gaining the land; and, expecting to spend the night on the sea, they thought only of the means of saving themselves from sinking. At length, however, about six o'clock, the wind suddenly ceased, and the waves, on account of the great weight of the water, almost immediately went down. The voyagers now, though almost exhausted with their toils, had little difficulty in gaining the land.

THE FIRST ENCAMPMENT.

It was, however, now dark, and Mr. Lynch felt much solicitude in respect to the difficulty of finding the place of rendezvous on the coast where the party in the boats were to meet the caravan. They rowed along the shore to the southward, looking out on all the cliffs and headlands for lights or other signals. They had an Arab chieftain on board as a guide, and on him the party had depended for direction to the place where the fountain of Feshkah was to be found. The Arab had, however, become so bewildered by the terror which the storm had inspired, or, perhaps, by the strange and unusual aspect which the land presented to him, as seen from the side toward the sea and in the night, that he seemed to be entirely lost. At length the boatmen saw the light of a fire on the beach to the southward of them. They discharged a gun as a signal, and pulled eagerly toward the fire. The light, however, soon disappeared. The men were then at a loss again, and while resting upon their oars, awaiting another signal, they suddenly saw flashes, and heard reports of guns and sounds of voices on the cliffs, not far from them, and immediately afterward heard other reports from a considerable distance back, at a place which they had passed in coming along the shore. These various and uncertain sounds quite embarrassed the boatmen. They might indicate an attack from some hostile force upon

their friends on the land, or some stratagem, to draw the boats into an ambuscade. They, however, determined, at length, that they would, at all events, ascertain the truth; so closing in with the shore, they pulled along the beach, sounding as they proceeded. About eight o'clock they arrived at the place of rendezvous, where they found their friends awaiting them at the fountain. The shouts and signal-guns which they had heard had proceeded from two portions of the caravan that had become separated on the march, and were thus attempting to communicate with each other. The party in the boats were greatly relieved on reaching the land, for the whole scene through which they had passed in approaching it, had been one of the wildest and most exciting character. The sea itself, mysterious and unknown, the lonely and desolate coast, the dark and gloomy mountains, the human voices heard in shouts and outcries on the cliffs, with the flashes of the guns, and the reports reverberating along the shore, joined to the dread uncertainty which the boatmen felt in respect to what the end of the adventure was to be, combined to impress the minds of all the party with the most sublime and solemn emotions.

The boats, they found, for some reason or other, could not land at the place which had been chosen for the encampment, but were obliged to proceed about a mile to the southward, where, at length, they were safely drawn up upon the beach. Some Arabs were placed here to guard them, while the seamen were conducted to the camp, in order that they might enjoy a night of repose. The camp was pitched in a cane-brake, not far from the shore, the vegetation which covered the spot proving that there was nothing very specially deleterious in the atmosphere of the sea. In fact, during the remainder of the excursion, Mr. Lynch's party always found, in landing along the shores, that there was always abundance of vegetation whenever there was fresh water from the mountains to sustain it. The water of the sea seems to be itself too deeply impregnated with saline solutions to nourish vegetable life; but beyond the reach of the spray, which the wind drives only to a short distance from the margin of the shore, it exerts, apparently no perceptible influence on either plants or animals. Many animals were seen at different times in the vicinity of the sea, some on the land, and others flying freely over the water. The water itself, however, seemed to produce no living thing. Some few shells were found in two or three instances on the beach, but they were of such a character, and appeared under such circumstances as to lead to the supposition that they were brought down to the sea by the torrents from the mountains, or by the current of the Jordan.

The scene which presented itself to the party as the night came on at this their first encampment on the shore of the Dead Sea, was solemn and sublime. The dark and gloomy mountains, barren and desolate—their declivities fretted and

furrowed by the tooth of time, rose behind them in dismal grandeur; the waters of the sea lay reposing heavily in their vast caldron before them, covered with a leaden-colored mist; while the moon, which rose toward midnight above the mountains beyond, cast spectre-like shadows from the clouds over the broad and solemn expanse, in a wild and fantastic manner. Every thing seemed strange and unnatural, and wore an expression of unspeakable loneliness and desolation. And yet about midnight the death-like silence and repose which reigned around, was strangely broken by the distant tolling of a bell!

The tolling of the bell which the travelers heard, proceeded from the Convent of Mar Saba, a rude and lonely structure, situated in the middle of the desolate gorge which the brook Kedron forms in traversing the mountains that lie between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. The place of the convent was seven or eight miles from the shore where our travelers were encamped, but yet the tones of the bell, calling the monks to their devotions, made their way to the spot through the still evening air. The travelers felt cheered and encouraged in their solitude, by being thus connected again, even by so slender a bond as this, with the common family of man, from which they had seemed before to have undergone an absolute and total separation.

THE VOYAGE TO EN-GEDI.

After remaining a day or two at Feshkah, and making various excursions across the sea and along the shores, from that station, for the purpose of measuring distances and taking soundings, the party broke up their encampment, and prepared to proceed to the southward. They made arrangements for taking every thing with them on board the boats, except a load from one single camel, which was to be sent along the shore. Their intention was to proceed to En-gedi, and to encamp there at the foot of the cliffs, on the little plain which Robinson had visited about ten years before. This encampment at En-gedi was to be a sort of permanent station for the party during all the time necessary for the survey of the middle and southern portions of the sea. It was a suitable spot for such a post, on account of its central position, and also on account of the abundant supply of fresh water which could be obtained there from the fountain. The company were obliged to hasten their departure from Feshkah; for the water of the fountain at the place of their first encampment was brackish and unfit for use, while the supply which they had brought from the Jordan was nearly exhausted. Their stock of provisions, too, was well-nigh spent, and Lieutenant Lynch felt a considerable degree of uneasiness in respect to the means of sufficiently replenishing it. He sent off detachments from his party to Hebron and to Jerusalem, to procure supplies, directing them to bring whatever they could procure to En-gedi. He also sent an Arab chieftain, named Akil, round to the eastern side of the sea, to Kerak, to purchase

provisions there. The Arab, if successful, was to bring down his stores to the sea, at the peninsula, and at the proper time, Lieutenant Lynch was to send one of the boats across from En-gedi to receive them.

Things being thus arranged, the tents were struck, the boats pushed off from the land, while a train of Arabs attended by the loaded camel, took up their line of march along the beach. As they proceeded, the boats stopped from time to time, to note and to record every thing worthy of notice that appeared along the shore. They passed the mouth of the brook Kedron, a deep gorge, narrow at the base, and yawning wide at the summit. The sides of this frightful ravine were twelve hundred feet high. The bed of it was perfectly dry; the waters of the stream at this season of the year being wholly absorbed by the sands long before reaching the sea. They passed many caves, some opening into the face of the rock, far up the mountain sides, in positions wholly inaccessible. The shores were generally barren and desolate, consisting of dark brown mountains, which looked as if they had been scorched by fire, with a narrow beach equally dreary and desolate below. Here and there, however, little valleys opened, which sustained a scanty vegetation, and birds and other animals were occasionally seen. There seemed to be no vegetation, except at points where streams or springs of fresh water flowed down from the land.

The boats proceeded onward in this manner till night, and then rounding a point which was covered sparsely with bushes and trees, and with tufts of cane and grass, they came into a little bay which opened to a dell, fertilized by a fountain. The name of the fountain was Turabeh. Flowers were growing here, and certain fruits, the sight of which gladdened the eyes of our voyagers, though in any other situation they would have attracted little attention. The stream which sustained this vegetation was extremely small. The water trickled down from the spring so scantily that the Arabs were forced to dig holes in the sand, and wait for them to fill, in order to procure enough for drink. Still its influence was sufficient to clothe its narrow dell with something like verdure and fruitfulness. The little oasis had its inhabitants, too, as well as its plants and flowers. One of the party saw a duck at a little distance from the shore, and fired at her; though it might have been thought that no one could have had the heart to disturb even a duck in the possession of so solitary and humble a domain. In fact, it seems the sportsman must have had some misgivings, and was accordingly not very careful in his aim, for the bird was not harmed by the shot. She flew out to sea a little way, alarmed by the report, and then alighting on the glassy surface of the water, began to swim back again toward the shore, as if thinking it not possible that the strange intruders into her lonely home, whoever and whatever they might be, could really intend to do her any harm.



TURABEH.

Soon after the party in the boats had landed, the camel with his attendants arrived, and they all encamped on this spot for the night. The scene which presented itself when the arrangements had been made for the night was, as usual in such cases, very solemn and impressive. The tents stood among the trees. The Arab watchfires were burning. The boats were drawn up upon the shore. The dark and sombre mountains rose like a wall behind the encampment; while the smooth and placid sea was spread out before it, reflecting with a sort of metallic lustre the silver radiance of the moon. The stillness, too, which reigned around seemed strange and fearful, it was so absolute and profound.

In the morning, the party, after breakfasting under the trees on the shore, resumed their voyage. After proceeding a few miles along the coast, they saw an Arab on the beach. The Arab hailed the party, and they attempted to communicate with him, but could not understand what he said. At one place they stopped to examine a mass of ruins which they saw standing a short distance up the mountain side. The ruins proved to be the remains of a wall, built to defend the entrances to several caves which opened in the face of the precipice directly behind them. The caves were perfectly dry, and one of them was large enough to contain twenty or thirty men. There were openings cut from them through the rock to the air above, intended apparently to serve the purpose of chimneys. These caves were in the wilderness of En-gedi.

In fact, the boats were now drawing near to their place of destination. At noon they arrived at the spot, and the party landing, unloaded the boats and hauled them up upon the shore. They selected a spot for their encampment on the little plain at the foot of the cliffs, not far from the place where the stream descends to it from the mountain above. They found that the gardens

and other marks of vegetation which Robinson had observed at the time of his visit, had disappeared; in other respects, every thing corresponded with his description. The water was gushing from the fountain as copiously as ever, and was disappearing as rapidly in the sands of its thirsty bed, after running its short and foaming course along its little dell. After a brief survey of the scene, the ground was marked out, the tents were pitched, and the stores deposited within them; the boats were hauled up and examined for repairs, and all the arrangements made for a permanent encampment; for this was to be the head-quarters of the expedition during all the remaining time that they were to spend upon the sea. They named it "Camp Washington."

EXPLORINGS.

The encampment thus established at En-gedi continued to be occupied as the head-quarters of our party for two or three weeks, during which time many expeditions were fitted out from it, for exploring the whole southern portion of the sea, and the country around. The engineer of the party measured a base line on the beach, and from the two stations at the extremities of it took the bearings of all the important points on the shores of the sea. He made the necessary astronomical observations also for determining the exact latitude and longitude of the camp. Parties were sent out, too, sometimes along the shores and up the mountains to collect plants and specimens, and at other times across to the eastern shore to measure the breadth of the sea, and to make soundings for determining the depth of it in every part. They preserved specimens and memorials of every thing. Even the mud and sand, and the cubical crystals of salt which their sounding apparatus brought up from the bottom of the sea, were put up in airtight vessels to be brought home for the inspection of naturalists and philosophers in America. Thus the whole party were constantly employed in the various labors incident to such an undertaking, meeting from time to time with strange and romantic adventures, and suffering on many occasions most excessively from exposure and fatigue.

One of the most remarkable of the expeditions which they made from their camp at En-gedi, was a cruise of four days in the southern portion of the sea, in the course of which they circumnavigated the whole southern shore. In following down the western coast in first commencing their voyage, they found the scenery much the same as it had been in the northern part of the sea, the coast being formed of bald and barren mountains, desolate and gloomy, with

a low, flat beach below, and sometimes a broad peninsula, or delta, formed, at the mouths of the ravines, by the detritus brought down from above. Farther south, however, the water became very shoal, so much so, that at last they could not approach the shore near enough to land, without wading for a great distance through water and mire. In fact, the line of demarkation between the land and the sea was often scarcely perceptible, the land consisting of low flats and slimy mud, coated with incrustations of salt, and sometimes with masses of drift-wood lying upon it, while the water was covered with a frothy scum, formed of salt and bitumen. Sometimes for miles the water was only one or two feet deep, and the men in such cases, leaving the boats, waded often to a great distance from them. Every night, of course, they stopped and encamped on the land.

THE SIROCCO.

The party suffered on some occasions most intensely from heat and thirst. Their supply of water was not abundant, and one of the principal sources of solicitude which the officers of the expedition felt throughout the cruise, was to find fountains where they could replenish their stores. One night they were reduced to the greatest extreme of misery from the influence of an intolerably hot and suffocating wind, which blew upon them from off the desert to the southward. It was the Sirocco. It gave them warning of its approach on the evening before by a thin purple haze which spread over the mountains a certain unnatural and lurid hue, that awakened a mysterious emotion of awe and terror. Something dreadful seemed to be portended by it. It might be a thunder-tempest; it might be an earthquake, or it might be some strange and nameless convulsion of nature incident to the dreadful region to which they had penetrated, but elsewhere unknown. The whole party were impressed with a sentiment of solemnity and awe, and deeming it best for them to get to the land as soon as possible, they took in sail, turned their boats' heads to the westward, and rowed toward the shore.

In a short time they were struck suddenly by a hot and suffocating hurricane, which blew directly against them, and, for a time, not only stopped their progress, but threatened to drive them out again to sea. The thermometer rose immediately to 105°. The oarsmen were obliged to shut their eyes to protect them from the fiery blast, and to pull, thus blinded, with all their strength to stem the waves. The men who steered the boats were unable, of course, thus to protect themselves, and their eyelids became dreadfully inflamed by the hot wind before they reached the land.

At length, to their great joy, they succeeded in getting to the shore. They landed at a most desolate and gloomy spot at the mouth of a dismal ravine; and the men, drawing the boats up on the beach, immediately began to seek, in various ways, some means of escape from the dreadful influences of the blast. Several went

up the ravine in search of some place of retreat, or shelter. Others finding the glare of the sun upon the rocks insupportable, while they remained on the shore, returned to the boats and crouched down under the awnings. One of the officers put spectacles upon his eyes to protect them from the lurid and burning light, but the metal of the bows became so hot, that he was obliged to remove them. Every thing metallic, in fact, such as the arms, and even the buttons on the clothes of the men, were almost burning to the touch, and the wind, instead of bringing the usual refreshing influences of a breeze, was now the vehicle of heat, and blew hot and suffocating along the beach, as if coming from the mouth of an oven.

Intolerable as the influence was of this ill-fated blast, it increased in power, until it blew a gale. The distant mountains, seen across the surface of the sea, were curtained by mists of a purple and deadly hue. The sky above was covered with bronze-colored clouds, through which the declining sun shone, red and rayless, diffusing over the whole face of nature, instead of light, a sort of lurid and awful gloom.

The sun went down, and the shades of the evening came on, but the heat increased. The thermometer rose to 106°. The wind was like the blast of a furnace. The men, without pitching their tents or making any other preparations for the night, threw themselves down upon the ground, panting and exhausted, and oppressed with an intolerable thirst. They went continually to the "water breakers," in which their supplies of water were kept, and drank incessantly, but their thirst could not be assuaged.

Things continued in this state till midnight. The wind then went down, and very soon afterward a gentle breeze sprung up from the northward. The thermometer fell to 82°, and the Sirocco was over.

THE PILLAR OF SALT.

Mr. Lynch's party visited the salt mountain of Usdum, of which we have already spoken, and examined it throughout its whole extent, in a very careful and thorough manner. They found at one place, at the head of a deep and narrow chasm, a remarkable conformation of the salt rock, consisting of a tall cylindrical mass, standing out detached, as it were, from the mountain behind it, and appearing like an artificial column. It was in fact literally a pillar of salt. It was forty or fifty feet high, and was capped above with a layer of limestone, a portion perhaps of the once continuous calcareous stratum, which at some remote geological period had been deposited over the whole bed of salt. The appearance of the pillar was as if it were itself a portion of the salt mountain that had been left by the gradual disintegration and wearing away of the adjoining mass, having assumed and preserved its tall and columnar form, through the protecting influence of the cap of insoluble rock on its summit. The mass, though as seen in front it appeared to stand isolated and alone like a pillar, was connected with the precipice

behind it by a sort of buttress, by means of which some of the party climbed up to the top of the gigantic geological ruin, and standing upon the pinnacle, looked down upon their companions below, and upon the wide scene of desolation and death which was spread out before them.

EXCURSION TO KERAK.

As we have already mentioned, an Arab chieftain who accompanied the expedition, had been sent round to the eastern side of the sea to the town of Kerak, which was situated, as will be recollected, at the head of the valley beyond Zoar, to negotiate with the natives and to procure provisions, and a day had been appointed for him to come down to the shore, at a certain point on the peninsula, where a boat was to be sent to meet him. When the time arrived for fulfilling this appointment, Lieutenant Lynch organized a party for the excursion, and embarked for the eastern shore. On approaching the land at the appointed place of rendezvous, they saw an Arab lurking in the bushes, apparently watching for them, and soon afterward several more appeared. At first the voyagers doubted whether these were the friends whom they had come to meet or whether they were enemies lying in wait to entrap them. On approaching nearer to the beach, however, they soon recognized Akil. He seemed greatly rejoiced to see them. He informed them that he had been kindly received at Kerak, and he brought down an invitation to Lieutenant Lynch, from the chieftain that ruled there, to come up to the valley and make him a visit. After some hesitation, Lieutenant Lynch concluded to accept this invitation. He encamped, however, first on the shore for a day or two, to make the necessary explorations and surveys in the neighborhood. During this time he went out with two Arabs across the plain, to examine the supposed site of ancient Zoar. He found ruins of an ancient village there, and fragments of pottery, and other similar vestiges on the ground. At length, on the morning of the third day, leaving his boat in the care of a guard, he put himself and his party of attendants under Akil's guidance, and set out to ascend the valley. The party were fourteen in number. The sailors were mounted on mules. The officers rode on horseback. The cavalcade was escorted by a troop of twenty armed Arabs—twelve mounted and the rest on foot.

They found the valley which they had to ascend in going up to Kerak, a gloomy gorge, of the wildest and grandest character. The path was steep and very difficult, overhanging on one side a deep and yawning chasm, and being itself overhung on the other with beetling crags, blackened as if by fire, and presenting an aspect of unutterable and frightful desolation. To complete the sublimity of the scene, a terrific tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain swept over the valley while our party were ascending it, and soon filled the bottom of the gorge with a roaring and foaming torrent, which came down from the mountains and swept on toward the

sea with a thundering sound. At length the party reached the brow of the table land, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and came out under the walls of the town.

The town proved to be a dreary and comfortless collection of rude stone houses, without windows or chimneys, and blackened within with smoke. The inhabitants were squalid and miserable. Three-fourths of the people were nominally Christian. The visit of the Americans of course excited great interest. We have not time to detail the various adventures which the party met with in their intercourse with the inhabitants, or to describe the singular characters which they encountered and the extraordinary scenes through which they passed. They remained one night at Kerak, and then after experiencing considerable difficulty in escaping the importunities with which they were besieged by the chieftains for presents, they succeeded in getting away and in returning safely to their boat on the shore.

THE DEPRESSION OF THE SEA.

Our party, after having spent about three weeks in making these and similar excursions from their various encampments, during which time they had thoroughly explored the shores on every side, and sounded the depths of the water in every part, made all the necessary measurements and observations both mathematical and meteorological, collected specimens for fully illustrating the geology and natural history of the region, and carefully noted all the physical phenomena which they had observed, found that their work was done. At least all was done which could be accomplished at the sea itself. One thing only remained to be determined, and that was the measure of the *depression* of the sea. This could be positively and precisely ascertained only by the process of "leveling a line," as it is termed, across from the sea to the shores of the Mediterranean. This work they now prepared to undertake, making arrangements at the same time for taking their final leave of the dismal lake which they had been so long exploring.

It had been long supposed that the Dead Sea lay below the general level of the waters of the earth's surface, and various modes had been adopted for ascertaining the amount of the depression. The first attempt was made by two English philosophers in 1837. The method by which they attempted to measure the depression was by means of the boiling point of water. Water requires a greater or a less amount of heat to boil it according to the degree of pressure which it sustains upon its surface from the atmosphere—boiling with less heat on the tops of mountains where the air is rare, and requiring greater in the bottoms of mines, where the density and weight of the atmosphere is increased in proportion to the depth. Heights and depths, therefore, may be approximately measured by an observation of the degree of heat indicated by the thermometer in the locality in question, when water begins to boil. By

this test the English philosophers found the depression of the Dead Sea to be five hundred feet.

A short time after this experiment was performed a very careful observation was made by means of a barometer, which also, measuring, as it does, the density of the air, directly, may be made use of to ascertain heights and depths. It is, in fact, often thus employed to measure the heights of mountains. The result of observations with the barometer gave a depression to the surface of the sea of about six hundred feet.

A third method is by trigonometrical calculation. This mode is much more laborious and difficult than either of the other modes which we have alluded to, but it is more to be relied upon in its results. The data for a trigonometrical calculation are to be obtained by observing, in a very accurate manner, a series of angles of elevation and depression on a line between the points, the relative levels of which are to be obtained. Lieutenant Symonds, an officer of the English service, made such a survey with great care, a few years after the preceding experiments were performed. He carried a line across from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, connecting the two extremes of it by means of a series of vertical angles which he measured accurately, with instruments of the most exact construction. The result of the computation which he made from these data, was that the sea was depressed *one thousand three hundred and twelve feet* below the level of the Mediterranean.

The surprise which had been felt at the results of the experiments first mentioned, was greatly increased by the announcement of this result. No one was disposed really to question the accuracy of the engineer's measurements and calculations, but it seemed still almost incredible that a valley lying so near the open sea could be sunken so low beneath its level. There was one remaining mode of determining the question, and that was by carrying an actual level across the land, by means of leveling instruments, such as are used in the construction of railroads and canals. This would be, of course, a very laborious work, but there was a general desire among all who took an interest in the subject that it should be performed and Lieutenant Lynch determined to undertake it.

Accordingly, when the time arrived for leaving the shores of the sea, he organized a leveling party, furnishing them with the necessary instruments and with proper instructions, and commissioned them to perform this service. They began by scaling the face of the mountain which rose almost perpendicularly from the shore of the sea at the place of the last encampment.



THE LEVELING PARTY.

various adventures, and encountering many difficulties, but persevering steadily with the work, until at last, in twenty-three days from the time of leaving the Dead Sea, they arrived on the shore of the Mediterranean at Jaffa. The result confirmed in a very accurate manner the calculations of Lieutenant Symonds, for the difference of level was found to be a little over thirteen hundred feet—almost precisely the same as Lieutenant Symonds had determined it. The question is, therefore, now definitely settled. The vast accumulation of waters lies so far below the general level of the earth's surface that, if named after the analogy of its mighty neighbor, it might well have been called the Subterranean Sea.

Lieutenant Lynch had great reason to congratulate himself on this successful result of his labors; for the work which he had undertaken was one not only of toil, exposure, and suffering, but also of great danger. He was warned by the fatal results which had almost invariably attended former attempts to explore these waters, that if he ventured to trust himself upon them, it was wholly uncertain whether he would ever return. He followed in a track which had led all who had preceded him in taking it, to destruction; and the only hope of safety and success which he could entertain in renewing an experiment which had so often failed before, was in the superior sagacity and forethought which he and his party could exercise in forming their plans, and in the greater energy and courage, and the higher powers of endurance, which they could bring into play in the execution of them. The event proved that he estimated correctly the resources which he had at his command.

THE STORY OF COSTIGAN.

Among the stories which were related to Mr. Lynch, when he was preparing at the Sea of

Galilee to commence his dangerous voyage, to discourage him from the undertaking, was that of the unfortunate Costigan. Costigan was an Irish gentleman who, some years before the period of Lieutenant Lynch's expedition, had undertaken to make a voyage on the Dead Sea, in a boat, with a single companion—a sailor whom he employed to accompany him, to row the boat, and to perform such other services as might be required. Costigan laid in a store of provisions and water, sufficient, as he judged, for the time that would be consumed in the excursion, and then taking his departure from a point on the shore near the mouth of the Jordan, he pushed out with his single oarsman over the waters of the sea.

About eight days afterward, an Arab woman, wandering along the shore near the place where these voyagers had embarked, found Costigan lying upon the ground there, in a dying condition,

spect to the events of the cruise, gave an account of such of them as a mere sailor would be likely to remember. They moved, he said, in a zigzag direction on the lake, crossing and recrossing it a number of times. They sounded every day, and found the depth of the water in many places very great. The sufferings, the sailor said, which they both endured from the heat, were very great; and the labor of rowing was excessively exhausting. In three days, however, they succeeded in reaching the southern extremity of the sea, and then set out on their return. During all this time Costigan himself took his turn regularly at the oars, but on the sixth day the supply of water gave out, and then Costigan's strength entirely failed. On the seventh day, they had nothing to drink but the water of the sea. This only aggravated instead of relieving their thirst, and on the eighth day the sailor undertook to make coffee from the sea water, hoping, by this

means, to disguise in some measure its nauseating and intolerable saltness. But all was in vain. No sustenance or strength could be obtained from such sources, and the sailor himself soon found his strength, too, entirely gone. All attempts at rowing were now, of course, entirely abandoned, and although the boat had nearly reached the land again, at the mouth of the Jordan, the ill fated navigators must have perished floating on the sea, had it not happened that a breeze sprang up just at this juncture—blowing toward the land. The sailor, though too much exhausted to row, contrived to raise the sail, and to guide the helm, so that the boat at length attained the shore. There he left his master, while he himself made his way to Jericho, as has been already described.



COSTIGAN

alone, and the boat at a little distance on the beach, stranded and abandoned. The woman took pity upon the sufferer, and calling some Arab men to the spot, she persuaded them to take him up, and carry him to Jericho. There they found the sailor, who, better able as it would seem to endure such hardships than his master, had had strength enough left, when the boat reached the land, to walk, and had, accordingly, made his way to Jericho, leaving his master on the shore while he went for succor. At Jericho Costigan revived a little, and was then taken to Jerusalem, where he was lodged in a convent, and every effort was made to save his life and to promote his recovery, but in vain. He died in two days, and was never able to give any account of the events of his voyage.

The sailor, however, when questioned in re-

These and several other attempts somewhat similar in their nature and results, which had been made in previous years, made it evident to Lieutenant Lynch, when he embarked in his enterprise, that he was about to engage in a very dangerous undertaking. The arrangements and plans which he formed, however, were on a much greater scale and far more complete than those of any of his predecessors, and he was enabled to make a much more ample provision than they for all the various emergencies which might occur in the course of the expedition. By these means, and through the extraordinary courage, energy, and resolution displayed by himself and by the men under his command, the enterprise was conducted to a very successful result.

THE FUTURE.

The true character and condition of the whole

valley of the Dead Sea having been thus fully ascertained, and all the secrets of its gloomiest recesses having been brought fully to light, it will probably now be left for centuries to come, to rest undisturbed in the dismal and death-like solitude which seems to be its peculiar and appropriate destiny. Curious travelers may, from time to time, look out over its waters from the mouth of the Jordan, or survey its broad expanse from the heights at En-gedi, or perhaps cruise along under the salt cliffs of Usdum, on its southeastern shore, in journeying to or from the Arabian deserts; but it will be long, probably, before any keel shall again indent its salt-encrusted sands, or disturb the repose of its ponderous waters. It is true that the emotion of awe which its gloomy and desolate scenery inspires has something in it of the sublime; and the religious associations connected with the past history of the sea, impart a certain dread solemnity to its grandeur, and make the spot a very attractive one to those who travel into distant climes from love of excitement and emotion. But the physical difficulties, dangers, exposures, and sufferings, which are unavoidably to be incurred in every attempt to explore a locality like this, are so formidable, and the hazard to life is so great, while the causes from which these evils and dangers flow lie so utterly beyond all possible or conceivable means of counteraction, that the vast pit will probably remain forever a memorial of the wrath and curse of God, and a scene of unrelieved and gloomy desolation.

THE PALACES OF FRANCE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

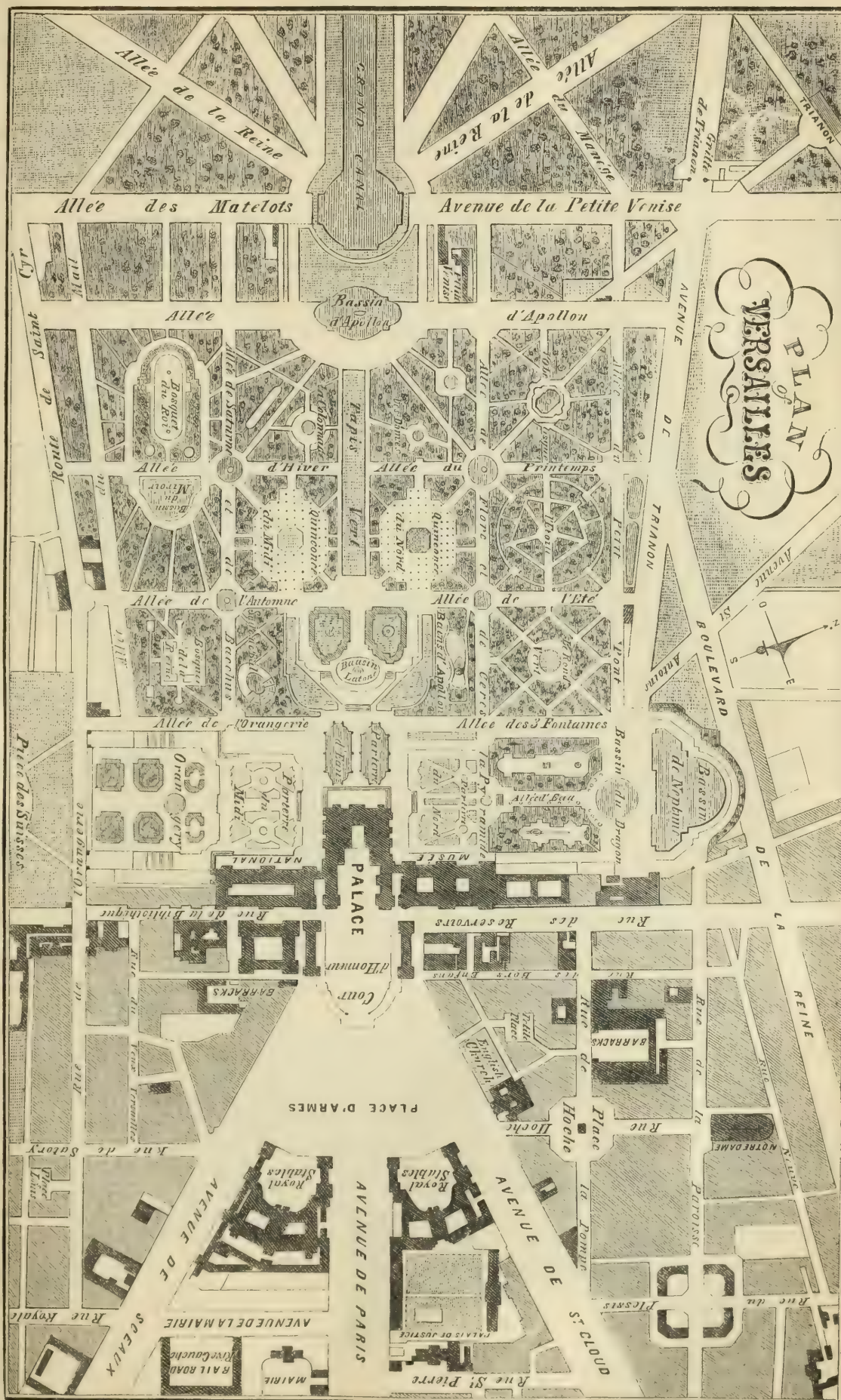
VERSAILLES. It was a beautiful morning in May, when we took the cars in Paris for a ride to Versailles, to visit this most renowned of all the voluptuous palaces of the French kings. Nature was decked in her most joyous robes. The birds of spring had returned, and, in their fragrant retreats of foliage and flowers, were filling the air with their happy warblings. In less than an hour we alighted at Versailles, which is about twelve miles from Paris.

When Henry IV., three hundred years ago, attained the sovereignty of France, an immense forest spread over the whole region now occupied by the princely residences of Versailles. For a hundred years this remained the hunting ground of the French monarchs. Lords and ladies, with packs of hounds in full chase of the frightened deer, like whirlwinds swept through the forests, and those dark solitudes resounded with the bugle notes of the huntsmen, and with the shouts of regal revelry. Two hundred years ago Louis XIII., in the midst of this forest, erected a beautiful pavilion, where, when weary with the chase, the princely retinue, following their king, might rest and feast, and with wine and wassail prolong their joy. The fundamental doctrine of political economy then was that *people* were made simply to earn money for kings to spend. The art of governing consisted simply in the art of keeping the people submissive while they earned

as much as possible to administer to the voluptuous indulgences of their monarchs.

Louis XIV. ascended the throne. He loved sin and feared its consequences. He could not shut out reflection, and he dreaded death and the scenes which might ensue beyond the grave. Whenever he approached the windows of the grand saloon of his magnificent palace at St. Germain, far away, in the haze of the distant horizon, he discerned the massive towers of the church of St. Denis. In damp and gloomy vaults, beneath those walls, mouldered the ashes of the kings of France. The sepulchral object ever arrested the sight and tortured the mind of the royal debauchee. It unceasingly warned him of death, judgment, retribution. He could never walk the magnificent terrace of his palace, and look out upon the scene of loveliness spread through the valley below, but there rose before him, in sombre majesty, far away in the distance, the gloomy mausoleum awaiting his burial. When heated with wine and inflamed by passion he surrendered himself to dalliance with all forbidden pleasures, his tomb reproached him and warned him, and the troubled king could find no peace. At last he was unable to bear it any longer, and abandoning St. Germain, he lavished uncounted millions in rearing, for himself, his mistresses, and his courtiers, at Versailles, a palace, where the sepulchre would not gloomily loom up before their eyes. It is estimated that the almost incredible sum of two hundred millions of dollars were expended upon the buildings, the gardens, and the park. Thirty thousand soldiers, besides a large number of mechanics, were for a long time employed upon the works. A circuit of sixty miles inclosed the immense park, in the midst of which the palace was embowered. An elegant city rose around the royal residence, as by magic. Wealthy nobles reared their princely mansions, and a population of a hundred thousand thronged the gay streets of Versailles. Water was brought in aqueducts from a great distance, and with a perfectly lavish expenditure of money, to create fountains, cascades, and lakes. Forests, and groves, and lawns arose as by creative power, and even rocks were made of cement, and piled up in precipitous crags to give variety and picturesqueness to the scene. Versailles! It eclipsed Babylon in voluptuousness, extravagance, and sin. Millions toiled in ignorance and degradation from the cradle to the grave, to feed and clothe these proud patri-cians, and to fill to superfluity the measure of their indulgences. The poor peasant, with his merely animal wife and animal daughter, toiled in the ditch and in the field, through joyless years, while his king, beneath gilded ceilings, was feasting thousands of nobles, with the luxuries of all climes, from plate of gold.

It is in vain to attempt a description of Versailles. The main palace contains five hundred rooms. We passed the long hours of a long day in rapidly passing through them. The mind becomes bewildered with the magnificence. Here is the chapel where an offended God was to



be appeased by gilding his altar with gold, and where regal sinners cheaply purchased pardon for the past and indulgence for the future. It is one of the essentials of luxurious iniquity to be furnished with facile appliances to silence the reproaches of the soul; and nothing more effectually accomplishes this than a religion of mere ceremony. Upon this chapel Louis XIV. concentrated all the taste and grandeur of the age. It was an easy penance for a profligate life to expend millions, wrested from the toiling poor, to embellish an edifice consecrated to an insulted God. Before this gorgeous altar stood Maria Antoinette and Louis XVI., in consummation of that nuptial union which terminated in the most melancholy tragedy earth has ever known. The exquisite paintings, the rich carv-

ings and gildings, the graceful spring of the arched ceiling, the statues of marble and bronze, the subdued light, which gently penetrates the apartment, through the stained glass, the organ in its tones so soft and rich and full, all conspire to awaken that luxury of poetic feeling which the human heart is so apt to mistake for the spirit of devotion—for love to God. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments."

But every spot in this sumptuous abode is so alive with the memories of other days, is so peopled with the spirits of the departed, that we linger and linger, as historical incidents of intensest interest crowd the mind.

"Voici la salle de l'Opéra," exclaims the guide, and he rattles off a voluble description, which falls upon your ear like the unintelligible



LOUIS XIV

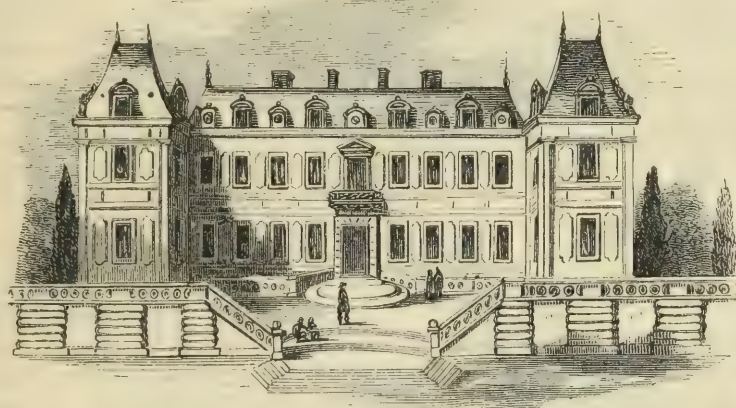
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moaning of the wind, as, lost in reverie, you recall to mind the scenes which have transpired in the theatre of Versailles. Sinking down upon the cushioned sofa, where Maria Antoinette often reclined in her days of bridal beauty and ambition, the vision of private theatricals rises before you. The deserted stage is again peopled. The nobles of the Bourbon court, in all the regalia of aristocratic pomp and pride, crowd the brilliant theatre, blazing with the illumination of ten thousand waxen lights. Maria, the queen of France, enacts a tragedy, little dreaming that she is soon to take a part in a real tragedy, the recital of which will bring tears into the eyes of all generations. Maria performs her part

here. The hours are fast passing and there are hundreds of rooms, gorgeous with paintings and statues, and crowded with historical associations, yet to explore. We must not, however, forget to mention, in illustration of the atrocious extravagance of these kings, that the expense of every grand opera performed in that theatre was twenty-five thousand dollars.

There were two grand suites of apartments, one facing the gardens on the north, belonging to the king, the other facing the south, belonging to the queen. The king's apartments, vast in dimensions and with lofty ceilings decorated with the most exquisite and voluptuous paintings, are encrusted with marble and embellished

with a profusion of the richest works of the pencil and the chisel. The queen's rooms are all tastefully draped in white, and glitter with gold. Upon this gorgeous couch of purple and of fine linen, she placed her aching head and aching heart, seeking in vain that repose which the defrauded peasants found, but which fled from the pillow of the queen. Let society be as corrupt as it may, in a nominally Christian land, no woman can be happy when she is but the prominent slave in the harem of her husband. The paramours of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. trod proudly the halls of Versailles ;



OLD CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES

upon the stage with triumphant success. The courtiers fill the house with tumultuous applause. Her husband loves not to see his wife a play-actress. He hisses. The wife is deaf to every sound but that one piercing note of reproach. In the midst of resounding triumph she retires overwhelmed with sorrow and tears.

Suddenly the vision changes. The dark hours of the monarchy have come. The people, ragged, beggared, desperate, have thundered at the doors of the palace, declaring that they will starve no longer to support kings and nobles in such splendor. Poor Maria, educated in the palace, is amazed that the people should be so unreasonable and so insolent. She had supposed that as the horse is made to bear his rider, and the cow to give milk to her owner, so the *people* were created to provide kings with luxury and splendor. But the maddened populace have lost all sense of mercy. They burn the chateaus of the nobles and hang their inmates at the lamp-posts. The high civil and military officers of the king rally at Versailles to protect the royal family. In this very theatre they hold a banquet to pledge to each other undying support. In the midst of their festivities, when chivalrous enthusiasm is at its height, the door opens, and Maria enters, pale, wan, and woe-stricken. The sight inflames the wine-excited enthusiasts to frenzy. The hall is filled with shoutings and with weeping ; with acclamations and with oaths of allegiance. But we must no longer linger

their favor was courted even more than that of their queen, and the neglected wife and mother knew well the secret passages through which her husband passed to the society of youth, and beauty, and infamy.

The statues and the paintings which adorn these rooms seem to have been inspired by that one all-powerful passion, which, properly regulated, fills the heart with joy, and which unregulated is the most direful source of wretchedness which can desolate human homes. It is said that art is in possession of a delicacy which rises above the instinctive modesty of ordinary life. France has adopted this philosophy, and it is undeniable that France, with all her refinement and politeness, has become an indelicate nation. The evidence is astounding and revolting. No gentleman, no lady, from other lands can long reside in Paris without being amazed at the scenes which Paris exhibits. The human frame in its nudity is so familiar to every eye, that it has lost all its sacredness. In all the places of public amusement, the almost undraped forms of living men and women pass before the spectators, and all the modesties of nature are profaned. The pen can not detail particulars, for we may not even record in America that which is done in France. The connection is plain. The effect comes legitimately from the cause. No lady can visit Versailles without having her sense of delicacy wounded. It is said that "to the pure all things are pure." But alas for humanity ! a

fleeting thought will sully the soul. There is much, very much in France to admire. The cordiality and the courtesy of the French are worthy of all praise. But the delicacy of France has received a wound, deplorable in the extreme, and a wound from which it can not soon recover.



PALACE OF VERSAILLES—OLD COURT ENTRANCE.

The grand banquetting room of Versailles is perhaps the most magnificent apartment in the world, extending along the whole central façade of the palace, and measuring 242 feet in length, 35 feet in width, and 43 feet in height. It is lighted by 17 large arched windows, with corresponding mirrors upon the opposite wall. The ceiling is painted with the most costly creations of art. Statues of Venus and Adonis, and of every form of male and female beauty, embellish the niches. Here Louis XIV. displayed all the grandeur of royalty, and this vast gallery was often filled to its utmost capacity with the brilliant throng of lords and ladies, whom the people here supported, Versailles was the Royal almshouse of the kingdom. The French Revolution, in its terrible reprisals, was caused by strong provocatives.

The cabinet of the king, a very beautiful room, is near. Here is a large round table in the centre of the saloon. History informs us that one day Louis XV. was sitting at this table, with a packet of letters before him. The petted favorite, Madame du Barri, came in, and suspecting that the package was from a rival, she snatched it from the king's hand. He rose indignantly, and pursued her. She ran around the table, chased by the angry monarch, till finding herself in danger of being caught, she threw the letters into the glowing fire of the grate. The fascinating and guilty beauty perished in the Revolution. She was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal. Her long hair was shorn, that the knife of the guillotine might more keenly cut its way. But clustering ringlets, in beautiful profusion, fell over her brow and temples, and vailing her voluptuous features reposed upon her bosom,

from which the executioner had brutally torn the dress. The yells of the maddened populace, deriding her exposure and her agony of terror, filled the air. The drunken mob danced exultingly around the aristocratic courtesan as the cart dragged her to the block. But the shrieks of the appalled victim pierced through the uproar which surrounded her. "Life—life—life!" she screamed, frantic with fright; "O, save me, save me!" The mob laughed and shouted, and taunted her with coarse witticisms upon the soft pillow of the guillotine, upon which her head would soon repose. The coarse executioners, with rude violence, bound her graceful, struggling limbs to the plank, the slide fell, and her shrieks were hushed in death.

And here is the room in which her royal lover died. It was midnight, the 10th of May, 1774. The small-pox, in its most loathsome form, had swollen his frame into the mockery of humanity. The courtiers had fled in consternation from the monarch whom they hated and despised. In his gorgeous palace the king of thirty millions of people was left, to struggle with death, unpitied and alone. An old woman sat unconcerned in an adjoining room, waiting till he should be dead. Occasionally she rose and walked to his bedside to see if he still breathed, and, disappointed that he lived so long, returned again to her chair. A lamp flickers at the window, a signal to the courtiers, at a safe distance, that the king is not yet dead. They watch impatiently through the hours of the night the glimmer of that dim torch. Suddenly it is extinguished, and gladness fills all hearts.

"So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, while all around thee weep."

And here is the gorgeous couch upon which the monarch who reared these walls expired. It was the 30th of August, 1715. The gray-haired king, emaciated with remorse and physical suffering, reclined upon the regal bed, whose velvet hangings were looped back with heavy tassels and ropes of gold. The vast apartment was thronged with princes and courtiers in the magnificent costume of the times. Ladies sunk upon their knees around the bed where the proudest monarch of France was painfully gasping in the agonies of death. His soul was harrowed with anguish, as he reflected upon the bitter past, and anticipated the dread future. Publicly he avowed with gushing tears his regret, in view of the scenes of guilt through which he had passed. "Gentlemen," said the dying king, in a faltering

voice to those around him, "I implore your pardon for the bad example I have set you. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." Then exclaiming, "Oh, my God, come to my aid, and hasten to help me," he fell back insensible upon his pillow, and soon expired.

As he breathed his last, one of the high officers of the household approached the window of the state apartment, which opened upon the great balcony, and threw it back. A vast crowd was assembled in the court-yard below, awaiting the tidings which they knew could not long be delayed. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and throwing the pieces among the crowd exclaimed, with a loud and solemn voice, "The king is dead!" Then seizing another staff from an attendant, he waved it in the air, shouting joyfully, "Long live the king!" The dead king is instantly and forever forgotten. The living king, who alone had favors to confer, was welcomed to his throne by multitudinous shouts, echoing through the apartment of death.



DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

But upon this balcony a scene of far greater moral sublimity has transpired. It was the morning of the 8th of October, 1789. The night had been black and stormy. The infuriated mob of Paris, drenched with rain, men, women, boys, drunken, ragged, starving, in countless thousands, had all the night long been howling around their watch-fires, ravenous for the life of the queen. Clouds, heavy with rain, were still driven violently through the stormy sky, and pools of water filled the vast court-yard of the palace. Muskets were continually discharged, and now and then the crash of a bullet through a window was heard. At last the mob, pressing the palace in an innumerable throng, with a roar which soon became simultaneous, like an unin-

terrupted peal of thunder, shouted, "The Queen! the Queen!" demanding that she should appear upon the balcony. With that heroic spirit which ever inspired her, she fearlessly stepped out of the low window, leading her children by her side. "Away with the children!" shouted thousands of voices. Even this maddened multitude had not the heart to massacre youth and innocence. Maria, whose whole soul was roused to meet the sublimity of the occasion, without the tremor of a nerve led back her children, and again appearing upon the balcony, folded her arms and raised her eyes to heaven, as if devoting herself a sacrifice to the wrath of her subjects. Even degraded souls could appreciate the heroism of such a deed. A murmur of admiration ensued, followed by a simultaneous shout, which pierced the skies, "Vive la Reine! Vive la Reine!"

And now we enter the chamber where Maria slept on that night—or rather where she did not sleep, but merely threw herself for a few moments upon her pillow, in the vain attempt to soothe her agitated spirit. The morning had nearly dawned ere she retired to her chamber.

A dreadful clamor upon the stairs roused her. The mob had broken into the palace. The discharge of fire-arms and the clash of swords at her door, proclaimed that the desperadoes were struggling with her guard. At the same moment she heard the dying cry of her faithful sentinel, as he fell beneath the blows of the assassins, calling to her, "Fly! fly for your life!" She sprang from her bed, rushed to the private door which led to the king's apartment, and had but just time to close the door behind her, when the tumultuous assailants rushed into the room, and plunged their bayonets, with all the vigor of their brawny arms, into her bed. Unfortunately, Maria had escaped. Happy

would it have been for the ill-fated queen had she died in that short agony. But she was reserved for a fate perhaps more dreadful than has ever befallen any other daughter of our race.

Poor Maria! fancy can not create so wild a dream of terror as was realized in her sad life. The annals of the world contain not another tragedy so mournful.

Every room we enter has its tale to tell. Providence deals strangely in compensations. The kings of France robbed the nation to rear for themselves these gorgeous palaces. And yet the poor unlettered peasant in his hut, was a stranger to those woes, which have ever held high carnival within these gilded walls. Few must have been the hours of happiness which have been

found in the Palace of Versailles. The paintings which adorn the saloons and galleries of this princely abode, are executed in the highest style of ancient and modern art. One is never weary of gazing upon them. Many of them leave an impression upon the mind which a lifetime can not obliterate. All the great events of France are here chronicled in that universal language which all nations can alike understand. David's magnificent painting of the Coronation of Napoleon attracts the special attention of every visitor. The artist has seized upon the moment when the Emperor is placing the crown upon the brow of Josephine. When the colossal work was finished, many criticisms were passed upon the composition, which met the Emperor's ear. Among other things, it was specially objected that it was not a picture of the coronation of Napoleon but of that of Josephine. When the great work was entirely completed, Napoleon appointed a day to inspect it in person, prior to its public exhibition. To confer honor upon the distinguished artist, he went in state, attended by a detachment of horse and a military band, accompanied by the Empress Josephine, the princes and princesses of the family, and the great officers of the crown.

Napoleon for a few moments contemplated the painting in thoughtful silence, and then, turning to the artist, said, "M. David, this is well—very well, indeed. The empress, my mother, the emperor, all are most appropriately placed. You have made me a French knight, and I am gratified that you have thus transmitted to future ages the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying toward the empress." Josephine was at the time standing at his side, leaning upon his right arm. M. David stood at his left. After contemplating the picture again for a few moments in silence, he dropped the arm of the empress, advanced two steps, and turning to the painter, uncovered his head, and bowing to him profoundly, exclaimed, "M. David, I salute you!"

"Sire!" replied the painter, with admirable tact, "I receive the compliment of the emperor, in the name of all the artists in the empire, happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honor."

When this painting was afterward removed to the Museum, the emperor wished to see it a second time. M. David, in consequence, attended in the hall of the Louvre, accompanied by all of his pupils. Napoleon on this occasion inquired of the illustrious painter who of his pupils had distinguished themselves in their art. Napoleon immediately conferred upon those young men the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He then said, "It is requisite that I should testify my satisfaction to the master of so many distinguished artists; therefore I promote you to be Officer of the Legion of Honor. M. Duroc, give a golden decoration to M. David." "Sire, I have none with me," answered the Grand Marshal. "No matter," replied the Emperor; "do not let this day pass without executing my order."

The King of Wirtemberg, himself quite an artist, visited the painting, and exceedingly admired it. As he contemplated the glow of light which irradiated the person of the Pope, he exclaimed, "I did not believe that your art could effect such wonders. White and black, in painting, afford but very weak resources. When you produced this you had no doubt a sunbeam upon your pencil!"

But we must no longer linger here. And yet how can we hurry along through the midst of this profusion of splendor and of beauty. Room after room opens before us, in endless succession, and the mind is bewildered with the opulence of art. In each room you wish to stop for hours, and yet you can stop but moments, for there are hundreds of these gorgeous saloons to pass through, and the gardens and the parks to be visited, the fountains and the groves, the rural palaces of the Great Trianon and the Little Trianon, and above all the Swiss village. The Historical Museum consists of a suite of eleven magnificent apartments, filled with the most costly paintings illustrating the principal events in the history of France up to the period of the revolution. You then enter a gallery, three hundred feet in length, filled with the busts, statues, and monumental effigies of the kings, queens, and illustrious personages of France. The Hall of the Crusades consists of a series of five splendid saloons in the Gothic style, filled with pictures relating to that strange period of the history of the world. But there seems to be no end to the artistic wonders here accumulated. The Grand Gallery of Battles is a room 393 feet in length, 43 in breadth, and the same in height. The vaulted ceiling is emblazoned with gold, and the walls are brilliant with the most costly productions of the pencil. One vast gallery contains more than three hundred colossal pictures, illustrating the military history of Napoleon. In one of the apartments, on the ground floor, are seen two superb carriages. One is that in which Charles X. rode to his coronation. It was built for that occasion, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars. The resources of wealth and art were exhausted in the construction of this voluptuous and magnificent vehicle. The other was built expressly for the christening of the infant Duke of Bordeaux.

But let us enter the stables, for they also are palaces. The nobles of other lands have hardly been as sumptuously housed as were the horses of the kings of France. The Palace of Versailles is approached from the town by three grand avenues—the central one 800 feet broad. These avenues open into a large space called the Place of Arms. Flanking the main avenue, and facing the palace, were placed the Grand Stables, inclosed by handsome iron railings and lofty gateways, and ornamented with trophies and sculptures. These stables were appropriated to the carriages and the horses of the royal family. Here the king kept his stud of 1000 of the most magnificent steeds the empire could furnish. It must have been a brilliant spectacle, in the gala

days of Versailles, when lords and ladies, glittering in purple and gold, thronged these saloons, and mounted on horses and shouting in chariots, with waving plumes, and robes like banners fluttering in the air, swept as a vision of enchantment through the Eden-like drives which boundless opulence and the most highly cultivated taste had opened in the spacious parks of the palace. The poor peasant and pale artisan, whose toil supplied the means for this luxury, heard the shout, and saw the vision, and ate their black bread, and looked upon the barefooted daughter and the emaciate wife, and treasured up wrath. The fearful outrages of the French revolution, concentrated upon kings and nobles in the short space of a few years, were but the accumulated vengeance which had been gathering through ages of wrong and violence in the hearts of oppressed men. But those days of kingly grandeur have passed away from France forever. Versailles can never again be filled as it has been. It is no longer a regal palace. It is a museum of art, opened freely to all the people. No longer will the blooded Arabians of a proud monarch fill those stables. One has already been converted into cavalry barracks, and the other into an agricultural school. It is to be hoped that the soldiers will soon follow the horses, and that the sciences of peace will eject those of war.

withered charms, and exhausted vivacity, retired from these sumptuous halls and from her heartless, selfish, discarding betrayer, to seek in the glooms of a convent that peace which the guilty love of a king could never confer upon her heart. For thirty years, clothed in sackcloth, she mourned and prayed, till the midnight tollings of the convent bell consigned her emaciate frame to the tomb.

Madame Montespan, a lady of noble rank, beautiful and brilliant, abandoning her husband, willingly threw herself into the arms of the proud, mean, self-worshipping monarch. The patient, gentle, pious, martyr wife of Louis XIV. looked silently on, and saw Madame Montespan become the mother of the children of the king. But Madame Montespan's cheek also, in time, became pale with jealousy and sorrow, as another love attracted the vagrant desires of the royal debauchee. He sent a messenger to inform the ruined, woe-stricken, frantic woman, that her presence was no longer desired, that she was but a supernumerary in the palace, that she must retire. With insult almost incredible he informed the unhappy woman, that as the children to whom she had given birth were his own they might be received and honored in the palace, but that as she had been only his mistress, it was not decorous that she should longer be seen there. The discarded favorite, in the delirium

of her indignation and her agony, seized a desert knife upon the table, and rushing upon her beautiful boy, the little Count of Toulouse, whom the king held by the hand, shrieked out, "I will leave the palace, but first I will bury this knife in the heart of that child." With difficulty the frantic woman was seized and bound, and the affrighted child torn from her grasp. And here we stand in the very saloon in which this tragedy occurred. The room is deserted and still. The summer's sun sleeps placidly upon the polished floor. But far away in other



LOUIS XIV. HUNTING.

What tongue can tell the heart-crushing dramas of real life which have been enacted in this palace. Its history is full of the revealings of the agonies of the soul. Love, in all its delirium of passion, of hopelessness, of jealousy, and of remorse, has here rioted, causing the virtuous to fall and weep tears of blood, the vicious to become demoniac in reckless self-abandonment. After years of soul-harrowing pleasure and sin, the Duchesse de la Vallière, with pallid cheek, and

worlds the perfidious lover and his victim have met before a tribunal, where justice can not be warded off, by sceptre or by crown. Madame Maintenon, whom the king gained by a private marriage, which he afterward was meanly ashamed to acknowledge, succeeded Madame Montespan in the evanescent love of the king.

The fate of this proud beauty, once one of the most envied and admired of the gilded throng, which crowded Versailles, was indeed peculiar.



MADAME MAINTENON.

Upon her dying bed, in accordance with the gloomy superstitions of the times, she bequeathed her body to the family tomb, her heart to the convent of La Flèche, and her entrails to the priory of St. Menoux. A village surgeon performed the duty of separating from the body those organs, which were to be conveyed as sacred relics to the cloister. The heart, inclosed in a leaden case, was forwarded to La Flèche. The intestines were taken out and placed in a small trunk. The trunk was intrusted to the care of a peasant, who was directed to convey them to St. Menoux. The porter, having completed half of his journey, sat down under a tree to rest. His curiosity was excited to ascertain the contents of the box. Astonished at the

sight, he thought that some comrade was trifling with him, desiring to make merry at his expense. He therefore emptied the trunk into a ditch beside which he sat. Just at that moment, a lad who was herding swine drove them toward him. Groveling in the mire they approached the remains and instantly devoured them! She had bequeathed the sacred relics as a legacy to the church, to be approached with reverence through all coming time. The filthiest animals in the world rooted them into the mire and ate them, devouring a portion of the remains of one of the proudest beauties who ever reigned in an imperial palace.

It has often been said that the French revolution merely overthrew a Bourbon to place

upon the throne a Bonaparte. But Napoleon, a democratic king, with all the energy of his impassioned nature consulting for the interests of the people of France, was as different in his character, and in the great objects of his ambition, and his life, from the old feudal monarchs, as is light from darkness. The following was the ordinary routine of life, day after day, and year after year, with Louis XIV., in the palace of Versailles.

At eight o'clock in the morning two servants carefully entered the chamber of the king. One, if the weather was cold or damp, brought dry wood to kindle a cheerful blaze upon the hearth, while the other opened the shutters, carried away the collation of soup, roasted chicken, bread, wine, and water, which had been placed, the night before, at the side of the royal couch, that the king might find a repast at hand in case he should require refreshment during the night. The valet de chambre then entered and stood silently and reverently at the side of the bed for one half hour. He then awoke the monarch, and immediately passed into an ante-room to communicate the important intelligence that the king no longer slept. Upon receiving this announcement an attendant threw open the double portals of a wide door, when the dauphin and his two sons, the brother of the king, and the Duke of Chartres, who awaited the signal, entered, and approaching the bed with the utmost solemnity of etiquette, inquired how his majesty had passed the night. After the interval of a moment the Duke du Maine, the Count de Toulouse, the first lord of the bed-chamber, and the grand master of the robes entered the apartment, and with military precision took their station by the side of the couch of recumbent royalty. Immediately there followed another procession of officers bearing the regal vestments. Fagon, the head physician, and Telier, the head surgeon, completed the train.

The head valet de chambre then poured upon the hands of the king a few drops of spirits of wine, holding beneath them a plate of enameled silver, and the first lord of the bed-chamber presented to the monarch, who was ever very punctilious in his devotions, the holy water, with which the king made the sign of the cross upon his head and his breast. Thus purified and sanctified he repeated a short prayer, which the church had taught him, and then rose in his bed. A noble lord then approached and presented to him a collection of wigs from which he selected the one which he intended to wear that day, and having condescended to place it, with his own royal hands upon his head, he slipped his arms into the sleeves of a rich dressing-gown, which the head valet de chambre held ready for him. Then reclining again upon his pillow, he thrust one foot out from the bed clothes. The valet de chambre reverently received the sacred extremity, and drew over it a silk stocking. The other limb was similarly presented and dressed, when slippers of embroidered velvet were placed upon the royal feet. The king then devoutly crossing himself with holy water, with great

dignity moved from his bed and seated himself in a large arm-chair, placed at the fire-side. The king then announced that he was prepared to receive the First Entrée. None but the especial favorites of the monarch were honored with an audience so confidential. These privileged persons were to enjoy the ecstatic happiness of witnessing the awful ceremony of shaving the king. One attendant prepared the water and held the basin. Another religiously lathered the royal chin, and removed the sacred beard, and with soft sponges, saturated with wine and water, washed the parts which had been operated upon and soothed them with silken towels.

And now the master of the robes approaches to dress the king. At the same moment the monarch announces that he is ready for his Grand Entrée. The principal attendants of royalty, accompanied by several valets de chambre and door keepers of the cabinet, immediately took their stations at the entrance of the apartment. Princes often sighed in vain for the honor of an admission to the Grand Entrée. The greatest precautions were observed that no unprivileged person should intrude. As each individual presented himself at the door, his name was whispered to the first lord of the bed chamber, who repeated it to the king. If the monarch made no reply the visitor was admitted. The duke in attendance marshaled the newcomers to their several places, that they might not approach too near the presence of His Majesty. Princes of the highest rank, and statesmen of the most exalted station were subjected alike to these humiliating ceremonials. The king, the meanwhile, regardless of his guests, was occupied in being dressed. A valet of the wardrobe delivered to a gentleman of the chamber the garters, which he in turn presented to the monarch. Inexorable etiquette would allow the king to clasp his garters in the morning, but not to unclasp them at night. It was the exclusive privilege of the head valet de chambre to unclasp that of the right leg, while an attendant of inferior rank might remove the other. One attendant put on the shoes, another fastened the diamond buckles. Two pages, gorgeously dressed in crimson velvet, overlaid with gold and silver lace, received the slippers as they were taken from the king's feet.

The breakfast followed. Two officers entered; one with bread on an enameled salver, the other with a folded napkin between two silver plates. At the same time the royal cup bearers presented to the first lord a golden vase, into which he poured a small quantity of wine and water, which was tasted by a second cup bearer to insure that there was no poison in the beverage. The vase was then rinsed, and being again filled, was presented to the king upon a golden saucer. The dauphin, as soon as the king had drank, giving his hat and gloves to the first lord in waiting, took the napkin and presented it to the monarch to wipe his lips. The frugal repast was soon finished. The king then laid aside his dressing-gown, while two attendants drew off his night

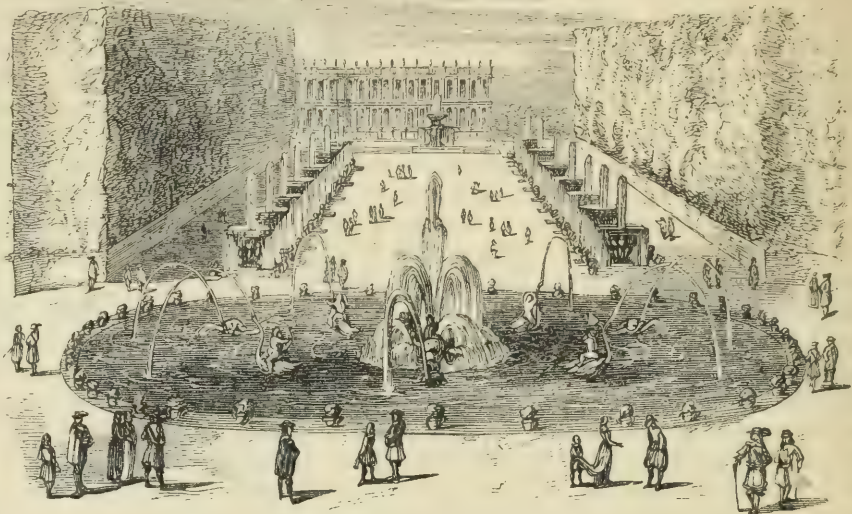
shirt, one taking the left sleeve and the other the right. The monarch then drew from his neck the casket of sacred relics, with which he ever slept. It was passed from the hands of one officer to that of another, and then deposited in the king's closet, where it was carefully guarded.

The royal shirt, in the mean time, had been thoroughly warmed at the fire. It was placed in the hands of the first lord, he presented it to the dauphin, and he, laying aside his hat and gloves, approached and presented it to the king. Each garment was thus ceremoniously presented. The royal sword, the vest, and the blue ribbon were brought forward. A nobleman of high rank was honored in the privilege of putting on the vest, another buckled on the sword, another placed over the shoulders of the monarch a scarf, to which was

attached the cross of the Holy Ghost in diamonds, and the cross of St. Louis. The grand master of the robes presented to the king his cravat of rich lace, while a favorite courtier folded it around his neck. Two handkerchiefs of most costly embroidery and richly perfumed were then placed before his majesty, on an enameled saucer, and his toilet was completed.

The king then returned to his bedside. Obsequious attendants spread before him two soft cushions of crimson velvet. In all the pride of ostentatious humility he kneeled upon these, and repeated his prayers, while the bishops and cardinals in his suit, with suppressed voice, uttered responses. But our readers will be weary of the recital of the routine of the day. From his chamber the king went to his cabinet, where, with a few privileged ones, he decided upon the plans or amusements of the day. He then attended mass in the chapel. At one o'clock he dined alone, in all the dignity of unapproachable majesty. The ceremony at the dinner table was no less punctilious and ridiculous than at the toilet. After dinner he fed his dogs, and amused himself in playing with them. He then, in the presence of a number of courtiers, changed his dress, and leaving the palace by a private staircase, proceeded to his carriage, which awaited him in the marble court-yard. Returning from his drive, he again changed his dress, and visited the apartments of Madame Maintenon, where he remained until 10 o'clock, the hour of supper. The supper was the great event of the day. Six noblemen stationed themselves at each end of the table to wait upon the king. Whenever he raised

his cup, the cup bearer exclaimed aloud to all the company, "drink for the king." After supper he held a short ceremonial audience with members of the royal family, and at midnight went again to feed his dogs. He then retired, surrounded by puerilities of ceremony too tedious to be read.



CASCADES OF VERSAILLES.

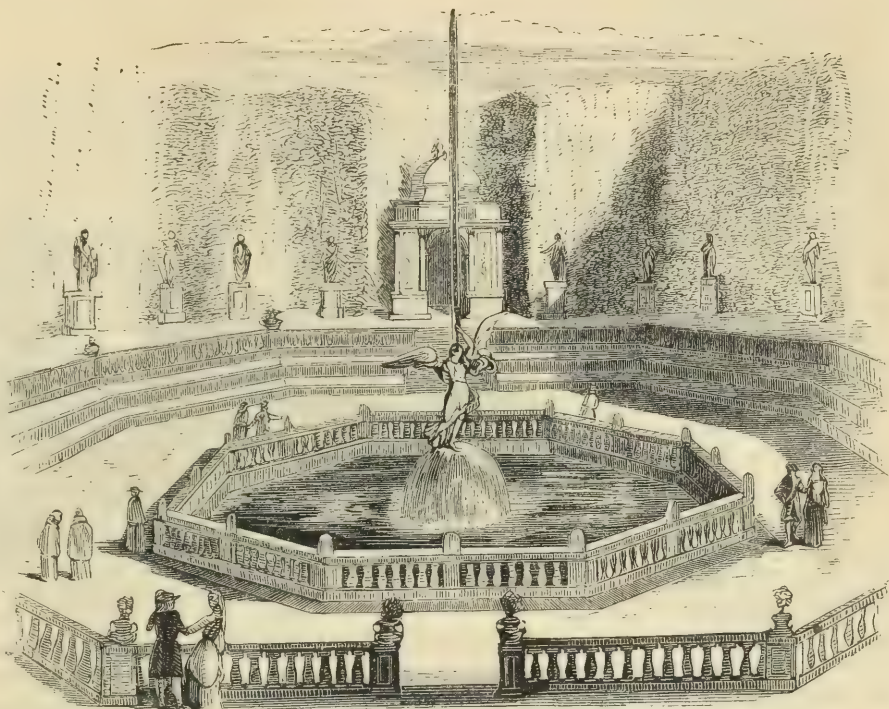
Such was the character of one of the most majestic kings of the Bourbon race. France, wearied with them, drove them from the throne, and placed Napoleon there, a man of energy, of intellect, and of action; toiling, night and day, to promote the prosperity of France in all its varied interests. The monarchs of Europe, with their united millions, combined and chained the democratic king to the rock of St. Helena, and replaced the Bourbon. But the end is not even yet. In view of the wretched life of Louis XIV., Madame Maintenon exclaimed: "Could you but form an idea of what kingly life is! Those who occupy thrones are the most unfortunate in the world."

On one occasion Louis gave a grand entertainment in the magnificent banquetting-room of the palace. Seventy-five thousand dollars were expended in loading the tables with every luxury. After the feast the gaming tables were spread. Gold and silver ornaments, jewels and precious stones, glittered on every side. For these treasures thus profusely spread, the courtiers of both sexes gambled without incurring any risk.

As the visitor leaves the palace for the gardens and the park, he enters a labyrinth of enchantment, to which there is apparently no end. Groves, lawns, parterres of flowers, fountains, basins, cascades, lakes, shrubbery, forests, avenues, and serpentine paths bewilder him with their profusion and their opulence of beauty. It is in vain to begin to describe these works. There is the Terrace of the Chateau, the Parterre of Water with its miniature lakes and twenty-four magnificent groups of statuary. Now you approach the Parterre of the South, embellished

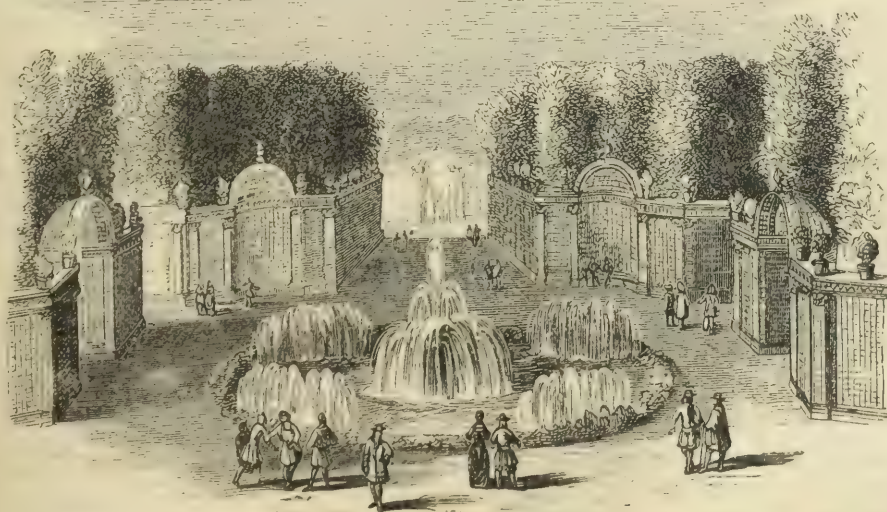
with colossal vases in bronze; again you saunter through the Parterre of the North, with antique statues in marble, with its group of Tritons and Sirens, with its basins and its gorgeous flower beds. Your steps are invited to the Baths of Diana, to the Grove of the Arch of Triumph, to the Grove of the Three Crowns, to the Basin of the Dragon, and to the magnificent Basin of Neptune, with its wilderness of sculpture and its fantastic jets from which a

deluge of water may be thrown. The Basin of Latona presents a group consisting of Latona, with Apollo and Diana. The goddess has implored the vengeance of Jupiter against the peasants of Libya, who had refused her water. Jupiter has transformed the peasants, some half and others entirely, into frogs or tortoises, and they are surrounding Latona and throwing water upon her in liquid arches of beautiful effect. The Fountain of Fame and the Fountain of the Star are neatly represented in the accompanying cuts.



FOUNTAIN OF FAME.

apartments on the second floor of which are occupied by the king. This parterre is approached by descending a flight of steps constructed of white marble. Fourteen magnificent bronze vases crown the terraced wall which separate these walks of regal luxury from the Parterre d'Eau, which is spread out in front of the palace. Statues and vases of exquisite workmanship crowd the grounds; most of the statues tending to inflame a voluptuous taste. The beautiful flower beds, filled with such a variety of plants and shrubs, as always to present an aspect of gorgeous bloom, are ornamented with two smaller fountains, called the Basins of the Crown, and one large fountain, called the Fountain of the Pyramid. The two smaller basins or fountains are so named from the chiseled groups of Tritons and Sirens supporting crowns of laurel. from the midst of which issue, in graceful curves, columns of water. The Pyramid consists of several



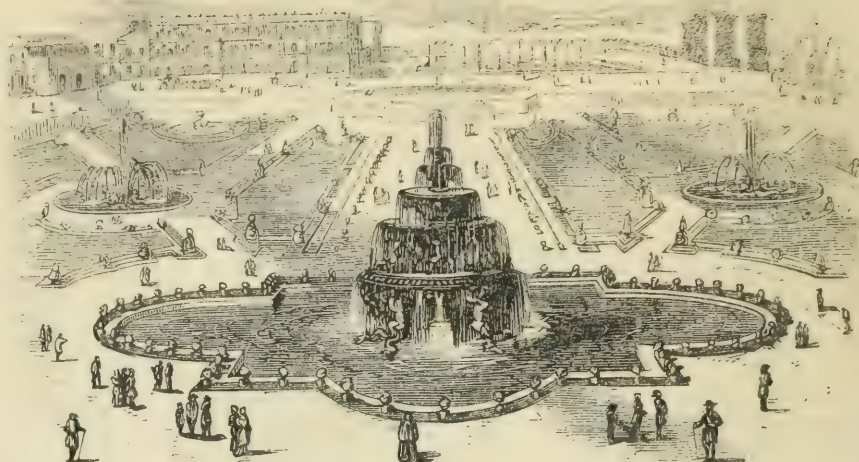
FOUNTAIN OF THE STAR.

The Parterre of the North, which is represented in the illustration, on page 808, extends in front of the northern wing of the palace, the

round basins rising one above another in a pyramidal form, supported by statues of lead. The water issues from many jets and flows beau-

tifully over the rims of the basins. Just below the Fountain of the Pyramid are the Baths of Diana, which are not represented in this illustration. This basin is embellished with finely executed statuary, representing Diana and her nymphs, in voluptuous attitudes, enjoying the luxury of the bath.

Directly in front of the palace is the Terrace of the Chateaux, embellished with walks, shrubbery, flowers, basins, fountains, and colossal statues in bronze. Connected with this is the Parterre of Water, with two splendid fountains, ever replenishing two large oblong basins filled with golden fishes. Groups of statuary enrich the landscape. From the centre of each of the basins rise jets of water. These grounds lie spread out before the magnificent banquetting hall of the palace. It is difficult to imagine a scene more beautiful than is thus presented to the eye. Let the reader recur to the plan of Versailles, and contemplate the vast expanse of lawn, forest, garden, grove, fountain, lake, walks, and avenues which are spread before him over a space of thirty-two thousand acres. From the Parterre of Water a flight of massive white steps conducts to the Fountain of Latona.

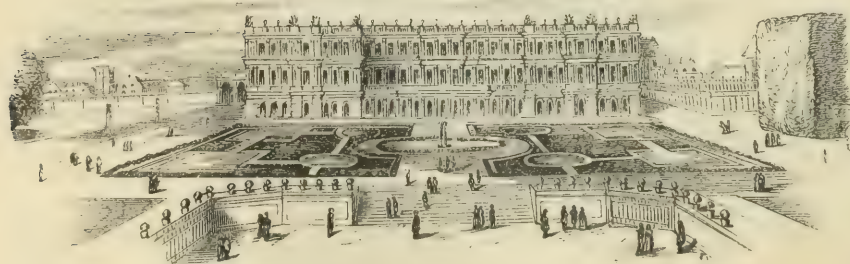


FOUNTAIN OF THE PYRAMID.

taste. It was a favorite retreat of the Bourbons, from the pomp and ceremony of Versailles. This was also one of the favorite resorts of Napoleon when he sought a few hours of repose from the cares of empire. That he might reach it without loss of time, he constructed a direct road from thence to St. Cloud.

The Little Trianon, however, with its surroundings, constitutes to many minds the most attractive spot in this region of attractions. It is a beautiful house, about eighty feet square, erected by Louis XV. for the hapless Madame du Barri. It is constructed in the style of a Roman pavilion, and surrounded with gardens ornamented in the highest attainments of French and English art. Temples, cottages, groves,

lawns, crags, fountains, lakes, cascades, embellish the grounds and present a scene of peaceful beauty which the garden of Eden could hardly have surpassed. This was the favorite abode of Maria Antoinette. She called it her home. In the quietude of this miniature palace, she loved to disembarass herself of the restraints of regal life; and in the society of congenial friends, and in the privacy of her own rural walks to forget



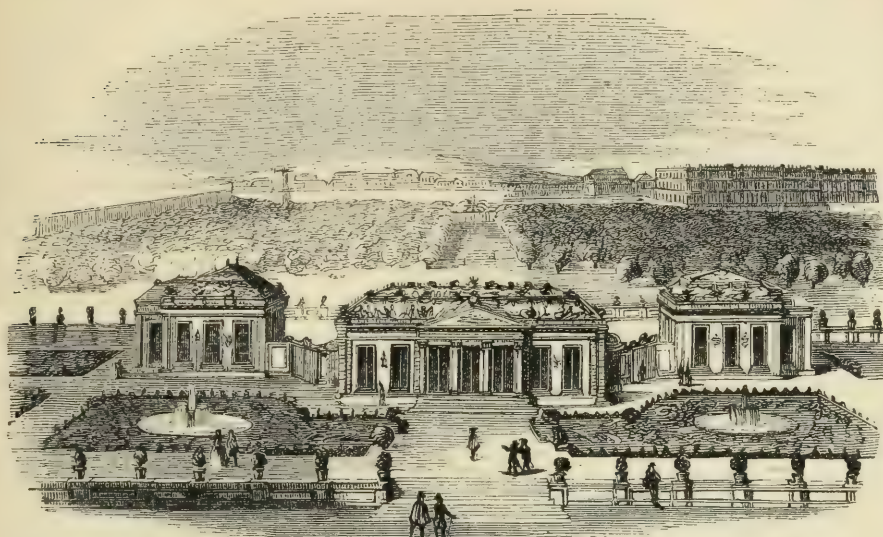
PARTERRE OF VERSAILLES.

At the extremity of the park is a beautiful palace called the Grand Trianon. It was built by Louis XIV. for Madame Maintenon. This edifice, spacious and aristocratic as it is in all its appliances, possesses the charm of beauty rather than that of grandeur. It seems constructed for an attractive home of opulence and

that she was an envied, hated queen. But even here the monotony of life wearied her, and deeply regretting that she had not formed in early youth intellectual tastes, she once sadly exclaimed to her companions, "What a resource, amidst the casualties of life, is to be found in a well cultivated mind. One can then be one's

own companion, and find society in one's own thoughts." There is a beautiful sheet of water

resound with the voice of gayety. Some were burned in their chateaux, or massacred in the streets. Some died miserably on pallets of straw in dungeons dark, and wet, and cold. Some were dragged by a deriding mob to the guillotine to bleed beneath its keen knife. And some, in beggary and wretchedness, wandered through weary years, in foreign lands, envying the fate of those who had found a more speedy death. The palace of Versailles! It is a monument of oppression and pride. It will be well for the rulers



THE GRAND TRIANON.

in the centre of the romantic, deeply wooded grounds of the Little Trianon, upon the green shores of which Maria, for pastime, erected a beautiful Swiss village, with its picturesque inn, its farm house and cow sheds, and its mill.

Here the regal votaries of pleasure, satiated with the gayeties of Paris, weary of the splendors and the etiquette of the Tuileries and Versailles, endeavored to step from the palace to the cottage, and in the humble employments of the humblest life, to alleviate the monotony of an existence devoted only to pleasure. They *played* that they were peasants, put on the garb of peasants, and engaged heartily in the employments of peasants. King Louis was the inn-keeper, and Maria Antoinette, with her sleeves tucked up and her apron bound around her, the inn-keeper's pretty and energetic wife. She courtesied humbly to the guests, whom her husband received at the door, spread the table for them, and placed before them the fresh butter which, in the dairy, she had churned with her own hands. A noble duke kept the shop and sold the groceries. A graceful, high-born duchess was Betty, the maid of the inn. A marquis, who proudly traced his lineage through many centuries, was the miller, grinding the wheat for the evening meal.

The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, on a calm, warm, beautiful afternoon, when we sauntered through this picturesque, lovely, silent, deserted village. It was all in perfect repair! The green lawn was of velvet softness. The trees and shrubbery were in full leaf. Innumerable birds filled the air with their warblings, and the chirp of the insect, the rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, the ripple of the streamlet, and the silence of all human voices, so deep, so solemn, left an impress upon the mind never to be forgotten. How terrible the fate of those who once made these scenes

of Europe to heed its monitory voice. The thoughtful American will return from the inspection of its grandeur, admiring, more profoundly than ever before, the beautiful simplicity of his own land. He will more highly prize those noble institutions of freedom and of popular rights which open before every citizen an unobstructed avenue to wealth and power, encouraging every man to industry, and securing to every man the possession of what he earns. The glory of America consists not in the pride of palaces and the pomp of armies, but in the tasteful homes of a virtuous, intelligent, and happy people.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE, AND THE BOURBON CONSPIRACY.

IMPARTIAL History, without a dissenting voice, must award the responsibility of the rupture of the peace of Amiens to the government of Great Britain. Napoleon had nothing to hope for from war, and every thing to fear. The only way in which he could even approach his formidable enemy, was by crossing the sea, and invading England. He acknowledged, and the world knew, that such an enterprise was an act of perfect desperation, for England was the undisputed mistress of the seas, and no naval power could stand before her ships. The voice of poetry was the voice of truth—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, to frown along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain-wave; her home is on the deep."

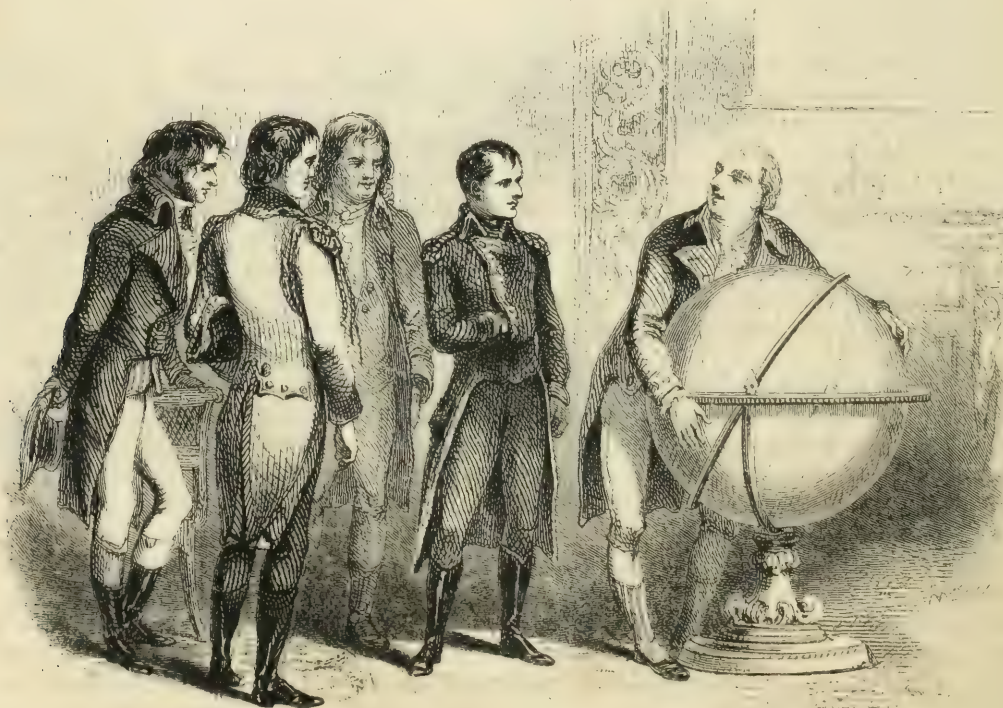
England, with her invincible navy, could assail France in every quarter. She could sweep the merchant ships of the infant Republic from the ocean, and appropriate to herself the commerce of all climes. Thus war proffered to England

security and wealth. It promised the commercial ruin of a dreaded rival, whose rapid strides toward opulence and power had excited the most intense alarm. The temptation thus presented to the British cabinet to renew the war was powerful in the extreme. It required more virtue than ordinarily falls to the lot of cabinets, to resist. Unhappily for suffering humanity, England yielded to the temptation. She refused to fulfil the stipulations of a treaty solemnly ratified, retained possession of Malta, in violation of her plighted faith, and renewed the assault upon France.

In a communication which Napoleon made to the legislative bodies just before the rupture, he said: "Two parties contend in England for the possession of power. One has concluded a peace. The other cherishes implacable hatred against France. Hence arises this fluctuation in councils and in measures, and this attitude, at one time pacific and again menacing. While this strife continues, there are measures which prudence demands of the government of the Republic. Five hundred thousand men ought to be, and will be, ready to defend our country, and to avenge insult. Strange necessity, which wicked passions impose upon two nations, who should be, by the same interests and the same desires, devoted to peace. But let us hope for the best; and believe that we shall yet hear from the cabinet of England the councils of wisdom and the voice of humanity." Says Alison, the most eloquent, able, and impartial of those English historians who, with patriotic zeal, have advocated the cause of their own country, "Upon coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the conflict was renewed, it is impossible to deny that the British government manifested a feverish anxiety to come to a rupture, and that, so far

as the transactions between the two countries are concerned, they were the aggressors."

When Mr. Fox was in Paris, he was one day, with Napoleon and several other gentlemen, in the gallery of the Louvre, looking at a magnificent globe, of unusual magnitude, which had been deposited in the museum. Some one remarked upon the very small space which the island of Great Britain seemed to occupy. "Yes," said Mr. Fox, as he approached the globe, and attempted to encircle it in his extended arms, "England is a small island, but with her power she girdles the world." This was not an empty boast. Her possessions were every where. In Spain, in the Mediterranean, in the East Indies and West Indies, in Asia, Africa, and America, and over innumerable islands of the ocean, she extended her sceptre. Rome, in her proudest day of grandeur, never swayed such power. To Napoleon, consequently, it seemed but mere trifling for this England to complain that the infant republic of France, struggling against the hostile monarchies of Europe, was endangering the world by her ambition, because she had obtained an influence in Piedmont, in the Cisalpine Republic, in the feeble Duchy of Parma, and had obtained the island of Elba for a colony. To the arguments and remonstrances of Napoleon, England could make no reply but by the broadsides of her ships. "You are seated," said England, "upon the throne of the exiled Bourbons." "And your king," Napoleon replies, "is on the throne of the exiled Stuarts." "But the First Consul of France is also President of the Cisalpine Republic," England rejoins. "And the King of England," Napoleon adds, "is also Elector of Hanover." "Your troops are in Switzerland," England continues. "And yours," Napoleon replies, "are in Spain, having fortified



SCENE IN THE LOUVRE

themselves upon the rock of Gibraltar." "You are ambitious, and are trying to establish foreign colonies," England rejoins. "But you," Napoleon replies, "have ten colonies where we have one." "We believe," England says, "that you desire to appropriate to yourself Egypt." "You have," Napoleon retorts, "appropriated to yourself India." Indignantly England exclaims, "Nelson, bring on the fleet! Wellington, head the army! This man must be put down. His ambition endangers the liberties of the world. Historians of England! inform the nations that the usurper Bonaparte, by his arrogance and aggression, is deluging the Continent with blood."

Immediately upon the withdrawal of the British ambassador from Paris, and even before the departure of the French minister from London, England, without any public declaration of hostilities, commenced her assaults upon France. The merchant ships of the Republic, unsuspecting of danger, freighted with treasure, were seized, even in the harbors of England, and wherever they could be found, by the vigilant and almost omnipresent navy of the Queen of the Seas. Two French ships of war were attacked and captured. These disastrous tidings were the first intimation that Napoleon received that the war was renewed. The indignation of the First Consul was thoroughly aroused. The retaliating blow he struck, though merited, yet terrible, was characteristic of the man. At midnight he summoned to his presence the minister of police, and ordered the immediate arrest of every Englishman in France, between the ages of eighteen and fifty. These were all to be detained as hostages for the prisoners England had captured upon the seas. The tidings of this decree rolled a billow of woe over the peaceful homes of England; for there were thousands of travelers upon the continent, unapprehensive of danger, supposing that war would be declared before hostilities would be resumed. These were the first-fruits of that terrific conflict into which the world again was plunged. No tongue can tell the anguish thus caused in thousands of homes. Most of the travelers were gentlemen of culture and refinement—husbands, fathers, sons, brothers—who were visiting the continent for pleasure. During twelve weary years these hapless men lingered in exile. Many died and moldered to the dust in France. Children grew to manhood strangers to their imprisoned fathers, knowing not even whether they were living or dead. Wives and daughters, in desolated homes, through lingering years of suspense and agony, sank in despair into the grave. The hulks of England were also filled with the husbands and fathers of France, and beggary and starvation reigned in a thousand cottages, clustered in the vallies and along the shores of the republic, where peace and contentment might have dwelt, but for this horrible and iniquitous strife. As in all such cases, the woes fell mainly upon the innocent, upon those homes where matrons and maidens wept away years of agony. The imagination is appalled in contemplating

this melancholy addition to the ordinary miseries of war. William Pitt, whose genius inspired this strife, was a man of gigantic intellect, of gigantic energy. But he was an entire stranger to all those kindly sensibilities which add lustre to human nature. He was neither a father nor a husband, and no emotions of gentleness, of tenderness, of affection, ever ruffled the calm, cold, icy surface of his soul.

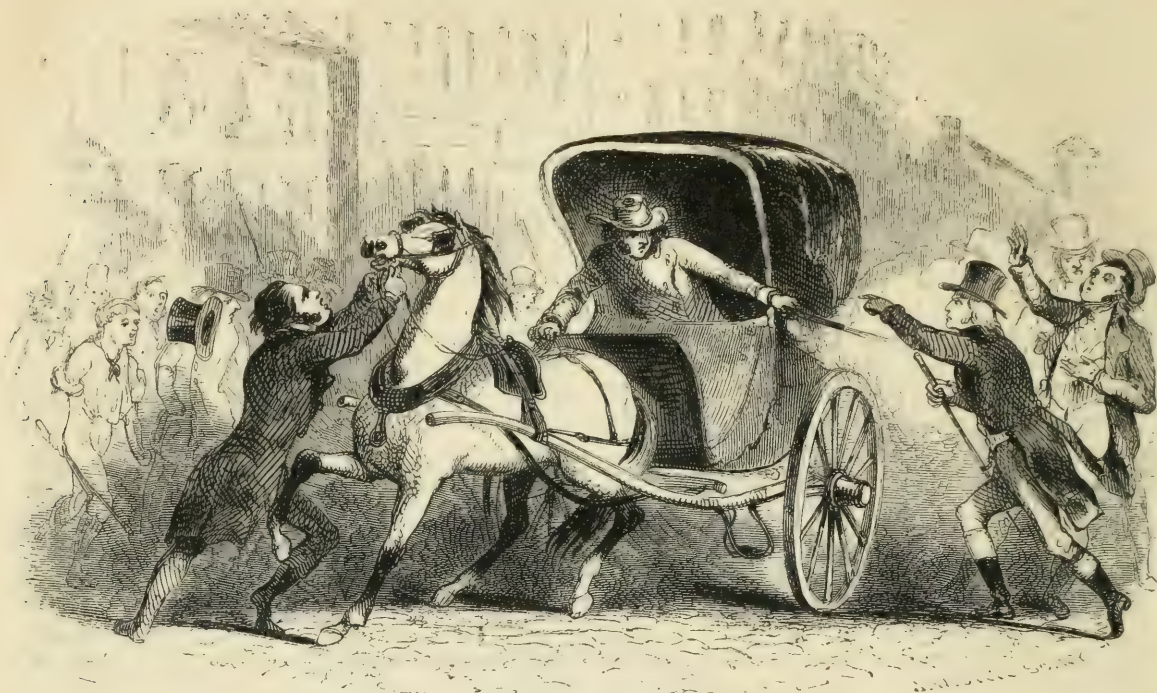
The order to seize all the English in France, was thus announced in the *Moniteur*: "The government of the Republic, having heard read, by the Minister of Marine and Colonies, a dispatch from the maritime prefect at Brest, announcing that two English frigates had taken two merchant vessels in the bay of Audrieu, without any previous declaration of war, and in manifest violation of the law of nations:

"All the English, from the ages of 18 to 60, or holding any commission from his Britannic Majesty, who are at present in France, shall immediately be constituted prisoners of war, to answer for those citizens of the Republic who may have been arrested and made prisoners by the vessels or subjects of his Britannic Majesty previous to any declaration of hostilities.

(Signed) "BONAPARTE."

Napoleon treated the captives whom he had taken with great humanity, holding as prisoners of war only those who were in the military service, while the rest were detained in fortified places on their parole, with much personal liberty. The English held the French prisoners in floating hulks, crowded together in a state of inconceivable suffering. Napoleon at times felt that, for the protection of the French captives in England, he ought to retaliate, by visiting similar inflictions upon the English prisoners in France. It was not an easy question for a humane man to settle. But instinctive kindness prevailed, and Napoleon spared the unhappy victims who were in his power. The cabinet of St. James's remonstrated energetically against Napoleon's capture of peaceful travelers upon the land. Napoleon replied, "You have seized unsuspecting voyagers upon the sea." England rejoined, "It is customary to capture every thing we can find, upon the ocean, belonging to an enemy, and therefore it is right." Napoleon answered, "I will make it customary to do the same thing upon the land, and then that also will be right." There the argument ended. But the poor captives were still pining away in the hulks of England, or wandering in sorrow around the fortresses of France. Napoleon proposed to exchange the travelers he had taken upon the land for the voyagers the English had taken upon the sea; but the cabinet of St. James, asserting that such an exchange would sanction the validity of their capture, refused the humane proposal, and heartlessly left the captives of the two nations to their terrible fate. Napoleon assured the detained of his sympathy, but informed them that their destiny was entirely in the hands of their own government, and to that alone they must appeal.

Such is war, even when conducted by two na-



ARREST OF CADOU DAL.

tions as enlightened and humane as England and France. Such is that horrible system of retaliation which war necessarily engenders. This system of reprisals, visiting upon the innocent the crimes of the guilty, is the fruit which ever ripens when war buds and blossoms. Napoleon had received a terrific blow. With instinctive and stupendous power he returned it. Both nations were now exasperated to the highest degree. The most extraordinary vigor was infused into the deadly strife. The power and the genius of France were concentrated in the ruler whom the almost unanimous voice of France had elevated to the supreme power. Consequently, the war assumed the aspect of an assault upon an individual man. France was quite unprepared for this sudden resumption of hostilities. Napoleon had needed all the resources of the state for his great works of internal improvement. Large numbers of troops had been disbanded, and the army was on a peace establishment.

All France was however roused by the sleepless energy of Napoleon. The Electorate of Hanover was one of the European possessions of the King of England. Ten days had not elapsed, after the first broadside from the British ships had been heard, ere a French army of twenty thousand men invaded Hanover, captured its army of 16,000 troops, with 400 pieces of cannon, 30,000 muskets, and 3500 superb horses, and took entire possession of the province. The King of England was deeply agitated when he received the tidings of this sudden loss of his patrimonial dominions.

The First Consul immediately sent new offers of peace to England, stating that in the conquest of Hanover, "he had only in view to obtain pledges for the evacuation of Malta, and to secure the execution of the treaty of Amiens." The

British minister coldly replied that his sovereign would appeal for aid to the German empire. "If a general peace is ever concluded," said Napoleon often, "then only shall I be able to show myself such as I am, and become the moderator of Europe. France is enabled, by her high civilization, and the absence of all aristocracy, to moderate the extreme demands of the two principles which divide the world, by placing herself between them; thus preventing a general conflagration, of which none of us can see the end, or guess the issue. For this I want ten years of peace, and the English oligarchy will not allow it." Napoleon was forced into war by the English. The allied monarchs of Europe were roused to combine against him. This compelled France to become a camp, and forced Napoleon to assume the dictatorship. The width of the Atlantic ocean alone has saved the United States from the assaults of a similar combination.

It had ever been one of Napoleon's favorite projects to multiply colonies, that he might promote the maritime prosperity of France. With this object in view, he had purchased Louisiana of Spain. It was his intention to cherish, with the utmost care, upon the fertile banks of the Mississippi, a French colony. This territory, so valuable to France, was now at the mercy of England, and would be immediately captured. Without loss of time, Napoleon sold it to the United States. It was a severe sacrifice for him to make, but cruel necessity demanded it.

The French were every where exposed to the ravages of the British navy. Blow after blow fell upon France with fearful vigor, as her cities were bombarded, her colonies captured, and her commerce annihilated. The superiority of the English, upon the sea, was so decisive, that wherever the British flag appeared vic-

tory was almost invariably her own. But England was inapproachable. Guarded by her navy, she reposed in her beautiful island in peace, while she rained down destruction upon her foes in all quarters of the globe. "It is an awful temerity, my lord," said Napoleon to the British ambassador, "to attempt the invasion of England." But desperate as Napoleon acknowledged the undertaking to be, there was nothing else which he could even attempt. And he embarked in this enterprise with energy so extraordinary, with foresight so penetrating, with sagacity so conspicuous, that the world looked upon his majestic movements with amazement, and all England was aroused to a sense of fearful peril. The most gigantic preparations were immediately made upon the shores of the channel for the invasion of England. An army of three hundred thousand men, as by magic, sprung into being. All France was aroused to activity. Two thousand gun-boats were speedily built and collected at Boulogne, to convey across the narrow strait a hundred and fifty thousand troops, ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon. All the foundries of France were in full blast, constructing mortars, howitzers, and artillery, of the largest calibre. Every province of the republic was aroused and inspired by the almost superhuman energies of the mind of the First Consul. He attended to the minutest particulars of all the arrangements. While believing that destiny controls all things, he seemed to leave nothing for destiny to control. Every possible contingency was foreseen, and guarded against. The national enthusiasm was so great, the conviction was so unanimous that there remained for France no alternative but, by force, to repel aggression, that Napoleon proudly formed a legion of the Vendean royalists, all composed, both officers and soldiers, of those who, but a few months before, had been fighting against the republic. It was a sublime assertion of his confidence in the attachment of United France. To meet the enormous expenses which this new war involved, it was necessary to impose a heavy tax upon the people. This was not only borne cheerfully, but, from all parts of the republic, rich presents flowed into the treasury, tokens of the affection of France for the First Consul, and of the deep conviction of the community of the righteousness of the cause in which they were engaged. One of the departments of the state built and equipped a frigate, and sent it to Boulogne as a free-gift. The impulse was electric. All over France the whole people rose, and vied with each other in their offerings of good-will. Small towns gave flat-bottomed boats, larger towns, frigates, and the more important cities, ships-of-the-line. Paris gave a ship of 120 guns, Lyons one of 100, Bordeaux an 84, and Marseilles a 74. Even the Italian Republic, as a token of its gratitude, sent one million of dollars to build two ships: one to be called the President, and the other the Italian Republic. All the mercantile houses and public bodies made liberal presents. The Senate gave

for its donation a ship of 120 guns. These free-gifts amounted to over ten millions of dollars. Napoleon established himself at Boulogne, where he spent much of his time, carefully studying the features of the coast, the varying phenomena of the sea, and organizing, in all its parts, the desperate enterprise he contemplated. The most rigid economy, by Napoleon's sleepless vigilance, was infused into every contract, and the strictest order pervaded the national finances. It was impossible that strife so deadly should rage between England and France, and not involve the rest of the continent. Under these circumstances Alexander of Russia, entered a remonstrance against again enkindling the horrid flames of war throughout Europe, and offered his mediation. Napoleon promptly replied: "I am ready to refer the question to the arbitration of the Emperor Alexander, and will pledge myself by a bond, to submit to the award, whatever it may be." England declined the pacific offer. The *Cabinet* of Russia then made some proposals for the termination of hostilities. Napoleon replied: "I am still ready to accept the personal arbitration of the Czar himself; for that monarch's regard to his reputation will render him just. But I am not willing to submit to a negotiation conducted by the Russian Cabinet, in a manner not at all friendly to France." He concluded with the following characteristic words: "The First Consul has done every thing to preserve peace. His efforts have been vain. He could not refrain from seeing that war was the decree of destiny. He will make war; and he will not flinch before a proud nation, capable for twenty years of making all the powers of the earth bow before it."

Napoleon now resolved to visit Belgium and the departments of the Rhine. Josephine accompanied him. He was hailed with transport wherever he appeared, and royal honors were showered upon him. Every where his presence drew forth manifestations of attachment to his person, hatred for the English, and zeal to combat the determined foes of France. But wherever Napoleon went, his scrutinizing attention was directed to the dock-yards, the magazines, the supplies, and the various resources and capabilities of the country. Every hour was an hour of toil—for toil seemed to be his only pleasure. From this brief tour Napoleon returned to Boulogne.

The Straits of Calais, which Napoleon contemplated crossing, notwithstanding the immense preponderance of the British navy filling the channel, is about thirty miles in width. There were four contingencies which seemed to render the project not impossible. In summer, there are frequent calms, in the channel, of forty-eight hours' duration. During this calm, the English ships-of-the-line would be compelled to lie motionless. The flat-bottomed boats of Napoleon, impelled by strong rowers might then pass even in sight of the enemy's squadron. In the winter, there were frequently dense fogs, unaccompanied by any wind. Favored by the obscurity and the calm, a passage might then



ARREST OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

be practicable. There was still a third chance more favorable than either. There were not unfrequently tempests, so violent, that the English squadron would be compelled to leave the channel, and stand out to sea. Seizing the moment when the tempest subsided, the French flotilla might perhaps cross the Straits before the squadron could return. A fourth chance offered. It was, by skillful combinations to concentrate suddenly in the channel a strong French squadron, and to push the flotilla across under the protection of its guns. For three years, Napoleon consecrated his untiring energies to the perfection of all the mechanism of this Herculean enterprise. Yet no one was more fully alive than himself to the tremendous hazards to be encountered. It is impossible now to tell what would have been the result of a conflict between the English squadron and those innumerable gun-boats, manned by one hundred and fifty thousand men, surrounding in swarms every ship-of-the-line, piercing them in every direction with their guns, and sweeping their decks with a perfect hail-storm of bullets, while, in their turn, they were run down by the large ships, dashing, in full sail, through their midst, sinking some in their crushing onset, and blowing others out of the water with their tremendous broadsides. Said Admiral Decris, a man disposed to magnify difficulties, "by sacrificing 100 gun-boats, and 10,000 men, it is not improbable that we may repel the assault of the enemy's squadron, and cross the Straits." "One loses," said Napoleon, "that number in battle every day. And what battle ever promised the results which a landing in England authorizes us to hope for?"

The amount of business now resting upon the mind of Napoleon, seems incredible. He was

personally attending to all the complicated diplomacy of Europe. Spain was professing friendship and alliance, and yet treacherously engaged in acts of hostility. Charles III., perhaps the most contemptible monarch who ever wore a crown, was then upon the throne of Spain. His wife was a shameless libertine. Her paramour, Godoy, called the Prince of Peace, a weak-minded, conceited, worn-out debauchee, governed the degraded empire. Napoleon remonstrated against the perfidy of Spain, and the wrongs France was receiving at her hands. The miserable Godoy returned an answer, mean-spirited, hypocritical, and sycophantic. Napoleon sternly shook his head, and ominously exclaimed, "All this will yet end in a clap of thunder."

In the midst of these scenes, Napoleon was continually displaying those generous and magnanimous traits of character which were the enthusiastic love of all who knew him. On one occasion, a young English sailor had escaped from imprisonment in the interior of France, and had succeeded in reaching the coast near Boulogne. Secretly he had constructed a little skiff of the branches and the bark of trees, as fragile as the ark of bullrushes. Upon this frail float, which would scarcely buoy up his body, he was about to venture out upon the stormy channel, with the chance of being picked up by some English cruiser. Napoleon, informed of the desperate project of the young man who was arrested in the attempt, was struck with admiration in view of the fearless enterprise, and ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

"Did you really intend," inquired Napoleon, "to brave the terrors of the ocean in so frail a skiff?"

"If you will but grant me permission," said the young man, "I will embark immediately."

"You must, doubtless, then, have some mistress to revisit, since you are so desirous to return to your country?"

"I wish," replied the noble sailor, "to see my mother. She is aged, poor, and infirm."

The heart of Napoleon was touched. "You shall see her," he energetically replied: "and present to her from me this purse of gold. She must be no common mother, who can have trained up so affectionate and dutiful a son."

He immediately gave orders that the young sailor should be furnished with every comfort, and sent in a cruiser, with a flag of truce, to the first British vessel which could be found. When one thinks of the moral sublimity of the meeting of the English and French ships under these circumstances, with the white flag of humanity and peace fluttering in the breeze, one can not but mourn with more intensity over the horrid barbarity and brutality of savage war. Perhaps in the next interview between these two ships, they fought for hours, hurling bullets and balls through the quivering nerves and lacerated sinews, and mangled frames of brothers, husbands, and fathers.

Napoleon's labors at this time in the cabinet were so enormous, dictating to his agents in all parts of France, and to his ambassadors, all over Europe, that he kept three secretaries constantly employed. One of these young men, who was lodged and boarded in the palace, received a salary of 1200 dollars a year. Unfortunately, however, he had become deeply involved in debt, and was incessantly harassed by the importunities of his creditors. Knowing Napoleon's strong disapprobation of all irregularities, he feared utter ruin should the knowledge of the facts reach his ears. One morning, after having passed a sleepless night, he rose at the early hour of five, and sought refuge from his distraction in commencing work in the cabinet. But Napoleon, who had already been at work for some time, in passing the door of the cabinet to go to his bath, heard the young man humming a tune.

"Opening the door, he looked in upon his young secretary, and said, with a smile of satisfaction, "What! so early at your desk! Why, this is very exemplary. We ought to be well satisfied with such service. What salary have you?"

"Twelve hundred dollars, sire," was the reply.

"Indeed," said Napoleon, "that for one of your age is very handsome. And, in addition, I think you have your board and lodging?"

"I have, sire?"

"Well, I do not wonder that you sing. You must be a very happy man."

"Alas, sire," he replied, "I ought to be, but I am not."

"And why not?"

"Because, sire," he replied, "I have too many *English* tormenting me. I have also an aged father, who is almost blind, and a sister

who is not yet married, dependent upon me for support."

"But, sir," Napoleon rejoined, "in supporting your father and your sister, you do only that which every good son should do. But what have you to do with the *English*?"

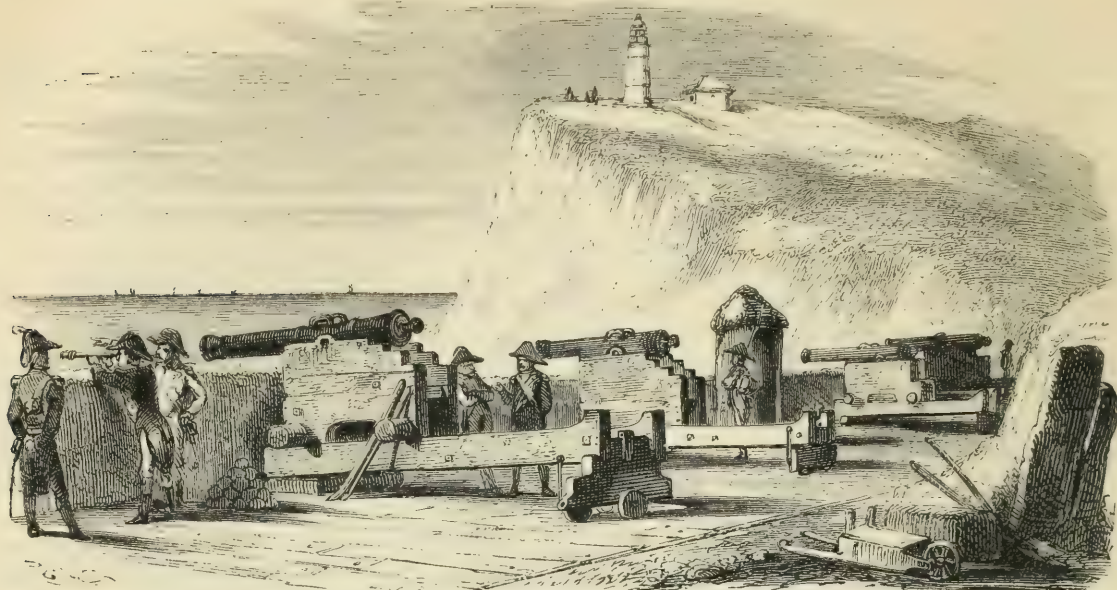
"They are those," the young man answered, "who have loaned me money, which I am not able to repay. All those who are in debt call their creditors the *English*."

"Enough! enough! I understand you. You are in debt then. And how is it that with such a salary, you run into debt? I wish to have no man about my person who has recourse to the gold of the *English*. From this hour you will receive your dismissal. Adieu, sir!" Saying this, Napoleon left the room, and returned to his chamber. The young man was stupefied with despair.

But a few moments elapsed when an aid entered and gave him a note, saying, "It is from Napoleon." Trembling with agitation, and not doubting that it confirmed his dismissal, he opened it and read:

"I have wished to dismiss you from my cabinet, for you deserve it; but I have thought of your aged and blind father, and of your young sister; and, for their sake, I pardon you. And, since they are the ones who must most suffer from your misconduct, I send you, with leave of absence for one day only, the sum of two thousand dollars. With this sum disembarass yourself immediately of all the *English* who trouble you. And hereafter conduct yourself in such a manner as not to fall into their power. Should you fail in this, I shall give you leave of absence, without permission to return."

Upon the bleak cliff of Boulogne, swept by the storm and the rain, Napoleon had a little hut erected for himself. Often, leaving the palace of St. Cloud by night, after having spent a toilsome day in the cares of state, he passed, with almost the rapidity of the wind, over the intervening space of 180 miles. Arriving about the middle of the next day, apparently unconscious of fatigue, he examined every thing before he allowed himself a moment of sleep. The English exerted all their energies to impede the progress of the majestic enterprise. Their cruisers incessantly hovering around, kept up an almost uninterrupted fire upon the works. Their shells, passing over the cliff, exploded in the harbor and in the crowded camps. The laborers, inspired by the presence of Napoleon, continued proudly their toil, singing as they worked, while the balls of the English were flying around them. For their protection, Napoleon finally constructed large batteries, which would throw twenty-four pound shot three miles, and thus kept the English ships at that distance. It would, however, require a volume to describe the magnitude of the works constructed at Boulogne. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the health and the comfort of the soldiers. They were all well paid, warmly clothed, fed with an abundance of nutritious



NAPOLEON'S HUT AT BOULOGNE.

food, and their camp, divided into quarters traversed by long streets, presented the cheerful aspect of a neat, thriving, well ordered city. The soldiers, thus protected, enjoyed perfect health, and, full of confidence in the enterprise for which they were preparing, hailed their beloved leader with the most enthusiastic acclamations, whenever he appeared.

Spacious as were the quays erected at Boulogne, it was not possible to range all the vessels alongside. They were consequently ranged nine deep, the first only touching the quays. A horse, with a band passing round him, was raised, by means of a yard, transmitted nine times from yard to yard, as he was borne aloft in the air, and in about two minutes was deposited in the ninth vessel. By constant repetition, the embarkation and disembarkation was accomplished with almost inconceivable promptness and precision. In all weather, in summer and winter, unless it blew a gale, the boats went out to manœuvre in the presence of the enemy. The exercise of landing from the boats along the cliff was almost daily performed. The men first swept the shore by a steady fire of artillery from the boats, and then, approaching the beach, landed men, horses, and cannon. There was not an accident which could happen in landing on an enemies' coast, except the fire from hostile batteries, which was not thus provided against, and often braved. In all these exciting scenes, the First Consul was every where present. The soldiers saw him now on horseback upon the cliff, gazing proudly upon their heroic exertions; again he was galloping over the hard smooth sands of the beach, and again on board of one of the gun-boats going out to try her powers in a skirmish with one of the British cruisers. Frequently he persisted in braving serious danger, and at one time, when visiting the anchorage in a violent gale, the boat was swamped near the shore. The sailors threw themselves into the sea, and bore him safely

through the billows to the land. It is not strange that those who have seen the kings of France squandering the revenues of the realm to minister to their own voluptuousness and debauchery, should have regarded Napoleon as belonging to a different race. One day, when the atmosphere was peculiarly clear, Napoleon, upon the cliffs of Boulogne, saw dimly, in the distant horizon, the outline of the English shore. Roused by the sight, he wrote thus to Cambécères: "From the heights of Ambleteuse, I have seen this day the coast of England, as one sees the heights of Calvary from the Tuileries. We could distinguish the houses and the bustle. It is a ditch that shall be leaped when one is daring enough to try."

Napoleon, though one of the most bold of men in his conceptions, was also the most cautious and prudent in their execution. He had made, in his own mind, arrangements, unrevealed to any one, suddenly to concentrate in the channel the whole French squadron, which, in the harbors of Toulon, Ferrol, and La Rochelle, had been thoroughly equipped, to act in unexpected concert with the vast flotilla. "Eight hours of night," said he, "favorable for us, will now decide the fate of the world."

England, surprised at the magnitude of these preparations, began to be seriously alarmed. She had imagined her ocean-engirdled isle to be in a state of perfect security. Now she learned that within thirty miles of her coast an army of 150,000 most highly-disciplined troops was assembled, that more than two thousand gun-boats were prepared to transport this host, with ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon, across the channel, and that Napoleon, who had already proved himself to be the greatest military genius of any age, was to head this army on its march to London. The idea of 150,000 men, led by Bonaparte, was enough to make even the most powerful nation shudder. The British naval officers almost unanimously

expressed the opinion, that it was impossible to be secure against a descent on the English coast by the French, under favor of a fog, a calm, or a long winter's night. The debates in Parliament as to the means of resisting the danger, were anxious and stormy. A vote was passed authorizing the ministers to summon all Englishmen, between the ages of 17 and 55, to arms. In every country town the whole male population were seen every morning exercising for war. The aged King George III. reviewed these raw troops, accompanied by the excited Bourbon princes, who wished to recover by the force of the arms of foreigners, that throne from which they had been ejected by the will of the people. From the Isle of Wight to the mouth of the Thames, a system of signals was arranged to give the alarm. Beacon fires were to blaze at night upon every headland, upon the slightest intimation of danger. Carriages were constructed for the rapid conveyance of troops to any threatened point. Mothers and maidens, in beautiful happy England, placed their heads upon their pillows in terror, for the blood-hounds of war were unleashed, and England had unleashed them. She suffered bitterly for the crime. She suffers still in that enormous burden of taxes which the ensuing years of war and woe have bequeathed to her children.

The infamous George Cadoudal, already implicated in the infernal machine, was still in London, living with other French refugees, in a state of opulence, from the money furnished by the British government. The Count d'Artois, subsequently Charles X., and his son, the Duke de Berri, with other persons prominent in the Bourbon interests, were associated with this brawny assassin in the attempts, by any means, fair or foul, to crush Napoleon. The English government supplied them liberally with money; asking no questions, for conscience sake, respecting the manner in which they would employ it. Innumerable conspiracies were formed for the assassination of Napoleon, more than thirty of which were detected by the police. Napoleon at last became exceedingly exasperated. He felt that England was ignominiously supplying those with funds whom she knew to be aiming at his assassination. He was indignant that the Bourbon princes should assume, that he, elected to the chief magistracy of France by the unanimous voice of the nation, was to be treated as a dog—to be shot in a ditch. "If this game is continued," said he, one day, "I will teach those Bourbons a lesson which they will not soon forget."

A conspiracy was now organized in London, by Count d'Artois and others of the French emigrants, upon a gigantic scale. Count de Lisle, afterward Louis XVIII.; was then residing at Warsaw. The plot was communicated to him; but he repulsed it. The plan involved the expenditure of millions, which were furnished by the British government. Mr. Hammond, under secretary of state at London, and the English ministers at Hesse, at Stuttgart,

and at Bavaria, all upon the confines of France, were in intimate communication with the disaffected in France, endeavoring to excite civil war. Three prominent French emigrants, the Princes of Condé, grandfather, son, and grandson, were then in the service and pay of Great Britain, with arms in their hands against their country, and ready to obey any call for active service. The grandson, the Duke d'Enghien, was in the duchy of Baden, awaiting on the banks of the Rhine, the signal for his march into France; and attracted to the village of Ettenheim, by his attachment for a young lady there, a Princess de Rohan. The plan of the conspirators was this: A band of a hundred resolute men, headed by the daring and indomitable George Cadoudal, were to be introduced stealthily into France to waylay Napoleon when passing to Malmaison, disperse his guard, consisting of some ten outriders, and kill him upon the spot. The conspirators flattered themselves that this would not be considered assassination, but a battle. Having thus disposed of the First Consul, the next question was, how, in the midst of the confusion that would ensue, to regain for the Bourbons and their partisans their lost power. To do this, it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the army.

In nothing is the infirmity of our nature more conspicuous, than in the petty jealousies which so often rangle in the bosoms of great men. General Moreau had looked with an envious eye upon the gigantic strides of General Bonaparte to power. His wife, a weak, vain, envious woman, could not endure the thought that General Moreau should be only the second man in the empire; and she exerted all her influence over her vacillating and unstable husband, to convince him that the conqueror of Hohenlinden was entitled to the highest gifts France had to confer. One day, by accident, she was detained a few moments in the ante-chamber of Josephine. Her indignation was extreme. General Moreau was in a mood of mind to yield to the influence of these reproaches. As an indication of his displeasure, he allowed himself to repel the favors which the First Consul showered upon him. He at last was guilty of the impropriety of refusing to attend the First Consul at a review. In consequence, he was omitted in an invitation to a banquet, which Napoleon gave on the anniversary of the republic. Thus coldness increased to hostility. Moreau, with bitter feelings, withdrew to his estate at Grosbois, where, in the enjoyment of opulence, he watched with an evil eye, the movements of one whom he had the vanity to think his rival.

Under these circumstances, it was not thought difficult to win over Moreau, and through him the army. Then, at the very moment when Napoleon had been butchered on his drive to Malmaison, the loyalists all over France were to rise; the emigrant Bourbons, with arms and money, supplied by England, in their hands, were to rush over the frontier; the British navy

and army were to be ready with their powerful co-operation; and the Bourbon dynasty was to be re-established. Such was this famous conspiracy of the Bourbons.

But in this plan there was a serious difficulty. Moreau prided himself upon being a very decided republican; and had denounced even the consulate for life, as tending to the establishment of royalty. Still it was hoped that the jealousy of his disposition would induce him to engage in any plot for the overthrow of the First Consul. General Pichegru, a man illustrious in rank and talent, a warm advocate of the Bourbons, and alike influential with monarchists and republicans, had escaped from the wilds of Sinamary, where he had been banished

by the Directory, and was then residing in London. Pichegru was drawn into the conspiracy, and employed to confer with Moreau. Matters being thus arranged, Cadoudal, with a band of bold and desperate men, armed to the teeth, and with an ample supply of funds, which had been obtained from the English treasury, set out from London for Paris. Upon the coast of Normandy, upon the side of a precipitous craggy cliff, ever washed by the ocean, there was a secret passage formed, by a cleft in the rock, known only to smugglers. Through the cleft, two or three hundred feet in depth, a rope-ladder could be let down to the surface of the sea. The smugglers thus scaled the precipice, bearing heavy burdens upon their shoulders. Cadoudal



EXECUTION OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

had found out this path, and easily purchased its use. To facilitate communication with Paris, a chain of lodging-places had been established, in solitary farm-houses, and in the castles of loyalist nobles; so that the conspirators could pass from the cliff of Biville to Paris without exposure to the public roads, or to any inn. Captain Wright, an officer in the English navy, a bold and skillful seaman, took the conspirators on board his vessel, and secretly landed them at the foot of this cliff. Cautiously, Cadoudal, with some of his trusty followers, crept along, from shelter to shelter, until he reached the suburbs of Paris. From his lurking place he dispatched emissaries, bought by his abundance of gold, to different parts of France, to prepare the royalists to rise. Much to his disappointment, he found Napoleon almost universally popular, and the loyalists themselves settling down in contentment under his efficient government. Even the priests were attached to the First Consul, for he had rescued them from the most unrelenting persecution. In the course of two months of incessant exertions, Cadoudal was able to collect but about thirty men, who, by liberal pay, were willing to run the risk of trying to restore the Bourbons. While Cadoudal was thus employed with the royalists, Pichegru and his agents were sounding Moreau and the republicans. General Lajolais, a former officer of Moreau, was easily gained over. He drew from Moreau a confession of his wounded feelings, and of his desire to see the consular government overthrown in almost any way. Lajolais did not reveal to the illustrious general the details of the conspiracy, but hastening to London, by the circuitous route of Hamburg, to avoid detection, told his credulous employers that Moreau was ready to take any part in the enterprise. At the conferences now held in London, by this band of conspirators, plotting assassination, the Count d'Artois had the criminal folly to preside—the future monarch of France guiding the deliberations of a band of assassins. When Lajolais reported that Moreau was ready to join Pichegru the moment he should appear, Charles, then Count d'Artois, exclaimed with delight, "Ah! let but our two generals agree together, and I shall speedily be restored to France!" It was arranged that Pichegru, Rivi re, and one of the Polignacs, with others of the conspirators, should immediately join George Cadoudal, and, as soon as every thing was ripe, Charles and his son, the Duke of Berri, were to land in France, and take their share in the infamous project. Pichegru and his party embarked on board the vessel of Captain Wright, and were landed, in the darkness of the night, beneath the cliff of Biville. These illustrious assassins climbed the smugglers' rope, and skulking from lurking-place to lurking-place, joined the desperado, George Cadoudal, in the suburbs of Paris. Moreau made an appointment to meet Pichegru by night upon the boulevard de la M delaine.

It was a dark and cold night, in the month of January, 1804, when these two illustrious generals, the conqueror of Holland and the hero of

Hohenlinden, approached, and, by a preconcerted signal, recognized each other. Years had elapsed since they had stood side by side as soldiers in the army of the Rhine. Both were embarrassed, for neither of these once honorable men was accustomed to deeds of darkness. They had hardly exchanged salutations, when George Cadoudal appeared, he having planned the meeting, and being determined to know its result. Moreau, disgusted with the idea of having any association with such a man, was angry in being subjected to such an interview; and appointing another meeting with Pichegru at his own house, abruptly retired. They soon met, and had a long and serious conference. Moreau was perfectly willing to conspire for the overthrow of the consular government, but insisted that the supreme power should be placed in his own hands, and not in the hands of the Bourbons. Pichegru was grievously disappointed at the result of this interview. He remarked to the confidant who conducted him to Moreau's house, and thence back to his retreat, "And this man too has ambition, and wishes to take his turn in governing France. Poor creature! he could not govern her for four-and-twenty hours." When Cadoudal was informed of the result of the interview, he impetuously exclaimed, "If we must needs have any usurper, I should infinitely prefer Napoleon to this brainless and heartless Moreau!" The conspirators were now almost in a state of despair. They found, to their surprise, in entire contradiction to the views which had been so confidently proclaimed in England, that Napoleon was admired and beloved by nearly all the French nation; and that it was impossible to organize even a respectable party in opposition to him.

Various circumstances now led the First Consul to suspect that some serious plot was in progress. The three English ministers at Hesse, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, were found actively employed in endeavoring to foment intrigues in France. The minister at Bavaria, Mr. Drake, had, as he supposed, bribed a Frenchman to act as his spy. This Frenchman carried all Drake's letters to Napoleon, and received from the First Consul drafts of the answers to be returned. In this curious correspondence Drake remarks in one of his letters, "*All plots against the First Consul must be forwarded; for it is a matter of right little consequence by whom the animal be stricken down, provided you are all in the hunt.*" Napoleon caused these letters to be deposited in the senate, and to be exhibited to the diplomatists of all nations, who chose to see them. Some spies had also been arrested by the police, and condemned to be shot. One, on his way to execution, declared that he had important information to give. He was one of the band of George Cadoudal, and confessed the whole plot. Other conspirators were soon arrested. Among them M. Lozier, a man of education and polished manners, declared that Moreau had sent to the royalist conspirators in London, one of his officers, offering to head a movement in behalf of the Bourbons, and to influence the army to co-ope-



MADAME POLIGNAC INTERCEDING FOR HER HUSBAND.

rate in that movement. When the conspirators, relying upon this promise, had reached Paris, he continued, Moreau took a different turn, and demanded that he himself should be made the successor of the First Consul. When first intimation of Moreau's guilt was communicated to Napoleon, it was with difficulty that he could credit it. The First Consul immediately convened a secret council of his ministers. They met in the Tuileries at night. Moreau was a formidable opponent even for Napoleon to attack. He was enthusiastically admired by the army, and his numerous and powerful friends would aver that he was the victim of the jealousy of the French Consul. It was suggested by some of the council that it would be good policy not to touch Moreau. Napoleon remarked,

"they will say that I am afraid of Moreau. That shall not be said. I have been one of the most merciful of men; but, if necessary, I will be one of the most terrible. I will strike Moreau as I would strike any one else, as he has entered into a conspiracy, odious alike for its objects and for the connections which it presumes." It was decided that Moreau should be immediately arrested. Cambacères, a profound lawyer, declared that the ordinary tribunals were not sufficient to meet this case, and urged that Moreau should be tried by a court martial, composed of the most eminent military officers, a course which would have been in entire accordance with existing laws. Napoleon opposed the proposition. "It would be said," he remarked, "that I had punished Moreau, by causing him, under the

form of law, to be condemned by my own partisans." Early in the morning, Moreau was arrested and conducted to the Temple. Excitement spread rapidly through Paris. The friends of Moreau declared that there was no conspiracy, that neither George Cadoudal nor Pichegru were in France, that the whole story was an entire fabrication to enable the First Consul to get rid of a dangerous rival. Napoleon was extremely sensitive respecting his reputation. It was the great object of his ambition to enthrone himself in the hearts of the French people as a great benefactor. He was deeply wounded by these cruel taunts. "It is indeed hard," said he, "to be exposed to plots the most atrocious, and then to be accused of being the inventor of those plots; to be charged with jealousy, when the vilest jealousy pursues me; to be accused of attempts upon the life of another, when the most desperate attacks are aimed at my own." All the enthusiasm of his impetuous nature was now aroused to drag the whole plot to light in defense of his honor. He was extremely indignant against the royalists. He had not overturned the throne of the Bourbons. He had found it overturned, France in anarchy, and the royalists in exile and beggary. He had been the generous benefactor of these royalists, and had done every thing in his power to render them service. In defiance of deeply-rooted popular prejudices, and in opposition to the remonstrances of his friends, he had recalled the exiled emigrants, restored to them, as far as possible their confiscated estates, conferred upon them important trusts, and had even lavished upon them so many favors as to have drawn upon himself the accusation of meditating the restoration of the Bourbons. In return for such services they were endeavoring to blow him up with infernal machines, and to butcher him on the highway. As for Moreau, he regarded him simply with pity, and wished only to place upon his head the burden of a pardon. The most energetic measures were now adopted to search out the conspirators in their lurking places. Every day new arrests were made. Two of the conspirators made full confessions. They declared that the highest nobles of the Bourbon Court were involved in the plot, and that a distinguished Bourbon prince was near at hand, ready to place himself at the head of the royalists as soon as Napoleon should be slain.

The first Consul, exasperated to the highest degree, exclaimed, "These Bourbons fancy that they may shed my blood like that of some wild animal. And yet my blood is quite as precious as theirs. I will repay them the alarm with which they seek to inspire me. I pardon Moreau the weakness and the errors to which he is urged by a stupid jealousy. But I will pitilessly shoot the very first of these princes who shall fall into my hands. I will teach them with what sort of a man they have to deal."

Fresh arrests were still daily made, and the confessions of the prisoners all established the point that there was a young prince who occa-

sionally appeared in their councils, who was treated with the greatest consideration, and who was to head the movement. Still Cadoudal, Pichegru, and other prominent leaders of the conspiracy, eluded detection. As there was ample evidence that these men were in Paris, a law was passed by the Legislative Assembly, without opposition, that any person who should shelter them should be punished by death, and that whosoever should be aware of their hiding-place, and yet fail to expose them, should be punished with six years imprisonment. A strict guard was also placed, for several days, at the gates of Paris, allowing no one to leave, and with orders to shoot any person who should attempt to scale the wall. Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the other prominent conspirators were now in a state of terrible perplexity. They wandered by night from house to house, often paying one or two thousand dollars for the shelter of a few hours. One evening Pichegru, in a state of despair, seized a pistol and was about to shoot himself through the head, when he was prevented by a friend. On another occasion, with the boldness of desperation, he went to the house of M. Marbois, one of the ministers of Napoleon, and implored shelter. Marbois, knowing the noble character of the master whom he served, with grief, but without hesitancy, allowed his old companion the temporary shelter of his roof, and did not betray him. He subsequently informed the First Consul of what he had done. Napoleon, with characteristic magnanimity, replied to this avowal in a letter expressive of his high admiration of his generosity, in affording shelter, under such circumstances, to one, who though an outlaw, had been his friend.

At length Pichegru was betrayed. He was asleep at night. His sword and loaded pistols were by his side, ready for desperate defense. The gendarmes cautiously entered his room, and sprang upon his bed. He was a powerful man, and he struggled with herculean but unavailing efforts. He was, however, speedily overpowered, bound, and conducted to the Temple. Soon after, George Cadoudal was arrested. He was in a cabriolet. A police officer seized the bridle of the horse. Cadoudal drew a pistol, and shot him dead upon the spot. He then leaped from the cabriolet, and severely wounded another officer who attempted to seize him. He made the utmost efforts to escape on foot under cover of the darkness of the night; but, surrounded by the crowd, he was soon captured. This desperado appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed before his examiners. There were upon his person a dagger, pistols, and twelve thousand dollars in gold and in bank notes. Boldly he avowed his object of attacking the First Consul, and proudly declared that he was acting in co-operation with the Bourbon princes.

The certainty of the conspiracy was now established, and the senate transmitted a letter of congratulation to the First Consul upon his escape. In his reply, Napoleon remarked, "I

have long since renounced the hope of enjoying the pleasures of private life. All my days are occupied in fulfilling the duties which my fate and the will of the French people have imposed upon me. Heaven will watch over France and defeat the plots of the wicked. The citizens may be without alarm; my life will last as long as it will be useful to the nation. But I wish the French people to understand, that existence, without their confidence and affection, would afford me no consolation, and would, as regards them, have no beneficial objects."

Napoleon sincerely pitied Moreau and Pichegru, and wished to save them from the ignominious death they merited. He sent a messenger to Moreau assuring him that a frank confession should secure his pardon and restoration to favor. But it was far more easy for Napoleon to forgive than for the proud Moreau to accept his forgiveness. With profound sympathy Napoleon contemplated the position of Pichegru. As he thought of this illustrious general, condemned and executed like a felon, he exclaimed to M. Real, "What an end for the conqueror of Holland! But the men of the Revolution must not thus destroy each other. I have long thought about forming a colony at Cayenne. Pichegru was exiled thither, and knows the place well; and of all our generals, he is best calculated to form an extensive establishment there. Go and visit him in his prison, and tell him that I pardon him; that it is not toward him or Moreau, or men like them that I am inclined to be severe. Ask him how many men, and what amount of money he would require for, founding a colony in Cayenne, and I will supply him, that he may go thither and re-establish his reputation in rendering a great service to France." Pichegru was so much affected by this magnanimity of the man whose death he had been plotting, that he bowed his head and wept convulsively. The illustrious man was conquered.

But Napoleon was much annoyed in not being able to lay hold upon one of those Bourbon princes who had so long been conspiring against his life, and inciting others to perils from which they themselves escaped. One morning in his study he inquired of Talleyrand and Fouché respecting the place of residence of the various members of the Bourbon family. He was told in reply that Louis XVIII. and the Duke d'Angoulême lived in Warsaw; the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Berri in London, where also were the Princes of Condé with the exception of the Duke d'Enghien, the most enterprising of them all, who lived at Ettenheim near Strasburg. It was in this vicinity that the British ministers Taylor, Smith, and Drake had been busying themselves in fomenting intrigues. The idea instantly flashed into the mind of the First Consul that the Duke d'Enghien was thus lurking near the frontier of France to take part in the conspiracy. He immediately sent an officer to Ettenheim to make inquiries respecting the Prince. The officer returned with the report that the Duke d'Enghien was living there with

a Princess of Rohan, to whom he was warmly attached. He was often absent from Ettenheim, and occasionally went in disguise to Strasburg. He was in the pay of the British government, a soldier against his own country, and had received orders from the British Cabinet to repair to the banks of the Rhine, to be ready to take advantage of any favorable opportunity which might be presented to invade France.

On the very morning in which this report reached Paris, a deposition was presented to Napoleon, made by the servant of George Cadoudal, in which he stated that a prince was at the head of the conspiracy, that he believed this Prince to be in France, as he had often seen at the house of Cadoudal a well dressed man, of distinguished manners, whom all seemed to treat with profound respect. This man, thought Napoleon, must certainly be the Duke d'Enghien, and his interviews with the conspirators will account for his frequent absence from Ettenheim. Another very singular circumstance greatly strengthened this conclusion. There was a Marquis de *Thumerj* in the suite of the Duke d'Enghien. The German officer, who repeated this fact, mispronounced the word so that it sounded like Dumuner, a distinguished advocate of the Bourbons. The officer sent by Napoleon to make inquiries, consequently reported that General Dumuner was with the Duke d'Enghien. All was now plain to the excited mind of the First Consul. The Duke d'Enghien was in the conspiracy. With General Dumuner and an army of emigrants he was to march into France, by Strasburg, as soon as the death of the First Consul was secured; while the Count d'Artois, aided by England, would approach from London.

A council was immediately called, to decide what should be done. The ministers were divided in opinion. Some urged, sending a secret force to arrest the Duke, with all his papers and accomplices, and bring them to Paris. Cambacères, apprehensive of the effect that such a violation of the German territory might produce in Europe, opposed the measure. Napoleon replied to him kindly, but firmly, "I know your motive for speaking thus—your devotion to me, I thank you for it. But I will not allow myself to be put to death without resistance. I will make those people tremble, and teach them to keep quiet for the time to come."

Orders were immediately given for three hundred dragoons to repair to the banks of the Rhine, cross the river, dash forward to Ettenheim, surround the town, arrest the Prince and all his retinue, and carry them to Strasburg. As soon as the arrest was made, Colonel Caulaincourt was directed to hasten to the Grand-duke of Baden, with an apology from the First Consul for violating his territory, stating that the gathering of the hostile emigrants so near the frontiers of France, authorized the French government to protect itself, and that the necessity for prompt and immediate action rendered it impossible to adopt more tardy measures. The duke

of Baden expressed his satisfaction with the apology.

On the 15th of March, 1804, the detachment of dragoons set out, and proceeded with such rapidity as to surround the town before the Duke could receive any notice of their approach. He was arrested in his bed, and hurried, but partially clothed, into a carriage, and conveyed with the utmost speed to Strasburg. He was from thence taken to the Castle of Vincennes, in the vicinity of Paris. A military commission was formed composed of the colonels of the garrison, with General Hullin as President. The Prince was brought before the Commission. He was calm and haughty, for he had no apprehension of the fate which awaited him. He was accused of high treason, in having sought to excite civil war, and in bearing arms against France. To arraign him upon this charge was to condemn him, for of this crime he was clearly guilty. Though he denied all knowledge of the plot in question, boldly and rather defiantly he avowed that he had borne arms against France, and that he was on the banks of the Rhine for the purpose of serving against her again. "I esteem," said he, "General Bonaparte as a great man, but being myself a prince of the house of Bourbon, I have vowed against him eternal hatred." "A Condé," he added, "can never re-enter France but with arms in his hands. My birth, my opinions render me for ever the enemy of your government." By the laws of the Republic, for a Frenchman to serve against France was a capital offense. Napoleon, however, would not have enforced this law in the case of the Duke, had he not fully believed that he was implicated in the conspiracy, and that it was necessary, to secure himself from assassination, that he should strike terror into the hearts of the Bourbons. The Prince implored permission to see the First Consul. The court refused this request, which, if granted would undoubtedly have saved his life. Napoleon also commissioned M. Real to proceed to Vincennes, and examine the prisoner. Had M. Real arrived in season to see the Duke, he would have made a report of facts which would have rescued the Prince from his tragical fate; but, exhausted by the fatigue of several days and nights, he had retired to rest, and had given directions to his servants to permit him to sleep undisturbed. The order of the First Consul was, consequently, not placed in his hands until five o'clock in the morning. It was then too late. The court sorrowfully pronounced sentence of death. By torch light the unfortunate Prince was led down the winding staircase, which led into a fosse of the chateau. There he saw through the gray mist of the morning, a file of soldiers drawn up for his execution. Calmly he cut off a lock of his hair, and, taking his watch from his pocket, requested an officer to solicit *Josephine* to present those tokens of his love to the Princess de Rohan. Turning to the soldiers he said, "I die for my King and for France;" and giving the command to fire, he fell, pierced by seven balls.

While these scenes were transpiring, Napoleon was in a state of intense excitement. He retired to the seclusion of Malmaison, and for hours, communing with no one, paced his apartment with a countenance expressive of the most unwavering determination. It is said that *Josephine* pleaded with him for the life of the Prince, and he replied "Josephine, you are a woman, and know not the necessities of political life." As pensive and thoughtful he walked his room, he was heard in low tones to repeat to himself the most celebrated verses of the French poets upon the subject of clemency. This seemed to indicate that his thoughts were turned to the nobleness of pardon. He however remained unrelenting. He was deeply indignant that the monarchs of Europe should assume that he was an upstart, whom any one might shoot in the street. He resolved to strike a blow which should send consternation to the hearts of his enemies, a blow so sudden, so energetic, so terrible as to teach them that he would pay as little regard for their blood, as they manifested for his. The object at which he aimed was fully accomplished. Says Thiers "It is not much to the credit of human nature to be obliged to confess, that the terror inspired by the First Consul acted effectually upon the Bourbon Princes and the emigrants. They no longer felt themselves secure, now that even the German territory had proved no safeguard to the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien; and thenceforth conspiracies of that kind ceased." There are many indications that Napoleon subsequently deplored the tragical fate of the Prince. It subsequently appeared that the mysterious stranger to whom the prisoners so often alluded, was Pichegru. When this fact was communicated to Napoleon, he was deeply moved and musing long and painfully, gave utterance to an exclamation of grief, that he had consented to the seizure of the unhappy Prince.

He, however, took the whole responsibility of his execution upon himself. In his testament at St. Helena, he wrote, "I arrested the Duke d'Enghien because that measure was necessary to the security, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois maintained, on his own admission, sixty assassins. In similar circumstances I would do the same." The spirit is saddened in recording these terrible deeds of violence and of blood. It was a period of anarchy, of revolution, of conspiracies, of war. Fleets were bombarding cities, and tens of thousands were falling in a day upon a single field of battle. Human life was considered of but little value. Bloody retaliations and reprisals were sanctified by the laws of contending nations. Surrounded by those influences, nurtured from infancy in the minds of them, provoked beyond endurance by the aristocratic arrogance which regarded the elected sovereign of France as an usurper beyond the pale of law, it is only surprising that Napoleon could have passed through a career so wonderful and so full of temptations, with a character so

seldom sullied by blemishes of despotic injustice.

This execution of a prince of the blood royal sent a thrill of indignation through all the courts of Europe. The French ambassadors were treated in many instances with coldness amounting to insult. The Emperor Alexander sent a remonstrance to the First Consul. He thus provoked a terrible reply from the man who could hurl a sentence like a bomb-shell. The young monarch of Russia was seated upon the blood-stained throne, from which the daggers of assassins had removed his father. And yet, not one of these assassins had been punished. With crushing irony, Napoleon remarked, "France has acted, as Russia under similar circumstances would have done; for had she been informed that the assassins of Paul were assembled at a day's march from her frontier, would she not, at all hazards, have seized upon them there?" This was not one of these soft answers which turn away wrath. It stung Alexander to the quick.

Absorbed by these cares, Napoleon had but little time to think of the imprisoned conspirators awaiting their trial. Pichegru, hearing no further mention of the First Consul's proposal, and informed of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, gave himself up for lost. His proud spirit could not endure the thought of a public trial and an ignominious punishment. One night, after having read a treatise of Seneca upon suicide, he laid aside his book, and by means of his silk-cravat, and a wooden-peg, which he used as a tourniquet, he strangled himself. His keepers found him in the morning dead upon his bed.

The trial of the other conspirators soon came on. Moreau, respecting whom great interest was excited, as one of the most illustrious of the Republican generals, was sentenced to two years imprisonment. Napoleon immediately pardoned him, and granted him permission to retire to America. As that unfortunate general wished to dispose of his estate, Napoleon gave orders for it to be purchased at the highest price. He also paid the expenses of his journey to Barcelona, preparatory to his embarkation for the new world. George Cadoudal, Polignac, Revière, and several others, were condemned to death. There was something in the firm and determined energy of Cadoudal which singularly interested the mind of the First Consul. He wished to save him. "There is one man," said Napoleon, "among the conspirators whom I regret—that is George Cadoudal. His mind is of the right stamp. In my hands, he would have done great things. I appreciate all the firmness of his character, and I would have given it a right direction. I made Real say to him, that if he would attach himself to me, I would not only pardon him, but would give him a regiment. What do I say? I would have made him one of my aides-de-camp. Such a step would have excited a great clamor; but I should not have cared for it. Cadoudal refused every thing. He is a bar of iron. What can I now do? He must

undergo his fate; for such a man is too dangerous in a party. It is a necessity of my situation."

The evening before his execution, Cadoudal desired the jailer to bring him a bottle of excellent wine. Upon tasting the contents of the bottle brought, and finding it of an inferior quality, he complained, stating that it was not such wine as he desired. The jailer brutally replied, "It is good enough for such a miscreant as you." Cadoudal, with perfect deliberation and composure, corked up the bottle, and, with his herculean arm hurled it at the head of the jailer, with an aim so well directed that he fell helpless at his feet. The next day, with several of the conspirators, he was executed.

Josephine, who was ever to Napoleon a ministering angel of mercy, was visited by the wife of Polignac, who, with tears of anguish, entreated Josephine's intercession in behalf of her condemned husband. Her tender heart was deeply moved by a wife's delirious agony, and she hastened to plead for the life of the conspirator. Napoleon, endeavoring to conceal the struggle of his heart beneath a severe exterior, replied, "Josephine, you still interest yourself for my enemies. They are all of them as imprudent as they are guilty. If I do not teach them a lesson they will begin again, and will be the cause of new victims." Thus repulsed, Josephine, almost in despair, retired. But she knew that Napoleon was soon to pass through one of the galleries of the chateau. Calling Madame Polignac, she hastened with her to the gallery, and they both threw themselves in tears before Napoleon. He for a moment glanced sternly at Josephine, as if to reproach her for the trial to which she had exposed him. But his yielding heart could not withstand this appeal. Taking the hand of Madame Polignac, he said, "I am surprised in finding, in a plot against my life, Armand Polignac, the companion of my boyhood at the military school. I will, however, grant his pardon to the tears of his wife. I only hope that this act of weakness on my part may not encourage fresh acts of imprudence. Those princes, madame, are most deeply culpable who thus compromise the lives of their faithful servants without partaking their perils."

General Lajolais had been condemned to death. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning, without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot, for St. Cloud. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, she persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of Josephine and Hortense. Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish

of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his ministers. The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed, "Pardon, sire! pardon for my father!"

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure, "I have said that I wish for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition? Leave me, miss! So saying, he turned to pass from her.

But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused with tears, and agony depicted in every feature of her beautiful upturned face, exclaimed, "Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!"

"And who is your father?" said Napoleon, kindly. "Who are you?"

"I am Miss Lajolais," she replied, "and my father is doomed to die." Napoleon hesitated for a moment; and then exclaimed, "Ah, miss, but this is the second time in which your father has conspired against the state. I can do nothing for you!"

"Alas, sire!" the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, "I know it: but the first time, papa was innocent; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him!"

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, taking the little hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said:

"Well, my child! yes! For your sake, I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me."

At these words the suppliant fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife, accompanied her to the prison of the Conciergerie, with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance. Suddenly, her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac!

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice, "Poor child! poor child!—a father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and of her mother."

Six others of the conspirators also soon received a pardon. Such was the termination of the Bourbon conspiracy for the assassination of Napoleon.

"WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?"

ABOUT the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gownsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time, when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, can not now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time, were shut out, and were afterward reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange

place, about fifty figures also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a Court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on his trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; a jury was empanelled in front; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough—it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; and, if you wish to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

The jury returned, and recorded a verdict of GUILTY.

The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner.

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the Court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an ax, and a bag of sawdust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomster.

It was now past midnight, there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For any sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the pro-

ceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; other five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man in an agony of deadly terror raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but as a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold, clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the ax on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment—they laughed again—but still he moved not—they lifted him, and Downie was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the ax of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves; and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no mark of violence internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known: it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the college, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families among the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for, and his slaughter remained a mystery; until, about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

FRAGMENTS FROM A YOUNG WIFE'S
DIARY.*

I HAVE been married seven weeks. * * * I do not rave in girlish fashion about my perfect happiness—I do not even say I love my husband. Such words imply a separate existence—a gift consciously bestowed on one being from another. I feel not thus : my husband is to me as my own soul.

Long, very long, it is since I first knew this. Gradually, not suddenly, the great mystery of love overshadowed me, until at last I found out the truth, that I was my own no more. All the world's beauty I saw through his eyes—all the world's goodness and greatness came reflected through his noble heart. In his presence I was as a child : I forgot myself, my own existence, hopes, and aims. Every where—at all times and all places—his power was upon me. He seemed to absorb and inhale my whole soul into his, until I became like a cloud melting away in sunshine, and vanishing from the face of heaven.

All this reads very wild and mad ; but, oh ! Laurence—Laurence ! none would marvel at it who had once looked on thee ! Not that he is a perfect Apollo—this worshiped husband of mine : you may meet a score far handsomer. But who cares ? Not I ! All that is grand, all that is beautiful, all that makes a man look godlike through the inward shining of his godlike soul—I see in my Laurence. His eyes, soft, yet proud—his wavy hair—his hand that I sit and clasp—his strong arm that I lean on—all compose an image wherein I see no flaw. Nay, I could scarce believe in any beauty that bore no likeness to Laurence.

Thus is my husband—what am I ? His wife—and no more. Every thing in me is only a reflection of him. Sometimes I even marvel that he loved me, so unworthy as I seem : yet, when heaven rained on me the rich blessing of his love, my thirsty soul drank it in, and I felt that had it never come, for lack of it I must have died. I did almost die, for the joy was long in coming. Though—as I know now—he loved me well and dearly ; yet for some reason or other he would not tell me so. The veil might never have fallen from our hearts, save for one blessed chance. I will relate it. I love to dream over that brief hour, to which my whole existence can never show a parallel.

We were walking all together—my sisters, Laurence Shelmerdine, and I—when there came on an August thunder-storm. Our danger was great, for we were in the midst of a wood. My sisters fled ; but I, being weak and ill—alas ! my heart was breaking quietly, though he knew it not—I had no strength to fly. He was too kind to forsake me : so we staid in an open space of the wood, I clinging to his arm, and thinking—God forgive me !—that if I could only die then, close to him, encompassed by his gen-

tle care, it would be so happy—happier far than my life was then. What he thought, I knew not. He spoke in hurried, broken words, and turned his face from me all the while. •

It grew dark, like night, and there came flash after flash, peal after peal. I could not stand—I leaned against his arm. At last there shone all around us a frightful glare, as if the whole wood were in flames—a crash of boughs—a roar above, as though the heavens were falling—then. Silence.

Death had passed close by us, and smote us not—and Death was the precursor of Love.

We looked at one another, Laurence and I : then, with a great cry, our hearts—long-tortured—sprang together. There never can be such a meeting, save that of two parted ones, who meet in heaven. No words were spoken, save a murmur—“Adelaide !” “Laurence !”—but we knew that between us two there was but one soul. We stood there—all the while the storm lasted. He sheltered me in his arms, and I felt neither the thunder nor the rain. I feared not life nor death, for I now knew that in either I should never be divided from him.

* * * Ours was a brief engagement. Laurence wished it so ; and I disputed not—I never disputed with him in any thing. Besides, I was not happy at home—my sisters did not understand him. They jested with me because he was grave and reserved—even subject to moody fits sometimes. They said, “I should have a great deal to put up with ; but it was worth while, for Mr. Shelmerdine's grand estate atoned for all.” My Laurence ! as if I had ever thought whether he were rich or poor ! I smiled, too, at my sisters' jests about his melancholy, and the possibility of his being “a bandit in disguise.” None truly knew him—none but I ! Yet I was half afraid of him at times ; but that was only from the intensity of my love. I never asked him of his for me—how it grew—or why he had so long concealed it ; enough for me that it was there. Yet it was always calm : he never showed any passionate emotion, save one night—the night before our wedding day.

I went with him to the gate myself, walking in the moonlight under the holly trees. I trembled a little ; but I was happy—very happy. He held me long in his arms ere he would part with me—the last brief parting ere we would have no need to part any more. I said, looking up from his face unto the stars, “Laurence, in our full joy, let us thank God, and pray Him to bless us.”

His heart seemed bursting : he bowed his proud head, dropped it down upon my shoulder, and cried, “Nay, rather pray Him to *forgive* me. Adelaide, I am not worthy of happiness—I am not worthy of you.”

He, to talk in this way ! and about me ! but I answered him soothingly, so that he might feel how dear was my love—how entire my trust.

He said, at last, half mournfully, “You are content to take me then, just as I am ; to forgive my past—to bear with my present—to give

* By the Authoress of “OLIVE,” “THE OGILVIES,” and “THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY,” three charming works, recently published by Harper and Brothers.

hope to my future. Will you do this, my love, my Adelaide?"

I answered, solemnly, "I will." Then, for the first time, I dared to lift my arms to his neck; and as he stooped I kissed his forehead. It was the seal of this my promise—which may God give me strength to keep evermore!

We were laughing to-day—Laurence and I—about *first loves*. It was scarcely a subject for mirth; but one of his bachelor friends had been telling us of a new-married couple, who, in some comical fashion, mutually made the discovery of each other's "first loves." I said to my husband, smiling happily, "that *he* need have no such fear." And I repeated, half in sport, the lines—

"He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last."

So it was with your poor Adelaide." Touched by the thought, my gayety melted almost into tears. But I laughed them off, and added, "Come, Laurence, confess the same. You never, never loved any one but me?"

He looked pained, said coldly, "I believe I have not given cause—" then stopped. How I trembled; but I went up to him, and whispered, "Laurence, dearest, forgive me." He looked at me a moment, then caught me passionately to his breast. I wept there a little—my heart was so full. Yet I could not help again murmuring that question—"You love me? you *do* love me?"

"I love you as I never before loved woman. I swear this in the sight of heaven. Believe it, my wife!" was his vehement answer. I hated myself for having so tried him. My dear, my noble husband! I was mad to have a moment's doubt of thee.

* * * Nearly a year married, and it seems a brief day: yet it seems, also, like a lifetime—as if I had never known any other. My Laurence! daily I grow closer to him—heart to heart. I understand him better—if possible, I love him more: not with the wild worship of my girlhood, but with something dearer—more home-like. I would not have him an "angel," if I could. I know all his little faults and weaknesses quite well—I do not shut my eyes on any of them; but I gaze openly at them, and *love* them down. There is love enough in my heart to fill up all chasms—to remove all stumbling-blocks from our path. Ours is truly a wedded life: not two jarring lives, but an harmonious and complete one.

I have taken a long journey, and am somewhat dreary at being away, even for three days, from my pleasant home. But Laurence was obliged to go, and I would not let him go alone; though, from tender fear, he urged me to stay. So kind and thoughtful he was too. Because his engagements here would keep him much from me, he made me take likewise my sister Louisa. She is a good girl, and a dear girl;

but I miss Laurence; I did especially in my walk to-day, through a lovely, wooded country and a sweet little village. I was thinking of him all the time; so much so, that I quite started when I heard one of the village children shouted after as "Laurence."

Very foolish it is of me—a loving weakness I have not yet got over—but I never hear the name my husband bears without a pleasant thrill; I never even see it written up in the street without turning again to look at it. So, unconsciously, I turned to the little rosy urchin, whom his grandam honored by the name of "Laurence."

A pretty, sturdy boy, of five or six years old—a child to glad any mother. I wondered had he a mother! I staid and asked.—I always notice children now. Oh! wonderful, solemn mystery sleeping at my heart, my hope—my joy—my prayer! I think, with tears, how I may one day watch the gambols of a boy like this; and how, looking down in his little face, I may see therein my Laurence's eyes. For the sake of this future—which God grant!—I went and kissed the little fellow who chanced to bear my husband's name. I asked the old woman about the boy's mother. "Dead! dead five years." And his father? A sneer—a muttered curse—bitter words about "poor folk" and "gentle-folk." Alas! alas! I saw it all. Poor, beautiful, unhappy child!

My heart was so pained, that I could not tell the little incident to Laurence. Even when my sister began to talk of it, I asked her to cease. But I pondered over it the more. I think, if I am strong enough, I will go and see the poor little fellow again to-morrow. One might do some good—who knows?

To-morrow has come—to-morrow has gone. What a gulf lies between that yesterday and its to-morrow!

* * * Louisa and I walked to the village—she very much against her will. "It was wrong and foolish," she said; "one should not meddle with vice." And she looked prudent and stern. I tried to speak of the innocent child—of the poor dead mother; and the shadow of motherhood over my own soul taught me compassion towards both. At last, when Louisa was half angry, I said I would go for I had a secret reason which she did not know.—Thank heaven those words were put into my lips.

So, we went. My little beauty of a boy was not there; and I had the curiosity to approach the cottage where his grandmother lived. It stood in a garden, with a high hedge around. I heard a child's laugh, and could not forbear peeping through. There was my little favorite, held aloft in the arms of a man, who stood half-hidden behind a tree.

"He looks like a gentleman: perhaps it is the wretch of a father!" whispered Louisa. "Sister, we ought to come away." And she walked forward indignantly.

But I still staid—still looked. Despite my

horror of the crime, I felt a sort of attraction : it was some sign of grace in the man that he should at least acknowledge and show kindness to his child. And the miserable mother ! I, a happy wife, could have wept to think of her. I wondered, did he think of her, too ? He might ; for, though the boy laughed and chattered, lavishing on him all those pet diminutives which children make out of the sweet word " father," I did not hear *this* father answer by a single word.

Louisa came to hurry me away. " Hush !" I said : " one moment and I will go."

The little one had ceased chattering : the father put it down, and came forth from his covert.

Heaven it was *my husband* !

* * * I think I should then have fallen down dead, save for one thing—I turned and met my sister's eyes. They were full of horror—indignation—pity. She, too, had seen.

Like lightning there flashed across me all the future : my father's wrath—the world's mockery—*his* shame.

I said—and I had strength to say it quite calmly—" Louisa, you have guessed our secret ; but keep it—promise !"

She looked aghast—confounded.

" You see," I went on, and I actually smiled, " you see, I know all about it, and so does Laurence. It is—a friend's child."

May heaven forgive me for that lie I told : it was to save my husband's honor.

Day after day, week after week, goes by, and yet I live—live, and living, keep the horrible secret in my soul. It must remain there buried forever, now.

It so chanced, that after that hour I did not see my husband for some weeks : Louisa and I were hastily summoned home. So I had time to think what I was to do.

I knew all now—all the mystery of his fits of gloom—his secret sufferings. It was remorse, perpetual remorse. No marvel ! And for a moment my stern heart said, " Let it be so." I, too, was wronged. Why did he marry me, and hide all this ? O vile ! O cruel ! Then the light broke on me : his long struggle against his love—his terror of winning mine. But he did love me : half-maddening as I was, I grasped at that. Whatever blackness was on the past, he loved me now—he had sworn it—" more than he ever loved woman."

I was yet young : I knew little of the wickedness of the world ; but I had heard of that mad passion of a moment, which may seize on a heart not wholly vile, and afterward a whole lifetime of remorse works out the expiation. Six years ago ! he must have been then a mere boy. If he had thus erred in youth, I, who knew his nature, knew how awful must have been the repentance of his manhood. On any humbled sinner I would have mercy—how much rather must I have mercy on *my husband* ?

I had mercy. Some, stern in virtue, may condemn me ; but God knoweth all.

He is—I believe it in my soul—he is a good man now, and striving more and more after good. I will help him—I will save him. Never shall he know that secret, which out of pride or bitterness might drive him back from virtue, or make him feel shame before me.

I took my resolution—I have fulfilled it. I have met him again, as a faithful wife should meet her husband : no word, no look, betrays, or shall betray, what I know. All our outward life goes on as before : his tenderness for me is constant—overflowing. But oh ! the agony, worse than death, of knowing my idol fallen—that where I once worshiped, I can only pity, weep, and pray.

He told me yesterday he did not feel like the same man that he was before his marriage. He said I was his good angel : that through me he became calmer, happier every day. It was true : I read the change in his face. Others read it too. Even his aged mother told me, with tears, how much good I had done to Laurence. For this, thank God !

My husband ! my husband ! At times I could almost think this horror was some delirious dream, cast it all to the winds, and worship him as of old. I do feel, as I ought, deep tenderness—compassion. No, no ! let me not deceive myself : I love him ; in defiance of all I love him, and shall do evermore.

Sometimes his olden sufferings come over him ; and then I, knowing the whole truth, feel my very soul moved within me. If he had only told me all : if I could now lay my heart open before him, with all its love and pardon ; if he would let me comfort him, and speak of hope, of heaven's mercy—of atonement, even on earth. But I dare not—I dare not.

Since, from this silence which he has seen fit to keep, I must not share the struggle, but must stay afar off—then, like the prophet who knelt on the rock, supplicating for Israel in the battle, let my hands fall not, nor my prayer cease, until heaven sendeth the victory.

Nearer and nearer comes the hour which will be to me one of a double life, or of death. Sometimes, remembering all I have lately suffered, there comes to me a heavy foreboding. What, if I, so young, to whom, one little year ago, life seemed an opening paradise—what, if I should die—die and leave *him*, and he never know how deeply I have loved—how much I have forgiven ?

Yes ; he might know, and bitterly. Should Louisa tell. But I will prevent that.

In my husband's absence, I have sat up half the night writing ; that, in case of my death, he may be made acquainted with the whole truth, and hear it from me alone. I have poured out all my sufferings—all my tenderness : I have implored him, for the love of heaven, for the love of me, that he would in every way atone for the past, and lead for the future a righteous life ;

that his sin may be forgiven, and that, after death, we may meet in joy evermore.

I have been to church with Laurence—for the last time, as I think. We knelt together, and took the sacrament. His face was grave, but peaceful. When we came home, we sat in our beautiful little rose-garden: he, looking so content—even happy; so tender over me—so full of hope for the future. How should this be, if he had on his soul that awful sin? All seemed a delusion of my own creating: I doubted even the evidence of my own senses. I longed to throw myself on his bosom, and tell him all. But then, from some inexplicable cause, the olden cloud came over him; I read in his face, or thought I read, the torturing remorse which at once repelled me from him, and yet drew me again, with a compassion that was almost stronger than love.

I thought I would try to say, in some passing way, words that, should I die, might afterward comfort him, by telling him how his misery had wrung my heart, and how I did not scorn him, not even for his sin.

"Laurence," I said, very softly, "I wish that you and I had known one another all our lives—from the time we were little children."

"Oh! that we had! then I had been a better and a happier man, my Adelaide!" was his answer.

"We will not talk of that. Please God, we may live a long and worthy life together; but if not—"

He looked at me with fear. "What is that you say? Adelaide, you are not going to die? you, whom I love, whom I have made happy, you have no cause to die."

Oh, agony! he thought of the one who *had* cause—to whose shame and misery death was better than life. Poor wretch! she, too, might have loved him. Down, wife's jealousy! down, woman's pride! It was long, long ago. She is dead; and he—Oh! my husband! may God forgive me according as I pardon you!

I said to him once more, putting my arm round his neck, leaning so that he could only hear, not see me. "Laurence, if I should die, remember how happy we have been, and how dearly we have loved one another. Think of nothing sad or painful; think only that, living or dying, I loved you as I have loved none else in the world. And so, whatever chances, be content."

He seemed afraid to speak more, lest I should be agitated; but as he kissed me, I felt on my cheek tears—tears that my own eyes, long sealed by misery, had no power to shed.

*** I have done all I wished to do. I have set my house in order. Now, whichever way God wills the event, I am prepared. Life is not to me what it once was: yet, for Laurence's sake, and for one besides—Ah! now I dimly guess what that poor mother felt, who, dying, left her child to the mercy of the bitter world. But, heaven's will be done. I shall write here no more—perhaps forever.

*** It is all past and gone. I have been a mother—alas! *have been*; but I never knew it. I woke out of a long blank dream—a delirium of many weeks—to find the blessing had come, and been taken away. ONE only giveth—ONE only taketh. Amen!

For seven days, as they tell me, my babe lay by my side—its tiny hands touched mine—it slept at my breast. But I remember nothing—nothing! I was quite mad all the while. And then—it died—and I have no little face to dream of—no memory of the sweetness that has been: it is all to me as if I had never seen my child.

If I had only had my senses for one day—one hour: if I could but have seen Laurence when they gave him his baby boy. Bitterly he grieves, his mother says, because he has no heir.

*** My first waking fear was horrible. Had I betrayed any thing during my delirium? I think not. Louisa says I lay all the time silent, dull, and did not even notice my husband, though he bent over me like one distracted. Poor Laurence! I see him but little now: they will not suffer me. It is perhaps well: I could not bear his grief and my own too: I might not be able to keep my secret safe.

I went yesterday to look at the tiny mound—all that is left to me of my dream of motherhood. Such a happy dream as it was, too! How it comforted me, many a time: how I used to sit and think of my darling that was to come: to picture it lying in my arms—playing at my feet—growing in beauty—a boy, a youth, a man! And this—this is all—this little grave.

Perhaps I may never have another child. If so, all the deep love which nature teaches, and which nature has even now awakened in my heart, must find no object, and droop and wither away, or be changed into repining. No! please God, *that* last shall never be: I will not embitter the blessings I have, by mourning over those denied.

But I must love something, in the way that I would have loved my child. I have lost my babe; some babe may have lost a mother. A thought comes—I shudder—I tremble—yet I follow it. I will pause a little, and then—

In Mr. Shelmerdine's absence, I have accomplished my plan. I have contrived to visit the place where lives that hapless child—my husband's child.

I do believe my love to Laurence must be such as never before was borne to man by woman. It draws me even toward this little one: forgetting all wife-like pride, I seem to yearn over the boy. But is this strange? In my first girlish dreams, many a time I have taken a book he had touched—a flower he had gathered—hid it from my sisters, kissed it, and wept over it for days. It was folly; but it only showed how precious I held every thing belonging to him. And should I not hold precious what is half himself—his own son?

I will go and see the child to-morrow.

Weeks have passed, and yet I have had no strength to tell what that to-morrow brought. Strange book of human fate! each leaf closed until the appointed time—if we could but turn it, and read. Yet it is best not.

I went to the cottage—alone, of course. I asked the old woman to let me come in and rest, for I was a stranger, weak and tired. She did so kindly, remembering, perhaps, how I had once noticed the boy. He was her grandson she told me—her daughter's child.

Her daughter! And this old creature was a coarse, rough-spoken woman—a laborer's wife. Laurence Shelmerdine—the elegant—the refined—what madness must have possessed him!

"She died very young, then, your daughter?" I found courage to say.

"Ay, ay; in a few months after the boy's birth. She was but a weakly thing at best, and she had troubles enow."

Quickly came the blood to my heart—to my cheek—in bitter, bitter shame. Not for myself, but for him. I shrank like a guilty thing before that mother's eye. I dared not ask—what I longed to hear—concerning the poor girl, and her sad history.

"Is the child like her?" was all I could say, looking to where the little one was playing, at the far end of the garden. I was glad not to see him nearer. "Was his mother as beautiful as he?"

"Ay, a good-looking lass enough; but the little lad's like his father, who was a gentleman born: though Laurence had better ha' been a plowman's son. A bad business Bess made of it. To this day I dunnot know her right name, nor little Laurence's there; and so I canna make his father own him. He ought, for the lad's growing up as grand a gentleman as himself: he'll never do to live with poor folk like granny."

"Alas!" I cried, forgetting all but my compassion; "then how will the child bear his lot of shame!"

"Shame!" and the old woman came up fiercely to me. "You'd better mind your own business: my Bess was as good as you."

I trembled violently, but could not speak. The woman went on:

"I dunnot care if I blab it all out, though Bess begged me not. She was a fool, and the young fellow something worse. His father tried—may-be he wished to try, too—but they couldna undo what had been done. My girl was safe married to him, and the little lad's a gentleman's lawful son."

Oh! joy beyond belief! Oh! bursting blessed tears! My Laurence! my Laurence!

*** I have no clear recollection of any thing more, save that I suppose the woman thought me mad, and fled out of the cottage. My first consciousness is of finding myself quite alone, with the door open, and a child looking in at me in wonderment, but with a gentleness such as I have seen my husband wear. No marvel I had

loved that childish face: it was such as might have been *his* when he was a boy.

I cried, tremulously, "Laurence! little Laurence!" He came to me, smiling and pleased. One faint struggle I had—forgive me, poor dead girl!—and then I took the child in my arms, and kissed him as though I had been his mother. For thy sake—for thy sake—my husband!

I understood all the past now. The wild, boyish passion, making an ideal out of a poor village girl—the unequal union—the dream fading into common day—coarseness creating repulsion—the sting of one folly which had marred a lifetime—read of the world, self-reproach, and shame—All these excuses I could find: and yet Laurence had acted ill. And when the end came: no wonder that remorse pursued him, for he had broken a girl's heart. She might, she must, have loved him. I wept for her—I, who so passionately loved him too.

He was wrong, also, grievously wrong, in not acknowledging the child. Yet there might have been reasons. His father ruled with an iron hand; and, then, when he died, Laurence had just known me. Alas! I weave all coverings to hide his fault. But surely this strong, faithful love was implanted in my heart for good. It shall not fail him now: it shall encompass him with arms of peace: it shall stand between him and the bitter past: it shall lead him on to a worthy and happy future.

There is one thing which he must do: I will strengthen him to do it. Yet, when I tell him all, how will he meet it? No matter; I must do right. I have walked through this cloud of misery—shall my courage fail me now?

He came home, nor knew that I had been away. Something oppressed him: his old grief perhaps. My beloved! I have a balm even for that, now.

*** I told him the story, as it were in a parable, not of myself, but of another—a friend I had. His color came and went—his hands trembled in my hold. I hid nothing: I told of the wife's first horrible fear—of her misery—and the red flush mounted to his very brow. I could have fallen at his feet, and prayed forgiveness; but I dared not yet. At last I spoke of the end, still using the feigned names I had used all along.

He said, hoarsely, "Do you think the wife—a good and pure woman—would forgive all this?"

"Forgive! Oh! Laurence—Laurence!" and I clung to him and wept.

A doubt seemed to strike him. "Adelaide—tell me—"

"I have told. Husband, forgive me! I know all, and still I love you—I love you!"

I did not say, *I pardon*. I would not let him think that I felt I had need to pardon.

Laurence sank down at my feet, hid his face on my knees, and wept.

*** The tale of his youth was as I guessed. He told it me the same night, when we sat in the twilight gloom. I was glad of this—that

not even his wife's eyes might scan too closely the pang it cost him to reveal these long-past days. But all the while he spoke my head was on his breast, that he might feel I held my place there still, and that no error, no grief, no shame, could change my love for him, nor make me doubt his own, which I had won.

My task is accomplished. I rested not, day or night, until the right was done. Why should he fear the world's sneer, when his wife stands by him—his wife, who most of all might be thought to shrink from this confession that must be made? But I have given him comfort—ay, courage. I have urged him to 'o his duty, which is one with mine.

My husband has acknowledged his first marriage, and taken home his son. His mother, though shocked and bewildered at first, rejoiced when she saw the beautiful boy—worthy to be the heir of the Shelmerdines. All are happy in the thought. And I—

I go, but always secretly, to the small daisy-mound. My own lost one! my babe, whose face I never saw! If I have no child on earth, I know there is a little angel waiting me in heaven.

Let no one say I am not happy, as happy as one can be in this world: never was any woman more blessed than I am in my husband and my son—*mine*. I took him as such: I will fulfill the pledge while I live.

* * * The other day, our little Laurence did something wrong. He rarely does so—he is his father's own child for gentleness and generosity. But here he was in error: he quarreled with his Aunt Louisa, and refused to be friends. Louisa was not right either: she does not half love the boy.

I took my son on my lap, and tried to show him the holiness and beauty of returning good for evil, of forgetting unkindness, of pardoning sin. He listened, as he always listens to me. After a while, when his heart was softened, I made him kneel down beside me, saying the prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Little Laurence stole away, repentant and good. I sat thoughtful: I did not notice that behind me had stood *my* Laurence—my husband. He came and knelt where his boy had knelt. Like a child, he laid his head on my shoulder, and blessed me, in broken words. The sweetest of all were:

"My wife! my wife who has saved her husband!"

A SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE.

THE CAPTURE OF A REDOUBT.

A MILITARY friend of mine, who died of fever, in Greece, a few years ago, one day related to me the first affair in which he had been engaged. His recital made such an impression upon me that I wrote it down from memory as soon as I had leisure. Here it is:

"I joined my regiment on the 4th of September, in the evening. I found my colonel at the bivouac. He received me at first very bluntly; but when he had read my letter of recommendation from General B——, he altered his manner, and addressed some civil words to me.

"I was presented by him to my captain, who had that instant returned from reconnoitering the movements of the enemy. This captain, though I had scarce time to observe him, was a tall, sunburnt man, of harsh and repulsive aspect. He had been a private soldier, and had gained his epaulets and his cross of the Legion on the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and weak, contrasted oddly with his almost gigantic height. They told me afterward that he owed his strange voice to a ball which had cut his windpipe across at the battle of Jena.

"On learning that I had come from the military school of Fontainebleau, he made a grimace, and said, 'My lieutenant was killed yesterday'—I understood what he would have added: 'It is you that should take his place, but you are not fit.' An angry retort was on my lips, but I contained myself.

"The moon rose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, situated about two gun-shots from our bivouac. It was large and red, as usual at first rising. But this evening the moon seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt stood out from the dark night against the broad red disc of the moon. It looked like the cone of a volcano at the moment of an eruption.

"An old soldier, near whom I stood, remarked upon the color of the moon—'She is very red,' said he, 'it is a sign that it will cost us dear to take it—this famous redoubt!' I have always been superstitious, and this augury, especially at this moment, affected me considerably.

"I went to rest, but could not sleep. I rose, and walked about for some time in the dark, looking at the immense line of watch-fires which covered the heights about the village of Cheverino.

"When I found the cold, keen night-air had sufficiently cooled my blood, I went back to the fire; I wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, and shut my eyes, hoping not to open them again before daylight. But sleep fled my eyelids. My thoughts unconsciously assumed a gloomy aspect. I reflected that I had not a single friend among the hundred thousand men who covered this plain. If I were wounded, I would be carried to an hospital, and treated without respect, by perhaps ignorant surgeons. All that I had heard of surgical operations came into my mind. My heart beat with violence, and mechanically I placed, as a kind of cuirass, the handkerchief and the portfolio which I had with me, about my breast. Fatigue overwhelmed me; I grew sleepier each instant; but some unlucky thought suddenly flashed upon my mind, and I woke up again with a start.

"But fatigue prevailed, and when the drums beat to arms, they awoke me from a sound sleep.

We were put in battle array, and challenged the enemy, then we piled arms, and all said we were going to have a quiet day.

"About three o'clock, an aid-de-camp galloped up, bringing an order. We stood to our arms again; our sharpshooters spread themselves over the plain; we followed them slowly, and in about twenty minutes we saw the advanced posts of the Russians turning back and entering within the redoubt.

"A battery of artillery had established itself on our right, another on our left, but both were well in advance of us. They began a brisk fire upon the enemy, who replied vigorously, and the redoubt of Cheverino was very soon hid under a thick cloud of smoke.

"Our regiment was almost secure against the fire of the Russians by a rising-ground in our front. Their bullets—a rare thing for us—for their gunners fired more accurately than ours went over our heads, or at most covered us with earth and little stones.

"As soon as the order to advance had been given us, my captain eyed me with a look which obliged me, two or three times, to pass my hand over my young mustache with as unconcerned an air as I could. Indeed, I was not frightened, and the only fear I had was, lest any one about me should imagine I was afraid. These in-offensive bullets of the Russians still continued to preserve my heroic calmness. My self-esteem whispered to me that I ran a real danger, and that I was under the fire of a battery. I was delighted at feeling myself so much at my ease, and I thought of the pleasure with which I should relate the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino, in the salon of Madame de B——, in the Rue de Provence.

"The colonel passed before our company; he said to me, 'Well, sir! you are soon going to make your *début*.'

"I smiled, with a martial air, brushing at the same time the sleeve of my coat, upon which a bullet, that had fallen about thirty paces from me, had sent a little dust.

"It seemed that the Russians had perceived the bad success of their firing, for they replaced their cannon with howitzers, which could better reach us in the hollow where we were posted. Suddenly a stunning blow knocked off my shako, and a ball killed the man behind me.

"'I congratulate you,' said the captain to me, as I put on my shako again, 'you are safe for the day.' I knew of the military superstition, which holds that the axiom *non bis in idem* has its application on the field of battle as well as in the court of justice. I put on my shako somewhat haughtily. 'This causes one to salute without ceremony,' said I, as gayly as I could. This wretched pleasantry, under the circumstances, seemed excellent. 'I wish you joy,' replied the captain, 'you will not be hit again, and you will command a company this night; for I feel sure that the furnace is heated for me. Every time that I have been wounded, the officer behind me has received some mortal ball, and,'

he added, in a low tone, and as if ashamed of what he was about to say, 'their names always began with a P.'

"I felt stout-hearted now; many people would have done as I did; many would, like myself, have been struck with these prophetic words. Conscript as I was, I felt that I could confide my sentiments to no one, and that I ought only to appear coolly intrepid.

"At the lapse of about half an hour the fire of the Russians sensibly diminished; and then we sallied from our cover, to march upon the redoubt.

"Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was ordered to turn the redoubt on the side of the defile; the two others were ordered to make the assault. I belonged to the third battalion.

"In moving out from behind the shoulder of the rising ground which had hitherto protected us, we were met by volleys of musketry, which, however, did little execution among our ranks. The whistling of the bullets surprised me; I frequently turned my head, and thus excited considerable pleasantry among those of my comrades who were more familiar than myself with this kind of music. Taking all things, said I to myself, a battle is not so terrible a thing after all.

"We advanced at a running pace, preceded by the skirmishers. All at once the Russians set up three hurras—three distinct hurras; then they remained silent, and entirely ceased firing. 'I don't like this quiet,' said my captain, 'it bodes us no good.' I found our people becoming rather blustering, and I could not help at the moment contrasting their noisy exclamations with the imposing silence of the enemy.

"We soon reached the foot of the redoubt, the palisades of which had been broken and the earth scattered by our cannon-balls. The soldiers rushed over the ruins, with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* louder than one could have expected of men who had already been shouting so much.

"I raised my eyes, and never shall I forget the scene which I saw before me. The greater part of the smoke had risen, and hung, suspended like a canopy, twenty feet above the redoubt. Beyond a bluish vapor, we could see behind their half-destroyed parapet the Russian grenadiers, with muskets raised, immovable as statues. I think I still see each soldier, his left eye fixed on us, his right hidden behind his musket. In an embrasure, some feet from us, a man, holding a match, stood beside a cannon.

"I shuddered, and I thought that my last hour was come. 'Now the dance is about to begin!' said my captain. 'Good-night!' These were the last words I heard him speak.

"A roll of drums resounded through the redoubt. I saw them lower their muskets. I shut my eyes, and then I heard a terrific discharge, followed by cries and groans. I opened my eyes again, surprised to find myself still unharmed. The redoubt was again enveloped in

smoke. I was surrounded by dead and wounded. My captain lay stretched at my feet. His head was pounded by a bullet, and I was spattered with his blood and his brains. Of all my company, there remained alive only six men besides myself.

"A moment of stupor succeeded to this carnage. The colonel, putting his hat on the point of his sword, clambered up the parapet the first, crying *Vive l'Empereur!* and he was soon followed by the survivors. I have no distinct recollection of what occurred. We entered the redoubt, I don't know how. We fought, man to man, amid a smoke so thick that we could scarcely see each other. I must have struck like the rest, for I found my sabre all bloody. At last I heard the cry of 'Victory!' and, the smoke diminishing, I saw that blood and dead bodies almost covered the ground of the redoubt. The cannons were almost buried under the heaps of corpses. About two hundred men standing, in French uniforms, were grouped without order, some charging their pieces, others wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners stood by them.

"The colonel lay stretched, all bloody, upon a broken wagon, near the defile. Some soldiers pressed round him. I approached. 'Who is the senior captain?' he asked of a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a most expressive manner. 'And the senior lieutenant?' 'This officer who arrived to-day!' said the sergeant, calmly. The colonel smiled sadly. 'Come, sir,' said he to me, 'you command in chief. You must at once fortify the redoubt, and barricade the defile with wagons, for the enemy is in force; but General C——, will support you.' 'Colonel,' said I to him, 'you are seriously wounded.' 'F——, my dear fellow, but the redoubt is taken.'"

MEMORY AND ITS CAPRICES.

THERE is no faculty so inexplicable as memory. It is not merely that its powers vary so much in different individuals, but that every one has found their own liable to the most unaccountable changes and chances. Why vivid impressions should appear to become utterly obliterated, and then suddenly spring to light, as if by the wand of a magician, without the slightest effort of our own, is a mystery which no metaphysician has ever been able to explain. We all have experience of this, when we have striven *in vain* to recollect a name, a quotation, or a tune, and find it present itself unbidden, it may be, at a considerable interval of time, when the thoughts are engaged on another subject. We all know the uneasy feeling with which we search for the missing article, and the relief when it suddenly flashes across the mind, and when, as if traced by invisible ink, it comes out unexpectedly, bright and clear.

It is most happily ordered, that pleasing sensations are recalled with far greater vividness than those of a distressing nature. A charming scene which we loved to contemplate, a perfume

which we have inhaled, an air to which we have listened, can all be reverted to with a degree of pleasure not far short of that which we experienced in the actual enjoyment; but bodily pain, which, during its continuance, occasions sensations more absorbing than any thing else, can not be recalled with the same vividness. It is remembered in a general way as a great evil, but we do not recall the suffering so as to communicate the sensation of the reality. In fact, we remember the pain, but we recollect the pleasure—for the difference between remembrance and recollection is distinct. We may remember a friend, whose person we have forgotten, but we can not have forgotten the appearance of one whom we recollect. Surely a benevolent Providence can be traced in the provision which enables us to enjoy the sensations again which gave pleasure, but which does not oblige us to feel those which gave pain. The memory of the aged, which is so impaired by years, is generally clear as to the most pleasurable period of existence, and faint and uncertain as to that which has brought the infirmities and "ills which flesh is heir to;" and the recollection of schoolboy days, with what keen delight are all their merry pranks and innocent pleasures recalled, while the drudgery of learning and the discipline of rules, once considered so irksome, fill but a faint outline in the retrospective picture; the impressions of joy and gayety rest on the mind, while those which are felt in the first moments of some great calamity are so blunted by its stunning effect, that they can not be accurately recalled. Indeed, it frequently happens that the memory loses every trace of a sudden misfortune, while it retains all the events which have preceded it.

Of such paramount importance is a retentive memory considered, that the improvement of the faculty by constant exercise is the first object in education, and artificial aids for its advantage have been invented. So essential did the ancients regard its vigor for any work of imagination, that "they described the muses as the daughters of memory." Though a retentive memory may be found where there is no genius, yet genius, though sometimes, is rarely deficient in this most valuable gift. There are so many examples of its great power in men of transcendent abilities, that every one can name a host. Some of these examples would appear incredible, had they not been given on unquestionable authority. Themistocles, we are told, could call by their names every citizen of Athens, though they amounted to twenty thousand. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Hortentius, after attending a public sale for the day, gave an account in the evening of every article which had been sold, the prices, and the names of the purchasers. On comparing it with that taken at the sale by the notary, it was found to agree exactly with it as if it had been a copy. "Memory Corner Thompson," so called from the extraordinary power which he possessed, drew, in the space of twenty-two hours, a correct

plan of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, with parts of the parishes of St. Marylebone, St. Ann, and St. Martin. In this were included all the squares, streets, courts, lanes, alleys, markets, and all other entries; every church, chapel, and public building; all stables and yards; all the public-houses and corners of streets, with every pump, post, tree, house, bow-window; all the minutæ about St. James's Palace; this he did in the presence of two gentlemen, without any plan or notes of reference, but solely from his memory. He afterward completed the plans of other parishes. A house being named in any public street, he could tell the trade of the shop, either on the right or left hand. He could from memory furnish an inventory of every thing contained in any house where he was intimate, from the garret to the cellar.

The extraordinary powers of calculation entirely from memory are very suprising. The mathematician Wallis, in bed, and in the dark, extracted the cube root from a number consisting of thirty figures. George III. had a memory remarkably retentive. He is said never to have forgotten the face he had once seen, or the name once heard. Carolan's memory was remarkably quick and retentive. On one occasion, he met a celebrated musician at the house of an Irish nobleman. He challenged him to a trial of musical skill. The musician played the fifth Concerto of Vivaldi on his violin, to which Carolan, who had never heard it, listened with deep attention. When it was finished, he took his harp, and played the Concerto from beginning to end, without missing a single note. An instance of great memory is related of La Motte, who was invited by Voltaire, then a young man, to hear a tragedy which he had just finished. La Motte listened with great attention, and was delighted with it. However, he said he had one fault to find with it. On being urged by Voltaire to say what *that* was, he replied, that he regretted that any part of it should have been borrowed. Voltaire, chagrined and incredulous, requested that he would point this out. He named the second scene of the fourth act, saying, that, when he had met with it, it had struck him so much, that he took the trouble of transmitting it to memory. He then recited the scene, just as Voltaire had read it, with the animation which showed how much it pleased him. Voltaire, utterly confounded, remained silent; the friends who were present looked at each other in amazement; a few moments of embarrassment and dismay ensued. La Motte at length broke the silence: "Make yourself easy, sir," said he, "the scene belongs to no one but you. I was so charmed by its beauty that I could not resist the temptation of committing it to memory."

It is not uncommon to find the memory retentive on some subjects, yet extremely defective on others. The remarkable powers of some are limited to dates and names. A lady with whom we were acquainted could tell the number of stairs contained in each flight in the houses

of all her acquaintance, but her memory was not particularly retentive in any thing else. In the notice of the death of Miss Addison, daughter of the celebrated Addison, which took place in 1797, it is stated, that "she inherited her father's memory, but none of the discriminating powers of his understanding; with the retentive faculties of Jedediah Buxton, she was a perfect imbecile. She could go on in any part of her father's works, and repeat the whole, but was incapable of speaking or writing an intelligible sentence." Cases of occasional forgetfulness on matters of interest to the mind are among the strange caprices of memory. When Dr. Priestley was preparing the dissertations prefixed to his "Harmony of the Gospels," he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion, relative to the Jewish passover. He transcribed the result of his researches, and laid the paper aside. His attention being called to something else, a fortnight elapsed before the subject again occurred to his mind. The same pains were taken which he had bestowed on it before. The fruits of his labor were again written out. So completely had he forgotten that he had before copied out exactly the same paragraphs and reflections, that it was only when he found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. At times he has read his own published writings without recognizing them.

John Hunter's memory once failed him. When he was in the house of a friend, he totally forgot where he was, in whose house, in what room, or in what street, or where he lived himself. He was conscious of this failure, and tried to restore his recollection by looking out of the window to ascertain where he was, but to no purpose. After some time, recollection gradually returned. It is well known that a young man of great ability, and for whom his friends looked for the most brilliant success, totally forgot what he had been about to say, when making his first, and, as it proved, his only parliamentary speech. He tried to resume the thread of his argument, but all was a cheerless blank—he came to a dead stop; and thus his parliamentary career ended: he never attempted to address the house again. An actor, who was performing in a play which had a great run, all at once forgot a speech which he had to make. "How," said he, when he got behind the scenes, and offered, as he thought, a very sufficient excuse, "how could it be expected that I should remember it forever. Haven't I repeated it every night for the last thirty nights!"

We are told in the "Psychological Magazine," that many cases have occurred in which persons have forgotten their own names. On one occasion, a gentleman had to turn to his companion, when about to leave his name at a door where they called to visit, to ask him what it was, so completely and suddenly had he forgotten it. After severe attacks of illness and great hardship, loss of memory is not infrequent. Some who recovered from the plague at Athens, as

Thucydides relates, had lost their memories so entirely that no friend, no relation, nothing connected with their personal identity, was remembered. It is said, that, among those who had escaped with life the disasters of the memorable campaign in Russia, and the disease which was so fatal to the troops at Wilna, there were some who had utterly lost their memory—who preserved not the faintest recollection of country, home, or friends. The fond associations of other days had left nothing but a dreary blank.

As the body has been made the vehicle for the exercise of the faculties of the mind, and as they are united in some mysterious manner, we find injuries to the one often hurtful, and sometimes fatal to the other. Mental shocks frequently impede, or in some cases utterly put an end to that exercise which the union of body and mind produces. The memory is often disturbed or upset by some injury to the brain. A fall, a sudden blow, or disease, may obliterate *all recollection*. We have heard of those who have suffered from such who have forgotten every friend and relation, and never knew the face of one belonging to them again. But the effects are sometimes very strange and partial, and totally beyond our comprehension. The functions of the memory, in some cases, are suspended for a time, but, on recovery, take up at the very point where they were deprived of their power. Dr. Abercrombie was acquainted with a lady who had an apoplectic seizure while at cards. From Thursday evening till Sunday morning she was quite unconscious. At length she spoke, and the first words she uttered were, "What is trump?" Beattie mentions a gentleman who had a similar attack, in the year 1761, from which he recovered, but all recollection of the four years previous to the attack was gone, while all that had happened in the preceding years was accurately recollected. He had to refer to the public journals of the forgotten years, in which he had taken great interest at the time, for information about the passing events of those years, and read the details with great satisfaction and surprise. By a fall from his horse, a gentleman, who was an admirable scholar, received a severe hurt on the head. He recovered, but his learning was gone, and he had actually to commence his education again by the very first step, the learning of the alphabet. A less unfortunate scholar, meeting with a similar accident, lost none of his acquirements but his Greek; but it was irrevocably lost. A strange caprice of memory is recorded in the case of Dr. Broussannet. An accident which befel him brought on an attack of apoplexy. When he recovered, he had utterly lost the power of pronouncing or writing proper names, or any substantive, while his memory supplied adjectives in profusion, by the application of which he distinguished whatever he wished to mention. In speaking of any one, he would designate him by calling him after the shape or color for which he was remarkable. If his hair was red, he called him "red;" if above the usual height, he named him "tall;" if he wanted his

hat, he asked for his "black;" if his "blue" or "brown" was required, it was a *coat* of the color that he called for. The same mode of mentioning plants was that which he made use of. As he was a good botanist, he was well acquainted with a vast number, but he could never call them by their names.

Mr. Millingen quotes from Salmuth an account of a man who could pronounce words, though he had forgotten how to write them; and of another, who could only recollect the first syllable of the words he used. Some have confused substantives altogether, calling their watch a hat, and ordering up paper when they wanted coals; others have transposed the letters of the words which they intended to use. A musician, laboring under the partial loss of memory, was known to call his flute a *tufle*, thus employing every letter in the right word. Curious anagrams, it is stated, have been made in this way, and innumerable names for persons and things invented. An extraordinary case of periodic recollection had occurred in an old man, who had forgotten all the events of his former life, unless they were recalled to his memory by some occurrence; yet every night he regularly recollected some one particular circumstance of his early days. There are, indeed, very extraordinary cases of a sudden rush of recollections. A gentleman with whom we are acquainted, mentioned that at one time he was in imminent danger of being drowned, and that in the brief space of some moments all the events of his life were vividly recalled. There have been similar instances; indeed, were we to transcribe one-third of the remarkable cases of the caprice of memory, we should far exceed our limits. Some very wonderful details are given of those which have been known to occur in the somnambulist state. Dr. Dyce of Aberdeen describes the case of a girl who was subject to such attacks. During these, she would converse with the bystanders, answering their questions. Once she went through the whole of the baptismal service of the Church of England. On awakening, she had no recollection of what had occurred in her state of somnambulism, but, on falling into it again, she would talk over all that had passed and been said while it continued. During one of these paroxysms, she was taken to church, where she appeared to attend to the service with great devotion. She was much affected by the sermon, and shed tears at one passage. When restored to the waking state, she had not the faintest recollection whatever of the circumstance; but, in the following paroxysm, her recollection of the whole matter was most accurate; her account of it was as vivid as possible. Not only did she describe every thing, but she gave the subject of the sermon, repeating *verbatim* the passage at which she had wept. Thus she appeared endowed with two memories—one for the walking state, and the other for that mysterious sleep.

There are some very affecting cases of the

partial loss of memory from sudden misfortune and from untoward accidents. The day was fixed for the marriage of a young clergyman and one to whom he was most tenderly attached. Two days before the appointed time, he went out with a young friend, who was going to shoot. The gun went off accidentally. He instantly fell, and it was found that part of the charge had lodged in his forehead. For some days his life was despaired of; but at the end of that time he was pronounced out of danger. The happiness, however, which had hung on his existence was forever gone. She who had watched by him night and day had a trial more bitter than his death: he was deranged; his memory retained nothing but the idea of his approaching marriage. Every recollection, every thought was absorbed in that one idea. His whole conversation related to the preparations. He never would speak on any other subject. It was always within two days of the happy time. Thus years and years went over. Youth passed, and still two days more would wed him to her who was fondly loved as ever. And thus he reached his eightieth year, and sunk into the grave.

It has sometimes happened that the recollection of a sudden calamity has been lost in the very shock which it has produced. A curate of St. Sulpice, never weary of doing good, practiced the most rigid self-denial, that he might have the means of serving others. He adopted an English orphan boy, who repaid his kindness with a fond affection, which increased every year—in short, they loved like a father and a son. The poor boy was an apt scholar, and his protector took special delight in teaching him. But his predominant taste was for music, for which he evinced the enthusiasm that ever marks genius. His taste was cultivated, for many of those whom the curate instructed were the sons of artists, and were themselves well skilled in the delightful art, and he got them to give lessons to his protégé. He soon excelled upon the harp, and his voice, though not powerful, was capable of all those touching modulations which find their way to the heart. Accompanied by the chords, which he so well knew how to waken, more enchanting melody could scarcely be heard; and the poor curate found no more delightful relaxation than listening to his music; and the kind old man felt pride as well as delight in the progress of his *son*, as he always called the young musician. But peace and harmony was sadly interrupted. The attachment of the curate to the Archbishop of Arles was the cause of his being thrown into confinement with him in the convent of the Carmelites. His poor son pined to share the prison of one so much beloved—the one in whom all his feelings of affection and gratitude centred. At length his entreaties succeeded, and the pupil and his preceptor were together again. But even this melancholy companionship was to be rent asunder. The convent was attacked. The particulars of the massacre of the 2d of September, 1792, are too well known to need repetition. Some sought concealment

among the branches of the trees into which they had climbed; but pikes and bullets soon reached them. The archbishop, attended by thirty of the clergy, went with steady steps up to the altar in the chapel at the end of the garden. It was there that these martyrs were sacrificed, as it has been beautifully told by Mr. Alison, with eyes raised to the image of their crucified Redeemer, and offering a prayer for their cruel assassins. Poor Capdeville, the good curate, it is said, recited at this awful moment the prayers of persons in the last agonies. The youth flew about the house in a state of bewildered distraction, seeking for his benefactor; at one moment bursting into an agony of tears, and then uttering the wildest lamentations; then, brushing away his tears, he would listen for some sound which might direct him to the spot where he might find his father. Some of the neighbors, who had been led by compassion to the melancholy scene, tried to induce the boy to escape, but he pursued his way wildly, till he found his benefactor. Nothing could persuade him to leave him. He appeared riveted to the spot, and refused to quit his side. But soon after the murder of the archbishop, the death-blow was aimed at Capdeville. He cast a last look, full of compassion and tenderness, on the beloved boy, and expired. Even as he lay, with his head resting on the step of the altar, it seemed as if he still observed his favorite with looks of kindness. The poor child's mind was quite upset. He would not believe him dead. He insisted that he slept. He forgot the scene of carnage by which he was surrounded. He sat by the bleeding corpse for three hours, expecting every moment that he would awaken. He rushed for his harp, and, returning to his patron's side, he played those plaintive airs in which he had taken especial delight. At length, worn out by watching for the moment of his awaking, he fell into a profound sleep, and the compassionate people about him bore him away and laid him on a bed. The sleep, or, more properly speaking, the stupor, continued for forty-eight hours. It was thought that when consciousness returned he might be somewhat composed; but his senses were never restored. As his affliction met with great commiseration, and as he was perfectly harmless, he was allowed the free range of the house. He would remain, as it were, in abstracted thought, pacing silently along the apartments, till the clock struck three; then he would bound away and fetch his harp, and, leaning against the fragments of the altar, he would play the tunes his preceptor had loved to hear. There was a touching expression of anxious hope in his countenance, but, when hours passed on, it was gradually succeeded by utter sadness. It was observed that at the hour of six he ceased to play, and slowly moving, he would say, "Not yet, not yet; but he will soon speak to his child;" and then he would throw himself on his knees, and appear for a while rapt in devotion, and, heaving a sigh as he rose, he would glide softly about, as if fearing to disturb his friend, whom

he thought was sleeping; and then he would again fall into a state of abstraction till the next day. How it happened that there was such regularity in the time of his commencing and ceasing to play, has not been suggested. It may have been that the exact time of his last interview with his friend was impressed upon his mind, or it may have been, which seems to us most likely, that these were the hours in which the poor curate was in the habit of seeking the relaxation of music to soothe and elevate his spirit after the labors of the day. Every one pitied the poor demented boy, and could not see unmoved how he clung to affection and to hope, though bereft of reason and of recollection.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XX.—A NEW LODGER

THE long vacation saunters on toward term-time, like an idle river very leisurely strolling down a flat country to the sea. Mr. Guppy saunters along with it congenially. He has blunted the blade of his penknife, and broken the point off, by sticking that instrument into his desk in every direction. Not that he bears the desk any ill-will, but he must do something; and it must be something of an unexciting nature, which will lay neither his physical nor his intellectual energies under too heavy contribution. He finds that nothing agrees with him so well, as to make little gyrations on one leg of his stool, and stab his desk, and gape.

Kenge and Carboy are out of town, and the articulated clerk has taken out a shooting license and gone down to his father's, and Mr. Guppy's two fellow stipendiaries are away on leave. Mr. Guppy, and Mr. Richard Carstone divide the dignity of the office. But Mr. Carstone is for the time being established in Kenge's room, whereat Mr. Guppy chafes. So exceedingly, that he with biting sarcasm informs his mother, in the confidential moments when he sups with her off a lobster and lettuce, in the Old Street Road, that he is afraid the office is hardly good enough for swells, and that if he had known there was a swell coming, he would have got it painted.

Mr. Guppy suspects every body who enters on the occupation of a stool in Kenge and Carboy's office, of entertaining, as a matter of course, sinister designs upon him. He is clear that every such person wants to depose him. If he be ever asked how, why, when, or wherefore, he shuts up one eye and shakes his head. On the strength of these profound views, he in the most ingenious manner takes infinite pains to counterplot, when there is no plot; and plays the deepest games of chess without any adversary.

It is a source of much gratification to Mr. Guppy, therefore, to find the new comer constantly poring over the papers in Jarndyce and Jarndyce; for he well knows that nothing but confusion and failure can come of that. His satisfaction com-

municates itself to a third saunterer through the long vacation in Kenge and Carboy's office; to wit, Young Smallweed.

Whether Young Smallweed (metaphorically called Small and eke Chick Weed, as it were jocularly to express a fledgling), was ever a boy, is much doubted in Lincoln's Inn. He is now something under fifteen, and an old limb of the law. He is facetiously understood to entertain a passion for a lady at a cigar shop, in the neighborhood of Chancery Lane; and for her sake to have broken off a contract with another lady, to whom he had been engaged some years. He is a town-made article, of small stature and weazen features; but may be perceived from a considerable distance by means of his very tall hat. To become a Guppy is the object of his ambition. He dresses at that gentleman (by whom he is patronized), talks at him, walks at him, founds himself entirely on him. He is honored with Mr. Guppy's particular confidence; and occasionally advises him, from the deep wells of his experience, on difficult points in private life.

Mr. Guppy has been lolling out of window all the morning, after trying all the stools in succession, and finding none of them easy, and after several times putting his head into the iron safe with a notion of cooling it. Mr. Smallweed has been twice dispatched for effervescent drinks, and has twice mixed them in the two official tumblers and stirred them up with the ruler. Mr. Guppy propounds, for Mr. Smallweed's consideration, the paradox that the more you drink the thirstier you are; and reclines his head upon the window-sill in a state of hopeless languor.

While thus looking out into the shade of Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, surveying the intolerable bricks and mortar, Mr. Guppy becomes conscious of a manly whisker emerging from the cloistered walk below, and turning itself up in the direction of his face. At the same time, a low whistle is wafted through the Inn, and a suppressed voice cries, "Hip! Gup-py!"

"Why, you don't mean it?" says Mr. Guppy, aroused. "Small! Here's Jobling!" Small's head looks out of window too, and nods to Jobling.

"Where have you sprung up from?" inquires Mr. Guppy.

"From the Market Gardens down by Deptford. I can't stand it any longer. I must enlist. I say! I wish you'd lend me half-a-crown. Upon my soul I'm hungry."

Jobling looks hungry, and also has the appearance of having run to seed in the Market Gardens down by Deptford.

"I say! Just throw out half-a-crown, if you have got one to spare. I want to get some dinner."

"Will you come and dine with me?" says Mr. Guppy, throwing out the coin, which Mr. Jobling catches neatly.

"How long should I have to hold out?" says Jobling.

"Not half an hour. I am only waiting here,

* Continued from the September Number.

till the enemy goes," returns Mr. Guppy, butting inward with his head.

"What enemy?"

"A new one. Going to be articulated. Will you wait?"

"Can you give a fellow any thing to read in the mean time?" says Mr. Jobling.

Smallweed suggests the Law List. But Mr. Jobling declares, with much earnestness, that he "can't stand it."

"You shall have the paper," says Mr. Guppy. "He shall bring it down. But you had better not be seen about here. Sit on our staircase and read. It's a quiet place."

Jobling nods intelligence and acquiescence. The sagacious Smallweed supplies him with the newspaper; and occasionally drops his eye upon him from the landing as a precaution against his becoming disgusted with waiting, and making an untimely departure. At last the enemy retreats, and then Smallweed fetches Mr. Jobling up.

"Well, and how are you?" says Mr. Guppy, shaking hands with him.

"So, so. How are you?"

Mr. Guppy replying that he is not much to boast of, Mr. Jobling ventures on the question, "How is *she*?" This Mr. Guppy resents as a liberty; retorting, "Jobling, there *are* chords in the human mind—" Jobling begs pardon.

"Any subject but that!" says Mr. Guppy, with a gloomy enjoyment of his injury. "For there *are* chords, Jobling—"

Mr. Jobling begs pardon again.

During this short colloquy, the active Smallweed, who is of the dinner party, has written in legal characters on a slip of paper, "Return immediately." This notification to all whom it may concern, he inserts in the letter-box; and then putting on the tall hat, at the angle of inclination at which Mr. Guppy wears his, informs his patron that they may now make themselves scarce.

Accordingly they betake themselves to a neighboring dining-house, of the class known among its frequenters by the denomination Slap-Bang, where the waitress, a bouncing young female of forty, is supposed to have made some impression on the susceptible Smallweed; of whom it may be remarked that he is a weird changeling, to whom years are nothing. He stands precociously possessed of centuries of owlish wisdom. If he ever lay in a cradle, it seems as if he must have lain there in a tail-coat. He has an old, old eye, has Smallweed; and he drinks, and smokes, in a monkeyish way; and his neck is stiff in his collar; and he is never to be taken in; and he knows all about it, whatever it is. In short, in his bringing up, he has been so nursed by Law and Equity that he has become a kind of fossil Imp, to account for whose terrestrial existence it is reported at the public offices that his father was John Doe, and his mother the only female member of the Roe family; also that his first long-clothes were made from a blue bag.

Into the Dining House, unaffected by the seductive show in the window, of artificially whitened cauliflowers and poultry, verdant baskets of peas, coolly blooming cucumbers, and joints ready for the spit, Mr. Smallweed leads the way. They know him there, and defer to him. He has his favorite box, he bespeaks all the papers, he is down upon bald patriarchs, who keep them more than ten minutes afterward. It is of no use trying him with any thing less than a full-sized "bread," or proposing to him any joint in cut, unless it is in the very best cut. In the matter of gravy he is adamant.

Conscious of his elfin power, and submitting to his dread experience, Mr. Guppy consults him in the choice of that day's banquet; turning an appealing look toward him as the waitress repeats the catalogue of viands, and saying "What do *you* take, Chick?" Chick, out of the profundity of his artfulness, preferring "veal and ham and French beans—And don't you forget the stuffing, Polly," (with an unearthly cock of his venerable eye); Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling give the like order. Three pint pots of half-and-half are super-added. Quickly the waitress returns, bearing what is apparently a model of the tower of Babel, but what is really a pile of plates and flat tin dish-covers. Mr. Smallweed, approving of what is set before him, conveys intelligent benignity into his ancient eye, and winks upon her. Then, amid a constant coming in, and going out, and running about, and a clatter of crockery, and a rumbling up and down of the machine which brings the nice cuts from the kitchen, and a shrill crying for more nice cuts down the speaking-pipe, and a shrill reckoning of the cost of nice cuts that have been disposed of, and a general flush and steam of hot joints, cut and uncut, and a considerably heated atmosphere in which the soiled knives and table-cloths seem to break out spontaneously into eruptions of grease and blotches of beer, the legal triumvirate appease their appetites.

Mr. Jobling is buttoned up closer than mere adornment might require. His hat presents at the rims a peculiar appearance of a glistening nature, as if it had been a favorite snail-promenade. The same phenomenon is visible on some parts of his coat, and particularly at the seams. He has the faded appearance of a gentleman in embarrassed circumstances; even his light whiskers droop with something of a shabby air.

His appetite is so vigorous, that it suggests spare living for some little time back. He makes such a speedy end of his plate of veal and ham, bringing it to a close while his companions are yet midway in theirs, that Mr. Guppy proposes another. "Thank you, Guppy," says Mr. Jobling, "I really don't know but what I *will* take another."

Another being brought, he falls to with great good-will.

Mr. Guppy takes silent notice of him at intervals, until he is half way through this second plate and stops to take an enjoying pull at his



MR. GUPPY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

pint pot of half-and-half (also renewed), and stretches out his legs and rubs his hands. Beholding him in which glow of contentment, Mr. Guppy says:

"You are a man again, Tony!"

"Well, not quite, yet," says Mr. Jobling. "Say, just born."

"Will you take any other vegetables? Grass? Peas? Summer cabbage?"

"Thank you, Guppy," says Mr. Jobling. "I really don't know but what I *will* take summer cabbage."

Order given; with the sarcastic addition (from Mr. Smallweed) of "Without slugs, Polly!" And cabbage produced.

"I am growing up, Guppy," says Mr. Jobling, plying his knife and fork with a relishing steadiness.

"Glad to hear it."

"In fact, I have just turned into my teens," says Mr. Jobling.

He says no more until he has performed his task, which he achieves as Messrs. Guppy and Smallweed finish theirs; thus getting over the ground in excellent style, and beating those two

gentlemen easily by a veal and ham and cabbage.

"Now, Small," says Mr. Guppy, "what would you recommend about pastry?"

"Marrow puddings," says Mr. Smallweed instantly.

"Ay, ay!" cries Mr. Jobling, with an arch look. "You're there, are you? Thank you, Guppy, I don't know but what I *will* take a marrow pudding."

Three marrow puddings being produced, Mr. Jobling adds, in a pleasant humor, that he is coming of age fast. To these succeed, by command of Mr. Smallweed, "three Cheshires;" and to those, "three small rums." This apex of the entertainment happily reached, Mr. Jobling puts up his legs on the carpeted seat (having his own side of the box to himself), leans against the wall, and says, "I am grown up, now, Guppy. I have arrived at maturity."

"What do you think, now," says Mr. Guppy, "about—you don't mind Smallweed?"

"Not the least in the world. I have the pleasure of drinking his good health."

"Sir, to you!" says Mr. Smallweed.

"I was saying, what do you think *now*," pursues Mr. Guppy, "of enlisting?"

"Why, what I may think after dinner," returns Mr. Jobling, "is one thing, my dear Guppy, and what I may think before dinner is another thing. Still, even after dinner, I ask myself the question, What am I to do? How am I to live? Ill fo manger, you know," says Mr. Jobling, pronouncing that word as if he meant a necessary fixture in an English stable. "Ill fo manger. That's the French saying, and mangering is as necessary to me as it is to a Frenchman. Or more so."

Mr. Smallweed is decidedly of opinion "much more so."

"If any man had told me," pursues Jobling, "even so lately as when you and I had the frisk down in Lincolnshire, Guppy, and drove over to see that house at Castle Wold—"

Mr. Smallweed corrects him: "Chesney Wold."

"Chesney Wold. (I thank my honorable friend for that cheer.) If any man had told me, then, that I should be as hard up at the present time as I literally find myself, I should have—well, I should have pitched into him," says Mr. Jobling, taking a little rum-and-water with an air of desperate resignation; "I should have let fly at his head."

"Still, Tony, you were on the wrong side of the post then," remonstrates Mr. Guppy. "You were talking about nothing else in the gig."

"Guppy," says Mr. Jobling, "I will not deny it. I was on the wrong side of the post. But I trusted to things coming round."

That very popular trust in flat things coming round! Not in their being beaten round, or worked round, but in their "coming" round! As though a lunatic should trust in the world's "coming" triangular!

"I had confident expectations that things would come round and be all square," says Mr. Jobling, with some vagueness of expression, and perhaps of meaning, too. "But I was disappointed. They never did. And when it came to creditors making rows at the office, and to people that the office dealt with making complaints about dirty trifles of borrowed money, why there was an end of that connection. And of any new professional connection, too; for if I was to give a reference to-morrow, it would be mentioned, and would sow me up. Then, what's a fellow to do? I have been keeping out of the way, and living cheap, down about the market-gardens; but what's the use of living cheap when you have got no money? You might as well live dear."

"Better," Mr. Smallweed thinks.

"Certainly. It's the fashionable way; and fashion and whiskers have been my weaknesses, and I don't care who knows it," says Mr. Jobling. "They are great weaknesses—Damme, sir, they are great. Well!" proceeds Mr. Jobling, after a defiant visit to his rum-and-water, "what can a fellow do, I ask you, *but* enlist?"

Mr. Guppy comes more fully into the conver-

sation, to state what, in his opinion, a fellow can do. His manner is the gravely impressive manner of a man who has not committed himself in life, otherwise than as he has become the victim of a tender sorrow of the heart.

"Jobling," says Mr. Guppy, "myself and our mutual friend Smallweed—"

(Mr. Smallweed modestly observes, "Gentlemen both!" and drinks.)

"Have had a little conversation on this matter more than once, since you—"

"Say, got the sack!" cries Mr. Jobling, bitterly. "Say it, Guppy. You mean it."

"N-o-o! Left the Inn," Mr. Smallweed delicately suggests.

"Since you left the Inn, Jobling," says Mr. Guppy; "and I have mentioned, to our mutual friend Smallweed, a plan I have lately thought of proposing. You know Snagsby, the stationer?"

"I know there is such a stationer," returns Mr. Jobling. "He was not ours, and I am not acquainted with him."

"He *is* ours, Jobling, and I *am* acquainted with him," Mr. Guppy retorts. "Well, sir! I have lately become better acquainted with him, through some accidental circumstances that have made me a visitor of his in private life. Those circumstances it is not necessary to offer in argument. They may—or they may not—have some reference to a subject, which may—or may not—have cast its shadow on my existence."

As it is Mr. Guppy's perplexing way, with boastful misery to tempt his particular friends into this subject, and the moment they touch it, to turn on them with that trenchant severity about the chords in the human mind; both Mr. Jobling and Mr. Smallweed decline the pitfall, by remaining silent.

"Such things may be," repeats Mr. Guppy, "or they may not be. They are no part of the case. It is enough to mention, that both Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby are very willing to oblige me; and that Snagsby has, in busy times, a good deal of copying work to give out. He has all Tulk-inghorn's, and an excellent business besides. I believe, if our mutual friend Smallweed were put into the box, he could prove this?"

Mr. Smallweed nods, and appears greedy to be sworn.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," says Mr. Guppy, "—I mean, now Jobling—you may say this is a poor prospect of a living. Granted. But it's better than nothing, and better than enlistment. You want time. There must be time for these late affairs to blow over. You might live through it on much worse terms than by writing for Snagsby."

Mr. Jobling is about to interrupt, when the sagacious Smallweed checks him with a dry cough, and the words, "Hem! Shakspeare!"

"There are two branches to this subject, Jobling," says Mr. Guppy. "That is the first. I come to the second. You know Krook, the Chancellor, across the lane. Come, Jobling," says Mr. Guppy, in his encouraging cross-examination

tone, "I think you know Krook, the Chancellor, across the lane?"

"I know him by sight," says Mr. Jobling.

"You know him by sight. Very well. And you know little Flite?"

"Every body knows her," says Mr. Jobling.

"Every body knows her. *Very* well. Now it has been one of my duties of late, to pay Flite a certain weekly allowance, deducting from it the amount of her weekly rent: which I have paid (in consequence of instructions I have received) to Krook himself, regularly, in her presence. This has brought me into communication with Krook, and into a knowledge of his house and his habits. I know he has a room to let. You may live there, at a very low charge, under any name you like; as quietly as if you were a hundred miles off. He'll ask no questions; and would accept you as a tenant, at a word from me—before the clock strikes, if you chose. And I'll tell you another thing, Jobling," says Mr. Guppy, who has suddenly lowered his voice, and become familiar again, "he's an extraordinary old chap—always rummaging among a litter of papers, and grubbing away at teaching himself to read and write; without getting on a bit, as it seems to me. He is a most extraordinary old chap, sir. I don't know but what it might be worth a fellow's while to look him up a bit."

"You don't mean—?" Mr. Jobling begins.

"I mean," returns Mr. Guppy, shrugging his shoulders with becoming modesty, "that *I* can't make him out. I appeal to our mutual friend Smallweed, whether he has or has not heard me remark, that I can't make him out."

Mr. Smallweed bears the concise testimony, "A few!"

"I have seen something of the profession, and something of life, Tony," says Mr. Guppy, "and it's seldom I can't make a man out more or less. But such an old card as this; so deep, so sly, and secret (though I don't believe he is ever sober;) I never came across. Now, he must be precious old, you know, and he has not a soul about him, and he is reported to be immensely rich; and whether he is a smuggler, or a receiver, or an unlicensed pawnbroker, or a money-lender—all of which I have thought likely at different times—it might pay you to knock up a sort of knowledge of him. I don't see why you shouldn't go in for it when every thing else suits."

Mr. Jobling, Mr. Guppy, and Mr. Smallweed, all lean their elbows on the table, and their chins upon their hands, and look at the ceiling. After a time, they all drink, slowly lean back, put their hands in their pockets, and look at one another.

"If I had the energy I once possessed, Tony!" says Mr. Guppy with a sigh. "But there are chords in the human mind—"

Expressing the remainder of the desolate sentiment in rum and water, Mr. Guppy concludes by resigning the adventure to Tony Jobling, and informing him that, during the vacation and while things are slack, his purse, "as far as three or four or even five pound goes," will be at his

disposal. "For never shall it be said," Mr. Guppy adds with emphasis, "that William Guppy turned his back upon his friend!"

The latter part of the proposal is so directly to the purpose, that Mr. Jobling says with emotion, "Guppy, my trump, your fist!" Mr. Guppy presents it, saying, "Jobling, my boy, there it is!" Mr. Jobling returns. "Guppy, we have been pals now for some years!" Mr. Guppy replies, "Jobling, we have." They then shake hands, and Mr. Jobling adds in a feeling manner, "Thank you, Guppy, I don't know but what I *will* take another glass for old acquaintance sake."

"Krook's last lodger died there," observes Mr. Guppy, in an incidental way.

"Did he though!" says Mr. Jobling.

"There was a verdict. Accidental death. You don't mind that?"

"No," says Mr. Jobling, "I don't mind it; but he might as well have died somewhere else. It's devilish odd that he need go and die at *my* place!" Mr. Jobling quite resents this liberty; several times returning to it with such remarks as, "There are places enough to die in, I should think!" or, "He wouldn't have liked my dying at *his* place, I dare say!"

However, the compact being virtually made, Mr. Guppy proposes to dispatch the trusty Smallweed to ascertain if Mr. Krook is at home, as in that case they may complete the negotiation without delay. Mr. Jobling approving, Smallweed puts himself under the tall hat and conveys it out of the dining-rooms in the Guppy manner. He soon returns with the intelligence that Mr. Krook is at home, and that he has seen him through the shop-door, sitting in his back premises, sleeping, "like one o'clock."

"Then I'll pay," says Mr. Guppy, "and we'll go and see him. Small, what will it be?"

Mr. Smallweed, compelling the attendance of the waitress with one hitch of his eyelash, instantly replies as follows: "Four veals and hams is three and four potatoes is three and four and one summer cabbage is three and six and three marrows is four and six and six breads is five and three Cheshires is five and three and four pints of half-and-half is six and three and four small rums is eight and three and three Pollys is eight and six. Eight and six in half a sovereign, Polly, and eighteen-pence out!"

Not at all excited by these stupendous calculations, Smallweed dismisses his friends, with a cool nod, and remains behind to take a little admiring notice of Polly, as opportunity may serve, and to read the daily papers: which are so very large in proportion to himself, shorn of his hat, that when he holds up *The Times* to run his eye over the columns, he seems to have retired for the night, and to have disappeared under the bed-clothes.

Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling repair to the rag and bottle shop, where they find Krook still sleeping like one o'clock; that is to say, breathing stertorously with his chin upon his breast, and quite insensible to any external sounds, or even

to gentle shaking. On the table beside him, among the usual lumber, stand an empty gin bottle and glass. The unwholesome air is so stained with this liquor, that even the green eyes of the cat upon her shelf, as they open and shut and glimmer on the visitors, look drunk.

"Hold up here!" says Mr. Guppy, giving the relaxed figure of the old man another shake. "Mr. Krook! Halloa, sir!"

But it would seem as easy to wake a bundle of old clothes, with a spirituous heat smouldering in it. "Did you ever see such a stupor as he falls into, between drink and sleep?" says Mr. Guppy.

"If this is his regular sleep," returns Jobling, rather alarmed, "it'll last a long time one of these days, I am thinking."

"It's always more like a fit than a nap," says Mr. Guppy, shaking him again. "Halloa, your lordship! Why he might be robbed, fifty times over! Open your eyes!"

After much ado, he opens them, but without appearing to see his visitors, or any other objects. Though he crosses one leg on another, and folds his hands, and several times closes and opens his parched lips, he seems to all intents and purposes as insensible as before.

"He is alive at any rate," says Mr. Guppy. "How are you, my Lord Chancellor. I have brought a friend of mine, sir, on a little matter of business."

The old man still sits, often smacking his dry lips, without the least consciousness. After some minutes, he makes an attempt to rise. They help him up, and he staggers against the wall, and stares at them.

"How do you do, Mr. Krook?" says Mr. Guppy, in some discomfiture. "How do you do sir? You are looking charming, Mr. Krook. I hope you are pretty well?"

The old man, in aiming a purposeless blow at Mr. Guppy, or at nothing, feebly swings himself round, and comes with his face against the wall. So he remains for a minute or two, heaped up against it; and then staggers down the shop to the front door. The air, the movement in the court, the lapse of time, or the combination of these things, recovers him. He comes back pretty steadily, adjusting his fur cap on his head, and looking keenly at them.

"Your servant, gentlemen; I've been dozing. Hi! I am hard to wake, odd times."

"Rather so, indeed, sir," responds Mr. Guppy.

"What? You've been a-trying to do it, have you?" says the suspicious Krook.

"Only a little," Mr. Guppy explains.

The old man's eye resting on the empty bottle, he takes it up, examines it, and slowly tilts it upside down.

"I say!" he cries, like the Hobgoblin in the story. "Somebody's been making free here!"

"I assure you we found it so," says Mr. Guppy. "Would you allow me to get it filled for you?"

"Yes, certainly I would!" cries Krook, in high

glee. "Certainly I would! Don't mention it! Get it filled next door—Sol's Arms—the Lord Chancellor's fourteenpenny. Bless you, they know me!"

He so presses the empty bottle upon Mr. Guppy, that that gentleman, with a nod to his friend, accepts the trust, and hurries out and hurries in again with the bottle filled. The old man receives it in his arms like a beloved grandchild, and pats it tenderly.

"But, I say!" he whispers, with his eye screwed up, after tasting it, "this ain't the Lord Chancellor's fourteenpenny. This is eighteenpenny!"

"I thought you might like that better," says Mr. Guppy.

"You're a nobleman, sir," returns Krook, with another taste—and his hot breath seems to come toward them like a flame. "You're a baron of the land."

Taking advantage of this auspicious moment, Mr. Guppy presents his friend under the impromptu name of Mr. Weevle, and states the object of their visit. Krook, with his bottle under his arm (he never gets beyond a certain point of either drunkenness or sobriety), takes time to survey his proposed lodger, and seems to approve of him. "You'd like to see the room, young man?" he says. "Ah! It's a good room! Been whitewashed. Been cleaned down with soft soap and soda. Hi! It's worth twice the rent; letting alone my company when you want it, and such a cat to keep the mice away."

Commending the room after this manner, the old man takes them up-stairs, where indeed they do find it cleaner than it used to be, and also containing some old articles of furniture which he has dug up from his inexhaustible stores. The terms are easily concluded—for the Lord Chancellor can not be hard on Mr. Guppy, associated as he is with Kenge and Carboy, Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and other famous claims on his professional consideration—and it is agreed that Mr. Weevle shall take possession on the morrow.

Mr. Weevle and Mr. Guppy then repair to Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, where the personal introduction of the former to Mr. Snagsby is effected, and (more important) the vote and interest of Mrs. Snagsby are secured. They then report progress to the eminent Smallweed, waiting at the office in his tall hat for that purpose, and separate; Mr. Guppy explaining that he would terminate his little entertainment by standing treat at the play, but that there are chords in the human mind which would render it a hollow mockery.

On the morrow, in the dusk of evening, Mr. Weevle modestly appears at Krook's, by no means incommoded with luggage, and establishes himself in his new lodging; where the two eyes in the shutters stare at him in his sleep, as if they were full of wonder. On the following day Mr. Weevle, who is a handy good-for-nothing kind of young fellow, borrows a needle and thread of

Miss Flite, and a hammer of his landlord, and goes to work devising apologies for window-curtains, and knocking up apologies for shelves, and hanging up his two tea-cups, milkpot, and crockery sundries on a pennyworth of little hooks, like a shipwrecked sailor making the best of it.

But what Mr. Weevle prizes most, of all his few possessions (next after his light whiskers, for which he has an attachment that only whiskers can awaken in the breast of man), is a choice collection of copper-plate impressions from that truly national work, *The Divinities of Albion*, or *Galaxy Gallery of British Beauty*, representing ladies of title and fashion in every variety of smirk that art, combined with capital, is capable of producing. With these magnificent portraits, unworthily confined in a band-box during his seclusion among the market-gardens, he decorates his apartment; and as the *Galaxy Gallery of British Beauty* wears every variety of fancy-dress, plays every variety of musical instrument, fondles every variety of dog, ogles every variety of prospect, and is backed up by every variety of flower-pot and balustrade, the result is very imposing.

But fashion is Mr. Weevle's, as it was Tony Jobling's weakness. To borrow yesterday's paper from the Sols' Arms of an evening, and read about the brilliant and distinguished meteors that are shooting across the fashionable sky in every direction, is unspeakable consolation to him. To know what member of what brilliant and distinguished circle accomplished the brilliant and distinguished feat of joining it yesterday, or contemplates the no less brilliant and distinguished feat of leaving it to-morrow, gives him a thrill of joy. To be informed what the *Galaxy Gallery of British Beauty* is about and means to be about, and what *Galaxy* marriages are on the tapis, and what *Galaxy* rumors are in circulation, is to become acquainted with the most glorious destinies of mankind. Mr. Weevle reverts from this intelligence, to the *Galaxy* portraits implicated; and seems to know the originals, and to be known of them.

For the rest he is a quiet lodger, full of handy shifts and devices as before mentioned, able to cook and clean for himself as well as to carpenter, and developing social inclinations after the shades of evening have fallen on the court. At those times, when he is not visited by Mr. Guppy, or by a small light in his likeness quenched in a dark hat, he comes out of his dull room—where he has inherited the deal wilderness of desk bespattered with a rain of ink—and talks to Krook, or is "very free," as they call it in the court, commendably, with any one disposed for conversation. Wherefore, Mrs. Piper, who leads the court, is impelled to offer two remarks to Mrs. Perkins: Firstly, that if her Johnny was to have whiskers, she could wish 'em to be identically like that young man's; and secondly, Mark my words, Mrs. Perkins, ma'am, and don't you be surprised, Lord bless you, if that young man comes in at last for old Krook's money!

CHAPTER XXI.—THE SMALLWEED FAMILY.

In a rather ill-favored and ill-savored neighborhood, though one of its rising grounds bears the name of Mount Pleasant, the Elfin Smallweed, christened Bartholomew, and known on the domestic hearth as Bart, passes that limited portion of his time on which the office and its contingencies have no claim. He dwells in a little narrow street, always solitary, shady, and sad, closely bricked in on all sides like a tomb, but where there yet lingers the stump of an old forest tree, whose flavor is about as fresh and natural as the Smallweed smack of youth.

There has been only one child in the Smallweed family for several generations. Little old men and women there have been, but no child, until Mr. Smallweed's grandmother, now living, became weak in her intellect, and fell (for the first time) into a childish state. With such infantine graces as a total want of observation, memory, understanding and interest, and an eternal disposition to fall asleep over the fire and into it, Mr. Smallweed's grandmother has undoubtedly brightened the family.

Mr. Smallweed's grandfather is likewise of the party. He is in a helpless condition as to his lower, and nearly so as to his upper limbs; but his mind is unimpaired. It holds, as well as it ever held, the first four rules of arithmetic, and a certain small collection of the hardest facts. In respect of ideality, reverence, wonder, and other such phrenological attributes, it is no worse off than it used to be. Every thing that Mr. Smallweed's grandfather ever put away in his mind was a grub at first, and is a grub at last. In all his life he has never bred a single butterfly.

The father of this pleasant grandfather of the neighborhood of Mount Pleasant was a horny-skinned, two-legged, money-getting species of spider, who spun webs to catch unwary flies, and retired into holes until they were entrapped. The name of this old pagan's God was Compound Interest. He lived for it, married it, died of it. Meeting with a heavy loss in an honest little enterprise in which all the loss was intended to have been on the other side, he broke something—something necessary to his existence; therefore it couldn't have been his heart—and made an end of his career. As his character was not good; and he had been bred at a Charity School, in a complete course, according to question and answer, of those ancient people the Amorites and Hittites; he was frequently quoted as an example of the failure of education.

His spirit shone through his son, to whom he had always preached of "going out," early in life, and whom he made a clerk in a sharp scrivener's office at twelve years old. There, the young gentleman improved his mind, which was of a lean and anxious character; and, developing the family gifts, gradually elevated himself into the discounting profession. Going out early in life and marrying late, as his father had done before him, he too begat a lean and anxious-minded son; who, in his turn, going out early in life

and marrying late, became the father of Bartholomew and Judith Smallweed, twins. During the whole time consumed in the slow growth of this family tree, the house of Smallweed, always early to go out and late to marry, has strengthened itself in its practical character, has discarded all amusements, discountenanced all story-books, fairy tales, fictions, and fables, and banished all levities whatsoever. Hence the gratifying fact, that it has had no child born to it; and that the complete little men and women whom it has produced, have been observed to bear a likeness to old monkeys with something depressing on their minds.

At the present time, in the dark little parlor certain feet below the level of the street—a grim, hard, uncouth parlor, only ornamented with the coarsest of baize table-covers, and the hardest of sheet iron tea-trays, and offering in its decorative character no bad allegorical representation of Grandfather Smallweed's mind—seated in two black horsehair porter's chairs, one on each side of the fire-place, the superannuated Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed wile away the rosy hours. On the

stove are a couple of trivets for the pots and kettles which it is Grandfather Smallweed's usual occupation to watch, and projecting from the chimney-piece between them is a sort of brass gallows for roasting, which he also superintends when it is in action. Under the venerable Mr. Smallweed's seat, and guarded by his spindle legs, is a drawer in his chair, reported to contain property to a fabulous amount. Beside him is a spare cushion, with which he is always provided, in order that he may have something to throw at the venerable partner of his respected age whenever she makes an allusion to money—a subject on which he is particularly sensitive.

"And where's Bart?" Grandfather Smallweed inquires of Judy, Bart's twin-sister.

"He an't come in yet," says Judy.

"It's his tea-time, isn't it?"

"No."

"How much do you mean to say it wants then?"

"Ten minutes."

"Hey?"

"Ten minutes."—(Loud on the part of Judy.)



THE SMALLWEED FAMILY

"Ho!" says Grandfather Smallweed. "Ten minutes."

Grandmother Smallweed, who has been mumbling and shaking her head at the trevets, hearing figures mentioned, connects them with money, and screeches, like a horrible old parrot without any plumage, "Ten ten-pound notes!"

Grandfather Smallweed immediately throws the cushion at her.

"Drat you, be quiet!" says the old man.

The effect of this act of jaculation is twofold. It not only doubles up Mrs. Smallweed's head against the side of her porter's chair, and causes her to present, when extricated by her granddaughter, a highly unbecoming state of cap, but the necessary exertion recoils on Mr. Smallweed himself, whom it throws back into his porter's chair, like a broken puppet. The excellent old gentleman being, at these times, a mere clothes-bag with a black skull-cap on the top of it, does not present a very animated appearance until he has undergone the two operations at the hands of his grand-daughter, of being shaken up like a great bottle, and poked and punched like a great boltser. Some indication of a neck being developed in him by these means, he and the sharer of his life's evening again sit fronting one another in their two porter's chairs, like a couple of sentinels long forgotten on their post by the Black Sergeant Death.

Judy the twin is worthy company for these associates. She is so indubitably sister to Mr. Smallweed the younger, that the two kneaded into one would hardly make a young person of average proportions; while she so happily exemplifies the before-mentioned family likeness to the monkey tribe, that, attired in a spangled robe and cap, she might walk about the table-land on the top of a barrel-organ without exciting much remark as an unusual specimen. Under existing circumstances, however, she is dressed in a plain, spare gown of brown stuff.

Judy never owned a doll, never heard of Cinderella, never played at any game. She once or twice fell into children's company when she was about ten years old, but the children couldn't get on with Judy, and Judy couldn't get on with them. She seemed like an animal of another species, and there was instinctive repugnance on both sides. It is very doubtful whether Judy knows how to laugh. She has so rarely seen the thing done, that the probabilities are strong the other way. Of any thing like a youthful laugh, she certainly can have no conception. If she were to try one, she would find her teeth in her way; modeling that action of her face, as she has unconsciously modeled all its other expressions, on her pattern of sordid age. Such is Judy.

And her twin brother couldn't wind up a top for his life. He knows no more of Jack the Giant Killer, or of Sinbad the Sailor, than he knows of the people in the stars. He could as soon play at leap-frog, or at cricket, as change into a cricket or a frog himself. But he is so much the better

off than his sister, that on his narrow world of fact an opening has dawned, into such broader regions as lie within the ken of Mr. Guppy. Hence, his admiration and his emulation of that shining enchanter.

Judy, with a gong-like clash and clatter, sets one of the sheet-iron tea-trays on the table, and arranges cups and saucers. The bread she puts on in an iron basket; and the butter (and not much of it) in a small pewter plate. Grandfather Smallweed looks hard after the tea as it is served out, and asks Judy where the girl is?

"Charley, do you mean?" says Judy.

"Hey?" from Grandfather Smallweed.

"Charley, do you mean?"

This touches a spring in Grandmother Smallweed who, chuckling, as usual, at the trevets, cries—"Over the water! Charley over the water, Charley over the water, over the water to Charley, Charley over the water, over the water to Charley!" and becomes quite energetic about it. Grandfather looks at the cushion, but has not sufficiently recovered his late exertion.

"Ha!" he says, when there is silence—"if that's her name. She eats a deal. It would be better to allow her for her keep."

Judy, with her brother's wink, shakes her head, and purses up her mouth into No, without saying it.

"No?" returns the old man. "Why not?"

"She'd want sixpence a-day, and we can do it for less," says Judy.

"Sure?"

Judy answers with a nod of deepest meaning; and calls, as she scrapes the butter on the loaf with every precaution against waste, and cuts it into slices, "You Charley, where are you?" Timidly obedient to the summons, a little girl in a rough apron and a large bonnet, with her hands covered with soap and water, and a scrubbing brush in one of them, appears, and courtesies.

"What work are you about now?" says Judy, making an ancient snap at her, like a very sharp old beldame.

"I'm a cleaning the up-stairs back room, miss," replies Charley.

"Mind you do it thoroughly, and don't loiter. Shirking won't do for me. Make haste! Go along!" cries Judy, with a stamp upon the ground. "You girls are more trouble than you're worth, by half."

On this severe matron, as she returns to her task of scraping the butter and cutting the bread, falls the shadow of her brother, looking in at the window. For whom, knife and loaf in hand, she opens the street door.

"Ay, ay, Bart!" says Grandfather Smallweed.

"Here you are, hey?"

"Here I am," says Bart.

"Been along with your friend again, Bart?" Small nods.

"Dining at his expense, Bart?"

Small nods again.

"That's right. Live at his expense as much as you can, and take warning by his foolish ex-

ample. That's the use of such a friend. The only use you can put him to," says the venerable sage.

His grandson without receiving this good counsel as dutifully as he might, honors it with all such acceptance as may lie in a slight wink and a nod, and takes a chair at the tea-table. The four old faces then hover over tea-cups, like a company of ghastly cherubim; Mrs. Smallweed perpetually twitching her head and chattering at the trevets, and Mr. Smallweed requiring to be repeatedly shaken up like a large black draught.

"Yes, yes," says the good old gentleman, reverting to his lesson of wisdom. "That's such advice as your father would have given you, Bart. You never saw your father. More's the pity. He was my true son." Whether it is intended to be conveyed that he was particularly pleasant to look at, on that account, does not appear.

"He was my true son," repeats the old gentleman, folding his bread and butter on his knee; "a good accountant, and died fifteen years ago."

Mrs. Smallweed, following her usual instinct, breaks out with "Fifteen hundred pound. Fifteen hundred pound in a black box, fifteen hundred pound locked up, fifteen hundred pound put away and hid!" Her worthy husband, setting aside his bread and butter, immediately discharges the cushion at her, crushes her against the side of her chair, and falls back in his own overpowered. His appearance, after visiting Mrs. Smallweed with one of these admonitions, is particularly impressive and not wholly prepossessing: firstly, because the exertion generally twists his black skull-cap over one eye and gives him an air of goblin rakishness; secondly, because he mutters violent imprecations against Mrs. Smallweed; and thirdly, because the contrast between those powerful expressions and his powerless figure is suggestive of a baleful old malignant, who would be very wicked if he could. All this, however, is so common in the Smallweed family circle, that it produces no impression. The old gentleman is merely shaken, and has his internal feathers beaten up; the cushion is restored to its usual place beside him; and the old lady, perhaps with her cap adjusted, and perhaps not, is planted in her chair again, ready to be bowled down like a ninepin.

Some time elapses, in the present instance, before the old gentleman is sufficiently cool to resume his discourse; and even then he mixes it up with several edifying expletives addressed to the unconscious partner of his bosom, who holds communication with nothing on earth but the trevets. As thus:

"If your father, Bart, had lived longer, he might have been worth a deal of money—you brimstone chatterer!—but just as he was beginning to build up the house that he had been making the foundations for, through many a year—you jade of a magpie, jackdaw, and poll-parrot, what do you mean!—he took ill and died of a low fever, always being a sparing and a spare man, full of business care—I should like

to throw a cat at you instead of a cushion, and I will, too, if you make such a confounded fool of yourself!—and your mother, who was a prudent woman, as dry as a chip, just dwindled away like touchwood after you and Judy were born. You are an old pig. You are a brimstone pig. You're a head of swine!"

Judy, not interested in what she has often heard, begins to collect in a basin various tributary streams of tea, from the bottoms of cups and saucers and from the bottom of the teapot, for the little charwoman's evening meal. In like manner she gets together, in the iron bread-basket, as many outside fragments and worn-down heels of loaves as the rigid economy of the house has left in existence.

"But your father and me were partners, Bart," says the old gentleman; "and when I am gone, you and Judy will have all there is. It's rare for you both, that you went out early in life—Judy to the flower business, and you to the law. You won't want to spend it. You'll get your living without it, and put more to it. When I am gone, Judy will go back to the flower business, and you'll still stick to the law."

One might infer, from Judy's appearance, that her business rather lay with the thorns than the flowers; but she has, in her time, been apprenticed to the art and mystery of artificial flower-making. A close observer might perhaps detect both in her eye and her brother's, when their venerable grandsire anticipates his being gone, some little impatience to know when he may be going, and some resentful opinion that it is time he went.

"Now, if every body has done," says Judy, completing her preparations, "I'll have that girl into her tea. She would never leave off, if she took it by herself in the kitchen."

Charley is accordingly introduced, and, under a heavy fire of eyes, sits down to her basin and a Druidical ruin of bread and butter. In the active superintendence of this young person, Judy Smallweed appears to attain a perfectly geological age, and to date from the remotest periods. Her systematic manner of flying at her, and pouncing on her, with or without pretense, whether or no, is wonderful; evincing an accomplishment in the art of girl-driving, seldom reached by the oldest practitioners.

"Now, don't stare about you all the afternoon," cries Judy, shaking her head and stamping her foot, as she happens to catch the glance which has been previously sounding the basin of tea, "but take your victuals and get back to your work."

"Yes, miss," says Charley.

"Don't say yes," returns Miss Smallweed, "for I know what you girls are. Do it without saying it, and then I may begin to believe you."

Charley swallows a great gulp of tea in token of submission, and so disperses the Druidical ruins that Miss Smallweed charges her not to gormandize, which "in you girls," she observes, is disgusting. Charley might find some more

difficulty in meeting her views on the general subject of girls, but for a knock at the door.

"See who it is, and don't chew when you open it!" cries Judy.

The object of her attentions withdrawing for the purpose, Miss Smallweed takes that opportunity of jumbling the remainder of the bread and butter together, and launching two or three dirty tea-cups into the ebb-tide of the basin of tea; as a hint that she considers the eating and drinking terminated.

"Now! Who is it, and what's wanted?" says the snappish Judy.

It is one "Mr. George," it appears. Without other announcement or ceremony, Mr. George walks in.

"Whew!" says Mr. George. "You are hot here. Always a fire, eh? Well! Perhaps you do right to get used to one." Mr. George makes the latter remark to himself, as he nods to Grandfather Smallweed.

"Ho! It's you!" cries the old gentleman. "How de do? How de do?"

"Middling," replies Mr. George, taking a chair. "Your grand-daughter I have had the honor of seeing before; my service to you, miss."

"This is my grandson," says Grandfather Smallweed. "You han't seen him before. He is in the law, and not much at home."

"My service to him, too! He is like his sister. He is very like his sister. He is devilish like his sister," says Mr. George, laying a great and not altogether complimentary stress on his last adjective.

"And how does the world use you, Mr. George?" Grandfather Smallweed inquires, slowly rubbing his legs.

"Pretty much as usual. Like a football."

He is a swarthy browned man of fifty; stoutly built, and good-looking; with crisp dark hair, bright eyes, and a broad chest. His sinewy and powerful hands, as sunburnt as his face, have evidently been used to a pretty rough life. What is curious about him is, that he sits forward on his chair as if he were, from long habit, allowing space for some dress or accoutrements that he has altogether laid aside. His step, too, is measured and heavy, and would go well with a weighty clash and jingle of spurs. He is close-shaved now, but his mouth is set as if his upper lip had been for years familiar with a great mustache; and his manner of occasionally laying the open palm of his broad brown hand upon it, is to the same effect. Altogether, one might guess Mr. George to have been a trooper once upon a time.

A special contrast Mr. George makes to the Smallweed family. Trooper was never yet billeted upon a household more unlike him. It is a broad-sword to an oyster-knife. His developed figure, and their stunted forms; his large manner filling any amount of room, and their little narrow pinched ways; his sounding voice, and their sharp spare tones, are in the strongest and the strangest opposition. As he sits in the mid-

dle of the grim parlor, leaning a little forward, with his hands upon his thighs, and his elbows squared, he looks as though, if he remained there long, he would absorb into himself the whole family and the whole four-roomed house, extra little back-kitchen and all.

"Do you rub your legs to rub life into 'em?" he asks of Grandfather Smallweed, after looking round the room.

"Why, it's partly a habit, Mr. George, and—yes—it partly helps the circulation," he replies.

"The cir-cu-la-tion!" repeats Mr. George, folding his arms upon his chest, and seeming to become two sizes larger. "Not much of that, I should think."

"Truly, I'm old, Mr. George," says Grandfather Smallweed. "But I can carry my years. I'm older than *her*," nodding at his wife, "and see what she is!—You're a brimstone chatterer!" with a sudden revival of his late hostility.

"Unlucky old soul!" says Mr. George, turning his head in that direction. "Don't scold the old lady. Look at her here, with her poor cap half off her head, and her poor chair all in a muddle. Hold up, ma'am. That's better. There we are! Think of your mother, Mr. Smallweed," says Mr. George, coming back to his seat from assisting her, "if your wife an't enough."

"I suppose you were an excellent son, Mr. George," the old man hints, with a leer.

The color of George's face rather deepens, as he replies: "Why no. I wasn't."

"I am astonished at it."

"So am I. I ought to have been a good son, and I think I meant to have been one. But I wasn't. I was a thundering bad son, that's the long and the short of it, and never was a credit to any body."

"Surprising!" cries the old man.

"However," Mr. George resumes, "the less said about it, the better now. Come! You know the agreement. Always a pipe out of the two months' interest! (Bosh! It's all correct. You needn't be afraid to order the pipe. Here's the new bill, and here's the two months' interest-money, and a devil-and-all of a scrape it is to get it together in my business.")

Mr. George sits, with his arms folded, consuming the family and the parlor, while Grandfather Smallweed is assisted by Judy to two black leathern cases out of a locked bureau; in one of which he secures the document he has just received, and from the other takes another similar document which he hands to Mr. George, who twists it up for a pipe-light. As the old man inspects, through his glasses, every up-stroke and down-stroke of both documents, before he releases them from their leathern prison; and as he counts the money three times over, and requires Judy to say every word she utters at least twice, and is as tremulously slow of speech and action as it is possible to be; this business is a long time in progress. When it is quite concluded, and not before, he disengages his ravenous eyes and fingers from it, and answers Mr. George's

last remark by saying, "Afraid to order the pipe? We are not so mercenary as that, sir. Judy, see directly to the pipe and the glass of cold brandy and water for Mr. George."

The sportive twins, who have been looking straight before them all this time, except when they have been engrossed by the black leathern cases, retire together, generally disdainful of the visitor, but leaving him to the old man, as two young cubs might leave a traveler to the parental bear.

"And there you sit, I suppose, all the day long, eh?" says Mr. George, with folded arms.

"Just so, just so," the old man nods.

"And don't you occupy yourself at all?"

"I watch the fire—and the boiling and the roasting—"

"When there is any," says Mr. George, with great expression.

"Just so. When there is any."

"Don't you read, or get read to?"

The old man shakes his head with sharp, sly triumph. "No, no. We have never been readers in our family. It don't pay. Stuff. Idleness. Folly. No, no!"

"There's not much to choose between your two states," says the visitor, in a key too low for the old man's dull hearing, as he looks from him to the old woman and back again. "I say!" in a louder voice.

"I hear you."

"You'll sell me up at last I suppose, when I am a day in arrear."

"My dear friend!" cries Grandfather Smallweed, stretching out both hands to embrace him. "Never! Never, my dear friend! But my friend in the city that I got to lend you the money—he might!"

"O! you can't answer for him?" says Mr. George; finishing the inquiry, in his lower key, with the words "you lying old rascal!"

"My dear friend, he is not to be depended on. I wouldn't trust him. He will have his bond, my dear friend."

"Devil doubt him," says Mr. George. Charley appearing with a tray, on which are the pipe, a small paper of tobacco, and the brandy and water, he asked her, "How do you come here! you haven't got the family face."

"I goes out to work, sir," returns Charley.

The trooper (if trooper he be or have been) takes her bonnet off, with a light touch for so strong a hand, and pats her on the head. "You give the house almost a wholesome look. It wants a bit of youth as much as it wants fresh air." Then he dismisses her, lights his pipe, and drinks to Mr. Smallweed's friend in the city—the one solitary flight of that esteemed old gentleman's imagination.

"So you think he might be hard upon me, eh?"

"I think he might—I am afraid he would. I have known him do it," says Grandfather Smallweed, incautiously, "twenty times."

Incautiously, because his stricken better-half, who has been dozing over the fire for some time,

is instantly aroused and jabbars. "Twenty thousand pounds, twenty twenty-pound notes in a money-box, twenty guineas, twenty million twenty per cent., twenty—" and is then cut short by the flying cushion, which the visitor, to whom this singular experiment appears to be a novelty, snatches from her face, as it crushes her in the usual manner.

"You're a brimstone idiot. You're a scorpion—a brimstone scorpion! You're a sweltering toad. You're a chattering, clattering, broomstick witch, that ought to be burnt!" gasps the old man, prostrate in his chair. "My dear friend, will you shake me up a little?"

Mr. George, who has been looking first at one of them and then at the other, as if he were demented, takes his venerable acquaintance by the throat on receiving this request, and dragging him upright in his chair as easily as if he were a doll, appears in two minds whether or no to shake all future power of cushioning out of him, and shake him into his grave. Resisting the temptation, but agitating him violently enough to make his head roll like a harlequin's, he puts him smartly down in his chair again, and adjusts his skull cap with such a rub, that the old man winks with both eyes for a minute afterward.

"O Lord!" says Mr. Smallweed. "That'll do. Thank you, my dear friend, that'll do. O dear me, I'm out of breath. O Lord!" And Mr. Smallweed says it, not without evident apprehensions of his dear friend, who still stands over him looming larger than ever.

The alarming presence, however, gradually subsides into its chair, and falls to smoking in long puffs; consoling itself with the philosophical reflection, "The name of your friend in the city begins with a D, comrade, and you're about right respecting the bond."

"Did you speak, Mr. George?" inquires the old man.

The trooper shakes his head; and leaning forward with his right elbow on his right knee and his pipe supported in that hand, while his other hand, resting on his left leg, squares his left elbow in a martial manner, continues to smoke. Meanwhile he looks at Mr. Smallweed with grave attention, and now and then fans the cloud of smoke away, in order that he may see him the more clearly.

"I take it," he says, making just as much and as little change in his position as will enable him to reach the glass to his lips, with a round, full action, "that I am the only man alive (or dead either), that gets the value of a pipe out of you?"

"Well!" returns the old man, "it's true that I don't see company, Mr. George, and that I don't treat. I can't afford to do it. But as you, in your pleasant way, made your pipe a condition—"

"Why, it's not for the value of it; that's no great thing. It was a fancy to get it out of you. To have something in for my money."

"Ha! You're prudent, prudent, sir!" cries Grandfather Smallweed, rubbing his legs.

"Very. I always was." Puff. "It's a sure sign of my prudence, that I ever found the way here." Puff. "Also, that I am what I am." Puff. "I am well known to be prudent," says Mr. George, composedly smoking. "I rose in life, that way."

"Don't be down-hearted, sir. You may rise yet."

Mr. George laughs and drinks.

"Ha'n't you no relations now," asks Grandfather Smallweed, with a twinkle in his eyes, "who would pay off this little principal, or who would lend you a good name or two that I could persuade my friend in the city to make you a further advance upon? Two good names would be sufficient for my friend in the city. Ha'n't you no such relations, Mr. George?"

Mr. George, still composedly smoking, replies, "If I had, I shouldn't trouble them. I have been trouble enough to my belongings in my day. It *may* be a very good sort of penitence in a vagabond, who has wasted the best time of his life, to go back then to decent people that he never was a credit to, and live upon them; but it's not my sort. The best kind of amends then, for having gone away, is to keep away, in my opinion."

"But, natural affection, Mr. George," hints Grandfather Smallweed.

"For two good names, hey?" says Mr. George, shaking his head, and still composedly smoking. "No. That's not my sort, either."

Grandfather Smallweed has been gradually sliding down in his chair since his last adjustment, and is now a bundle of clothes, with a voice in it calling for Judy. That Houri appearing, shakes him up in the usual manner, and is charged by the old gentleman to remain near him. For he seems chary of putting his visitor to the trouble of repeating his late attentions.

"Ha!" he observes, when he is in trim again. "If you could have traced out the Captain, Mr. George, it would have been the making of you. If, when you first came here, in consequence of our advertisements in the newspapers—when I say 'our,' I'm alluding to the advertisements of my friend in the city, and one or two others who embark their capital in the same way, and are so friendly toward me as sometimes to give me a lift with my little pittance—if, at that time, you could have helped us, Mr. George, it would have been the making of you."

"I was willing enough to be 'made,' as you call it," says Mr. George, smoking not quite so placidly as before, for since the entrance of Judy he has been in some measure disturbed by a fascination, not of the admiring kind, which obliges him to look at her as she stands by her grandfather's chair; "but, on the whole, I am glad I wasn't now."

"Why, Mr. George? In the name of—of Brimstone, why?" says Grandfather Smallweed, with a plain appearance of exasperation. (Brimstone apparently suggested by his eye lighting on Mrs. Smallweed in her slumber).

"For two reasons, comrade."

"And what two reasons, Mr. George? In the name of the—"

"Of our friend in the city?" suggests Mr. George, composedly drinking.

"Ay, if you like. What two reasons?"

"In the first place," returns Mr. George; but still looking at Judy, as if, she being so old and so like her grandfather, it is indifferent which of the two he addresses; you gentlemen took me in. You advertised that Mr. Hawdon (Captain Hawdon, if you hold to the saying, Once a captain always a captain) was to hear of something to his advantage."

"Well?" returns the old man, shrilly and sharply.

"Well!" says Mr. George, smoking on. "It wouldn't have been much to his advantage to have been clapped into prison by the whole bill and judgment trade of London."

"How do you know that? Some of his rich relations might have paid his debts, or compounded for 'em. Beside, he had taken *us* in. He owed us immense sums, all round. I would sooner have strangled him than had no return. If I sit here thinking of him," snarls the old man, holding up his impotent ten fingers, "I want to strangle him now." And in a sudden access of fury he throws the cushion at the unoffending Mrs. Smallweed, but it passes harmlessly on one side of her chair.

"I don't need to be told," returns the trooper, taking his pipe from his lips for a moment, and carrying his eyes back from following the progress of the cushion to the pipe-bowl, which is burning low, "that he carried on heavily and went to ruin. I have been at his right hand many a day, when he was charging upon ruin full-gallop. I was with him, when he was sick and well, rich and poor. I laid this hand upon him, after he had run through every thing and broken down every thing beneath him—when he held a pistol to his head."

"I wish he had let it off!" says the benevolent old man, "and blown his head into as many pieces as he owed pounds!"

"That would have been a smash indeed," returns the trooper, coolly; "any way, he had been young, hopeful, and handsome in the days gone by; and I am glad I never found him, when he was neither, to lead to a result so much to his advantage. That's reason number one."

"I hope number two's as good?" says the old man.

"Why, no. It's more of a selfish reason. If I had found him, I must have gone to the other world to look. He was there."

"How do you know he was there?"

"He wasn't here."

"How do you know he wasn't here?"

"Don't lose your temper as well as your money," says Mr. George, calmly knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "He was drowned long before. I am convinced of it. He went over a ship's side. Whether intentionally or accident-

ally, I don't know. Perhaps your friend in the city does. Do you know what that tune is, Mr. Smallweed?" he adds, after breaking off to whistle one, accompanied on the table with the empty pipe.

"Tune!" replies the old man. "No. We never have tunes here."

"That's the Dead March in Saul. They bury soldiers to it; so it's the natural end of the subject. Now, if your pretty grand-daughter—excuse me, miss—will condescend to take care of this pipe for two months, we shall save the cost of one, next time. Good evening, Mr. Smallweed!"

"My dear friend!" The old man gives him both his hands.

"So you think your friend in the city will be hard upon me, if I fail in a payment?" says the trooper, looking down upon him like a giant.

"My dear friend, I am afraid he will," returns the old man looking up at him like a pigmy.

Mr. George laughs; and with a glance at Mr. Smallweed, and a parting salutation to the scornful Judy, strides out of the parlor, clashing imaginary sabres and other metallic appurtenances as he goes.

"You're a damned rogue," says the old gentleman, making a hideous grimace at the door as he shuts it. "But I'll lime you, you dog, I'll lime you!"

After this amiable remark, his spirit soars into those enchanting regions of reflection which its education and pursuits have opened to it; and again he and Mrs. Smallweed wile away the rosy hours, two unrelieved sentinels forgotten as aforesaid by the Black Sergeant.

While the twain are faithful to their post, Mr. George strides through the streets with a massive kind of swagger and a grave enough face. It is eight o'clock now, and the day is fast drawing in. He stops hard by Waterloo Bridge, and reads a playbill; decides to go to Astley's Theatre. Being there, is much delighted with the horses and the feats of strength; looks at the weapons with a critical eye; disapproves of the combats, as giving evidences of unskillful swordmanship; but is touched home by the sentiments. In the last scene, when the Emperor of Tartary gets up into a cart and condescends to bless the united lovers, by hovering over them with the Union-Jack, his eye-lashes are moistened with emotion.

The theatre over, Mr. George comes across the water again, and makes his way to that curious region lying about the Haymarket and Leicester Square, which is a centre of attraction to indifferent foreign hotels and indifferent foreigners, racket-courts, fighting-men, swordsmen, footguards, old china, gaming houses, exhibitions, and a large medley of shabbiness and shrinking out of sight. Penetrating to the heart of this region, he arrives, by a court and a long white-washed passage, at a great brick building, composed of bare walls, floor, roof-rafters, and skylights; on the front of which, if it can be said to have any front, is painted **GEORGE'S SHOOTING GALLERY, &c.**

Into George's Shooting Gallery, &c., he goes; and in it there are gas-lights (partly turned off now), and two whitened targets for rifle-shooting, and archery accommodation, and fencing appliances, and all necessities for the British art of boxing. None of these sports or exercises are being pursued in George's Shooting Gallery to-night; which is so devoid of company, that a little grotesque man, with a large head, has it all to himself, and lies asleep upon the floor.

The little man is dressed something like a gunsmith, in a green baize apron and cap; and his face and hands are dirty with gunpowder, and begrimed with the loading of guns. As he lies in the light, before a glaring white target, the black upon him shines again. Not far off, is the strong, rough, primitive table, with a vice upon it, at which he has been working. He is a little man with a face all crushed together, who appears, from a certain blue and speckled appearance that one of his cheeks presents, to have blown up, in the way of business, at some odd time or times.

"Phil!" says the trooper, in a quiet voice.

"All right!" cries Phil, scrambling up.

"Any thing been doing?"

"Flat as ever so much swipes," says Phil. "Five dozen rifle and a dozen pistol. As to aim!" Phil gives a howl at the recollection.

"Shut up shop, Phil!"

As Phil moves about to execute this order, it appears that he is lame, though able to move very quickly. On the speckled side of his face he has no eyebrow, and on the other side he has a bushy black one, which want of uniformity gives him a very singular and rather sinister appearance. Every thing seems to have happened to his hands that could possibly take place, consistently with the retention of all the fingers; for they are notched, and seamed, and crumpled all over. He appears to be very strong, and lifts heavy benches about as if he had no idea what weight was. He has a curious way of limping round the gallery with his shoulder against the wall, and tacking off at objects he wants to lay hold of, instead of going straight to them, which has left a smear all round the four walls, conventionally called "Phil's mark."

This custodian of George's Gallery in George's absence concludes his proceedings, when he has locked the great doors, and turned out all the lights but one, which he leaves to glimmer, by dragging out from a wooden cabin in a corner two mattresses and bedding. These being drawn to opposite ends of the gallery, the trooper makes his own bed, and Phil makes his.

"Phil!" says the master, walking toward him without his coat and waistcoat, and looking more soldierly than ever in his braces, "You were found in a doorway, weren't you?"

"Gutter," says Phil. "Watchman tumbled over me."

"Then, vagabondizing came natural to you, from the beginning."

"As nat'ral as possible," says Phil.

"Good-night!"

"Good-night, gov'ner."

Phil can not even go straight to bed, but finds it necessary to shoulder round two sides of the gallery, and then tack off at his mattress. The trooper, after taking a turn or two in the rifle-distance, and looking up at the moon, now shining through the skylights, strides to his own mattress by a shorter route, and goes to bed too.

CHAPTER XXII.—MR. BUCKET.

ALLEGORY looks pretty cool in Lincoln's Inn Fields, though the evening is hot; for, both Mr. Tulkinghorn's windows are wide open, and the room is lofty, gusty, and gloomy. These may not be desirable characteristics when November comes with fog and sleet, or January with ice and snow; but they have their merits in the sultry long vacation weather. They enable Allegory, though it has cheeks like peaches, and knees like bunches of blossoms, and rosy swellings for calves to its legs and muscles to its arms, to look tolerably cool to-night.

Plenty of dust comes in at Mr. Tulkinghorn's windows, and plenty more has generated among his furniture and papers. It lies thick every where. When a breeze from the country that has lost its way, takes fright, and makes a blind hurry to rush out again, it flings as much dust in the eyes of Allegory as the law—or Mr. Tulkinghorn, one of its trustiest representatives—may scatter, on occasion, in the eyes of the laity.

In his lowering magazine of dust, the universal article into which his papers and himself, and all his clients, and all things of earth, animate and inanimate, are resolving, Mr. Tulkinghorn sits at one of the open windows, enjoying a bottle of old port. For, though a hard-grained man, close, dry, and silent, he can enjoy old wine with the best. He has a priceless bin of port in some artful cellar under the Fields, which is one of his many secrets. When he dines alone in chambers, as he has dined to-day, and has his bit of fish and his steak or chicken brought in from the coffee-house, he descends with a candle to the echoing regions below the deserted mansion, and, heralded by a remote reverberation of thundering doors, comes gravely back, encircled by an earthly atmosphere, and carrying a bottle from which he pours a radiant nectar, two score and ten years old, that blushes in the glass to find itself so famous, and fills the whole room with the fragrance of southern grapes.

Mr. Tulkinghorn, sitting in the twilight by the open window, enjoys his wine. As if it whispered to him of its fifty years of silence and seclusion, it shuts him up the closer. More impenetrable than ever, he sits, and drinks, and mellows as it were in secrecy; pondering, at that twilight hour, on all the mysteries he knows, associated with darkening woods in the country, and vast blank shut-up houses in town; and perhaps sparing a thought or two for himself, and his family history, and his money, and his will—all a mystery to every one—and that one bachelor friend

of his, a man of the same mould, and a lawyer too, who lived the same kind of life until he was seventy-five years old, and then, suddenly conceiving (as it is supposed) an impression that it was too monotonous, gave his gold watch to his hair-dresser one summer evening, and walked leisurely home to the Temple, and hanged himself.

But Mr. Tulkinghorn is not alone to-night, to ponder at his usual length. Seated at the same table, though with his chair modestly and uncomfortably drawn a little away from it, sits a bald, mild, shining man, who coughs respectfully behind his hand when the lawyer bids him fill his glass.

"Now, Snagsby," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "to go over this odd story again."

"If you please, sir."

"You told me, when you were so good as to step round here, last night—"

"For which I must ask you to excuse me if it was a liberty, sir; but I remembered that you had taken a sort of an interest in that person, and I thought it possible that you might—just—wish—to—"

Mr. Tulkinghorn is not the man to help him to any conclusion, or to admit any thing as to any possibility concerning himself. So Mr. Snagsby trails off into saying, with an awkward cough, "I must ask you to excuse the liberty, sir, I am sure."

"Not at all," says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "You told me, Snagsby, that you put on your hat and came round without mentioning your intention to your wife. That was prudent, I think, because it's not a matter of such importance that it requires to be mentioned."

"Well, sir," returns Mr. Snagsby, "you see my little woman is—not to put too fine a point upon it—inquisitive. She's inquisitive. Poor little thing, she's liable to spasms, and it's good for her to have her mind employed. In consequence of which, she employs it—I should say upon every individual thing she can lay hold of, whether it concerns her or not—especially not. My little woman has a very active mind, sir."

Mr. Snagsby drinks, and murmurs with an admiring cough behind his hand. "Dear me, very fine wine indeed!"

"Therefore you kept your visit to yourself, last night?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "And to-night, too?"

"Yes, sir, and to-night, too. My little woman is at present in—not to put too fine a point upon it—in a pious state, or in what she considers such, and attends the Evening Exertions (which is the name they go by) of a reverend party of the name of Chadband. He has a great deal of eloquence at his command, undoubtedly, but I am not quite favorable to his style myself. That's neither here nor there. My little woman being engaged in that way, made it easier for me to step round in a quiet manner."

Mr. Tulkinghorn assents. "Fill your glass, Snagsby."

"Thank you, sir, I am sure," returns the sta-

tioner, with his cough of deference. "This is wonderfully fine wine, sir!"

"It is a rare wine now," says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "It is fifty years old."

"Is it indeed, sir? But I am not surprised to hear it, I am sure. It might be—any age almost." After rendering this general tribute to the port, Mr. Snagsby in his modesty coughs an apology behind his hand for drinking any thing so precious.

"Will you run over, once again, what the boy said?" asks Mr. Tulkinghorn, putting his hands into the pockets of his rusty smallclothes, and leaning quietly back in his chair.

"With pleasure, sir."

Then, with fidelity, though with some prolixity, the law stationer repeats Joe's statement made to the assembled guests at his house. On coming to the end of his narrative, he gives a great start, and breaks off with—"Dear me, sir, I wasn't aware there was any other gentleman present!"

Mr. Snagsby is dismayed to see, standing with an attentive face between himself and the lawyer, at a little distance from the table, a person with a hat and stick in his hand, who was not there when he himself came in, and has not since entered by the door or by either of the windows. There is a press in the room, but its hinges have not creaked, nor has a step been audible upon the floor. Yet this third person stands there, with his attentive face, and his hat and stick in his hands, and his hands behind him, a composed and quiet listener. He is a steady-looking, sharp-eyed man in black, of about the middle age. Except that he looks at Mr. Snagsby as if he were going to take his portrait, there is nothing remarkable about him at first sight but his ghostly manner of appearing.

"Don't mind this gentleman," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, in his quiet way. "This is only Mr. Bucket."

"O indeed, sir?" returns the stationer, expressing by a cough that he is quite in the dark as to who Mr. Bucket may be.

"I wanted him to hear this story," says the lawyer, "because I have half a mind (for a reason) to know more of it, and he is very intelligent in such things. What do you say to this, Bucket?"

"It's very plain, sir. Since our people have moved this boy on, and he's not to be found on his old lay, if Mr. Snagsby don't object to go down with me to Tom-all-Alone's and point him out, we can have him here in less than a couple of hours' time. I can do it without Mr. Snagsby, of course; but this is the shortest way."

"Mr. Bucket is a detective officer, Snagsby," says the lawyer in explanation.

"Is he indeed, sir?" says Mr. Snagsby, with a strong tendency in his clump of hair to stand on end.

"And if you have no real objection to accompany Mr. Bucket to the place in question," pur-

sues the lawyer, "I shall feel obliged to you if you will do so."

In a moment's hesitation on the part of Mr. Snagsby, Bucket dips down to the bottom of his mind.

"Don't you be afraid of hurting the boy," he says. "You won't do that. It's all right as far as the boy's concerned. We shall only bring him here to ask him a question or so I want to put to him, and he'll be paid for his trouble, and sent away again. It'll be a good job for him. I promise you, as a man, that you shall see the boy sent away all right. Don't you be afraid of hurting him; you an't going to do that."

"Very well, Mr. Tulkinghorn!" cries Mr. Snagsby, cheerfully, and re-assured, "since that's the case—"

"Yes! and look here, Mr. Snagsby," resumes Bucket, taking him aside by the arm, tapping him familiarly on the breast, and speaking in a confidential tone. "You're a man of the world, you know, and a man of business, and a man of sense. That's what *you* are."

"I am sure I am much obliged to you for your good opinion," returns the stationer, with his cough of modesty, "but—"

"That's what *you* are, you know," says Bucket. "Now it an't necessary to say to a man like you, engaged in your business, which is a business of trust, and requires a person to be wide awake and have his senses about him, and his head screwed on right (I had an uncle in your business once)—it an't necessary to say to a man like you, that it's the best and wisest way to keep little matters like this quiet. Don't you see? Quiet!"

"Certainly, certainly," returns the stationer.

"I don't mind telling *you*," says Bucket, with an engaging appearance of frankness, "that, as far as I can understand it, there seems to be a doubt whether this dead person wasn't entitled to a little property, and whether this female hasn't been up to some games respecting that property, don't you see?"

"O!" says Mr. Snagsby, but not appearing to see quite distinctly.

"Now, what *you* want," pursues Bucket, again tapping Mr. Snagsby on the breast in a comfortable and soothing manner, "is, that every person should have their rights according to justice. That's what *you* want."

"To be sure," returns Mr. Snagsby, with a nod.

"On account of which, and at the same time to oblige a—do you call it, in your business, customer or client? I forget how my uncle used to call it."

"Why, I generally say customer, myself," replies Mr. Snagsby.

"You're right!" returns Mr. Bucket, shaking hands with him quite affectionately—"on account of which, and at the same time to oblige a real good customer, you mean to go down with me, in confidence, to Tom-all-Alone's, and to keep the whole thing quiet ever afterward and never men-

tion it to any one. That's about your intentions, if I understand you?"

"You are right, sir. You are right," says Mr. Snagsby.

"Then here's your hat," returns his new friend, quite as intimate with it as if he had made it; "and if you're ready, I am."

They leave Mr. Tulkinghorn, without a ruffle on the surface of his unfathomable depths, drinking his old wine; and go down into the streets.

"You don't happen to know a very good sort of person of the name of Gridley, do you?" says Bucket, in friendly converse as they descend the stairs.

"No," says Mr. Snagsby, considering, "I don't know any body of that name. Why?"

"Nothing particular," says Bucket; "only, having allowed his temper to get a little the better of him, and having been threatening some respectable people, he is keeping out of the way of a warrant I have got against him—which it's a pity that a man of sense should do."

As they walk along, Mr. Snagsby observes, as a novelty, that however quick their pace may be, his companion still seems in some undefinable manner to lurk and lounge; also, that whenever he is going to turn to the right or left, he pretends to have a fixed purpose in his mind of going straight ahead, and wheels off, sharply, at the very last moment. Now and then, when they pass a police constable on his beat, Mr. Snagsby notices that both the constable and his guide fall into a deep abstraction as they come toward each other, and appear entirely to overlook each other, and to gaze into space. In a few instances Mr. Bucket, coming behind some under-sized young man with a shining hat on, and his sleek hair twisted into one flat curl on each side of his head, almost without glancing at him touches him with his stick; upon which the young man, looking round, instantly evaporates. For the most part Mr. Bucket notices things in general, with a face as unchanging as the great mourning ring on his little finger, or the brooch, composed of not much diamond and a good deal of setting, which he wears in his shirt.

When they come at last to Tom-all-Alone's, Mr. Bucket stops for a moment at the corner, and takes a lighted bull's-eye from the constable on duty there, who then accompanies him with his own particular bull's-eye at his waist. Between his two conductors, Mr. Snagsby passes along the middle of a villainous street, undrained, unventilated, deep in black mud and corrupt water—though the roads are dry elsewhere—and reeking with such smells and sights that he, who has lived in London all his life, can scarce believe his senses. Branching from this street and its heaps of ruins, are other streets and courts so infamous that Mr. Snagsby sickens in body and mind, and feels as if he were going, every moment deeper down, into the infernal gulf.

"Draw off a bit here, Mr. Snagsby," says Bucket, as a kind of shabby palanquin is borne toward them, surrounded by a noisy crowd. "Here's the fever coming up the street."

As the unseen wretch goes by, the crowd, leaving that object of attraction, hovers round the three visitors, like a dream of horrible faces, and fades away up alleys and into ruins, and behind walls; and with occasional cries and shrill whistles of warning, thenceforth flits about them until they leave the place.

"Are those the fever-houses, Darby?" Mr. Bucket coolly asks, as he turns his bull's-eye or a line of stinking ruins.

Darby replies that "all them are," and further that in all, for months and months, the people "have been down by dozens," and have been carried out, dead and dying "like sheep with the rot." Bucket observing to Mr. Snagsby as they go on again, that he looks a little poorly, Mr. Snagsby answers that he feels, as if he couldn't breathe the dreadful air.

There is inquiry made, at various houses, for a boy named Jo. As few people are known in Tom-all-Alone's by any Christian sign, there is much reference to Mr. Snagsby whether he means Carrots, or the Colonel, or Gallows, or Young Chisel, or Terrier Tip, or Lanky, or the Brick. Mr. Snagsby describes over and over again. There are conflicting opinions respecting the original of his picture. Some think it must be Carrots; some say the Brick. The Colonel is produced, but is not at all near the thing. Whenever Mr. Snagsby and his conductors are stationary, the crowd flows round, and from its squalid depths obsequious advice heaves up to Mr. Bucket. Whenever they move, and the angry bull's-eyes glare, it fades away, and flits about them up the alleys, and in the ruins, and behind the walls, as before.

At last there is a lair found out where Toughy, or the Tough Subject, lays him down at night; and it is thought that the Tough Subject may be Jo. Comparison of notes between Mr. Snagsby and the proprietress of the house—a drunken, fiery face tied up in a black bundle, and flaring out of a heap of rags on the floor of a dog-hutch, which is her private apartment—leads to the establishment of this conclusion. Toughy has gone to the Doctor's to get a bottle of stuff for a sick woman, but will be here anon.

"And who have we got here to-night?" says Mr. Bucket, opening another door, and glaring in with his bull's-eye. "Two drunken men, eh? And two women? The men are sound enough," turning back each sleeper's arm from his face to look at him. "Are these your good men, my dears?"

"Yes, sir," returns one of the women. "They are our husbands."

"Brickmakers, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing here? You don't belong to London."

"No, sir. We belong to Hertfordshire."

"Whereabouts in Hertfordshire?"

"Saint Albans."

"Come up on the tramp?"

"We walked up yesterday. There's no work down with us at present; but we have done

no good by coming here, and shall do none, I expect."

"That's not the way to do much good," says Mr. Bucket, turning his head in the direction of the unconscious figures on the ground.

"It an't, indeed," replies the woman with a sigh. "Jenny and me knows it full well."

The room, though two or three feet higher than the door, is so low that the head of the tallest of the visitors would touch the blackened ceiling if he stood upright. It is offensive to every sense; even the gross candle burns pale and sickly in the polluted air. There are a couple of benches, and a higher bench by way of table. The men lie asleep where they stumbled down, but the women sit by the candle. Lying in the arms of the woman who has spoken, is a very young child.

"Why, what age do you call that little creature?" says Bucket. "It looks as if it was born yesterday." He is not at all rough about it; and as he turns his light gently on the infant, Mr. Snagsby is strangely reminded of another infant, encircled with light, that he has seen in pictures.

"He is not three weeks old yet, sir," says the woman.

"Is he your child?"

"Mine."

The other woman, who was bending over it when they came in, stoops down again, and kisses it as it lies asleep.

"You seem as fond of it as if you were the mother yourself," says Mr. Bucket.

"I was the mother of one like it, master, and it died."

"Ah Jenny, Jenny!" says the other woman to her; "better so. Much better to think of dead than alive, Jenny! Much better!"

"Why, you an't such an unnatural woman, I hope," returns Bucket, sternly, "as to wish your own child dead?"

"God knows you are right, master," she returns. "I am not. I'd stand between it and death, with my own life if I could, as true as any pretty lady."

"Then don't talk in that wrong manner," says Mr. Bucket, mollified again. "Why do you do it?"

"It's brought into my head, master," returns the woman, her eyes filling with tears, "when I look down at the child lying so. If it was never to wake no more, you'd think me mad, I should take on so. I know that very well. I was with Jenny when she lost hers—warn't I Jenny?—and I know how she grieved. But look round you, at this place. Look at them;" glancing at the sleepers on the ground. "Look at the boy you're waiting for, who's gone out to do me a good turn. Think of the children that your business lays with often and often, and that *you* see grow up!"

"Well, well," says Mr. Bucket, "you train him respectable, and he'll be a comfort to you, and look after you in your old age, you know."

"I mean to try hard," she answers, wiping her eyes. "But I have been a thinking, being

over-tired to-night, and not well with the ague, of all the many things that'll come in his way. My master will be against it, and he'll be beat, and see me beat, and made to fear his home, and perhaps to stray wild. If I work for him ever so much, and ever so hard, there's no one to help me; and if he should be turned bad, 'spite of all I could do, and the time should come when I should sit by him in his sleep, made hard and changed, an't it likely I should think of him as he lies in my lap now, and wish he had died as Jenny's child died."

"There, there!" says Jenny. "Liz, you're tired and ill. Let me take him."

In doing so she displaces the mother's dress, but quickly readjusts it over the wounded and bruised bosom where the baby has been lying.

"It's my dead child," says Jenny, walking up and down as she nurses, "that makes me love this child so dear, and it's my dead child that makes her love it so dear too, as even to think of its being taken away from her now. While she thinks that, *I* think what fortune would I give to have my darling back. But we mean the same thing, if we knew how to say it, us two mothers does in our poor hearts!"

As Mr. Snagsby blows his nose, and coughs his cough of sympathy, a step is heard without. Mr. Bucket throws his light into the doorway, and says to Mr. Snagsby, "Now, what do you say to Toughy? Will *he* do?"

"That's Jo!" says Mr. Snagsby.

Jo stands amazed in the disc of light, like a ragged figure in a magic lantern, trembling to think that he has offended against the law in not having moved on far enough. Mr. Snagsby, however, giving him the consolatory assurance, "It's only a job you will be paid for, Jo," he recovers; and, on being taken outside by Mr. Bucket for a little private confabulation, tells his tale satisfactorily, though out of breath.

"I have squared it with the lad," says Mr. Bucket, returning, "and it's all right. Now, Mr. Snagsby, we're ready for you."

First, Jo has to complete his errand of good-nature by handing over the physic he has been to get, which he delivers with the laconic verbal direction that "it's to be all took d'rectly." Secondly Mr. Snagsby has to lay upon the table half-a-crown, his usual panacea for an immense variety of afflictions. Thirdly, Mr. Bucket has to take Jo by the arm a little above the elbow and walk him on before him: without which observance, neither the Tough Subject nor any other subject could be professionally conducted to Lincoln's Inn Fields. These arrangements completed, they give the women good-night, and come out once more into black and foul Tom-all-Alone's.

By the noisome ways through which they descended into that pit, they gradually emerge from it; the crowd flitting, and whistling, and skulking about them, until they come to the verge, where restoration of the bull's-eyes is made to Darby. Here the crowd, like a *concourse* of imprisoned demons turns back, yelling and is seen

no more. Through the clearer and fresher streets, never so clear and fresh to Mr. Snagsby's mind as now, they walk and ride, until they come to Mr. Tulkinghorn's gate.

As they ascend the dim stairs (Mr. Tulkinghorn's chambers being on the first floor), Mr. Bucket mentions that he has the key of the outer door in his pocket, and that there is no need to ring. For a man so expert in most things of that kind, Bucket takes time to open the door, and makes some noise too. It may be that he sounds a note of preparation.

Howbeit, they come at last into the hall, where a lamp is burning, and so into Mr. Tulkinghorn's usual room—the room where he drank his old wine to-night. He is not there, but his two old-fashioned candlesticks are; and the room is tolerably light.

Mr. Bucket, still having his professional hold of Jo, and appearing to Mr. Snagsby to possess an unlimited number of eyes, makes a little way into this room, when Jo starts, and stops.

"What's the matter?" says Bucket in a whisper.

"There she is!" cries Jo.

"Who?"

"The lady!"

A female figure, closely veiled, stands in the middle of the room, where the light falls upon it. It is quite still, and silent. The front of the figure is toward them, but it takes no notice of their entrance, and remains like a statue.

"Now, tell me," says Bucket aloud, "how you know that to be the lady."

"I know the wale," replies Jo, staring, "and the bonnet, and the gownd."

"Be quite sure of what you say, Tough," returns Bucket, narrowly observant of him. "Look again."

"I am a-looking as hard as ever I can look," says Jo, with starting eyes, "and that there's the wale, the bonnet, and the gownd."

"What about those rings you told me of?" asks Bucket.

"A sparkling all over here," says Jo, rubbing the fingers of his left hand on the knuckles of his right, without taking his eyes from the figure.

The figure removes the right hand glove, and shows the hand.

"Now, what do you say to that?" asks Bucket.

Jo shakes his head. "Not rings a bit like them. Not a hand like that."

"What are you talking of?" says Bucket; evidently pleased though, and well pleased too.

"Hand was a deal whiter, a deal delicater, and a deal smaller," returns Jo.

"Why, you'll tell me I'm my own mother, next," says Mr. Bucket. "Do you recollect the lady's voice?"

"I think I does?" says Jo.

The figure speaks. "Was it at all like this. I will speak as long as you like if you are not sure. Was it this voice, or at all like this voice?"

Jo looks aghast at Mr. Bucket. "Not a bit!"

"Then, what," retorts that worthy, pointing to the figure, "did you say it was the lady for?"

"Cos," says Jo, with a perplexed stare, but without being at all shaken in his certainty, "Cos that there's the wale, the bonnet, and the gownd. It is her and it an't her. It an't her hand, nor yet her rings, nor yet her voice. But that there's the wale, the bonnet, and the gownd, and they're wore the same way wot she wore 'em, and its her heighth wot she wos, and she give me a sov'ring and hooked it."

"Well!" says Mr. Bucket, slightly, "we haven't got much good out of *you*. But, however, here's five shillings for you. Take care how you spend it, and don't get yourself into trouble." Bucket stealthily tells the coins from one hand into the other like counters—which is a way he has, his principal use of them being in these games of skill—and then puts them, in a little pile, into the boy's hand, and takes him out to the door; leaving Mr. Snagsby, not by any means comfortable under these mysterious circumstances, alone with the veiled figure. But on Mr. Tulkinghorn's coming into the room, the veil is raised, and a sufficiently good-looking Frenchwoman is revealed, though her expression is something of the intensest.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle Hortense," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, with his usual equanimity. "I will give you no further trouble about this little wager."

"You will do me the kindness to remember, sir, that I am not at present placed?" said Mademoiselle.

"Certainly, certainly!"

"And to confer upon me the favor of your distinguished recommendation?"

"By all means, Mademoiselle Hortense."

"A word from Mr. Tulkinghorn is so powerful."—"It shall not be wanting, Mademoiselle."

"Receive the assurance of my devoted gratitude, dear sir."—"Good-night." Mademoiselle goes out with an air of native gentility; and Mr. Bucket, to whom it is, on an emergency, as natural to be groom of the ceremonies as it is to be any thing else, shows her down stairs, not without gallantry.

"Well, Bucket?" quoth Mr. Tulkinghorn on his return.

"It's all squared, you see, as I squared it myself, sir. There an't a doubt that it was the other one with this one's dress on. The boy was exact respecting colors and every thing. Mr. Snagsby, I promised you, as a man, that he should be sent away all right. Don't say it wasn't done!"

"You have kept your word, sir," returns the stationer; "and if I can be of no further use, Mr. Tulkinghorn, I think, as my little woman will be getting anxious—"

"Thank you, Snagsby, no further use," says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "I am quite indebted to you for the trouble you have taken already."

"Not at all, sir. I wish you good-night."

"You see, Mr. Snagsby," says Mr. Bucket,

accompanying him to the door, and shaking hands with him over and over again, "what I like in you, is, that you're a man it's of no use pumping; that's what *you* are. When you know you have done a right thing, you put it away, and it's done with and gone, and there's an end of it. That's what *you* do."

"That is certainly what I endeavor to do, sir," returns Mr. Snagsby.

"No, you don't do yourself justice. It an't what you endeavor to do," says Mr. Bucket, shaking hands with him and blessing him in the tenderest manner, "it's what you *do*. That's what I estimate in a man in your way of business."

Mr. Snagsby makes a suitable response; and goes homeward so confused by the events of the evening, that he is doubtful of his being awake and out—doubtful of the reality of the streets through which he goes—doubtful of the reality of the moon that shines above him. He is presently reassured on these subjects, by the unchallengeable reality of Mrs. Snagsby, sitting up with her head in a perfect beehive of curl-papers and nightcap; who has dispatched Guster to the police station with official intelligence of her husband's being made away with, and who, within the last two hours, has passed through every stage of swooning with the greatest decorum. But, as the little woman feelingly says, many thanks she gets for it!

MONSTERS OF FAITH.

WE people in this western world, have, in our time, not less than those who went before us, been witnesses of many acts of eccentric and exaggerated faith. We have seen this virtue dressed in many a guise, tricked out in many a hue. We have seen it in the meanest and the highest.

But what is cold, dwarfed, European faith, when compared with the huge monstrous faith of the barbarous land of the sun? The two will no more bear comparison than will the Surrey Hills compare with the Himalayas, or the Thames and the Garonne bear being mentioned beside the Ganges and the Burrumpootra. The scenes I am about to relate are not selected for their rarity or for any peculiarity about them; they may be met with at any of the many festivals, or Poojahs, throughout India proper.

The village at which the festival I witnessed was held, was not very far distant from one of the leading cities of Bengal, a city numbering possibly half a million of inhabitants, with a highly populous country round about it for many a league. The reader will, therefore, readily imagine the crowding and rushing which took place from all sides, to witness the festival of a deity in whom all believed, for, away from the south, there are comparatively but few of any other faith than Hindooism.

It was high noon when I arrived on the ground in my palanquin; and by favor of the friendship of the British collector of Howdahpore I was admitted within the most privileged

circle, and took up my stand beneath the pleasant shade of a wide-spreading Jambo tree. I had time and opportunity to note the place and the people; for the sacred operations had not as yet commenced. The spot we were assembled in was in an extensive valley lightly wooded at intervals, and commanding a picturesque view of a rather wide river which flowed on to Howdahpore, and was now busy with many boats loaded with passengers. On the river bank nearest to us, a number of bamboo and leaf sheds had been hastily erected, in which carousals and amusements of various kinds were in progress or preparation. Flowers decorated the ample doorways, and hung festooned from many a roof; while high above, wooing in vain a passing breeze and brightly glaring in the noon-day tropic sun, gay streamers drooped in burning listlessness. From the topmost summits of some of the loftiest trees—and they *are* lofty here—long tapering poles extended other flags and strips of colored cloth. In cool, shady nooks, where clumps of spreading jungle kindly grew, at other times the haunts of fiercest tigers, or worse, of cruel Thugs, small knots of Hindoo families of rank were grouped in silent watchfulness. The lordly Zemindar of the district; the exacting Tulukdhar, the terror of village ryots; the grinding Putindhar: all these were there in eastern feudal pomp.

Far as the eye could reach, the rich green valley teemed with human life. Thousands on thousands flocked from many a point, and pressed to where the gaudy flags and beating drums told of the approaching Poojah. The steady hum of the vast multitude seemed like the ocean's fall on some far distant shore. Grief, joy, pain, pleasure, prayers and songs, blended with howling madness, or cries of devotees, in one strange, stormy discord; the heat and glare, the many new and striking garbs, the sea of dusky visages and brightly glaring eyes, mixed with the varied gorgeous foliage, and flinging into contrast the lovely gentleness of distant hills and woods, made up a whole not easy to forget, yet difficult to paint.

But my attention was before long directed to some preparations in progress not far from where I stood. I had observed several huge poles standing at a great height, with ropes and some apparatus attached to them, the use of which I knew from report alone. Here I now remarked a great deal of bustling activity; a number of attendants were beating back the crowd in order to clear a space around one of the loftiest of the poles I have mentioned. This was a work of much difficulty, for the mob was both excited and dense. At length, however, they succeeded in the task, and finding the ground before me pretty clear, I advanced close to the scene of action. Round about the pole were a number of Fekirs or Ascetics, a sort of self-mutilated hermits, who hope and firmly believe that, by distorting their limbs into all sorts of impossible positions and shapes, they have insured the favor of some unpronounceable di-

vinity, and with that a ready and certain passport to some future state about which they have not the most remote idea, which renders their devotion the more praiseworthy.

There was one miserable object, with his long matted locks of dirty red streaming over his shoulders, and one withered arm and hand held blighted high above his head, immovable. It had been forced into that unnatural position years ago, and what was then an act of free-will, was now a matter of necessity; the arm would no longer return to its true position, but pointed in its thin and bony haggardness to heaven. Another dark-eyed, dark-haired ascetic had held his hands for years so firmly clasped together, that the long talon-like nails were to be seen growing through the palms of his hands and appearing at the back. Some I saw with thick rope actually threaded through their flesh quite round their bodies, many times in bleeding coils; more than one young woman was there with her neck and shoulders thickly studded over with sharp short needles stuck firmly in the flesh. One man, a young man, too, had forced a sort of spear right through the fleshy part of his foot, with the thick wooden handle downward, on which he walked, quite indifferent to any sort of inconvenience. There was no lack of others, all self-tortured, maimed, and trussed, and skewered, as though about to be spitted and put down to the fire.

The object which all by one consent agreed to gaze at, was a young and pretty-looking girl, almost a child in manner, who sat upon the ground so sadly, yet so calm and almost happy, that I could not persuade myself one so young and gentle was about to be barbarously tortured. Yet so it was. It appeared that her husband had, months since, gone upon some distant, dangerous journey; that being long absent, and rumors raised in the native bazaar of his death, she, the anxious wife, had vowed to Siva, the protector of life, to undergo self-torture on his next festival if her loved husband's life should be spared. He had returned, and now, mighty in faith and love, this simple-minded, single-hearted creature gave up herself to pain such as the stoutest of our sex or race might shrink from. She sat looking fondly on her little infant as it lay asleep in the arms of an old nurse, all unconscious of the mother's sacrifice, and turning her eyes from that to her husband, who stood near in a wild, excited state, she gave the signal that she was ready. The stout-limbed, burly-bodied husband rushed like a tiger at such of the crowd as attempted to press too near the sacrificial girl: he had a staff in his hand, and with it played such a tune on bare and turbaned heads and ebony shoulders, as brought down many an angry malediction on the player. The nurse with the infant moved further away among the crowd of admiring spectators. Two or three persons, men and women, pressed forward to adjust the horrid-looking hooks. Was it possible, I thought, that those huge instruments of torture, heavy enough to hold an elephant, were

to be forced into the flesh of that gentle girl! I felt sick as I saw the poor child stretched upon her face, and first one and then the other of those ugly, crooked pieces of iron forced slowly through the flesh and below the muscles of her back. They lifted her up, and as I watched her, I saw big drops of perspiration starting from her forehead; her small eyes seemed closed at first, and, for the moment, I fancied she had fainted; but as they raised her to her feet, and then quickly drew her up in the air high above us, hanging by those two horrid hooks, I saw her looking down quite placidly. She sought her husband out, and seeing him watching her eagerly, gave him a smile, and, waving her little hands, drew from her bosom small pieces of the sacred cocoa-nut and flung them amid the gazing crowd. To scramble for and obtain one of these precious fragments was deemed a fortunate thing, for they were supposed to contain all sorts of charmed powers.

And now the Poojah was fairly commenced. The ropes which carried the iron hooks were so arranged, that by pulling one end—which passed over the top of the pole—it swung round a plate of iron which set in motion the other rope holding the hooks and the living operator. Two men seized on this rope, and soon the poor girl was in rapid flight over the heads of the crowd, who cheered her on by a variety of wild cries, and shouts, and songs. Not that she seemed to need encouragement; her eyes were still bent toward her husband; I almost fancied she smiled as she caught his eye. There was no sign of pain, or shrinking, or yielding: she bore it as many a hero of the old world would have been proud to have done, scattering beneath her flowers and fruit among the busy throng.

I felt as though a heavy weight were off my mind when I perceived the whirling motion of the ropes first to slacken, and then to cease; and finally, the girl, all bleeding, relieved from the cruel torture. They laid her on a mat beneath some shady trees: the women gave her a draught of cool water in a cocoa-nut shell. But her thoughts were not upon herself: she looked anxiously around, and could not be satisfied until her husband sat beside her, and their little swarthy infant was placed within her arms. The only care her deep and open wounds received was to have them rubbed with a little turmeric powder, and covered with the fresh tender leaf of a banana.

Leaving this family group, I turned back to watch the further proceedings around the huge pole, where there was once more a great bustle and pressing among the crowd. This time the operator, or sufferer, whichever would be the most fitting term, was a man of middle age, and of the lowest ranks of the laboring class. He appeared to be perfectly indifferent to any thing like suffering, as the two operators seized the flesh of his back, and another roughly thrust through it two hooks. In another minute he was whirling through the air as rapidly as the attendants could force him; still he seemed

anxious to travel faster, and by signs and cries urged them to increased speed. The mob was delighted with this exhibition of perfect endurance and enthusiasm, and testified their approbation in a variety of modes. This man remained swinging for fully twenty minutes, at the end of which time he was released: somewhat less excited, I fancied, than when he was first hoisted in the air. I failed to learn his story, but it had reference, beyond a doubt, to some escape from danger, real or imaginary, and, of course, imputed to the direct interposition of the powerful Siva, or some equally efficacious deputy. The medical treatment of this devotee was on the ruder scale, and would have shocked the feelings and science of some of our army surgeons, to say nothing of civil practitioners. The root of turmeric was again employed, in fine powder, but placed in the wounds most hastily, and, by way of forcing it thoroughly in, some one stood on his back, and trod in the powder with his heel.

I saw one other man hoisted up. He had taken the vow in order to save the life of a much-loved sister's child; and as he swung round and round in stoical indifference, the sister, a young creature with her little infant, sat looking at him as if she would willingly have borne the suffering in his stead. Doubtless there was a love linking these poor creatures together in their ignorance; which, mighty as it was, would have done honor to any highly-gifted dwellers in the west. And, it must be remembered, their sacrifice was for the past; it was one of gratitude, and not of hope or fear for the future. Their prayers had been heard; and, although they knew not of that undying Providence which had listened to their voice and spared the young child's life, they turned to such stone and wooden deities as their forefathers had set up, and devoutly kept their vow.

There were other victims yet to be self-offered; but I had had enough, and the heat, and the noise, and the many strange effluvia were growing so rank and overpowering, that I prepared to retreat. As I returned through the dense crowd which made way for me, I perceived an aged woman preparing for a swing as stoically as any of the younger devotees who had gone before her. A tall, powerful-looking man was standing by her side, watching the preparations with considerable interest. He was her son; and, as I learnt, the cause of her present appearance in public. It had been some seven or eight years previously that the vow had been made to the stone deity; which, as they believed, had acted as a miracle and saved his life. It would have been fulfilled at once, but first poverty, and then ill-health, had stood in the way of its performance; and now, after this long lapse being able to pay the necessary fees to the priests, she had left her distant home to carry out the never-to-be-forgotten vow. As I moved away in the distance, I heard the shouts of the enraptured multitude raised in honor of the old lady's fortitude; cry after cry floated on

the breeze, and died away in the din of drums, and pipes, and bells.

For miles the country round about was covered with festivity and uproar. Hundreds of fanatic companies were reveling in religious festive rites. In one leaf and bamboo shed, larger than the rest, I noticed, as I looked in unperceived, the young self-offered wife of that day, as gay and unconcerned by pain as any of the party; I might have fancied she had but just been married, instead of hanging in the air upon cruel hooks.

LIFE AND DEATH OF PAGANINI.

GENIUS—talent, whatever its extent—can not always count upon popularity. Susceptibility of the highest conceptions, of the most sublime creations, frequently fails in securing the attention of the multitude. How to attain this most coveted point? It would be difficult to arrive at any precise conclusion, from the fact that it applies to matters totally differing from each other; it is, however, perhaps possible to define the aggregation of qualities required to move the public in masses, by calling it *sympathetic wonderment*, and its originality is one of its absolute conditions. Many names, doubtless, recall talents of the first order, and personalities of the highest value; yet, notwithstanding their having been duly appreciated by the intelligent and enlightened classes, they have not always called forth those outbursts of enthusiasm, which were manifested toward the truly prodigious artist who is the object of this notice.

Nicolo Paganini, the most extraordinary musical genius of the 19th century, was born at Genoa, on the 18th of February, 1784. His father, Antoine Paganini, a commercial broker, or simple post clerk, according to some biographers, was passionately fond of music, and played upon the mandoline. His penetration soon discovered the aptitude of his son for this art, and he resolved that study should develope it. His excessive severity had probably led to contrary results to those he expected, had not the younger Paganini been endowed with the firm determination of becoming an artist. From the age of six years he was a musician, and played the violin. The ill treatment to which he was subjected during this period of his youth, appears to have exercised a fatal influence over his nervous and delicate constitution. From his first attempts he was imbued with the disposition to execute feats of strength and agility upon his instrument; and his instinct urged him to attempt the most extraordinary things.

His father's lessons soon became useless, and Servetto, a musician of the theatre, at Genoa, became his teacher; but even he was not possessed of sufficient ability to benefit this predestined artist. Paganini received his instructions for a short period only, and he was placed under Giacomo Costa, director of music, and principal violinist of the churches of Genoa, under whose care he progressed rapidly. He had now attained his eighth year, when he wrote his Sonata,

which he unfortunately took no care of, and has been lost among many other of his productions.

Having reached his ninth year, the young virtuoso appeared in public, for the first time, in a performance at the large theatre of his native town; and this extraordinary child played variations of his own composition on the French air, *la Carmagnole*, amid the frenzied acclamations of an enthusiastic audience. About this period of his life the father was advised, by judicious friends, to place the boy under good masters of the violin and composition; and he shortly after took him to Parma, where Alexander Rolla then resided, so celebrated for his performance as conductor of the orchestra, and composer. Paganini was now twelve years of age. The following anecdote, related by M. Schottky, and which Paganini published in a Vienna journal, furnishes interesting details of the master's first interview with the young artist: "On arriving at Rolla's house," he said, "we found him ill, and in bed. His wife conducted us into a room adjoining the one where the sick man lay, in order to concert with her husband, who, it appeared, was not at all disposed to receive us. Perceiving upon the table of the chamber into which we were ushered, a violin, and the last concerto of Rolla, I took up the violin, and played the piece at first sight. Surprised at what he heard, the composer inquired the name of the virtuoso he had just heard. When he heard the virtuoso was only a mere lad, he would not give credence to the fact unless by ocular demonstration. Thus satisfied, he told me, that he could teach me nothing, and recommended me to take lessons on composition from Paër." Even now, Paganini was occupied in discovering new effects on his instrument. It was, however, only after his return to Genoa, that Paganini wrote his first compositions for the violin. This music was so difficult that he was obliged to study it himself with increasing perseverance, and to make constant efforts to solve problems unknown to all other violinists.

Quitting Parma, at the commencement of 1797, Paganini made his first professional tour, with his father, of all the principal towns in Lombardy, and commenced a matchless reputation. On his return to Genoa, and after having in solitude made the efforts necessary for the development of his talent, he began to feel the weight of the chain by which he was held by his father, and determined to release himself from the ill treatment to which he was still subjected under the paternal roof. A favorable opportunity alone was required to favor his design. This soon presented itself. The fête of St. Martin was celebrated annually at Lucca by a musical festival, to which persons flocked from every part of Italy. As this period approached, Paganini entreated his father to permit him to attend it, accompanied by his elder brother. His demand was at first met with a peremptory refusal; but the solicitations of the son, and the prayers of the mother, finally prevailed, and the heart of the young artist, at liberty for the first time, bounded with joy, and he set out agitated by

dreams of success and happiness. At Lucca he was received with enthusiasm. Encouraged by this propitious *début*, he visited Pisa, and some other towns, in all of which his success was unequivocal. Paganini had not yet attained his fifteenth year. This is not the age of prudence. His moral education, besides, had been grossly neglected, and the severity which assailed his more youthful years, was not calculated to awaken him to the dangers of a free life: and he formed dangerous connections. Paganini, in this manner, frequently lost the produce of several concerts in one night, and was consequently often in a state of great embarrassment, and frequently reduced to part with his violin. In this condition he found himself at Leghorn, and was indebted to the kindness of a French merchant (M. Livron), a distinguished amateur, for the loan of a violin, an excellent Guarneri. When the concert had concluded, Paganini brought it back to its owner, when this gentleman exclaimed, "Never will I profane strings which your fingers have touched! that instrument is now yours." This is the violin Paganini since used in all his concerts.

Adventures of every kind signalize this period of Paganini's early days; the enthusiasm of art, love, and gaming, divided his time, despite the warnings of a delicate constitution, which proclaimed the necessity of great care. Heedless of every thing, he continued his career of dissipation, until the prostration of his faculties forced a respite. He would then lie by for several weeks, in a state of absolute repose, until, with energies refreshed, he recommenced his artistic career and wandering life. It was to be feared that this dissolute life would, ultimately, deprive the world of his marvelous talent, when an unforeseen and important circumstance, related by himself, ended his fatal passion for gaming.

"I shall never forget," he said, "that I, one day, placed myself in a position which was to decide my future. The Prince of — had, for some time, coveted the possession of my violin—the only one I possessed at that period, and which I still have. He, on one particular occasion, was extremely anxious that I should mention the sum for which I would dispose of it; but, not wishing to part with my instrument, I declared I would not sell it for 250 gold Napoleons. Some time after, the prince said to me that I was, doubtless, only in jest in asking such a sum, but that he would be willing to give me 2,000 francs. I was, at this moment, in the greatest want of money to meet a debt of honor I had incurred at play, and I was almost tempted to accept the proffered amount, when I received an invitation to a party that evening at a friend's house. All my capital consisted of thirty francs, as I had disposed of all my jewels, watch, rings, and brooches, &c., I resolved on risking this last resource; and, if fortune proved fickle, to sell my violin to the prince and proceed to St. Petersburg, without instrument or luggage, with the view of re-establishing my affairs; my thirty francs were reduced to three, when, suddenly,

my fortune took a sudden turn; and, with the small remains of my capital, I won 160 francs. This amount saved my violin, and completely set me up. From that day I abjured gaming—to which I had sacrificed a part of my youth—convinced that a gamester is an object of contempt to all well-regulated minds.”

Although he was still in the full prime of youth, Paganini devoted his talent steadily to success and profit, when, in one of those hallucinations to which all great artists are subject, the violin lost its attractions in his eyes. A lady of rank having fallen desperately in love with him, and reciprocated by him, he withdrew with her to an estate she possessed in Tuscany. This lady played the guitar, and Paganini imbibed a taste for the instrument, and applied himself assiduously to its practice as he had formerly done with the violin. He soon discovered new resources; and during a period of three years, he divided all the energies of his mind between its study, and agricultural pursuits, for which the lady's estate afforded him ample opportunities. But Paganini's former *penchant* for the violin returned, and he decided on resuming his travels. On his return to Genoa, in 1804, he occupied himself solely with composition. It appears, too, that at this period he gave instruction on the violin to Catherine Calcagno, born at Genoa, in 1797, who, at the age of fifteen, astounded Italy by the boldness of her style; all traces of her seem lost after 1816. Toward the middle of 1805, Paganini left Genoa, to undertake a new tour in Italy. The first town he visited was Lucca, the scene of his first successes. Here he again created so great a sensation by the concerto he performed at a nocturnal festival, in a convent chapel, that the monks were obliged to leave their stalls, in order to repress the applause which burst forth, despite the sanctity of the place. He was then twenty-one years of age. The principality of Lucca and Piombino had been organized in the month of March, of the same year, in favor of the Princess Eliza, sister of Napoleon, and the wife of Prince Bacciocchi. The court had fixed its residence in the town of Lucca. The great reputation of the violinist induced the princess to offer him the posts of director of her private music, and conductor of the Opera orchestra, which he accepted. The princess, who had appreciated the originality of his talent, excited him to extend his discoveries of novel effects upon his instrument. To convince him of the interest he had inspired her with, she granted him the grade of captain in the Royal Gendarmerie, so that he might be admitted with his brilliant costume at all the great court receptions. Seeking to vary the effect of his instrument at the court concerts, he removed the second and third strings, and composed a dialogue sonata for the first and fourth strings. He has related this circumstance himself nearly in the same terms:

“At Lucca I directed the orchestra when the reigning family honored the Opera with their presence. I was often also called upon to play

at court: and then, fortnightly, I organized concerts, and announced to the court a novelty under the title of *Scène amoureuse*. Curiosity rose to the highest pitch; but the surprise of all present at court was extreme, when I entered the saloon with a violin with only two strings. I had only retained the first and the fourth. The former was to express the sentiments of a young girl; the other was to express the passionate language of a lover. I had composed a kind of dialogue, in which the most tender accents followed the outbursts of jealousy. At one time, chords representing most tender appeals; at another, plaintive reproaches, cries of joy and anger, felicity and pain. Then followed the reconciliation; and the lovers, more persuaded than ever, executed a *pas de deux*, which terminated in a brilliant coda. This novelty was eminently successful. The Princess Eliza lauded me to the skies; and said to me, in the most gracious manner possible, ‘*You have just performed impossibilities—would not a single string suffice for your talent?*’ I promised to make the attempt. This idea delighted me; and, some weeks after, I composed my military sonata, entitled *Napoleon*, which I performed on the 25th of August, before a numerous and brilliant court. Its success far surpassed my expectations. My predilection for the *G* string dates from this period.”

In the summer of 1808, Paganini obtained leave to travel, and quitted Lucca, never more to return. As the sister of Napoleon had become Grand Duchess of Tuscany, she fixed her residence at Florence, with all her court, and where the great artist retained his position. He went to Leghorn, where, seven years previously, he had met with so much success. He has related, with much humor, a series of tribulations which happened to him upon the occasion of his first concert there. “A nail,” he said, “had run into my heel, and I came on limping, at which the audience laughed. At the moment I was about to commence my concerto, the candles of my desk fell out. (Another laugh.) At the end of the first few bars of the solo, my first string broke, which increased the hilarity of the audience; but I played the piece on the three strings—the grins quickly changed into acclamations of applause.” This broken string frequently occurred afterward; and Paganini has been accused of using it as a means of success, having previously practiced upon the three strings, pieces which appear to require the use of the first string.

From Leghorn he went to Turin, where Paganini was first attacked with the bowel complaint, which subsequently so debilitated his health, as frequently to cause long interruptions to his travels, and his series of concerts.

Being at Milan in the spring of 1813, he witnessed, at the theatre of *La Scala*, the ballet of *Il nocce di Benevento* (the Drowned One of Benevento). It was from this ballet Paganini took the theme of his celebrated variations, *le Streghe* (the Witches), from the air being that to which witches appeared. Here he was again seized

with a return of his former malady, and several months elapsed before he could appear in public. It was only on the 29th of October following, he was enabled to give his first concert, exciting a sensation which the journals of Italy and Germany made known to the whole world.

In the month of October, 1814, he went to Bologna, when he saw Rossini for the first time, and commenced a friendship which became strengthened at Rome in 1817, and at Paris in 1831.

In the year 1817, he arrived at Rome, and found Rossini there busy in producing his *Cenerentola*. Several concerts he gave here during the Carnival excited the greatest enthusiasm. From this time, Paganini formed the project of leaving Italy to visit the principal cities in Germany and France; and in the year 1819, he arrived at Naples. It is a very remarkable circumstance, that he appeared here in a manner unworthy of his great name; for, instead of giving his first concerts at St. Carlo, he modestly commenced at the theatre of the *Fondo*.

On his arrival at Naples, Paganini found several artists indisposed toward him. They doubted the reality of the prodigies attributed to him, and awaited a failure. To put his talent to the test, the young composer, Danna, was engaged, recently from the Conservatory, to write a quartett, containing every species of difficulty, convinced that the great violinist would not vanquish them. He was, therefore, invited to a musical re-union, where the piece was immediately given to him to play at first sight. Understanding the snare that was laid for him, he merely glanced at it, and played it as if he had been familiar with it. Amazed and confounded at what they had heard, the highest approbation was awarded to him, and he was proclaimed a miracle.

It was during this sojourn at Naples that Paganini met with one of the most singular adventures of his extraordinary life. An alarming relapse of his malady took place; and, satisfied that any current of air was injurious to him, he took an apartment in the part of the town called *Petrajo* under Saint Elme; but meeting here that which he most sought to avoid, and his health daily becoming worse, it was reported that he was consumptive. At Naples, the opinion prevails that consumption is contagious. His landlord, alarmed at having in his house one who was supposed to be dying of this malady, had the inhumanity to turn him into the street, with all he possessed. Fortunately, the violoncellist, Ciandelli, the friend of Paganini, happened to be passing, and, incensed at the act of cruelty he was witness to, and which might have proved fatal to the great artist, belabored the barbarian unmercifully with a stick he carried, and then had his friend conveyed to a comfortable lodging, where every attention was paid to him.

Between 1820 and 1828, he visited Milan, Rome, Naples, and Trieste, and on the 2d of March, 1828, he proceeded to Vienna.

On the 29th of March, the first concert of this artist threw the Viennese population into an indescribable paroxysm of enthusiasm. "The first note he played on his Guarneri (says M. Schilling, in his poetical style, in his *Lexique Universel de Musique*)—indeed, from his first step into the room—his reputation was decided in Germany. The Vienna journals were unlimited in hyperbolic expressions of admiration; and all admitted his performance to be incomparable. Verses appeared in every publication—medals were struck—the name of Paganini engrossing all; and, as M. Schottky remarks, *every thing was à la Paganini*. Cooks designated certain productions after him; and any extraordinary stroke of billiards was compared to a bow movement of the artist. His portrait appeared on snuff-boxes and cigar-cases; his bust surmounted the walking-sticks of the fashionable men. After a concert given for the benefit of the poor, the magistrate of Vienna presented to Paganini the large gold medal of St. Salvator, and the emperor conferred upon him the title of virtuoso of his private band.

After an uninterrupted series of triumphs, during three years, the celebrated artist arrived at Paris, and gave his first concert at the Opera, the 9th of March, 1831. His studies for the violin, which had been published there for some time—a species of enigma which had perplexed every violinist—the European fame of the artist—his travels and triumphs—raised the curiosity of the artists and the public. It were impossible to describe the enthusiasm his first concert created—it was universal frenzy. The same enthusiasm prevailed during his entire stay in Paris.

Toward the middle of May he left this city and proceeded to London—where he was expected with the utmost impatience, but not with that artistic and perceptive interest with which he had been received at Paris.

After an absence of six years, Paganini again set foot on his native soil. The wealth he had amassed in his European tour, placed him in a position of great independence; and among the various properties he purchased, was a charming country-house in the environs of Parma, called *la Villa Gajona*—here he decided on residing.

In 1836, speculators induced him to lend the aid of his name and talent for establishing a casino, of which music was the pretext, but gambling the real object. This establishment, which was situate in the most fashionable locality of Paris, was opened with considerable splendor at the end of November, 1837, under the name of *Casino Paganini*; but the government refused to authorize its opening as a gambling-house, and the speculators were reduced to give concerts, which far exceeded the expenses of the undertaking. The declension of his health was manifest, and his wasted strength precluded the possibility of his playing at the casino. A lawsuit was commenced against him,

which he lost ; and the judges, without having heard his defense, condemned him to pay 50,000*f.* to the creditors of the speculation, and he was deprived of his liberty until that amount was paid.

When this decision was pronounced, Paganini was dying—his malady, which was phthisis of the larynx, had increased since the commencement of 1839. The medical men advised him to proceed to Marseilles, the climate of which they considered favorable to his health. He followed this advice, and traveled by slow stages to the southern extremity. Despite his extreme weakness, he went to hear a requiem, by Cherubini, for male voices ; finally, on the 21st of June, he attended in one of the churches at Marseilles, to take part in a solemn mass, by Beethoven. However, the love of change, inherent in all valetudinarians, induced him to return to Genoa by sea, fully impressed the voyage would recruit his health. Vain hope ! In the commencement of October of the same year, he wrote from his native city to M. Galafre, a painter, an esteemed friend : “*Being in much worse health than I was at Marseilles, I have resolved on passing the winter at Nice.*” Nice was destined to be his last abode. The progress of his malady was rapid—his voice became almost extinct, and dreadful fits of coughing, which daily became more frequent, and, finally, reduced him to a shadow. The sinking of his features, a certain token of approaching death, was visible in his face. An Italian writer has furnished us with a most touching description of his last moments, in the following terms :

“On the last night of his existence, he appeared unusually tranquil—he had slept a little : when he awoke, he requested that the curtains of his bed should be drawn aside to contemplate the moon, which, at its full, was advancing calmly in the immensity of the pure heavens. At this solemn hour, he seemed desirous to return to Nature all the soft sensations which he was then possessed of ; stretching forth his hand toward his enchanted violin—to the faithful companion of his travels—to the magician which had robbed care of its stings—he sent to heaven, with its last sounds, the last sigh of a life which had been all melody.”

The great artist expired on the 27th of May, 1840, at the age of 56, leaving to his only son, Achille, an immense fortune, and the title of Baron, which had been conceded him in Germany. All had not ended with the man whose life was as extraordinary as his talent. Whether from the effect of certain popular rumors, or whether from Paganini having died without receiving the last rites of his church, he had left doubts of his faith ; his remains were refused interment in consecrated ground by the bishop of Nice. Vainly did his friends solicit permission to celebrate a solemn service for his eternal rest ; the bishop remained inexorable, but proffered an authentic act of decease, with permission to remove the body wheresoever they pleased. This was not accepted, and the mat-

ter was brought before the tribunals. All this time, the body was remaining in one of the rooms of the hospital at Nice ; it was afterward removed by sea from the lazaretto of Villa Franca, near that city, to a country spot named *Polcevera*, near Genoa, which belonged to the inheritance of the illustrious artist. At length, the friends of the deceased obtained permission from the bishop of Parma to bring the body into the Duchy, to remove it to the *Villa Gajona*, and to inter it in the village church. This funeral homage was rendered to the remains of this celebrated man, in the month of May, 1845, but without pomp, in conformity with the orders which had emanated from the government.

By his will, made on the 27th of April, 1837, and opened the 1st of June, 1840, Paganini left to his son, legitimized by deeds of law, a fortune estimated at two millions (£80,000 sterling), out of which two legacies were to be paid, of fifty and sixty thousand francs, to his two sisters, leaving to the mother of his son, Achille, an annuity of 1,200 francs. Independently of his wealth, Paganini possessed a collection of valuable instruments ; his large *Guarneri*, the only instrument which accompanied him in his travels, he bequeathed to the town of Genoa, not being desirous that an artist should possess it after him.

NUMBER NINETEEN IN OUR STREET.

NUMBER Nineteen in our street is a gloomy house, with a blistered door and a cavernous step ; with a hungry area and a desolate frontage. The windows are like prison-slits, only a trifle darker, and a good deal dirtier ; and the kitchen-offices might stand proxies for the Black Hole of Calcutta, barring the company and the warmth. For as to company, black beetles, mice, and red ants, are all that are ever seen of animated nature there, and the thermometer rarely stands above freezing-point. Number Nineteen is a lodging-house, kept by a poor old maid, whose only friend is her cat, and whose only heirs will be the parish. With the outward world, excepting such as slowly filter through the rusty opening of the blistered door, Miss Rebecca Spong has long ceased to have dealings. She hangs a certain piece of cardboard, with “*Lodgings to Let,*” printed in school-girl print, unconscious of straight lines, across it ; and this act of public notification, coupled with anxious peepings over the blinds of the parlor front, is all the intercourse which she and the world of men hold together. Every now and then, indeed, a mangy cab may be seen driving up to her worn-out step ; and dingy individuals, of the kind who travel about with small square boxes, covered with marbled paper, and secured with knotted cords of different sizes, may be witnessed taking possession of Nineteen, in a melancholy and mysterious way. But even these visitations, unsatisfactory as most lodging-house keepers would consider them, are few and far between ; for somehow the people who come and go never seem to have any friends or re-

lations whereby Miss Spong may improve her "connection." You never see the postman stop at that desolate door; you never hear a visitor's knock on that rusty lion's head; no unnecessary traffic of social life ever takes place behind those dusty blinds; it might be the home of a select party of Trappists, or the favorite hiding-place of coiners, for all the sunshine of external humanity that is suffered to enter those interior recesses. If a murder had been committed in every room, from the attics to the cellar, a heavier spell of solitude and desolation could not rest on its floors.

One dreary afternoon in November, a cab stopped at Number Nineteen. It was a railway cab, less worn and ghastly than those vehicles in general, but not bringing much evidence of gayety or wealth for all that. Its inmates were a widow and a boy of about fifteen; and all the possessions they had with them were contained in one trunk of very moderate dimensions, a cage with a canary-bird twittering inside, some pots of flowers, and a little white rabbit, one of the comical "lop-eared" kind. There was something very touching in these evidences of the fresh country life which they had left for the dull atmosphere and steaming fogs of the metropolis. They told a sad tale of old associations broken, and old loves forsworn; of days of comfort and prosperity exchanged for the dreariness of poverty; and freedom, love, and happiness, all snapped asunder for the leaden chain of suffering to be forged instead. One could not help thinking of all those two hapless people must have gone through before they could have summoned courage to leave their own dear village, where they had lived so many years in that local honorableness of the clergyman's family; throwing themselves out of the society which knew and loved them, that they might enter a harsh world, where they must make their own position, and earn their own living, unaided by sympathy, honor, or affection. They looked as if they themselves thought something of this, too, when they took possession of the desolate second floor; and the widow sat down near her son, and taking his hand in hers, gave vent to a flood of tears, which ended by unmaning the boy as well. And then they shut up the window carefully, and nothing more was seen of them that night.

Mrs. Lawson, the widow, was a mild, lady-like person, whose face bore the marks of recent affliction, and whose whole appearance and manners were those of a loving, gentle, unenergetic, and helpless woman, whom sorrow could well crush beyond all power of resistance. The boy was a tall, thin youth, with a hectic flush and a hollow cough, eyes bright and restless, and as manifestly nervous as his mother was the reverse in temperament—anxious and restless, and continually taxing his strength beyond its power, making himself seriously ill in his endeavors to save his beloved mother some small trouble. They seemed to be very tenderly attached one to the other, and to supply to each all that was

wanting in each: the mother's gentleness soothing down her boy's excitability, and the boy's nervousness rousing the mother to exertion. They were interesting people—so lonely, apparently so unfit to "rough it," in the world; the mother so gentle in temper, and the son so frail in constitution—two people who ought to have been protected from all ill and all cares, yet who had such a bitter cup to empty, such a harsh fate to fulfill.

They were very poor. The mother used to go out with a small basket on her arm, which could hold but scanty supplies for two full-grown people. Yet this was the only store they had; for no baker, no butcher, no milkman, grocer, or poulterer, ever stopped at the area gate of Miss Rebecca Spong; no purveyor of higher grade than a cat's-meat-man was ever seen to hand provisions into the depths of Number Nineteen's darkness. The old maid herself was poor; and she, too, used to do her marketing on the basket principle; carrying home, generally at night, odd scraps from the open stalls in Tottenham Court Road, which she had picked up as bargains, and dividing equally between herself and her fagged servant-of-all-work the wretched meal which would not have been too ample for one. She therefore could not help her lodgers, and they all scrambled on over the desolate places of poverty as they best might. In general, tea, sugar, bread, a little rice, a little coffee as a change, a scrap of butter which no cow that ever yielded milk would have acknowledged—these were the usual items of Mrs. Lawson's marketing, on which she and her young son were to be nourished. And on such poor fare as this was that pale boy expected to become a hearty man? The mother could not, did not expect it. Else why were the tears in her eyes so often as she returned? and why did she hang over her son, and caress him fondly, as if in deprecation, when she brought him his wretched meal, seeming to lament, to blame herself, too, that she had not been able to provide him any thing better? Poor things! poor things!

Mrs. Lawson seemed at last to get some employment. She had been seeking for it long—to judge by her frequent absences from home, and the weary look of disappointment she wore when she returned. But at last the opening was found, and she set to work in earnest. She used to go out early in the morning, and not return until late in the evening, and then she looked pale and tired, as one whose energies had been overtasked all the day; but she had found no gold-mine. The scanty meals were even scantier than before, and her shabby mourning was getting shabbier and duller. She was evidently hard-worked for very little pay; and their condition was not improved, only sustained by her exertions. Things seemed to be very bad with them altogether, and with little hope of amendment; for poor Mrs. Lawson had been "brought up as a lady," and so was doubly incapable—by education as well as by temperament—of gaining her own living. She was now employed as

daily governess in the family of a city tradesman—people, who though they were kindly-natured enough, had as much as they could do in keeping their own fortunes afloat without giving any substantial aid to others, and who had therefore engaged her at the lowest possible salary, such as was barely sufficient to keep her and her son from absolute want.

The boy had long been very busy. He used to sit by the window all the day, earnestly employed with paper and scissors; and I wondered what fascinating occupation he had found to chain him for so many hours by those chinks and draughts; for he was usually enveloped in shawls, and blankets were hung about his chair, and every tender precaution taken that he should not increase his sickness by exposure even to the ordinary changes in the temperature of a dwelling-room. But now, in spite of his terrible cough, in spite of his hurried breathing, he used to sit for hours on hours by the dusky window, cutting and cutting at that eternal paper, as if his very life depended on his task. But he used to gather up the cuttings carefully, and hide all out of sight before his mother came home—sometimes nearly caught before quite prepared, when he used to show as much trepidation as if committing a crime.

This went on for some time, and at last he went out. It was fortunately a fine day—a clear, cold, January day; but he had no sooner breathed the brisk frosty air than a terrible fit of coughing seemed to threaten his frail existence. He did not turn back though; and I watched him slowly pass down the street, holding on by the rails, and every now and then stopping to take breath. I saw a policeman speak to him in a grave, compassionating way, as if—seeing that he was so young and feeble, and so much a stranger, that he was asking his way to Oxford-street, while going in a totally contrary direction—he was advising him to go home, and to let some one else do his business—his father perhaps; but the boy only smiled, and shook his head in a hopeful way; and so he went from my sight, though not from my thoughts.

This continued daily, sometimes Herbert bringing home a small quantity of money, sometimes only disappointment; and these were terrible trials! At last, the mother was made acquainted with her son's new mode of life, by the treasured 5s. which the poor boy thrust into her hand one evening, with a strange shy pride that brought all the blood into his face, while he kissed her with impetuosity to smother her reproaches. She asked him how he had got so much money—so much! and then he told her how, self-taught, he had learned to cut out figures—dogs and landscapes—in colored paper, which he had taken to the bazaars and stationers' shops, and there disposed of—for a mere trifle truly. "For this kind of thing is not fashionable, mother, though I think the Queen likes them," he said; "and of course, if not fashionable, I could not get very much for them." So he contented himself, and

consoled her, for the small payment of sixpence or a shilling, which perhaps was all he could earn by three or four days' work.

The mother gently blamed him for his imprudence in exposing himself as he had done to the wet and cold—and, alas! these had told sadly on his weakened frame; but Herbert was so happy to-night, that she could not damp his pleasure, even for maternal love; so she reserved the lecture which *must* be given until to-morrow. And then his out-door expeditions were peremptorily forbidden; and Miss Spong was called up to strengthen the prohibition—which she did effectually by offering, in her little, quick, nervous way, to take Herbert's cuttings to the shops herself, and thus to spare him the necessity of doing so. Poor Mrs. Lawson went up to the little woman, and kissed her cheek like a sister, as she spoke; while Miss Spong, so utterly unused as she had been for years to the smallest demonstration of affection, looked at first bewildered and aghast, and finally sank down on the chair in a childish fit of crying. I can not say how much the sight of that poor little old maid's tears affected me! They seemed to speak of such long years of heart-loneliness—such loving impulses strangled by the chill hand of solitude—such weary familiarity with that deadness of life wherein no sympathy is bestowed, no love awakened—that I felt as one witnessing a dead man recalled to life, after all that made life pleasant had fled. What a sorrowful house that Number Nineteen was! From the desolate servant-of-all-work at her first place from the Foundling, to the half-starved German in the attics, every inmate of the house seemed to have nothing but the bitter bread of affliction to eat—nothing but the salt waters of despair to drink.

And now began another epoch in the Lawson history, which shed a sad but most beautiful light over the fading day of that young life.

A girl of about fourteen—she might have been a year or so younger—was once sent from one of the stationer's shops to conclude some bargain with the sick paper-cutter. I saw her slender figure bound up the desolate steps with the light tread of youth, as if she had been a divine being entering the home of human sorrow. She was one of those saintly children who are sometimes seen blooming like white roses, unstained by time or by contact. Her hair hung down her neck in long, loose curls, among which the sunlight seemed to have fairly lost itself, they were so golden bright; her eyes were large, and of that deep, dark gray which is so much more beautiful, because so much more intellectual, than any other color eyes can take; her lips were fresh and youthful; and her figure had all that girlish grace of fourteen which combines the unconscious innocence of the child with the exquisite modesty of the maiden. She soon became the daily visitor of the Lawsons—pupil to Herbert.

The paper-cutting was not wholly laid aside though; in the early morning, and in the even-

ing, and often late into the night, the thin, wan fingers were busy about their task; but the middle of the day was snatched like an hour of sleep in the midst of pain—garnered up like a fountain of sweet waters in the wilderness; for then it was that little Jessie came for her Latin lesson, which she used to learn so well, and take such pleasure in, and be doubly diligent about, because poor Herbert Lawson was ill, and vexation would do him harm. Does it seem strange that a stationer's daughter should be so lovely, and should learn Latin? And there those two children used to sit for three dear hours of the day; she, leaning over her book, her sweet young face bent on her task with a look of earnest intellectuality in it, that made her like some sainted maid of olden time; and he watching her every movement, and listening to every syllable, with a rapt interest such as only very early youth can feel. How happy he used to look! How his face would lighten up, as if an angel's wing had swept over it, when the two gentle taps at the door heralded young Jessie! How his boyish reverence, mixed with boyish care, gave his wasted features an expression almost unearthly, as he hung over her so protectingly, so tenderly, so adoringly! It was so different from a man's love! There was something so exquisitely pure and spiritual in it—something so reverential and so chivalrous—it would have been almost a sin to have had that love grow out into a man's strong passion! The flowers she brought him—and seldom did a day pass without a fresh supply of violets, and, when the weather was warmer, of primroses and cowslips, from her gentle hand—all these were cherished more than gold would have been cherished; the books she lent him were never from his side; if she touched one of the paltry ornaments on the chimney-piece, that ornament was transferred to his own private table; and the chair she used was always kept apart, and sacred to her return.

It was very beautiful to watch all these manifestations: for I did watch them, first from my own window, then in the house, in the midst of the lonely family, comforting when I could not aid, and sharing in the griefs I could not lessen. Under the new influence, the boy gained such loveliness and spiritualism, that his face had an angelic character, which, though it made young Jessie feel a strange kind of loving awe for the sick boy, betokened to me, and to his mother, that his end was not far off.

He was now too weak to sit up, excepting for a small part of the day; and I feared that he would soon become too weak to teach, even in his gentle way, and with such a gentle pupil. But the Latin exercises still held their place; the books lying on the sofa instead of on the table, and Jessie sitting by him on a stool, where he could overlook her as she read: this was all the change; unless, indeed, that Jessie read aloud more than formerly, and not always out of a Latin book. Sometimes it was poetry, and sometimes it was the Bible that she read to him; and then he used to stop her, and pour forth

such eloquent, such rapturous remarks on what he had heard, that Jessie used to sit and watch him like a young angel holding converse with a spirit. She was beginning to love him very deeply in her innocent, girlish, unconscious way; and I used to see her bounding step grow sad and heavy as, day by day, her brother-like tutor seemed to be sinking from earth so fast.

Thus passed the winter, poor Mrs. Lawson toiling painfully at her task, and Herbert falling into death in his; but with such happiness in his heart as made his sufferings divine delights, and his weakness, the holy strength of heaven.

He could do but little at his paper-cutting now, but still he persevered; and his toil was well repaid, too, when he gave his mother the scanty payment which he received at the end of the week, and felt that he had done his best—that he had helped her forward—that he was no longer an idler supported by her sorrow—but that he had braced the burden of labor on to his own shoulders also, weak as they were, and had taken his place, though dying, among the manful workers of the world. Jessie brought a small weekly contribution also, neatly sealed up in fair white paper; and of these crumpled scraps Herbert used to cut angels and cherubs' heads, which he would sit and look at for hours together; and then he would pray as if in a trance—so earnest and heartfelt was it—while tears of love, not grief, would stream down his face, as his lips moved in blessings on that young maiden child.

It came at last. He had fought against it long and bravely; but death is a hard adversary, and can not be withstood, even by the strongest. It came, stealing over him like an evening cloud over a star—leaving him still beautiful, while blotting out his light—softening and purifying, while slowly obliterating his place. Day by day, his weakness increased; day by day, his pale hands grew paler, and his hollow cheek more wan. But the love in his boy's heart hung about his sick bed as flowers that have an eternal fragrance from their birth.

Jessie was ever a daily visitor, though no longer now a scholar; and her presence had all the effect of religion on the boy—he was so calm, and still, and holy, while she was there. When she was gone, he was sometimes restless, though never peevish; but he would get nervous, and unable to fix his mind on any thing, his sick head turning incessantly to the window, as if vainly watching for a shadowy hope, and his thin fingers plucking ceaselessly at his bed-clothes, in restless, weary, unsoothed sorrow. While she sat by him, her voice sounding like low music in his ears, and her hands wandering about him in a thousand offices of gentle comforting, he was like a child sinking softly to sleep—a soul striving upward to its home, beckoned on by the hands of the holier sister before it.

And thus he died—in the bright spring-time of the year, in the bright spring-time of his life. Love had been the cradle song of his infancy, love was the requiem of his youth. His was no

romantic fable, no heroic epic; adventures, passions, fame, made up none of its incidents; it was simply the history of a boy's manful struggling against fate—of the quiet heroism of endurance, compensated by inward satisfaction, if not by actual happiness.

True, his career was in the low-lying paths of humanity; but it was none the less beautiful and pure, for it is not deeds, it is their spirit, which makes men noble, or leaves them stained. Had Herbert Lawson been a warrior, statesman, hero, philosopher, he would have shown no other nature than that which gladdened the heart of his widowed mother, and proved a life's instruction to Jessie Hamilton, in his small deeds of love and untaught words of faith in the solitude of that lodging-house. Brave, pure, noble then, his sphere only would have been enlarged, and with his sphere the weight and power of his character; but the spirit would have been the same, and in the dying child it was as beautiful as it would have been in the renowned philosopher.

We have given this simple story—simple in all its bearings—as an instance of how much real heroism is daily enacted, how much true morality daily cherished, under the most unfavorable conditions. A widow and her young son cast on the world without sufficient means of living—a brave boy battling against poverty and sickness combined, and doing his small endeavor with manful constancy—a dying youth, whose whole soul is penetrated with love, as with a divine song; all these are elements of true human interest, and these are circumstances to be found in every street of a crowded city. And to such as these is the divine mission of brotherly charity required; for though poverty may not be relieved by reason of our inability, suffering may always be lightened by our sympathy. It takes but a word of love, a glance of pity, a gentle kiss of affection—it takes but an hour of our day, a prayer at night, and we may walk through the sick world and the sorrowful as angels dropping balm and comfort on the wounded. The cup of such human love as this poured freely out will prove in truth “twice blessed,” returning back to our hearts the peace we have shed on others. Alas! alas! how thick the harvest and how few the reapers!

GOSSIP ABOUT GREAT MEN.

ONE can not help taking an interest in great men. Even their pettiest foibles—their most ordinary actions—their by-play—their jokes—are eagerly commemorated. Their haunts—their homes—the apartments in which they have studied—their style of dress—and, above all, their familiar conversation, are treasured up in books, and fascinate all readers. Trifles help to decipher the character of a man, often more than his greatest actions. What is a man's daily life—his private conversations—his familiar deportment? These, though they make but a small figure in his history, are often the most characteristic and genuine things in a man's life.

With what interest do we think of blind, glorious John Milton, when writing *Paradise Lost*, sitting at “the old organ behind the faded green hangings,” his dimmed eyes rolling in vain to find the day; of Richardson, in his back-shop, writing *Pamela*; of Cowper and his tame hares; of Byron and Newstead Abbey; of Burns, in his humble cottage home; of Voltaire, in his retreat of Ferney, by the shores of Lake Lemman; of Sir Walter Scott, in his study at Abbotsford; of Dr. Johnson, in his retreat in Bolt Court; of Shakespeare, and the woods of Charlecote; of Pope, and his house at Twickenham; of Swift, and his living at Laracor. We are never tired of reading of such things, identified as they are with genius, and consecrated by their association with the names of great men.

We take an interest in even smaller things. Everybody remembers Goldsmith's bloom-colored coat; George Fox's “leathern hull;” Milton's garb of coarse gray; Magliabecchi's great brown vest down to his knees, his broad-brimmed hat, and patched black mantle, and his cravat full of snuff-droppings; Pope's velvet cap, *tye-wig*, and sword; and Buffon, with his hair in curl-papers while sitting at his desk. We curiously remember Oliver Cromwell's warts; Wilks's squaw; Scott's limp; Byron's club-foot; Pope's little crooked figure, like a note of interrogation; Johnson's rotundity and rheum; Charles Lamb's spindle-shanks in gaiters; and all manner of personal peculiarities of distinguished men.

The appetites, tastes, idiosyncracies, prejudices, foibles, and follies of great men, are well known. Perhaps we think too much of them; but we take interest in all that concerns them, even the pettiest details. It is often these that give an interest to their written life. What were Boswell's *Johnson*, that best of biographies, were it wanting in its gossip and small talk?

An interesting chapter might be written about the weaknesses of great men. For instance, they have been very notorious for their strange fits of abstraction. The anecdote of Archimedes will be remembered, who rushed through the streets of Syracuse *al fresco*, crying *Eureka!* and at the taking of the city was killed by a soldier, while tracing geometrical lines on sand. Socrates, when filled with some idea, would stand for hours fixed like a statue. It is recorded of him that he stood amidst the soldiers in the camp at Potidea, in rooted abstraction, listening to his “prophetic or supernatural voice.” Democritus shut himself up for days together in a little apartment in his garden. Dante was subject to fits of abstraction, in which he often quite forgot himself. One day, he found an interesting book, which he had long sought for, in a druggist's shop at Sienna, and sat reading there till night came on.

Bude, whom Erasmus called the wonder of France, was a thoroughly absent man. One day his domestics broke into his study with the intelligence that his house was on fire. “Go inform my wife,” said he; “you know I do not interfere in household affairs!” Scaliger only slept

for a few hours at a time, and passed whole days without thinking of food. Sully, when his mind was occupied with plans of reform, displayed extraordinary fits of forgetfulness. One day, in winter, when on his way to church, he observed, "How very cold it is to-day!" "Not more cold than usual," said one of his attendants. "Then I must have the ague," said Sully. "Is it not more probable that you are too scantily dressed?" he was asked. On lifting his tunic the secret was at once discovered. He had forgotten all his under clothing but his breeches!

Mrs. Bray tells a somewhat familiar story of the painter Stothard. When invited on one occasion to dine with the poet Rogers, on reaching the house in St. James's Place, he complained of cold, and, chancing to place his hand on his neck, he found he had forgotten to put on his cravat, when he hastily returned home to complete his attire.

Buffon was very fond of dress. He assumed the air of the grand signeur; sported jewels and finery; wore rich lace and velvets; and was curled and scented to excess—wearing his hair *en papillotte* while at his studies. Pope, too, was a little dandy in a bag-wig and a sword; and his crooked figure enveloped in fashionable garments, gave him the look of an over-dressed monkey. Voltaire, also, was fond of magnificent attire, and usually dressed in an absurd manner. Diderot once traveled from St. Petersburg to Paris in his morning-gown and nightcap; and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works, he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the air when he had struck out a happy idea. One day, a friend found him in tears—"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Diderot, "at a story that I have just composed!"

Young, the poet, composed his *Night Thoughts* with a skull before him, in which he would sometimes place a lighted candle; and he occasionally sought his sepulchral inspiration by wandering among the tombs at midnight. Mrs. Radcliffe courted the horrors with which she filled her gloomy romances, by supping on half-raw beef-steaks, plentifully garnished with onions. Dryden used to take physic before setting himself to compose a new piece. Kant, the German philosopher, while lecturing, had the habit of fixing his attention upon one of his auditors who wore a garment without a button in a particular place. One day, the student had the button sewed on. Kant, on commencing his lecture, fixed his eyes on the usual place. The button was there! Fancy the consternation of the philosopher, whose ideas had become associated with that buttonless garment. His lecture that day was detestable: he was quite unhinged by the circumstance.

Too many authors have been fond of the bottle. Rabelais said, "Eating and drinking are my true sources of inspiration. See this bottle! It

is my true and only Helicon, my cabalistic fountain, my sole enthusiasm. Drinking, I deliberate; and deliberating, I drink." Ennius, Eschylus, and Cato, all got their inspiration while drinking. Mezerai had always a large bottle of wine beside him, among his books. He drank of it at each page that he wrote. He turned the night into day; and never composed except by lamplight, even in the day time. All his windows were darkened; and it was no unusual thing for him to show a friend to the door with a lamp, though outside it was broad daylight! On the contrary, Varillas, the historian, never wrote except at full mid-day. His ideas, he imagined, grew and declined with the sun's light.

Sir William Blackstone is said to have composed his *Commentaries* with a bottle of wine on the table, from which he drank largely at intervals: and Addison, while composing, used to pace to and fro the long drawing-room of Holland House, with a glass of sherry at each end, and rewarded himself by drinking one in case of a felicitous inspiration.

While Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, he kept drinking at Madeira, "to drown care," for the duns were upon him. When Johnson called to relieve him, he sent away the bottle, and took the manuscript to the bookseller, bringing back some money to the author. Goldsmith's first use of the money was, to call in the landlady to have a glass of punch with him. Goldie was guilty of very strange tricks. He once broke his shin by exhibiting to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than puppets.

The intemperance of poets is but too painfully illustrated in the lives of Parnell, Otway, Sheffield, Savage, Churchill, Prior, Dryden, Cowley, Burns, Coleridge, Lamb, and others. There is nothing more painful in Burns's letters, than those in which he confesses his contrition after his drunken bouts, and vows amendment for the future. His letter to Mrs. Dunlop on this subject will be remembered. Lamb, too, in a letter to Mr. Carey, painted *next morning* in vivid terrors. Byron says—

Get very drunk; and when

You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

Here is Lamb's graphic picture: "I protest," said he, to Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante; "I know not in what words to invest my sense of the shameful violation of hospitality which I was guilty of on that fatal Wednesday. Let it be blotted from the calendar. Had it been committed at a layman's house—say a merchant's, or a manufacturer's, or a cheesemonger's, or a greengrocer's—or, to go higher, a barrister's, a member of parliament's, a rich banker's, I should have felt alleviation—a drop of self-pity. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman, drunk! With feverish eyes on the succeeding dawn, I opened upon the faint light, enough to distinguish, in a strange chamber, not immediately to be recognized, garters, hose, waistcoat, neckerchief, arranged in dreadful order and proportion, which I knew

was not mine own! 'Tis the common symptom, on awaking, I judge my last night's condition from. A tolerable scattering on the floor I hail as being too probably my own, and if the candlestick be not removed, I assail myself. But this finical arrangement—this finding every thing in the morning in exact diametrical rectitude, torments me. By whom was I divested? burning blushes! not by the fair hand of nymphs—the Buffian graces! Remote whispers suggested that I *coached* it home in triumph. Far be that from waking pride in me, for I was unconscious of the locomotion. That a young Newton accompanied a reprobate old Telemachus; that, Trojan-like, he bore his charge upon his shoulders, while the wretched incubus, in glimmering sense, hiccoughed drunken snatches of flying on the bat's wings after sunset. Occasion led me through Great Russell-street, yesterday: I gazed at the great knocker. My feeble hands in vain essayed to lift it. I dreaded that Argus Portitor, who doubtless lanterned me out on that prodigious night. I called the Elginian marbles; they were cold to my suit. I shall never again, I said, on the wide gates unfolding, say, without fear of thrusting back, in a light but a peremptory air, 'I am going to Mr. Cary's.'"

Lamb was also a great smoker at one period of his life. But he determined to give it up, as he found it led to drinking—to "drinking egg-flip hot, at the Salutation"—so he wrote his "Farewell to Tobacco," and gave it up—returning to it again, but finally abandoning it. In a letter to Wordsworth, he said: "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years; and you know how difficult it is from refraining to pick one's lips even, when it has become a habit. I have had it in my head to write this poem [Farewell to Tobacco] these two years; but tobacco stood in its own light, when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises."

Once, in the height of Lamb's smoking fever, he was puffing the smoke of strong, coarse tobacco from a clay pipe, in the company of Dr. Parr, who whiffed only the finest weed, when the latter, addressing Lamb, asked: "Dear me, sir, how is it that you have acquired so prodigious a smoking power?" "I have acquired it," answered Lamb, "by toiling after it, as some men toil after virtue."

It was from frequenting the society of Dr. Parr, that Robert Hall, the famous preacher, when at Cambridge, acquired the habit of smoking. He smoked in self-defense. Some one asked him why he had commenced such an odious habit. "Oh," said Hall, "I am qualifying myself for the society of a Doctor of Divinity; and this (holding up the pipe) is the test of my admission." A friend found him busy with his pipe one day, blowing huge clouds of smoke. "Ah," said the new comer, "I find you again at your old idol." "Yes," said Hall, "*burning it!*" But his friends were anxious that he should give up the practice, and one of

them presented him with Adam Clarke's pamphlet on *The Use and Abuse of Tobacco*, to read. He read the pamphlet, and returned it to the lender saying, as if to preclude discussion—"Thank you, sir, for Adam Clarke's pamphlet. I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking."

Among other smokers of distinction, may be named the poet Milton, whose night-cap was a pipe of tobacco and a glass of pure water. But he was exceedingly moderate in the indulgence of this "vice." Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced the use of this weed into England; smoked frequently; and the anecdote of his servant, who emptied a bucket of water on him, thinking he was on fire, because he saw the smoke issuing from his mouth, is very well known. Many other poets and literary men have smoked. Carlyle, at this day, blows a tremendous cloud.

Southey's indulgence at bed-time, was a glass of hot rum punch, enriched with a little black current jelly. Byron wrote under the influence of gin and water. Coleridge took immoderate quantities of opium. Gluck, the musical composer, wrote with a bottle of Champagne beside him—Sacchini, when his wife was by his side, and his numerous cats gamboling about him.

Other authors have found relaxation in other ways. Thus Daguesseau, when he wanted relaxation from the study of jurisprudence and history, betook himself to a pair of compasses and a book of mathematics. Richelieu amused himself by playing with cats, and studying their tricks. Cowper had his tame hares. Sir Walter Scott was always attended by his favorite dogs. Professor Wilson, at this day, is famous for his terriers.

Alfieri, like Luther and Milton, found the greatest solace and inspiration in music. "Nothing," said he, "so moves my heart, and soul, and intellect, and rouses my very faculties, like music—and especially the music of woman's voice. Almost all my tragedies have been conceived under the immediate emotion caused by music." Voltaire took pleasure in the Opera, (not so Thomas Carlyle, as you may have seen), and there dictated some of his most brilliant letters.

But the foibles of men of genius are endless; and would be a curious subject for some Disraeli, in a future volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*, to depict at length, if the subject be indeed worth the required amount of pains and labor.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

BOOK XII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"AGAIN," quoth my father—"Again behold us! We who greeted the commencement of your narrative, who absented ourselves in the mid course, when we could but obstruct the current of events, and jostle personages more important—we now gather round the close. Still, as the chorus to the drama, we circle round the

* Continued from the September Number.

altar with the solemn but dubious chant which prepares the audience for the completion of the appointed destinies; though still, ourselves, unaware how the skein is to be unraveled, and where the shears are to descend."

So there they stood, the Family of Caxton—all grouping round me—all eager officiously to question—some over-anxious prematurely to criticise.

"Violante can't have voluntarily gone off with that horrid Count," said my mother; "but perhaps she was deceived, like Eugenia by Mr. Belamy, in the novel of 'CAMILLA.'"

"Ha!" said my father, "and in that case it is time yet to steal a hint from Clarissa Harlowe, and make Violante die less of a broken heart than a sullied honor. She is one of those girls who ought to be killed! *Ostendent omnia letum*—all things about her forebode an early tomb!"

"Dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Caxton, "I hope not—poor thing!"

"Pooh, brother," said the Captain, "we have had enough of the tomb in the history of poor Nora. The whole story grows out of a grave, and to a grave it must return:—if, Pisistratus, you must kill somebody, kill Levy."

"Or the Count," said my mother, with unusual truculence.

"Or Randal Leslie," said Squills. "I should like to have a *post-mortem* cast of his head—it would be an instructive study."

Here there was a general confusion of tongues, all present conspiring to bewilder the unfortunate author with their various and discordant counsels how to wind up his story and dispose of his characters.

"Silence!" cried Pisistratus, clapping his hands to both ears. "I can no more alter the fate allotted to each of the personages whom you honor with your interest than I can change your own; like you, they must go where events lead them, urged on by their own characters and the agencies of others. Providence so pervadingly governs the universe, that you can not strike it even out of a book. The author may beget a character, but the moment the character comes into action, it escapes from his hands—plays its own part, and fulfills its own inevitable doom."

"Besides," said Mr. Squills, "it is easy to see, from the phrenological development of the organs in those several heads which Pisistratus has allowed us to examine, that we have seen no creations of mere fiction, but living persons, whose true history has set in movement their various bumps of Amativeness, Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Ideality, Wonder, Comparison, &c. They must act, and they must end, according to the influences of their crania. Thus we find in Randal Leslie the predominant organs of Constructiveness, Secretiveness, Comparison, and Eventuality—while Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Adhesiveness, are utterly *nil*. Now, to divine how such a man must end, we must first see what is the general composition of the society in which he moves—in short, what other gases are

brought into contact with his phlogiston. As to Leonard, and Harley, and Audley Egerton, surveying them phrenologically, I should say that—"

"Hush!" said my father. "Pisistratus has dipped his pen in the ink, and it seems to me easier for the wisest man that ever lived to account for what others have done, than to predict what they should do. Phrenologists discovered that Mr. Thurtell had a very fine organ of Conscientiousness, yet, somehow or other, that erring personage contrived to knock the brains out of his friend's organ of Individuality. Therefore I rise to propose a Resolution—that this meeting be adjourned till Pisistratus has completed his narrative: and we shall then have the satisfaction of knowing that it ought, according to every principle of nature, science, and art, to have been completed differently. Why should we deprive ourselves of that pleasure?"

"I second the motion," said the Captain; "but if Levy be not hanged, I shall say that there is an end of all poetical justice."

"Take care of poor Helen," said Blanche, tenderly; "not that I would have you forget Violante."

"Pish! and sit down, or they shall both die old maids."

Frightened at that threat, Blanche, with a deprecating look, drew her stool quietly near me, as if to place her two protégés in an atmosphere mesmerised to matrimonial attractions; and my mother set hard to work—at a new frock for the baby. Unsoftened by these undue female influences, Pisistratus wrote on at the dictation of the relentless Fates. His pen was of iron, and his heart was of granite. He was as insensible to the existence of wife and baby as if he had never paid a house bill, nor rushed from a nursery at the sound of an infant squall. O blessed privilege of Authorship!

"O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cyeni, si libeat, sonum!"

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to go somewhat back in the course of this narrative, and account to the reader for the disappearance of Violante.

It may be remembered that Peschiera, scared by the sudden approach of Lord L'Estrange, had little time for farther words to the young Italian, than those which expressed his intention to renew the conference, and press for her decision. But, the next day, when he re-entered the garden, secretly and stealthily as before, Violante did not appear. And after watching round the precincts till dusk, the Count retreated with an indignant conviction that his arts had failed to enlist on his side, either the heart or the imagination of his intended victim. He began now to revolve, and to discuss with Levy, the possibilities of one of those bold and violent measures, which were favored by his reckless daring, and desperate condition. But Levy treated with such just ridicule

any suggestion to abstract Violante by force from Lord Lansmere's house—so scouted the notions of nocturnal assault, with the devices of scaling windows and rope-ladders—that the Count reluctantly abandoned that romance of villany so unsuited to our sober capital, and which would no doubt have terminated in his capture by the police, with the prospect of committal to the House of Correction.

Levy himself found his invention at fault, and Randal Leslie was called into consultation. The usurer had contrived that Randal's schemes of fortune and advancement were so based upon Levy's aid and connivance, that the young man, with all his desire rather to make instruments of other men, than to be himself their instrument, found his superior intellect as completely a slave to Levy's more experienced craft, as ever subtle Genius of air was subject to the vulgar Sorcerer of earth.

His acquisition of the ancestral acres—his anticipated seat in parliament—his chance of ousting Frank from the heritage of Hazeldean—were all as strings that pulled him to and fro, like a puppet in the sleek filbert-nailed fingers of the smiling showman, who could exhibit him to the admiration of a crowd, or cast him away into dust and lumber.

Randal gnawed his lip in the sullen wrath of a man who bides his hour of future emancipation, and lent his brain to the hire of the present servitude, in mechanical acquiescence. The inherent superiority of the profound young schemer became instantly apparent over the courage of Peschiera and the practiced wit of the Baron.

"Your sister," said Randal to the former, "must be the active agent in the first and most difficult part of your enterprise. Violante can not be taken by force from Lord Lansmere's—she must be induced to leave it with her own consent. A female is needed here. Woman can best decoy woman."

"Admirably said," quoth the Count; "but Beatrice has grown restive, and though her dowry and therefore her very marriage with that excellent young Hazeldean, depend on my own alliance with my fair kinswoman, she has grown so indifferent to my success that I dare not reckon on her aid. Between you and me, though she was once very eager to be married, she now seems to shrink from the notion; and I have no other hold over her."

"Has she not seen some one, and lately, whom she prefers to poor Frank?"

"I suspect that she has; but I know not whom, unless it be that detested L'Estrange."

"Ah—well, well. Interfere with her no farther yourself, but have all in readiness to quit England, as you had before proposed, as soon as Violante be in your power."

"All is in readiness," said the Count. "Levy has agreed to purchase a famous sailing vessel of one of his clients. I have engaged a score or so of determined outcasts, accustomed to the sea—Genoese, Corsicans, Sardinians—ex-Carbonari

of the best sort—no silly patriots, but liberal cosmopolitans, who have iron at the disposal of any man's gold. I have a priest to perform the nuptial service, and deaf to any fair lady's 'No.' Once at sea, and wherever I land, Violante will lean on my arm as Countess of Peschiera."

"But Violante," said Randal, doggedly, determined not to yield to the disgust with which the Count's audacious cynicism filled even him—"but Violante can not be removed in broad daylight at once to such a vessel, nor from a quarter so populous as that in which your sister resides."

"I have thought of that too," said the Count; "my emissaries have found me a house close by the river, and safe for our purpose as the dungeons of Venice."

"I wish not to know all this," answered Randal, quickly; "you will instruct Madame di Negra where to take Violante—my task limits itself to the fair inventions that belong to intellect; what belongs to force, is not in my province. I will go at once to your sister, whom I think I can influence more effectually than you can; though later, I may give you a hint to guard against the chance of her remorse. Meanwhile as, the moment Violante disappears, suspicion would fall upon you, show yourself constantly in public surrounded by your friends. Be able to account for every hour of your time—"

"An *alibi*?" interrupted the *ci-devant* solicitor.

"Exactly so, Baron. Complete the purchase of the vessel, and let the Count man it as he proposes. I will communicate with you both as soon as I can put you into action. To-day I shall have much to do; it will be done."

As Randal left the room, Levy followed him.

"What you propose to do will be well done, no doubt," quoth the usurer, linking his arm in Randal's; "but take care that you don't get yourself into a scrape, so as to damage your character. I have great hopes of you in public life; and in public life character is necessary—that is, so far as honor is concerned."

"I damage my character! and for a Count Peschiera!" said Randal, opening his eyes. "I! What do you take me for?"

The Baron let go his hold.

"This boy ought to rise very high," said he to himself, as he turned back to the Count.

CHAPTER III.

RANDAL'S acute faculty of comprehension had long since surmised the truth that Beatrice's views and temper of mind had been strangely and suddenly altered by some such revolution as passion only can effect; that pique or disappointment had mingled with the motive which had induced her to accept the hand of his rash young kinsman; and that instead of the resigned indifference with which she might at one time have contemplated any marriage that could free her from a position that perpetually galled her pride, it was now with a repugnance, visible to Randal's keen eye, that she shrank from the performance of that pledge which Frank had so dearly bought. The temp-

tations which the Count could hold out to her, to become his accomplice in designs of which the fraud and perfidy would revolt her better nature, had ceased to be of avail. A dowry had grown valueless, since it would but hasten the nuptials from which she recoiled. Randal felt that he could not secure her aid, except by working on a passion so turbulent as to confound her judgment. Such a passion he recognized in jealousy. He had once doubted if Harley were the object of her love; yet, after all, was it not probable? He knew, at least, of no one else to suspect. If so, he had but to whisper, "Violante is your rival. Violante removed, your beauty may find its natural effect; if not, you are an Italian, and you will be at least avenged." He saw still more reason to suppose that Lord L'Estrange was indeed the one by whom he could rule Beatrice, since, the last time he had seen her, she had questioned him with much eagerness as to the family of Lord Lansmere, especially as to the female part of it. Randal had then judged it prudent to avoid speaking of Violante, and feigned ignorance; but promised to ascertain all particulars by the time he next saw the Marchesa. It was the warmth with which she had thanked him that had set his busy mind at work to conjecture the cause of her curiosity so earnestly aroused, and to ascribe that cause to jealousy. If Harley loved Violante (as Randal himself had before supposed), the little of passion that the young man admitted to himself was enlisted in aid of Peschiera's schemes. For though Randal did not love Violante, he cordially disliked L'Estrange, and would have gone as far to render that dislike vindictive, as a cold reasoner, intent upon worldly fortunes, will ever suffer mere hate to influence him.

"At the worst," thought Randal, "if it be not Harley, touch the chord of jealousy, and its vibration will direct me right."

Thus soliloquizing, he arrived at Madame di Negra's."

Now, in reality, the Marchesa's inquiries as to Lord Lansmere's family had their source in the misguided, restless, despairing interest with which she still clung to the image of the young poet, whom Randal had no reason to suspect. That interest had become yet more keen from the impatient misery she had felt ever since she had plighted herself to another. A wild hope that she might yet escape—a vague regretful thought that she had been too hasty in dismissing Leonard from her presence—that she ought rather to have courted his friendship, and contended against her unknown rival, at times drew her wayward mind wholly from the future to which she had consigned herself. And, to do her justice, though her sense of duty was so defective, and the principles which should have guided her conduct were so lost to her sight, still her feelings toward the generous Hazeldean were not so hard and blunted, but what her own ingratitude added to her torment; and it seemed as if the sole atonement she could make to him was to find an excuse to withdraw her promise, and save him from

herself. She had caused Leonard's steps to be watched; she had found that he visited at Lord Lansmere's; that he had gone there often, and staid there long. She had learned in the neighborhood that Lady Lansmere had one or two young female guests staying with her. Surely this was the attraction—here was the rival!

Randal found Beatrice in a state of mind that favored his purpose. And first turning his conversation on Harley, and noting that her countenance did not change, by little and little he drew forth her secret.

Then, said Randal, gravely, "If one whom you honor with a tender thought, visits at Lord Lansmere's house, you have, indeed, cause to fear for yourself, to hope for your brother's success in the object which has brought him to England—for a girl of surpassing beauty is a guest in Lord Lansmere's house; and I will now tell you that that girl is she whom Count Peschiera would make his bride."

As Randal thus spoke, and saw how his listener's brow darkened and her eye flashed, he felt that his accomplice was secured. Violante! Had not Leonard spoken of Violante, and with such praise? Had not his boyhood been passed under her eyes? Who but Violante could be the rival? Beatrice's abrupt exclamations after a moment's pause, revealed to Randal the advantage he had gained. And partly by rousing her jealousy into revenge—partly by flattering her love with assurances that, if Violante were fairly removed from England, were the wife of Count Peschiera—it would be impossible that Leonard could remain insensible to her own attractions—that he, Randal, would undertake to free her honorably from her engagement to Frank Hazeldean, and obtain from her brother the acquittal of the debt which had first fettered her hand to that confiding suitor—he did not quit the Marchesa until she had not only promised to do all that Randal might suggest, but impetuously urged him to mature his plans, and hasten the hour to accomplish them. Randal then walked some minutes musing and slow along the streets, revolving the next meshes in his elaborate and most subtle web. And here his craft luminously devised its master-piece.

It was necessary, during any interval that might elapse between Violante's disappearance and her departure from England, in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who might otherwise be detained), that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable; it was still more necessary that Randal himself should stand wholly clear from any surmise that he could have connived at the Count's designs, even should their actual perpetrator be discovered or conjectured. To effect these objects, Randal hastened to Norwood, and obtained an interview with Riccabocca. In seeming agitation and alarm, he informed the exile that he had reason to know that Peschiera had succeeded in obtaining a secret interview with Violante, and he feared had made

a certain favorable impression on her mind; and, speaking as if with the jealousy of a lover, he entreated Riccabocca to authorize Randal's direct proposals to Violante, and to require her consent to their immediate nuptials.

The poor Italian was confounded with the intelligence conveyed to him; and his almost superstitious fears of his brilliant enemy, conjoined with his opinion of the susceptibility to outward attractions common to all the female sex, made him not only implicitly credit, but even exaggerate, the dangers that Randal intimated. The idea of his daughter's marriage with Randal, toward which he had lately cooled, he now gratefully welcomed. But his first natural suggestion was to go, or send, for Violante, and bring her to his own house. This, however, Randal artfully opposed.

"Alas! I know," said he, "that Peschiera has discovered your retreat; and surely she would be far less safe here than where she is now!"

"But, diavolo! you say the man has seen her where she is now, in spite of all Lady Lansmere's promises and Harley's precautions."

"True. Of this Peschiera boasted to me. He effected it not, of course, openly, but in some disguise. I am sufficiently, however, in his confidence—(any man may be that with so audacious a braggart)—to deter him from renewing his attempt for some days. Meanwhile, I or yourself will have discovered some surer home than this, to which you can remove, and then will be the proper time to take back your daughter. Meanwhile, if you will send by me a letter to enjoin her to receive me as her future bridegroom, it will necessarily divert all thought at once from the Count; I shall be able to detect, by the manner in which she receives me, how far the Count has overstated the effect he pretends to have produced. You can give me also a letter to Lady Lansmere, to prevent your daughter coming hither. O, sir, do not reason with me. Have indulgence for my lover's fears. Believe that I advise for the best. Have I not the keenest interest to do so?"

Like many a man who is wise enough with pen and paper before him, and plenty of time wherewith to get up his wisdom, Riccabocca was flurried, nervous, and confused when that wisdom was called upon for any ready exertion. From the tree of knowledge he had taken grafts enough to serve for a forest; but the whole forest could not spare him a handy walking-stick. That great folio of the dead Machiavel lay useless before him—the living Machiavel of daily life stood all puissant by his side. The Sage was as supple to the Schemer as the Clairvoyant is to the Mesmerist. And the lean, slight fingers of Randal actually dictated almost the very words that Riccabocca wrote to his child and her hostess.

The philosopher would have liked to consult his wife; but he was ashamed to confess that weakness. Suddenly he remembered Harley, and

said, as Randal took up the letters which Riccabocca had indited,

"There—that will give us time; and I will send to Lord L'Estrange, and talk to him."

"My noble friend," replied Randal, mournfully, "may I intreat you not to see Lord L'Estrange until at least I have pleaded my cause to your daughter—until, indeed, she is no longer under his father's roof."

"And why?"

"Because I presume that you are sincere when you deign to receive me as a son-in-law, and because I am sure that Lord L'Estrange would hear with distaste of your disposition in my favor. Am I not right?"

Riccabocca was silent.

"And though his arguments would fail with a man of your honor and discernment, they might have more effect on the young mind of your child. Think, I beseech you, the more she is set against me, the more accessible she may be to the arts of Peschiera. Speak not, therefore, I implore you, to Lord L'Estrange till Violante has accepted my hand, or at least until she is again under your charge; otherwise take back your letter—it would be of no avail."

"Perhaps you are right. Certainly Lord L'Estrange is prejudiced against you; or rather, he thinks too much of what I have been—too little of what I am."

"Who can see you, and not do so? I pardon him." After kissing the hand which the exile modestly sought to withdraw from that act of homage, Randal pocketed the letters; and, as if struggling with emotion, rushed from the house.

Now, O curious reader, if thou wilt heedfully observe to what uses Randal Leslie put these letters—what speedy and direct results he drew forth from devices which would seem to an honest, simple understanding the most roundabout, wire-drawn wastes of invention—I almost fear that in thine admiration for his cleverness, thou mayest half forget thy contempt for his knavery.

But when the head is very full, it does not do to have the heart very empty; there is such a thing as being topheavy!

CHAPTER IV.

HELEN and Violante had been conversing together, and Helen had obeyed her guardian's injunction, and spoken, though briefly, of her positive engagement to Harley. However much Violante had been prepared for the confidence, however clearly she had divined that engagement, however before persuaded that the dream of her childhood was fled forever, still the positive truth, coming from Helen's own lips, was attended with that anguish which proves how impossible it is to *prepare* the human heart for the final verdict which slays its future. She did not, however, betray her emotion to Ellen's artless eyes: sorrow, deep-seated, is seldom self-betrayed. But, after a little while, she crept away; and, forgetful of Peschiera, of all things that could threaten danger (what danger could harm

her more !), she glided from the house, and went her desolate way under the leafless wintry trees. Ever and anon she paused—ever and anon she murmured the same words : “ If she loved him, I could be consoled ; but she does not ! or how could she have spoken to me so calmly ! how could her very looks have been so sad ! Heartless—heartless ! ”

Then there came on her a vehement resentment against poor Helen, that almost took the character of scorn or hate—its excess startled herself. “ Am I grown so mean ? ” she said ; and tears, that humbled her, rushed to her eyes. “ Can so short a time alter one thus ? Impossible ! ”

Randal Leslie rang at the front gate, inquired for Violante, and, catching sight of her form as he walked toward the house, advanced boldly and openly. His voice startled her as she leant against one of the dreary trees, still muttering to herself—*forlorn*. “ I have a letter to you from your father, Signorina,” said Randal. “ But, before I give it to your hands, some explanation is necessary. Condescend, then, to hear me.” Violante shook her head impatiently, and stretched forth her hand for the letter. Randal observed her countenance with his keen, cold, searching eye ; but he still withheld the letter, and continued, after a pause :

“ I know that you were born to princely fortunes ; and the excuse for my addressing you now is, that your birthright is lost to you, at least, unless you can consent to a union with the man who has despoiled you of your heritage—a union which your father would deem dishonor to yourself and him. Signorina, I might have presumed to love you ; but I should not have named that love, had your father not encouraged me by his assent to my suit.”

Violante turned to the speaker her face eloquent with haughty surprise. Randal met the gaze unmoved. He continued, without warmth, and in the tone of one who reasons calmly, rather than of one who feels acutely :

“ The man of whom I spoke is in pursuit of you. I have cause to believe that this person has already intruded himself upon you. Ah ! your countenance owns it ; you have seen *Peschiera* ? This house is, then, less safe than your father deemed it. No house is safe for you but a husband’s. I offer to you my name—it is a gentleman’s ; my fortune, which is small ; the participation in my hopes of the future, which are large. I place now your father’s letter in your hand, and await your answer.” Randal bowed slightly, gave the letter to Violante, and retired a few paces.

It was not his object to conciliate Violante’s affection, but rather to excite her repugnance, or, at least, her terror—we must wait to discover why ; so he stood apart, seemingly in a kind of self-confident indifference, while the girl read the following letter :

“ My child, receive with favor Mr. Leslie. He has my consent to address you as a suitor. Cir-

cumstances, of which it is needless now to inform you, render it essential to my very peace and happiness that your marriage should be immediate. In a word, I have given my promise to Mr. Leslie, and I confidently leave it to the daughter of my house to redeem the pledge of her anxious and tender father.”

The letter dropped from Violante’s hand. Randal approached, and restored it to her. Their eyes met. Violante recoiled.

“ I can not marry you,” said she, passively.

“ Indeed ? ” answered Randal, drily. “ Is it because you can not love me ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I did not expect that you would, and I still persist in my suit. I have promised to your father that I would not recede before your first unconsidered refusal.”

“ I will go to my father at once.”

“ Does he request you to do so in his letter ? Look again. Pardon me, but he foresaw your impetuosity ; and I have another note for Lady Lansinere, in which he begs her ladyship not to sanction your return to him (should you so wish) until he come or send for you himself. He will do so whenever your word has redeemed his own.”

“ And do you dare to talk to me thus, and yet pretend to love me ? ”

Randal smiled ironically.

“ I pretend but to wed you. Love is a subject on which I might have spoken formerly, or *may* speak hereafter. I give you some little time to consider. When I next call, it will be to fix the day for our wedding.”

“ Never ! ”

“ You will be, then, the first daughter of your house who disobeyed a father ; and you will have this additional crime, that you disobeyed him in his sorrow, his exile, and his fall.”

Violante wrung her hands.

“ Is there no choice—no escape ? ”

“ I see none for either. Listen to me. I might have loved you, it is true ; but it is not for my happiness to marry one who dislikes me, nor for my ambition to connect myself with one whose poverty is greater than my own. I marry but to keep my plighted faith with your father, and to save you from a villain you would hate more than myself, and from whom no walls are a barrier, no laws a defense. One person, indeed, might, perhaps, have preserved you from the misery you seem to anticipate with me ; that person might defeat the plans of your father’s foe—effect, it might be, terms which could revoke his banishment, and restore his honors ; that person is—”

“ Lord L’Estrange ? ”

“ Lord L’Estrange ! ” repeated Randal, sharply, and watching her pale parted lips and her changing color ; “ Lord L’Estrange ! What could he do ? Why did you name him ? ”

Violante turned aside. “ He saved my father once,” said she, feelingly.

“ And has interfered, and trifled, and promised, Heaven knows what, ever since—yet to what

end? Pooh! The person I speak of your father would not consent to see—would not believe if he saw her; yet she is generous, noble—could sympathize with you both. She is the sister of your father's enemy—the Marchesa di Negra. I am convinced that she has great influence with her brother—that she has known enough of his secrets to awe him into renouncing all designs on yourself; but it is idle now to speak of her."

"No, no," exclaimed Violante. "Tell me where she lives—I will see her."

"Pardon me, I can not obey you; and, indeed, her own pride is now aroused by your father's unfortunate prejudices against her. It is too late to count upon her aid. You turn from me—my presence is unwelcome. I rid you of it now. But welcome or unwelcome, later you must endure it—and for life."

Randal again bowed with formal ceremony, walked toward the house, and asked for Lady Lansmere. The Countess was at home. Randal delivered Riccabocca's note, which was very short, implying that he feared Peschiera had discovered his retreat—and requesting Lady Lansmere to retain Violante, whatever her own desire, till her ladyship heard from him again.

The Countess read, and her lip curled in disdain. "Strange!" said she, half to herself.

"Strange!" said Randal, "that a man like your correspondent should fear one like the Count di Peschiera. Is that it?"

"Sir," said the Countess, a little surprised—"strange that any man should fear another in a country like ours!"

"I don't know," said Randal, with his low, soft laugh; "I fear many men, and I know many who ought to fear me; yet at every turn of the street one meets a policeman!"

"Yes," said Lady Lansmere. "But to suppose that this profligate foreigner could carry away a girl like Violante, against her will—a man she has never seen, and whom she must have been taught to hate!"

"Be on your guard, nevertheless, I pray you, madam: where there's a will there's a way."

Randal took his leave, and returned to Madame di Negra's. He staid with her an hour, revisited the Count, and then strolled to Limmer's.

"Randal," said the Squire, who looked pale and worn, but who scorned to confess the weakness with which he still grieved and yearned for his rebellious son: "Randal, you have nothing now to do in London; can you come and stay with me, and take to farming? I remember that you showed a good deal of sound knowledge about thin sowing."

"My dear sir, I will come to you as soon as the general election is over."

"What the deuce have you got to do with the general election?"

"Mr. Egerton has some wish that I should enter Parliament; indeed, negotiations for that purpose are now on foot."

The Squire shook his head. "I don't like my half-brother's politics."

"I shall be quite independent of them," cried Randal, loftily; "that independence is the condition for which I stipulate."

"Glad to hear it; and if you do come into Parliament, I hope you'll not turn your back on the land?"

"Turn my back on the land!" cried Randal, with devout horror. "Oh, sir, I am not so unnatural!"

"That's the right way to put it," quoth the credulous Squire; "it is unnatural! It is turning one's back on one's own mother! The land is a mother—"

"To those who live by her, certainly—a mother," said Randal, gravely. "And though, indeed, my father starves by her rather than lives, and Rood Hall is not like Hazeldean, still—I—"

"Hold your tongue," interrupted the Squire; "I want to talk to you. Your grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Her picture is in the drawing-room at Rood. People think me very like her!"

"Indeed!" said the Squire. "The Hazeldeans are generally inclined to be stout and rosy, which you are certainly not. But no fault of yours. We are all as Heaven made us! However, to the point. I am going to alter my will—(said with a choking gulp.) This is the rough draft for the lawyers to work upon."

"Pray—pray, sir, do not speak to me on such a subject. I can not bear to contemplate even the possibility of—of—"

"My death! Ha, ha! Nonsense. My own son calculated on the date of it by the insurance tables. Ha, ha, ha. A very fashionable son—Eh! Ha, ha!"

"Poor Frank, do not let him suffer for a momentary forgetfulness of right feeling. When he comes to be married to that foreign lady, and be a father himself, he—"

"Father himself!" burst forth the Squire. "Father to a swarm of sallow-faced Popish tadpoles! No foreign frogs shall hop about my grave in Hazeldean church-yard. No, no. But you need not look so reproachful—I am not going to disinherit Frank."

"Of course not," said Randal, with a bitter curve in the lip that rebelled against the joyous smile which he sought to impose on it.

"No—I shall leave him the life-interest in the greater part of the property; but if he marry a foreigner, her children will not succeed—you will stand after him in that case. But—(now, don't interrupt me)—but Frank looks as if he would live longer than you—so small thanks to me for my good intentions, you may say. I mean to do more for you than a mere barren place in the entail. What do you say to marrying?"

"Just as you please," said Randal, meekly.

"Good! There's Miss Stick-to-rights disengaged—great heiress. Her lands run on to Rood. At one time I thought of her for that graceless puppy of mine. But I can manage more easily to make up the match for you. There's a mortgage on the property; Old Stick-to-rights would

be very glad to pay it off. I'll pay it out of the Hazeldean estate, and give up the Right of Way into the bargain. You understand. So come down as soon as you can, and court the young lady yourself."

Randal expressed his thanks with much grateful eloquence; and he then delicately insinuated, that if the Squire ever did mean to bestow upon him any pecuniary favors (always without injury to Frank), it would gratify him more to win back some portions of the old estate of Rood, than to have all the acres of the Stick-to-rights, however free from any other encumbrance than the amiable heiress.

The Squire listened to Randal with benignant attention. This wish the country gentleman could well understand and sympathize with. He promised to inquire into the matter, and to see what could be done with old Thornhill.

Randal here let out that Mr. Thornhill was about to dispose of a large slice of the ancient Leslie estate through Levy, and that he, Randal, could thus get it at a more moderate price than would be natural if Mr. Thornhill knew that his neighbor the Squire would bid for the purchase.

"Better say nothing about it either to Levy or Thornhill."

"Right," said the Squire; "no proprietor likes to sell to another proprietor, in the same shire, as largely aced as himself; it spoils the balance of power. See to the business yourself; and if I can help you with the purchase—(after that boy is married—I can attend to nothing before)—why, I will."

Randal now went to Egerton's. The statesman was in his parlor, settling the accounts of his house-steward, and giving brief orders for the reduction of his establishment to that of an ordinary private gentleman.

"I may go abroad if I lose my election," said Egerton, condescending to assign to his servant a reason for his economy; "and if I do not lose it, still, now I am out of office, I shall live much in private."

"Do I disturb you, sir?" said Randal, entering.

"No—I have just done." The house-steward withdrew, much surprised and disgusted, and meditating the resignation of his own office—in order, not like Egerton, to save, but to spend. The house-steward had private dealings with Baron Levy, and was in fact the veritable X. Y. of the *Times*, for whom Dick Avenel had been mistaken. He invested his wages and perquisites in the discount of bills; and it was part of his own money that had (though unknown to himself) swelled the last £5000 which Egerton had borrowed from Levy.

"I have settled with our committee; and, with Lord Lansmere's consent," said Egerton, briefly, "you will stand for the borough as we proposed, in conjunction with myself. And should any accident happen to me—that is, should I vacate this seat from any cause, you may succeed to it—very shortly perhaps. Ingratiate yourself with the electors, and speak at the public-

houses for both of us. I shall stand on my dignity, and leave the work of the election to you. No thanks—you know how I hate thanks. Good-night."

"I never stood so near to fortune and to power," said Randal, as he slowly undressed. "And I owe it but to knowledge—knowledge of men—life—of all that books can teach us."

So his slight thin fingers dropped the extinguisher on the candle, and the prosperous Schemer laid himself down to rest in the dark. Shutters closed, curtains down—never was rest more quiet, never was room more dark!

That evening Harley had dined at his father's. He spoke much to Helen—scarcely at all to Violante. But it so happened that when later, and a little while before he took his leave, Helen, at his request, was playing a favorite air of his; Lady Lansmere, who had been seated between him and Violante, left the room, and Violante turned quickly toward Harley.

"Do you know the Marchesa di Negra?" she asked, in a hurried voice.

"A little. Why do you ask?"

"That is my secret," answered Violante, trying to smile, with her old frank, childlike archness. "But, tell me, do you think better of her than of her brother?"

"Certainly. I believe her heart to be good, and that she is not without generous qualities."

"Can you not induce my father to see her? Would you not counsel him to do so?"

"Any wish of yours is a law to me," answered Harley, gallantly. "You wish your father to see her? I will try and persuade him to do so. Now, in return, confide to me your secret. What is your object?"

"Leave to return to my Italy. I care not for honors—for rank; and even my father has ceased to regret their loss. But the land, the native land—Oh, to see it once more! Oh, to die there!"

"Die! You children have so lately left heaven, that ye talk as if ye could return there, without passing through the gates of sorrow, infirmity, and age! But I thought you were content with England. Why so eager to leave it? Violante, you are unkind to us!—to Helen, who already loves you so well!"

As Harley spoke, Helen rose from the piano, and, approaching Violante, placed her hand caressingly on the Italian's shoulder. Violante shivered, and shrunk away. The eyes both of Harley and Helen followed her. Harley's eyes were very grave and thoughtful.

"Is she not changed—your friend?" said he, looking down.

"Yes, lately—much changed. I fear there is something on her mind—I know not what."

"Ah!" muttered Harley, "it may be so; but at your age and hers, nothing rests on the mind long. Observe, I say the mind—the heart is more tenacious."

Helen sighed softly, but deeply.

"And therefore," continued Harley, half to himself, "we can detect when something is on

the mind—some care, some fear, some trouble. But when the heart closes over its own more passionate sorrow, who can discover! who conjecture! Yet you at least, my pure, candid Helen—you might subject mind and heart alike to the fabled window of glass."

"O, no!" cried Helen involuntarily.

"O, yes! Do not let me think that you have one secret I may not know, or one sorrow I may not share. For, in our relationship—that would be deceit."

He pressed her hand with more than usual tenderness as he spoke, and shortly afterward left the house.

And all that night Helen felt like a guilty thing—more wretched even than Violante.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY the next morning, while Violante was still in her room, a letter addressed to her came by the Post. The direction was in a strange hand. She opened it, and read in Italian what is thus translated:

"I would gladly see you, but I can not call openly at the house in which you live. Perhaps I may have it in my power to arrange family dissensions—to repair any wrongs your father may have sustained. Perhaps I may be enabled to render yourself an essential service. But for all this, it is necessary that we should meet, and confer frankly. Meanwhile time presses—delay is forbidden. Will you meet me, an hour after noon, in the lane, just outside the private gate of your gardens. I shall be alone; and you can not fear to meet one of your own sex, and a kinswoman. Ah, I so desire to see you! Come, I beseech you.

BEATRICE."

Violante read, and her decision was taken. She was naturally fearless, and there was little that she would not have braved for the chance of serving her father. And now all peril seemed slight in comparison with that which awaited her in Randal's suit, backed by her father's approval. Randal had said that Madame di Negra alone could aid her in escape from himself. Harley had said that Madame di Negra had generous qualities; and who but Madame di Negra would write herself a kinswoman, and sign herself "Beatrice?"

A little before the appointed hour, she stole unobserved through the trees, opened the little gate, and found herself in the quiet solitary lane. In a few minutes, a female figure came up, with a quick light step; and, throwing aside her vail, said, with a sort of wild, suppressed energy, "It is you! I was truly told. Beautiful!—beautiful! And, oh! what youth and what bloom!"

The voice dropped mournfully; and Violante, surprised by the tone, and blushing under the praise, remained a moment silent; then she said, with some hesitation—

"You are, I presume, the Marchesa di Negra? And I have heard of you enough to induce me to trust you."

"Of me! From whom?" asked Beatrice, almost fiercely.

"From Mr. Leslie, and—and—"

"Go on—why falter?"

"From Lord L'Estrange."

"From no one else?"

"Not that I remember."

Beatrice sighed heavily, and let fall her vail. Some foot-passengers now came up the lane; and seeing two ladies, of mien so remarkable, turned round, and gazed curiously.

"We can not talk here," said Beatrice impatiently; "and I have so much to say—so much to know. Trust me yet more; it is for yourself I speak. My carriage waits yonder. Come home with me—I will not detain you an hour; and I will bring you back."

This proposition startled Violante. She retreated toward the gate, with a gesture of dissent. Beatrice laid her hand on the girl's arm, and again lifting her vail, gazed at her with a look, half of scorn, half of admiration.

"I, too, would once have recoiled from one step beyond the formal line by which the world divides liberty from woman. Now—see how bold I am. Child, child, do not trifle with your destiny. You may never again have the same occasion offered to you. It is not only to meet you that I am here; I must know something of you—something of your heart. Why shrink?—is not the heart pure?"

Violante made no answer; but her smile, so sweet and so lofty, humbled the questioner it rebuked.

"I may restore to Italy your father," said Beatrice, with an altered voice. "Come!"

Violante approached, but still hesitatingly.

"Not by union with your brother?"

"You dread that so much, then?"

"Dread it? No! Why should I dread what is in my power to reject. But if you can really restore my father, and by nobler means, you may save me for—"

Violante stopped abruptly; the Marchesa's eyes sparkled.

"Save you for—ah! I can guess what you leave unsaid. But come, come—more strangers—see; you shall tell me all at my own house. And if you can make one sacrifice, why, I will save you all else. Come, or farewell forever!"

Violante placed her hand in Beatrice's, with a frank confidence that brought the accusing blood into the Marchesa's cheek.

"We are women both," said Violante; "we descend from the same noble house; we have knelt alike to the same Virgin Mother; why should I not believe and trust you?"

"Why not?" muttered Beatrice feebly; and she moved on, with her head bowed on her breast, and all the pride of her step was gone.

They reached a carriage that stood by the angle of the road. Beatrice spake a word apart to the driver, who was an Italian, in the pay of the Count; the man nodded, and opened the carriage door. The ladies entered. Beatrice pulled down

the blinds; the man remounted his box, and drove on rapidly.

Beatrice, leaning back, groaned aloud. Violante drew nearer to her side. "Are you in pain?" said she, with her tender, melodious voice; "or can I serve you as you would serve me?"

"Child, give me your hand, and be silent while I look at you. Was I ever so fair as this? Never! And what deeps—what deeps roll between her and me!"

She said this as of some one absent, and again sank into silence; but continued still to gaze on Violante, whose eyes, veiled by their long fringes, drooped beneath the gaze.

Suddenly Beatrice started, exclaiming, "No, it shall not be!" and placed her hand on the check-string.

"What shall not be?" asked Violante, surprised by the cry and the action. Beatrice paused—her breast heaved visibly under her dress.

"Stay," she said, slowly. "As you say, we are both women of the same noble house; you would reject the suit of my brother, yet you have seen him; his the form to please the eye—his the arts that allure the fancy. He offers to you rank, wealth, your father's pardon and recall. If I could remove the objections which your father entertains—prove that the Count has less wronged him than he deems, would you still reject the rank, and the wealth, and the hand of Giulio Franzini?"

"Oh, yes, yes, were his hand a king's!"

"Still, then, as woman to woman—both, as you say, akin, and sprung from the same lineage—still, then, answer me—answer me, for you speak to one who has loved—Is it not that you love another? Speak."

"I do not know. Nay, not love—it was a romance; it is a thing impossible. Do not question—I can not answer." And the broken words were choked by sudden tears.

Beatrice's face grew hard and pitiless. Again she lowered her vail, and withdrew her hand from the check-string; but the coachman had felt the touch, and halted. "Drive on," said Beatrice, "as you were directed."

Both were now long silent—Violante with great difficulty recovering from her emotion, Beatrice breathing hard, and her arms folded firmly across her breast.

Meanwhile the carriage had entered London—it passed the quarter in which Madame di Negra's house was situated—it rolled fast over a bridge—it whirled through a broad thoroughfare, then through defiles of lanes, with tall, blank, dreary houses on either side. On it went, and on, till Violante suddenly took alarm. "Do you live so far?" she said, drawing up the blind, and gazing in dismay on the strange ignoble suburb. "I shall be missed already. Oh, let us turn back, I beseech you."

"We are nearly there now. The driver has taken this road in order to avoid those streets in which we might have been seen together—perhaps by my brother himself. Listen to me, and

talk of—of the lover whom you rightly associate with a vain romance. 'Impossible'—yes, it is impossible!"

Violante clasped her hands before her eyes, and bowed down her head. "Why are you so cruel?" said she. "This is not what you promised! How are you to serve my father—how restore him to his country? This is what you promised."

"If you consent to one sacrifice, I will fulfill that promise. We are arrived."

The carriage stopped before a tall dull house, divided from other houses by a high wall that appeared to inclose a yard, and standing at the end of a narrow lane, which was bounded on the one side by the Thames. In that quarter the river was crowded with gloomy, dark-looking vessels and craft, all lying lifeless under the wintry sky.

The driver dismounted and rang the bell. Two swarthy Italian faces presented themselves at the threshold.

Beatrice descended lightly, and gave her hand to Violante. "Now, here we shall be secure," said she; "and here a few minutes may suffice to decide your fate."

As the door closed on Violante—who, now waking to suspicion, to alarm, looked fearfully round the dark and dismal hall—Beatrice turned: "Let the carriage wait."

The Italian who received the order bowed and smiled; but when the two ladies had ascended the stairs, he re-opened the street-door and said to the driver, "Back to the Count, and say 'all is safe.'"

The carriage drove off. The man who had given this order barred and locked the door, and, taking with him the huge key, plunged into the mystic recesses of the basement and disappeared. The hall, thus left solitary, had the grim aspect of a prison; the strong door sheeted with iron—the rugged stone stairs, lighted by a high window grimed with the dust of years, and jealously barred—and the walls themselves abutting out rudely here and there, as if against violence even from within.

CHAPTER VI.

It was, as we have seen, without taking counsel of the faithful Jemima that the sage recluse of Norwood had yielded to his own fears, and Randal's subtle suggestions, in the concise and arbitrary letter which he had written to Violante; but at night, when church-yards give up the dead, and conjugal hearts the secrets hid by day from each other, the wise man informed his wife of the step he had taken. And Jemima then—who held English notions, very different from those which prevail in Italy, as to the right of fathers to dispose of their daughters without reference to inclination or repugnance, and who had an instinctive antipathy to Randal—so sensibly, yet so mildly, represented to the pupil of Machiavel that he had not gone exactly the right way to work, if he feared that the handsome Count

had made some impression on Violante, and if he wished her to turn with favor to the suitor he recommended—that so abrupt a command could only chill the heart, revolt the will, and even give to the audacious Peschiera some romantic attraction which he had not before possessed—as effectually to destroy Riccabocca's sleep that night. And the next day he sent Giacomo to Lady Lansmere's with a very kind letter to Violante, and a note to the hostess, praying the latter to bring his daughter to Norwood for a few hours, as he much wished to converse with both. It was on Giacomo's arrival at Knightsbridge that Violante's absence was discovered. Lady Lansmere, ever proudly careful of the world and its gossip, kept Giacomo from betraying his excitement to her servants, and stated throughout the decorous household that the young lady had informed her she was going to visit some friends that morning, and had no doubt gone through the garden-gate, since it was found open; the way was more quiet there than by the high-road, and her friends might have therefore walked to meet her by the lane. Lady Lansmere observed that her only surprise was that Violante had gone earlier than she had expected. Having said this with a composure that compelled belief, Lady Lansmere ordered the carriage, and, taking Giacomo with her, drove at once to consult her son.

Harley's quick intellect had scarcely recovered from the shock upon his emotions, before Randal Leslie was announced.

"Ah," said Lady Lansmere, "Mr. Leslie may know something. He came to her yesterday with a note from her father. Pray let him enter."

The Austrian Prince approached Harley. "I will wait in the next room," he whispered. "You may want me, if you have cause to suspect Peschiera in all this."

Lady Lansmere was pleased with the Prince's delicacy, and, glancing at Leonard, said "Perhaps you too, sir, may kindly aid us, if you would retire with the Prince. Mr. Leslie may be disinclined to speak of affairs like these, except to Harley and myself."

"True, madam; but beware of Mr. Leslie."

As the door at one end of the room closed on the Prince and Leonard, Randal entered at the other, seemingly much agitated.

"I have just been to your house, Lady Lansmere. I heard you were here; pardon me if I have followed you. I had called at Knightsbridge to see Violante—learned that she had left you. I implore you to tell me how or wherefore. I have the right to ask: her father has promised me her hand."

Harley's falcon eye had brightened up at Randal's entrance. It watched steadily the young man's face. It was clouded for a moment by his knitted brows at Randal's closing words. But he left it to Lady Lansmere to reply and explain. This the Countess did briefly.

Randal clasped his hands. "And she not gone to her father's? Are you sure of that?"

"Her father's servant has just come from Norwood."

"Oh, I am to blame for this! It is my rash suit—her fear of it—her aversion. I see it all!" Randal's voice was hollow with remorse and despair. "To save her from Peschiera, her father insisted on her immediate marriage with myself. His orders were too abrupt, my own wooing too unwelcome. I know her high spirit; she has fled to escape from me. But whither, if not to Norwood?—oh, whither? What other friends has she—what relations?"

"You throw a new light on this mystery," said Lady Lansmere: "perhaps she may have gone to her father's after all, and the servant may have crossed, but missed her on the way. I will drive to Norwood at once."

"Do so—do; but if she be not there, be careful not to alarm Riccabocca with the news of her disappearance. Caution Giacomo not to do so. He would only suspect Peschiera, and be hurried to some act of violence."

"Do not you, then, suspect Peschiera, Mr. Leslie?" asked Harley suddenly.

"Ha! is it possible? Yet, no. I called on him this morning with Frank Hazeldean, who is to marry his sister. I was with him till I went on to Knightsbridge, at the very time of Violante's disappearance. He could not then have been a party to it."

"You saw Violante yesterday. Did you speak to her of Madame di Negra?" asked Harley, suddenly recalling the questions respecting the Marchesa which Violante had addressed to him.

In spite of himself, Randal felt that he changed countenance. "Of Madame di Negra? I do not think so. Yet I might. Oh, yes, I remember now. She asked me the Marchesa's address; I would not give it."

"The address is easily found. Can she have gone to the Marchesa's house?"

"I will run there and see," cried Randal, starting up.

"And I with you. Stay, my dear mother. Proceed, as you propose, to Norwood, and take Mr. Leslie's advice. Spare our friend the news of his daughter's loss—if lost she be—till she is restored to him. He can be of no use meanwhile. Let Giacomo rest here; I may want him."

Harley then passed into the next room, and entreated the Prince and Leonard to await his return, and allow Giacomo to stay in the same room.

He then went quickly back to Randal. Whatever might be his fears or emotions, Harley felt that he had need of all his coolness of judgment and presence of mind. The occasion made abrupt demand upon powers which had slept since boyhood, but which now woke with a vigor that would have made even Randal tremble, could he have detected the wit, the courage, the electric energies, masked under that tranquil self-possession. Lord L'Estrange and Randal soon reached the Marchesa's house, and learned that she had been out since morning in one of Count Peschiera's

carriages. Randal stole an alarmed glance at Harley's face. Harley did not seem to notice it.

"Now, Mr. Leslie, what do you advise next?"

"I am at a loss. Ah, perhaps, afraid of her father—knowing how despotic is his belief in paternal rights, and how tenacious he is of his word once passed, as it has been to me, she may have resolved to take refuge in the country—perhaps at the Casino, or at Mrs. Dale's, or Mrs. Hazeldean's. I will hasten to inquire at the coach-office. Meanwhile, you—"

"Never mind me, Mr. Leslie. Do as you please. But, if your surmises be just, you must have been a very rude wooer to the high-born lady you aspired to win."

"Not so; but perhaps an unwelcome one. If she has indeed fled from me, need I say that my suit will be withdrawn at once? I am not a selfish lover, Lord L'Estrange."

"Nor I a vindictive man. Yet, could I discover who has conspired against this lady, a guest under my father's roof, I would crush him into the mire as easily as I set my foot upon this glove. Good-day to you, Mr. Leslie."

Randal stood still for a few moments as Harley strided on; then his lip sneered as it muttered—"Insolent! He loves her. Well, I am avenged already."

CHAPTER VII.

HARLEY went straight to Peschiera's hotel. He was told that the Count had walked out with Mr. Frank Hazeldean and some other gentlemen who had breakfasted with him. He had left word, in case any one called, that he had gone to Tattersall's to look at some horses that were for sale. To Tattersall's went Harley. The Count was in the yard leaning against a pillar, and surrounded by fashionable friends. Lord L'Estrange paused, and, with a heroic effort at self-mastery, repressed his rage. "I may lose all if I show that I suspect him; and yet I must insult and fight him rather than leave his movements free. Ah, is that young Hazeldean? A thought strikes me!" Frank was standing apart from the group round the Count, and looking very absent and very sad. Harley touched him on the shoulder, and drew him aside unobserved by the Count.

"Mr. Hazeldean, your uncle Egerton is my dearest friend. Will you be a friend to me? I want you."

"My lord—"

"Follow me. Do not let Count Peschiera see us talking together."

Harley quitted the yard, and entered St. James's Park by the little gate close by. In a very few words he informed Frank of Violante's disappearance, and of his reasons for suspecting the Count. Frank's first sentiment was that of indignant disbelief that the brother of Beatrice could be so vile; but as he gradually called to mind the cynical and corrupt vein of the Count's familiar conversation—the hints to Peschiera's prejudice

that had been dropped by Beatrice herself—and the general character for brilliant and daring profligacy which even the admirers of the Count ascribed to him—Frank was compelled to reluctant acquiescence in Harley's suspicions; and he said, with an earnest gravity very rare to him—"Believe me, Lord L'Estrange, if I can assist you in defeating a base and mercenary design against this poor young lady, you have but to show me how. One thing is clear—Peschiera was not personally engaged in this abduction, since I have been with him all day; and—now I think of it—I begin to hope that you wrong him; for he has invited a large party of us to make an excursion with him to Boulogne next week, in order to try his yacht; which he could scarcely do, if—"

"Yacht, at this time of the year! a man who habitually resides at Vienna—a yacht!"

"Spendquick sells it a bargain on account of the time of year and other reasons; and the Count proposes to spend next summer in cruising about the Ionian Isles. He has some property on those Isles, which he has never yet visited."

"How long is it since he bought this yacht?"

"Why, I am not sure that it is already bought—that is, paid for. Levy was to meet Spendquick this very morning to arrange the matter. Spendquick complains that Levy screws him."

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean, you are guiding me through the maze. Where shall I find Lord Spendquick?"

"At this hour, probably, in bed. Here is his card."

"Thanks. And where lies the vessel?"

"It was off Blackwall the other day. I went to see it—'The Flying Dutchman'—a fine vessel, and carries guns."

"Enough. Now, heed me. There can be no immediate danger to Violante, so long as Peschiera does not meet her—so long as we know his movements. You are about to marry his sister. Avail yourself of that privilege to keep close by his side. Refuse to be shaken off. Make what excuses for the present your invention suggests. I will give you an excuse. Be anxious and uneasy to know where you can find Madame di Negra."

"Madame di Negra?" cried Frank. "What of her? Is she not in Curzon-street?"

"No; she has gone out in one of the Count's carriages. In all probability the driver of that carriage, or some servant in attendance on it, will come to the Count in the course of the day; and, in order to get rid of you, the Count will tell you to see this servant, and ascertain yourself that his sister is safe. Pretend to believe what the man says, but make him come to your lodgings on pretense of writing there a letter for the Marchesa. Once at your lodgings, and he will be safe; for I shall see that the officers of justice secure him. The moment he is there, send an express for me to my hotel."

"But," said Frank, a little bewildered, "if I go to my lodging, how can I watch the Count?"

"It will not then be necessary. Only get him

to accompany you to your lodgings, and part with him at the door."

"Stop, stop—you can not suspect Madame di Negra of connivance in a scheme so infamous. Pardon me, Lord L'Estrange; I can not act in this matter—can not even hear you, except as your foe, if you insinuate a word against the honor of the woman I love."

"Brave gentleman, your hand. It is Madame di Negra I would save, as well as my friend's young child. Think but of her, while you act as I intreat, and all will go well. I confide in you. Now, return to the Count."

Frank walked back to join Peschiera, and his brow was thoughtful, and his lips closed firmly. Harley had that gift which belongs to the genius of Action. He inspired others with the light of his own spirit and the force of his own will. Harley then hastened to Lord Spendquick, remained with that young gentleman some minutes, then repaired to his hotel, where Leonard, the Prince, and Giacomo still awaited him.

"Come with me, both of you. You, too, Giacomo. I must now see the police. We may then divide upon separate missions."

"Oh, my dear lord," cried Leonard, "you must have had good news. You seem cheerful and sanguine."

"Seem! Nay, I *am* so! If I once paused to despond—even to doubt—I should go mad. A foe to baffle, and an angel to save! Whose spirits would not rise high—whose wits would not move quick to the warm pulse of his heart?"

CHAPTER VIII.

TWILIGHT was dark in the room to which Beatrice had conducted Violante. A great change had come over Beatrice. Humble and weeping, she knelt beside Violante, hiding her face, and imploring pardon. And Violante, striving to resist the terror for which she now saw such cause as no woman-heart can defy, still sought to soothe, and still sweetly assured forgiveness.

Beatrice had learned—after quick and fierce questions, that at last compelled the answers that cleared away every doubt—that her jealousy had been groundless—that she had no rival in Violante. From that moment, the passions that had made her the tool of guilt abruptly vanished, and her conscience startled her with the magnitude of her treachery. Perhaps had Violante's heart been wholly free, or she had been of that mere commonplace, girlish character which women like Beatrice are apt to despise, the Marchesa's affection for Peschiera, and her dread of him, might have made her try to persuade her young kinswoman at least to receive the Count's visit—at least to suffer him to make his own excuses, and plead his own cause. But there had been a loftiness of spirit in which Violante had first defied the Marchesa's questions, followed by such generous, exquisite sweetness, when the girl perceived how that wild heart was stung and maddened, and such purity of mournful candor when she had overcome her own virgin bashfulness

sufficiently to undeceive the error she detected, and confess where her own affections were placed, that Beatrice bowed before her as mariner of old to some fair saint that had allayed the storm.

"I have deceived you!" she cried through her sobs; "but I will now save you at any cost. Had you been as I deemed—the rival who had despoiled all the hopes of my future life—I would, without remorse, have been the accomplice I am pledged to be. But *now*, you!—oh, you—so good and so noble—you can never be the bride of Peschiera. Nay, start not: he shall renounce his designs forever, or I will go myself to our Emperor, and expose the dark secrets of his life. Return with me quick to the home from which I ensnared you."

Beatrice's hand was on the door while she spoke. Suddenly her face fell—her lips grew white; the door was locked from without. She called—no one answered; the bell-pull in the room gave no sound; the windows were high and barred—they did not look on the river, nor the street, but on a close, gloomy, silent yard—high blank walls all around it—no one to hear the cry of distress, rang it ever so loud and sharp.

Beatrice divined that she herself had been no less ensnared than her companion; that Peschiera, distrustful of her firmness in evil, had precluded her from the power of reparation. She was in a house only tenanted by his hirelings. Not a hope to save Violante, from a fate that now appalled her, seemed to remain. Thus, in incoherent self-reproaches and frenzied tears, Beatrice knelt beside her victim, communicating more and more the terrors that she felt, as the hours rolled on, and the room darkened, till it was only by the dull lamp which gleamed through the grimy windows from the yard without, that each saw the face of the other.

Night came on; they heard a clock from some distant church strike the hours. The dim fire had long since burnt out, and the air became intensely cold. No one broke upon their solitude—not a voice was heard in the house. They felt neither cold nor hunger—they felt but the solitude and the silence, and the dread of something that was to come.

At length, about midnight, a bell rang at the street door; then there was the quick sound of steps—of sullen bolts withdrawn—of low, murmured voices. Light streamed through the chinks of the door to the apartment—the door itself opened. Two Italians bearing tapers entered, and the Count di Peschiera followed.

Beatrice sprang up, and rushed toward her brother. He placed his hand gently on her lips, and motioned to the Italians to withdraw. They placed the lights on the table, and vanished without a word.

Peschiera then, putting aside his sister, approached Violante.

"Fair kinswoman," said he, with an air of easy but resolute assurance, "there are things which no man can excuse, and no woman can pardon, unless that love, which is beyond all

laws, suggests excuse for the one, and obtains pardon for the other. In a word, I have sworn to win you, and I have had no opportunities to woo. Fear not; the worst that can befall you is to be my bride. Stand aside, my sister, stand aside."

"Giulio, no! Giulio Franzini, I stand between you and her: you shall strike me to the earth before you can touch even the hem of her robe."

"What, my sister!—you turn against me?"

"And unless you instantly retire and leave her free, I will unmask you to the Emperor."

"Too late, *mon enfant!* You will sail with us. The effects you may need for the voyage are already on board. You will be witness to our marriage, and by a holy son of the Church. Then tell the Emperor what you will."

With a light and sudden exertion of his strength, the Count put away Beatrice, and fell on his knee before Violante, who, drawn to her full height, death-like pale, but untrembling, regarded him with unutterable disdain.

"You scorn me now," said he, throwing into his features an expression of humility and admiration, "and I can not wonder at it. But, believe me, that until the scorn yield to a kinder sentiment, I will take no advantage of the power I have gained over your fate."

"Power!" said Violante, haughtily. "You have ensnared me into this house—you have gained the power of a day; but the power over my fate—no!"

"You mean that your friends have discovered your disappearance, and are on your track. Fair one, I provide against your friends, and I defy all the laws and police of England. The vessel that will bear you from these shores waits in the river hard by. Beatrice, I warn you—be still—unhand me. In that vessel will be a priest who shall join our hands, but not before you will recognize the truth, that she who flies with Giulio Peschiera must become his wife, or quit him as the disgrace of her house, and the scorn of her sex."

"Oh, villain! villain!" cried Beatrice.

"*Peste*, my sister, gentler words. You, too, would marry. I tell no tales of you. Signorina, I grieve to threaten force. Give me your hand; we must be gone."

Violante eluded the clasp that would have profaned her, and darting across the room, opened the door, and closed it hastily behind her. Beatrice clung firmly to the Count to detain him from pursuit. But just without the door, close, as if listening to what passed within, stood a man wrapped from head to foot in a large boat cloak. The ray of the lamp that beamed on the man, gleamed on the barrel of a pistol which he held in his right hand.

"Hist!" whispered the man in English; and passing his arm round her—"in this house you are in that ruffian's power; out of it, safe. Ah! I am by your side—I, Violante!"

The voice thrilled to Violante's heart. She started—looked up, but nothing was seen of the

man's face, what with the hat and cloak, save a mass of raven curls and a beard of the same hue.

The Count now threw open the door, dragging after him his sister, who still clung round him.

"Ha—that is well!" he cried to the man in Italian. "Bear the lady after me, gently; but if she attempt to cry out—why, force enough to silence her, not more. As for you, Beatrice, traitress that you are, I could strike you to the earth—but—no, this suffices." He caught his sister in his arms as he spoke, and, regardless of her cries and struggles, sprang down the stairs.

The hall was crowded with fierce swarthy men. The Count turned to one of them, and whispered; in an instant the Marchesa was seized and gagged. The Count cast a look over his shoulder; Violante was close behind, supported by the man to whom Peschiera had consigned her, and who was pointing to Beatrice, and appeared warning Violante against resistance. Violante was silent, and seemed resigned. Peschiera smiled cynically, and, preceded by some of his hirelings, who held torches, descended a few steps that led to an abrupt landing-place between the hall and the basement story. There, a small door stood open, and the river flowed close by. A boat was moored on the bank, round which grouped four men, who had the air of foreign sailors. At the appearance of Peschiera, three of these men sprang into the boat and got ready their oars. The fourth carefully readjusted a plank thrown from the boat to the wharf, and offered his arm obsequiously to Peschiera. The Count was the first to enter, and, humming a gay opera air, took his place by the helm. The two females were next lifted in, and Violante felt her hand pressed almost convulsively by the man who stood by the plank. The rest followed, and in another minute the boat bounded swiftly over the waves toward a vessel that lay several furlongs adown the river, and apart from all the meaner craft that crowded the stream. The stars struggled pale through the foggy atmosphere; not a word was heard within the boat—no sound save the regular splash of the oars. The Count paused from his lively tune, and gathering round him the ample folds of his fur pelisse, seemed absorbed in thought. Even by the imperfect light of the stars, Peschiera's face wore an air of sovereign triumph. The result had justified that careless and insolent confidence in himself and in fortune, which was the most prominent feature in the character of the man who, both bravo and gamester, had played against the world, with his rapier in one hand, and clogged dice in the other. Violante, once in a vessel filled by his own men, was irretrievably in his power. Even her father must feel grateful to learn that the captive of Peschiera had saved name and repute in becoming Peschiera's wife. Even the pride of sex in Violante herself must induce her to confirm what Peschiera, of course, intended to state, viz., that she was a willing partner in a bridegroom's schemes of flight toward the altar, rather than the poor vie-

tim of a betrayer, and receiving his hand but from his mercy. He saw his fortune secured, his success envied, his very character rehabilitated by his splendid nuptials. Ambition began to mingle with his dreams of pleasure and pomp. What post in the Court or the State too high for the aspirations of one who had evinced the most incontestable talent for active life—the talent to succeed in all that the will had undertaken? Thus mused the Count, half forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the golden future, till he was aroused by a loud hail from the vessel, and the bustle on board the boat, as the sailors caught at the rope flung forth to them. He then rose and moved toward Violante. But the man who was still in charge of her passed the Count lightly, half leading, half carrying, his passive prisoner. "Pardon, Excellency," said the man in Italian, "but the boat is crowded, and rocks so much that your aid would but disturb our footing." Before Peschiera could reply, Violante was already on the steps of the vessel, and the Count paused till, with elated smile, he saw her safely standing on the deck. Beatrice followed, and then Peschiera himself; but when the Italians in his train also thronged toward the sides of the boat, two of the sailors got before them, and let go the rope, while the other two plied their oars vigorously, and pulled back toward shore. The Italians burst into an amazed and indignant volley of execrations. "Silence," said the sailor who had stood by the plank, "we obey orders. If you are not quiet, we shall upset the boat. We can swim; Heaven and Monsignore San Giacomo pity you if you can not."

Meanwhile, as Peschiera leapt upon deck, a flood of light poured upon him from lifted torches. That light streamed full on the face and form of a man of commanding stature, whose arm was around Violante, and whose dark eyes flashed upon the Count more luminously than the torches. On one side this man stood the Austrian Prince; on the other side (a cloak, and a profusion of false dark locks, at his feet) stood Lord L'Estrange, his arms folded, and his lips curved by a smile in which the ironical humor native to the man was tempered with a calm and supreme disdain. The Count strove to speak, but his voice faltered. All around him looked ominous and hostile. He saw many Italian faces, but they scowled at him with vindictive hate; in the rear were English mariners, peering curiously over the shoulders of the foreigners, and with a broad grin on their open countenances. Suddenly, as the Count thus stood perplexed, cowering, stupefied, there burst from all the Italians, present a hoot of unutterable scorn—" *Il traditore ! il traditore !* "—(the traitor! the traitor!)

The Count was brave, and at the cry he lifted his head with a certain majesty.

At that moment Harley, raising his hand as if to silence the hoot, came forth from the group by which he had been hitherto standing, and toward him the Count advanced with a bold stride.

"What trick is this?" he said in French,

fiercely. "I divine that it is you whom I can single out for explanation and atonement."

"*Pardieu, Monsieur le Comte,*" answered Harley in the same language, which lends itself so well to polished sarcasm and high bred enmity—"let us distinguish. Explanation should come from me, I allow; but atonement I have the honor to resign to yourself. This vessel—"

"Is mine!" cried the Count. "Those men, who insult me, should be in my pay."

"The men in your pay, *Monsieur le Comte*, are on shore drinking success to your voyage. But, anxious still to procure you the gratification of being among your own countrymen, those whom I have taken into my pay are still better Italians than the pirates whose place they supply; perhaps not such good sailors; but then I have taken the liberty to add to the equipment of a vessel, which has cost me too much to risk lightly, some stout English seamen, who are mariners more practiced than even your pirates. Your grand mistake, *Monsieur le Comte*, is in thinking that the 'Flying Dutchman' is yours. With many apologies for interfering with your intention to purchase it, I beg to inform you that Lord Spendquick has kindly sold it to me. Nevertheless, *Monsieur le Comte*, for the next few weeks I place it—men and all—at your service."

Peschiera smiled scornfully

"I thank your lordship; but since I presume that I shall no longer have the traveling companion who alone could make the voyage attractive, I shall return to shore, and will simply request you to inform me at what hour you can receive the friend whom I shall depute to discuss that part of the question yet untouched, and to arrange that the atonement, whether it be due from me or yourself, may be rendered as satisfactory as you have condescended to make the explanation."

"Let not that vex you, *Monsieur le Comte*—the atonement is, in much, made already; so anxious have I been to forestall all that your nice sense of honor would induce so complete a gentleman to desire. You have ensnared a young heiress, it is true; but you see that it was only to restore her to the arms of her father. You have juggled an illustrious kinsman out of his heritage; but you have voluntarily come on board this vessel, first, to enable his highness, the Prince * * * *, of whose rank at the Austrian Court you are fully aware, to state to your Emperor that he himself has been witness of the manner in which you interpreted his Imperial Majesty's assent to your nuptials with a child of one of the first subjects in his Italian realm; and next, to commence, by a penitential excursion to the seas of the Baltic, the sentence of banishment which I have no doubt will accompany the same act that restores to the chief of your house his lands and his honors."

The Count started.

"That restoration," said the Austrian Prince, who had advanced to Harley's side, "I already guarantee. Disgrace that you are, Giulio Fran-

zini, to the nobles of the Empire, I will not leave my royal master till his hand strike your name from the roll. I have here your own letters, to prove that your kinsman was duped by yourself into the revolt which you would have headed as a Catiline, if it had not better suited your nature to betray it as a Judas. In ten days from this time, these letters will be laid before the Emperor and his Council."

"Are you satisfied *Monsieur le Comte*," said Harley, "with your atonement so far? if not, I have procured you the occasion to render it yet more complete. Before you stands the kinsman you have wronged. He knows now, that though for a while, you ruined his fortunes, you failed to sully his hearth. His heart can grant you pardon, and hereafter his hand may give you alms. Kneel then, Giulio Franzini—kneel, baffled bravo—kneel, ruined gamester—kneel, miserable out-cast—at the feet of Alphonso, Prince of Monteleone and Duke of Serrano."

The above dialogue had been in French, which only a few of the Italians present understood, and that imperfectly; but at the name with which Harley concluded his address to the Count a simultaneous cry from those Italians broke forth.

"Alphonso the Good!—Alphonso the Good! *Viva—viva—the good Duke of Serrano!*"

And, forgetful even of the Count, they crowded round the tall form of Riccabocca, striving who should first kiss his hand—the very hem of his garments.

Riccabocca's eyes overflowed. The gaunt exile seemed transfigured into another and more kingly man. An inexpressible dignity invested him. He stretched forth his arms, as if to bless his countrymen. Even that rude cry, from humble men, exiles like himself, consoled him for years of banishment and penury.

"Thanks, thanks," he continued; "thanks. Some day or other, you will all perhaps return with me to the beloved Land!"

The Austrian Prince bowed his head, as if in assent to the prayer.

"Giulio Franzini," said the Duke of Serrano—for so we may now call the threadbare recluse of the Casino—"had this last villanous design of yours been allowed by Providence, think you that there is one spot on earth on which the ravisher could have been saved from a father's arm? But now, Heaven has been more kind. In this hour let me imitate its mercy;" and with relaxing brow the Duke mildly drew near to his guilty kinsman.

From the moment the Austrian Prince had addressed him, the Count had preserved a profound silence, showing neither repentance nor shame. Gathering himself up, he had stood firm, glaring round him like one at bay. But as the Duke now approached, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "Back, pedant, back; you have not triumphed yet. And you, prating German, tell your tales to our Emperor. I shall be by his throne to answer—if, indeed, you escape

from the meeting to which I will force you by the way." He spoke, and made a rush toward the side of the vessel. But Harley's quick wit had foreseen the Count's intention, and Harley's quick eye had given the signal by which it was frustrated. Seized in the gripe of his own watchful and indignant countrymen, just as he was about to plunge into the stream, Peschiera was dragged back—pinioned down. Then the expression of his whole countenance changed; the desperate violence of the inborn gladiator broke forth. His great strength enabled him to break loose more than once, to dash more than one man to the floor of the deck; but at length, overpowered by numbers, though still struggling—all dignity, all attempt at presence of mind gone, uttering curses the most plebeian, gnashing his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, nothing seemed left of the brilliant Lothario but the coarse fury of the fierce natural man.

Than, still preserving that air and tone of exquisite imperturbable irony which might have graced the marquis of the old French regime, and which the highest comedian might have sighed to imitate in vain, Harley bowed low to the storming Count.

"*Adieu, Monsieur le Comte—adieu!* I am rejoiced to see that you are so well provided with furs. You will need them for your voyage; it is a very cold one at this time of the year. The vessel which you have honored me by entering is bound to Norway. The Italians who accompany you were sent by yourself into exile, and, in return, they now kindly promise to enliven you with their society, whenever you feel somewhat tired of your own. Conduct the Count to his cabin. Gently there, gently. *Adieu, Monsieur le Comte, adieu! et bon voyage.*"

Harley turned lightly on his heel, as Peschiera in spite of his struggles, was now fairly carried down to the cabin.

"A trick for the trickster," said L'Estrange to the Austrian Prince. "The revenge of a farce on the would-be tragedian."

"More than that—he is ruined."

"And ridiculous," quoth Harley. "I should like to see his look when they land him in Norway." Harley then passed toward the centre of the vessel, by which, hitherto partially concealed by the sailors, who were now busily occupied, stood Beatrice; Frank Hazeldean, who had first received her on entering the vessel, standing by her side; and Leonard, a little apart from the two, in quiet observation of all that had passed around him. Beatrice appeared but little to heed Frank; her dark eyes were lifted to the dim starry skies, and her lips were moving as if in prayer; yet her young lover was speaking to her in great emotion, low and rapidly.

"No, no—do not think for a moment that we suspect you, Beatrice. I will answer for your honor with my life. Oh, why will you turn from me—why will you not speak?"

"A moment later," said Beatrice softly. "Give me one moment yet." She passed slowly

and faltering toward Leonard—placed her hand that trembled, on his arm—and led him aside to the verge of the vessel. Frank, startled by her movement, made a step as if to follow, and then stopped short, and looked on, but with a clouded and doubtful countenance. Harley's smile had gone, and his eye was also watchful.

It was but a few words that Beatrice spoke—it was but by a sentence or so that Leonard answered; and then Beatrice extended her hand, which the young poet bent over, and kissed in silence. She lingered an instant; and even by the starlight, Harley noted the blush that overspread her face. The blush faded as Beatrice returned to Frank. Lord L'Estrange would have retired—she signed to him to stay.

"My lord," she said very firmly, "I can not accuse you of harshness to my sinful and unhappy brother. His offense might perhaps deserve a heavier punishment than that which you inflict with such playful scorn. But whatever his penance, contempt now, or poverty later, I feel that his sister should be by his side to share it. I am not innocent, if he be guilty; and, wreck though he be, nothing else on this dark sea of life is now left to me to cling to. Hush, my lord! I shall not leave this vessel. All that I entreat of you is, to order your men to respect my brother, since a woman will be by his side."

"But, Marchesa, this can not be; and—"

"Beatrice, Beatrice—and me!—our betrothal? Do you forget me?" cried Frank in reproachful agony.

"No, young and too noble lover; I shall remember you ever in my prayers. But listen. I have been deceived—hurried on, I might say—by others, but also, and far more, by my own mad and blinded heart—deceived, hurried on, to wrong you and to belie myself. My shame burns into me when I think that I could have inflicted on you the just anger of your family—linked you to my own ruined fortunes, my own tarnished name—my own—"

"Your own generous, loving heart!—that is all I asked!" cried Frank. "Cease, cease—that heart is mine still!"

Tears gushed from the Italian's eyes.

"Englishman, I never loved you; this heart was dead to you, and it will be dead to all else forever. Farewell! You will forget me sooner than you think for—sooner than I shall forget you—as a friend, as a brother—if brothers had natures as tender and as kind as yours! Now, my lord, will you give me your arm? I would join the Count."

"Stay—one word, madam," said Frank, very pale, and through his set teeth, but calmly, and with a pride on his brow which had never before dignified its careless, open expression—"one word. I may not be worthy of you in any thing else—but an honest love, that never doubted, never suspected—that would have clung to you though all the world were against; such a love makes the meanest man of worth. One word, frank and open. By all that you hold most sa-

cred in your creed, did you speak the truth when you said that you never loved me?"

Beatrice bent down her head; she was abashed before this manly nature that she had so deceived, and perhaps till then undervalued.

"Pardon, pardon," she said, in reluctant accents, half-choked by the rising of a sob.

At her hesitation Frank's face lighted as if with sudden hope. She raised her eyes, and saw the change in him, then glanced where Leonard stood, mournful and motionless. She shivered, and added, firmly—

"Yes—pardon; for I spoke the truth; and I had no heart to give. It might have been as wax to another—it was of granite to you." She paused, and muttered inly—"Granite, and—broken!"

Frank said not a word more. He stood rooted to the spot, not even gazing after Beatrice as she passed away leaning on the arm of Lord L'Estrange. He then walked resolutely away, and watched the boat that the men were now lowering from the side of the vessel. Beatrice stopped when she came near the place where Violante stood, answering in agitated whispers her father's anxious questions. As she stopped, she leaned more heavily upon Harley. "It is your arm that trembles now, Lord L'Estrange," said she, with a mournful smile, and, quitting him before he could answer, she bowed down her head meekly before Violante. "You have pardoned me already," she said, in a tone that reached only the girl's ear, "and my last words shall not be of the past. I see your future spread bright before me under those steadfast stars. Love still; hope and trust. These are the last words of her who will soon die to the world. Fair maid, they are prophetic!"

Violante shrank back to her father's breast, and there hid her glowing face, resigning her hand to Beatrice, who pressed it to her bosom. The Marchesa then came back to Harley, and disappeared with him in the interior of the vessel.

When Harley reappeared on deck, he seemed much flurried and disturbed. He kept aloof from the Duke and Violante, and was the last to enter the boat, that was now lowered into the water.

As he and his companions reached the land, they saw the vessel in movement, and gliding slowly down the river.

"Courage, Leonard, courage!" murmured Harley. "You grieve, and nobly. But you have shunned the worst and most vulgar deceit in civilized life; you have not simulated love. Better that yon poor lady should be, awhile, the sufferer from a harsh truth, than the eternal martyr of a flattering lie! Alas, my Leonard! with the love of the poet's dream are linked only the Graces; with the love of the human heart come the awful Fates!"

"My lord, poets do not dream when they love. You will learn how the feelings are deep in proportion as the fancies are vivid, when you read

that confession of genius and woe which I have left in your hands."

Leonard turned away. Harley's gaze followed him with inquiring interest, and suddenly encountered the soft, dark grateful eyes of Violante. "The Fates, the Fates!" murmured Harley.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SHORT CHAPTER ON RATS.

THE rat is one of the most despised and tormented of created animals; he has many enemies and very few friends; wherever he appears his life is in danger from men, dogs, cats, owls, &c., who will have no mercy on him. These perpetual persecutions oblige him to be wary in his movements, and call for a large amount of cunning and sagacity on his part, which give his little sharp face a peculiarly knowing and wide-awake appearance, which the most superficial observer must have noticed. Though, poor creature, he is hated and killed by man, his sworn foe, yet he is to that same ungrateful race a most useful servant, in the humble capacity of scavenger; for wherever man settles his habitation, even in the most remote parts of the earth, there, as if by magic, appear our friends the rats. He quietly takes possession of the out-houses, drains, &c., and occupies himself by devouring the refuse and filth thrown away from the dwelling of his master (under whose floor, as well as roof, he lives); this refuse, if left to decay, would engender fever, malaria, and all kinds of horrors, to the destruction of the children of the family, were it not for the unremitting exertions of the rats to get rid of it, in a way no doubt agreeable to themselves, namely, by eating it.

The rat is admirably armed and equipped for the peculiar mode of life which he is ordained to lead. He has formidable weapons in the shape of four small, long, and very sharp teeth, two of which are fixed in the upper and two in the under jaw. These are formed in the shape of a wedge, and by the following wonderful provision of Nature, have always a fine, sharp, cutting edge. On examining them carefully, we find that the inner part is of a soft, ivory-like composition, which may be easily worn away, whereas the outside is composed of a glass-like enamel, which is excessively hard. The upper teeth work exactly into the under, so that the centres of the opposed teeth meet exactly in the act of gnawing; the soft part is thus being perpetually worn away, while the hard part keeps a sharp, chisel-like edge; at the same time the teeth grow up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. The consequence of this arrangement is, that, if one of the teeth be removed, either by accident or on purpose, the opposed tooth will continue to grow upward; and, as there is nothing to grind it away, will project from the mouth and be turned upon itself; or, if it be an under-tooth, it will even run into the skull above.

There is a curious, but little known fact, which well illustrates the ravages which the rats can inflict on a hard substance with these little sharp

teeth. Many of the elephant's tusks imported into London for the use of the ivory ornament makers, are observed to have their surfaces grooved into small furrows of unequal depths, as though cut out by a very sharp-edged instrument. Surely no man would have taken the trouble to do this, for what would be the profit of his labor? The rats, however, are at the bottom of the secret, or else, clever fellows as they are, they would not have used their chisel-like teeth with such effect. They have found out the tusks which contain the most gelatine or animal glue, a sweet and delicious morsel for the rat's dainty palate; and having gnawed away as much as suited their purpose, have left the rest for the ivory-cutter—he, for his part, is neither unable nor unwilling to profit by the fact marked out by the rat's teeth. The ivory that contains a large amount of gelatine is softer and more elastic than that which does not; and as elasticity is the thing most needful for billiard balls, he chooses this rat-marked ivory, and turns it into the beautiful elastic billiard balls we see on the slate tables in St. James's-street. The elasticity of some of these is so great, that if struck down forcibly on a hard pavement, they will rebound into the hand to the height of three or four feet.

Rats have a remarkable instinct for finding out where there is any thing good for food; and it has been often a subject of wonder, how they manage to get on board ships laden with sugar and other attractive cargoes. This mystery has, however, been cleared up, for they have been seen to come off shore to the ship by means of the rope by which she is moored to the quay, although at some distance from the shore. By the same means they will leave the ship when she comes into port, if they find their quarters filling, or filled with water; hence the saying, that "rats always leave a sinking ship" is perfectly true. If, however, the ship be water-tight, they will continue breeding to an enormous extent. M. de St. Pierre informs us, that on the return of the "Valiant" man-of-war from the Havanna, in the year 1766, its rats had increased to such a degree, that they destroyed a hundred weight of biscuit daily. The ship was at length smoked between decks in order to suffocate them; and six hampers were for some time filled every day with the rats that had thus been killed.

There is a curious instance of rats losing their lives in quest of food, which has been kindly communicated to me by a friend. When the atmospheric pump was in use at the terminus of the Croydon railway, hundreds of rats lost their lives daily. The unscientific creatures used in the night to get into the large iron tube, by exhausting the air from which the railway carriages were put in motion, their object being to lick off the grease from the leather valve, which the engineers of the line were so anxious to keep airtight. As soon as the air-pump was put to work for the first morning-train, there was no resisting, and out they were sucked all dead corpses!

The rat, though naturally a savage creature, is, by dint of kindness, capable of being tamed and being made obedient to the will of man. Some of the Japanese tame rats, and teach them to perform many entertaining tricks, and thus instructed they are exhibited as a show for the diversion of the populace.

A gentleman traveling through Mecklenburg, about forty years ago, was witness to a very singular circumstance in the post-house at New Hargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell about its neck. They all four went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed together, after which the dog, cat, and rat lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity which existed among these animals, informed his guest that the rat was the most useful of the four, for the noise he made had completely freed the house from the other rats and mice with which it had previously been infested.

But capacity for becoming tame and accustomed to the presence of man is not confined to the "foreigner" rats, for, from the following story, it appears that the rats of England are equally susceptible of kindness. A worthy whipmaker, who worked hard at his trade to support a large family, had prepared a number of strips of leather, by well oiling and greasing them. He carefully laid them by in a box, but, strange to say, they disappeared one by one; nobody knew any thing about them, nobody had touched them.

However, one day, as he was sitting at work in his shop, a large black rat, of the original British species, slyly poked his head up out of a hole in the corner of the room, and deliberately took a survey of the whole place. Seeing all quiet, out he came, and ran straight to the box wherein were kept the favorite leather strips. In he dived, and quickly reappeared, carrying in his mouth the most dainty morsel he could find. Off he ran to his hole, and quickly vanished. Having thus found out the thief, the saddler determined to catch him; he accordingly propped up a sieve by a stick, and put a bait underneath; in a few minutes out came the rat again, smelling the inviting toasted cheese, and forthwith attacked it. The moment he began nibbling at the bait, down came the sieve, and he became a prisoner. Now, thought he, "my life depends upon my behavior when this horrid sieve is lifted up by that two-legged wretch with the apron on, who so kindly cuts the greasy thongs for me every day: he has a good-natured looking face, and I don't think he wants to kill me. I know what I will do."

The saddler at length lifted up the sieve, being armed with a stick ready to kill Mr. Rat when he rushed out. What was his astonishment to see that the rat remained perfectly quiet, and, after a few moments, to walk quietly up

on his arm, and look up in his face, as much as to say, "I am a poor innocent rat, and if your wife will lock up all the good things in the cupboard, why I must eat your nicely prepared thongs; rats must live as well as saddlers." The man then said, "Tom, I was going to kill you, but now I won't; let us be friends. I'll put you some bread and butter every day if you won't take my thongs and wax, and leave the shopman's breakfast alone; but I am afraid you will come out once too often; there are lots of dogs and cats about who won't be so kind to you as I am; you may go now."

He then put him down, and Mr. Rat leisurely retreated to his hole. For a long time afterward he found his breakfast regularly placed for him at the mouth of his hole, in return for which he, as in duty bound, became quite tame, running about the shop, and inquisitively turning over every thing on the bench at which his protector was at work. He would even accompany him into the stables when he went to feed the pony, and pick up the corn as it fell from the manger, keeping, however, a respectful distance from the pony's legs. His chief delight was to bask in the warm window sill, stretching his full length to the mid-day sun. This unfortunate, though agreeable habit, proved his destruction, for one very hot day, as he lay at his ease taking his *siesta*, the dog belonging to the bird-shop opposite espied him afar off, and instantly dashed at him through the window. The poor rat, who was asleep at the time, awoke, alas! too late to save his life. The cruel dog caught him, and took him into the road, where a few sharp squeezes and shakings soon finished him. The fatal deed being done, the murderous dog left his bleeding victim in the dusty road, and with ears and tail erect, walked away as though proud of his performance. The dog's master, knowing the history of the rat, had him stuffed, and his impaled skin, with a silver chain round the neck, forms to this day a handsome addition to the shop-front of the bird-shop in Brompton.

There is a curious fact connected with the habits of the rat, which warrants a closer observation on the part of those who have the opportunity, it is the emigration of rats. It appears that rats, like many birds, fish, &c., are influenced to change their abode by want of food; by necessity of change of temperature; by want of a place for incubation, where they may obtain food for their young; and, lastly, by their fear of man.

A Spanish merchant had forestalled the market of Barcelona filberts on speculation some years ago. He filled his warehouse with sacks of them, and refused to sell them to the retail-dealers, but at such a price as they could not afford to give. Thinking, however, that they would be obliged to submit to his demand, rather than not procure them for sale, he persisted in exacting his original price, and thus lost nearly all his treasure; for he was informed by an early rising friend, that he had seen, just before sun-

rise, an army of rats quitting the warehouse. He immediately went to examine his sacks, and found them gnawed in various places, and emptied of above half their contents, and empty shells of filberts strewed over the floor.

Pennant relates a story of a burglarious grand-larceny troop of rats, which nearly frightened a young lady out of her wits, by mistaking her chimney for one leading to a cheese-room. She was suddenly awakened by a tremendous clatter in her bed-chamber, and on looking up saw a terrific troop of rats running about in wild disorder. She had presence of mind enough to throw her candlestick at them (*timor arma ministrat*) and to her great joy she found that they speedily departed by the way which they had entered her apartment, leaving only a cloud of soot over the room.

Forty years ago, the house of a surgeon in Swansea was greatly infested with rats, and he completely got rid of them by burning off all the hair from one of them which he had caught alive, and then allowing it to return to its hole. It was said that he never afterward saw a rat on his premises, except the burnt sufferer, which on the following day returned, and was caught in the same trap from which he had been but just set at liberty. I suppose that in their "Advertiser," the description of a ghost, and a notice of haunted premises was given, which caused the whole colony so unanimously to decamp.

A DARK CHAPTER FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW CLERK.

ONE Ephraim Bridgman, who died in 1783, had for many years farmed a large quantity of land in the neighborhood of Lavenham or Lanham (the name is spelt both ways), a small market-town about twelve miles south of Bury St. Edmunds. He was also land agent as well as tenant to a noble lord possessing much property thereabouts, and appears to have been a very fast man for those times, as, although he kept up appearances to the last, his only child and heir, Mark Bridgman, found, on looking closely into his deceased father's affairs, that were every body paid, he himself would be left little better than a pauper. Still, if the noble landlord could be induced to give a *very* long day for the heavy balance due to him—not only for arrears of rent, but moneys received on his lordship's account—Mark, who was a prudent energetic young man, nothing doubted of pulling through without much difficulty—the farm being low rented and the agency lucrative. This desirable object, however, proved exceedingly difficult of attainment, and after a protracted and fruitless negotiation, by letter, with Messrs. Winstanley, of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London, his lordship's solicitors, the young farmer determined, as a last resource, on a journey to town, in the vague hope that on a personal interview he should find those gentlemen not quite such square, hard, rigid, persons as their written communications indicated them to be Delusive

hope! They were precisely as stiff, formal, accurate, and unvarying as their letters. "The exact balance due to his lordship," said Winstanley, senior, "is, as previously stated, £2103 14s. 6d., which sum, secured by warrant of attorney, *must* be paid as follows: one half in eight, and the remaining moiety in sixteen months from the present time." Mark Bridgman was in despair: taking into account other liabilities that would be falling due, compliance with such terms was, he felt, merely deferring the evil day, and he was silently and moodily revolving in his mind whether it might not be better to give up the game at once rather than engage in a prolonged, and almost inevitably disastrous struggle, when another person entered the office and entered into conversation with the solicitor. At first the young man did not appear to heed—perhaps did not hear what was said—but after a while one of the clerks noticed that his attention was suddenly and keenly aroused, and that he eagerly devoured every word that passed between the new comer and Mr. Winstanley. At length the lawyer, as if to terminate the interview, said, as he replaced a newspaper—*The Public Advertiser*—an underlined notice in which had formed the subject of his colloquy with the stranger, upon a side-table, by which sat Mark Bridgman. "You desire us then, Mr. Evans, to continue this advertisement for some time longer?" Mr. Evans replied, "Certainly, six months longer, if necessary." He then bade the lawyers "good-day," and left the office.

"Well, what do you say, Mr. Bridgman!" asked Mr. Winstanley, as soon as the door had closed. "Are you ready to accept his lordship's very lenient proposal?"

"Yes," was the quick reply. "Let the document be prepared at once, and I will execute it before I leave." This was done, and Mark Bridgman hurried off, evidently, it was afterward remembered, in a high state of flurry and excitement. He had also, they found, taken the newspaper with him—by inadvertence, the solicitor supposed, of course.

Within a week of this time, the good folk of Lavenham—especially its womankind—were thrown into a ferment of wonder, indignation, and bewilderment! Rachel Merton, the orphan dressmaking girl, who had been engaged to, and about to marry Richard Green, the farrier and blacksmith—and that a match far beyond what she had any right to expect, for all her pretty face and pert airs, was positively being courted by Bridgman, young, handsome, rich, Mark Bridgman of Red Lodge (the embarrassed state of the gentleman-farmer's affairs was entirely unsuspected in Lavenham); ay, and by way of marriage, too—openly—respectfully, deferentially—as if *he*, not Rachel Merton, were the favored and honored party! What on earth, every body asked, was the world coming to?—a question most difficult of solution; but all doubt with respect to the *bonâ fide* nature of Mark Bridgman's intentions toward the fortu-

nate dressmaker was soon at an end; he and Rachel being duly pronounced man and wife at the parish church within little more than a fortnight of the commencement of his strange and hasty wooing! All Lavenham agreed that Rachel Merton had shamefully jilted poor Green, and yet it may be doubted if there were many of them that, similarly tempted, would not have done the same. A pretty orphan girl, hitherto barely earning a subsistence by her needle, and about to throw herself away upon a coarse, repulsive person, but one degree higher than herself in the social scale—entreated by the handsomest young man about Lavenham to be his wife, and the mistress of Red Lodge, with nobody knows how many servants, dependents, laborers!—the offer was irresistible! It was also quite natural that the jilted blacksmith should fiercely resent—as he did—his sweetheart's faithless conduct; and the assault which his angry excitement induced him to commit upon his successful rival a few days previous to the wedding, was far too severely punished, every body admitted, by the chastisement inflicted by Mark Bridgman upon his comparatively weak and powerless assailant.

The morning after the return of the newly-married couple to Red Lodge from a brief wedding trip, a newspaper which the bridegroom had recently ordered to be regularly supplied was placed upon the table. He himself was busy with breakfast, and his wife, after a while, opened it, and ran her eye carelessly over its columns. Suddenly an exclamation of extreme surprise escaped her, followed by—"Goodness gracious, my dear Mark, do look here!" Mark did look, and read an advertisement aloud, to the effect that "If Rachel Edwards, formerly of Bath, who, in 1762, married John Merton, bandmaster of the 29th Regiment of Infantry, and afterward kept a school in Manchester, or any lineal descendant of hers, would apply to Messrs. Winstanley, solicitors, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, they would hear of something greatly to their advantage." "Why, dear Mark," said the pretty bride, as her husband ceased reading, "my mother's maiden name was Rachel Edwards, and I am, as you know, her only surviving child!" "God bless me, to be sure! I remember now hearing your father speak of it. What can this great advantage be, I wonder? I tell you what we'll do, love," the husband added, "you would like to see London, I know. We'll start by coach to-night, and I'll call upon these lawyers, and find out what it all means." This proposition was, of course, gladly acceded to. They were gone about a fortnight, and on their return it became known that Mark Bridgman had come into possession of £12,000 in right of his wife, who was entitled to that sum by the will of her mother's maiden sister, Mary Edwards, of Bath. The bride appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that her husband had been influenced by any other motive than her personal charms in marrying her—a pleasant illusion which, to do him justice, his unvarying tenderness toward

her through life, confirmed and strengthened; but others, unblinded by vanity, naturally surmised the truth. Richard Green, especially, as fully believed that he had been deliberately, and with *malice prepense*, tricked out of £12,000, as of the girl herself; and this conviction, there can be no doubt, greatly increased and inflamed his rage against Mark Bridgman—so much so that it became at last the sole thought and purpose of his life, as to how he might safely and effectually avenge himself of the man who was flaunting it so bravely in the world, while he—poor duped and despised castaway—was falling lower and lower in the world every day he lived. This was the natural consequence of his increasingly dissolute and idle habits. It was not long before an execution for rent swept away his scanty stock in trade, and he thenceforth became a ragged, vagabond hanger-on about the place—seldom at work, and as often as possible drunk; during which fits of intemperance his constant theme was the bitter hatred he nourished toward Bridgman, and his determination, even if he swung for it, of being one day signally avenged. Mark Bridgman was often warned to be on his guard against the venomous malignity of Green; but this counsel he seems to have spurned, or treated with contempt.

While the vengeful blacksmith was thus falling into utter vagabondism, all was sunshine at Red Lodge. Mark Bridgman really loved his pretty and gentle, if vain-minded wife—a love deepened by gratitude, that through her means he had been saved from insolvency and ruin; and barely a twelvemonth of wedded life had passed, when the birth of a son completed their happiness. This child (for nearly three years it did not appear likely there would be any other) soon came to be the idol of its parents—of its father, even more than of its mother. It was very singularly marked, with two strawberries, exceedingly distinct, on its left arm, and one, less vivid, on its right. There are two fairs held annually at Lavenham, and one of these—when little Mark was between three and four years old—Mr. Bridgman came in from Red Lodge to attend, accompanied by his wife, son, and a woman-servant of the name of Sarah Hollins. Toward evening, Mrs. Bridgman went out shopping, escorted by her husband, leave having been previously given Hollins to take the child through the pleasure—that is the booth and show part of the fair; but with strict orders not to be absent more than an hour from the inn where her master and mistress were putting up. In little more than the specified time the woman returned, but without the child; she had suddenly missed him, about half an hour before, while looking on at some street-tumbling, and had vainly sought him through the town since. The woman's tidings excited great alarm; Mr. Bridgman himself instantly hurried off, and hired messengers were, one after another, dispatched by the mother in quest of the missing child. As hour after hour flew by without result, extrava-

gant rewards, which set hundreds of persons in motion, were offered by the distracted parents; but all to no purpose. Day dawned, and as yet not a gleam of intelligence had been obtained of the lost one. At length some one suggested that inquiry should be made after Richard Green. This was promptly carried into effect, and it was ascertained that he had not been home during the night. Further investigation left no room for doubt that he had suddenly quitted Lavenham; and thus a new and fearful light was thrown upon the boy's disappearance. It was conjectured that the blacksmith must have gone to London; and Mr. Bridgman immediately set off thither, and placed himself in communication with the authorities of Bow Street. Every possible exertion was used during several weeks to discover the child, or Green, without success, and the bereaved father returned to his home a harrassed, spirit-broken man. During his absence his wife had been prematurely confined of another son, and this new gift of God seemed, after a while, to partially fill the aching void in the mother's heart; but the sadness and gloom which had settled upon the mind of her husband was not perceptibly lightened thereby. "If I knew Mark was dead," he once remarked to the rector of Lavenham, by whom he was often visited, "I should resign myself to his loss, and soon shake off this heavy grief. But that, my dear sir, which weighs me down—is in fact slowly but surely killing me—is a terrible conviction and presentiment that Green, in order fully to work out his devilish vengeance, will studiously pervert the nature of the child—lead him into evil, abandoned courses—and that I shall one day see him—but I will not tell you my dreams," he added, after stopping abruptly, and painfully shuddering, as if some frightful spectre passed before his eyes. "They are, I trust, mere fancies; and yet—but let us change the subject."

This morbidly-dejected state of mind was aggravated by the morose, grasping disposition—so entirely different from what Mr. Bridgman had fondly prophesied of Mark—manifested in greater strength with every succeeding year by his son Andrew, a strangely unlovable and gloomy-tempered boy, as if the anxiety and trouble of the time during which he had been hurried into the world had been impressed upon his temperament and character. It may be, too, that he felt irritated at, and jealous of his father's ceaseless repinings for the loss of his eldest son, who, if recovered, would certainly monopolize the lion's share of the now large family property—but not one whit *too* large in his—Andrew Bridgman's—opinion for himself alone.

The young man had not very long to wait for it. He had just passed his twentieth year when his father died at the early age of forty-seven. The last wandering thoughts of the dying parent reverted to the lost child. "Hither Mark," he faintly murmured, as the hushed mourners round his bed watched with mute awe the last flutterings of departing life; "hither: hold me tightly

by the hand, or you may lose yourself in this dark, dark wood." These were his last words. On the will being opened, it was found that the whole of his estate, real and personal, had been bequeathed to his son Andrew, charged only with an annuity of £500 to his mother, during life. *But*, should Mark be found, the property was to be *his*, similarly charged with respect to Mrs. Bridgman, and £100 yearly to his brother Andrew, also for life, in addition.

On the evening of the tenth day after his father's funeral, young Mr. Bridgman sat up till a late hour examining various papers and accounts connected with his inheritance, and after retiring to bed, the exciting nature of his recent occupation hindered him from sleeping. While thus lying awake, his quick ear caught a sound as of some one breaking into the house through one of the lower casements. He rose cautiously, went out on the landing, and soon satisfied himself that his suspicion was a correct one. The object of the burglars was, he surmised, the plate in the house of which there was an unusually large quantity, both his father and grandfather having expended much money in that article of luxury. Andrew Bridgman was any thing but a timid person—indeed, considering that six men altogether slept in the house, there was but little cause for fear—and he softly returned to his bedroom, unlocked a mahogany case, took out, loaded and primed, two pistols, and next roused the gardener and groom, whom he bade noiselessly follow him. The burglars—three in number, as it proved—had already reached and opened the plate-closet. One of them was standing within it, and the others just without. "Hallo! rascals," shouted Andrew Bridgman, from the top of a flight of stairs, "what are you doing there?"

The startled and terrified thieves glanced hurriedly round, and the two outermost fled instantly along the passage pursued by the two servants, one of whom had armed himself with a sharp-pointed kitchen knife. The other was not so fortunate. He had not regained the threshold of the closet when Andrew Bridgman fired. The bullet crashed through the wretched man's brain, and he fell forward, stone-dead, upon his face. The two others escaped—one of them after a severe struggle with the knife-armed groom.

It was sometime before the uproar in the now thoroughly-alarmed household had subsided; but at length the screaming females were pacified, and those who had got up, persuaded to go to bed again. The corpse of the slain burglar was removed to an out-house, and Andrew Bridgman returned to his bedroom. Presently there was a tap at the door. It was Sarah Hollins. "I am come to tell you something," said the now aged woman, with a significant look. "The person you have shot is the Richard Green you have so often heard of."

The young man, Hollins afterward said, seemed much startled by this news, and his countenance flushed and paled in quick succession.

"Are you quite sure this is true?" he at last said.

"Quite; though he's so altered that, except, Missus, I don't know any body else in the house that is likely to recognize him. Shall I tell her?"

"No, no, not on any account. It would only recall unpleasant events, and that quite uselessly. Be sure not to mention your suspicion—your belief, to a soul."

"Suspicion! belief!" echoed the woman. "It is a certainty. But, of course, as you wish it, I shall hold my tongue."

So audacious an attempt created a considerable stir in the locality, and four days after its occurrence a message was sent to Red Lodge from Bury St. Edmunds, that two men, supposed to be the escaped burglars, were there in custody, and requesting Mr. Bridgman's and the servants' attendance on the morrow, with a view to their identification. Andrew Bridgman, the gardener, and groom, of course, obeyed the summons, and the prisoners were brought into the justice-room before them. One was a fellow of about forty, a brutal-visaged, low-browed, sinister-looking rascal, with the additional ornament of a but partially closed hare-lip. He was unhesitatingly sworn to by both men. The other, upon whom, from the instant he entered, Andrew Bridgman had gazed with eager, almost, it seemed, trembling curiosity, was a well-grown young man of, it might be, three or four and twenty, with a quick, mild, almost timid, unquiet, troubled look, and features originally comely and pleasing, there could be no doubt, but now smirched and blotted into ill favor by excess, and other evil habits. He gave the name of "Robert Williams."

Andrew Bridgman, recalled to himself by the magistrate's voice, hastily said "that he did not recognize this prisoner as one of the burglars. Indeed," he added, with a swift but meaning look at the two servants, "I am pretty sure he was not one of them." The groom and gardener, influenced no doubt by their master's manner, also appeared doubtful as to whether Robert Williams was one of the housebreakers. "But if he be," hesitated the groom, hardly knowing whether he did right or wrong, "there must be some smartish wounds on his arms, for I hit him there sharply with the knife several times."

The downcast head of the youthful burglar was suddenly raised at these words, and he said, quickly, while a red flush passed over his pallid features, "Not me, not me—look, my arm-sleeves have no holes—no—"

"You may have obtained another jacket," interrupted the magistrate. "We must see your arms."

An expression of hopeless despair settled upon the prisoner's face; he again hung down his head in shame, and allowed the constables to quietly strip off his jacket. Andrew Bridgman, who had gone to some distance, returned while this was going on, and watched for what might next disclose itself with tenfold curiosity and eagerness. "There are stabs enough here, sure

enough," exclaimed a constable, as he turned up the shirt-sleeve on the prisoner's left arm. There were, indeed; and in addition to them, *natural marks of two strawberries* were distinctly visible. The countenance of Andrew Bridgman grew ashy pale, as his straining eyes glared upon the prisoner's naked arm. The next moment he wrenched himself away, as with an effort, from the sight, and staggered to an open window—sick, dizzy, fainting, it was at the time believed, from the closeness of the atmosphere in the crowded room. Was it not rather that he had recognized his long-lost brother—the *true heir to the bulk of his deceased father's wealth*, against whom, he might have thought, an indictment would scarcely lie for feloniously entering his own house! He said nothing, however, and the two prisoners were fully committed for trial.

Mr. Prince went down "special" to Bury, at the next assize, to defend a gentleman accused of a grave offense, but the grand jury having ignored the bill, he would probably have returned at once, had not an attorney brought him a brief, very heavily marked, in defense of "Robert Williams." "Strangely enough, too," remarked the attorney, as he was about to go away, "the funds for the defense have been supplied by Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whose house the prisoner is accused of having burglariously entered. But this is confidential, as he is very solicitous that his oddly-generous action should not be known." There was, however, no valid defense. The ill-favored accomplice, why, I know not, had been admitted king's evidence by the counsel for the crown, and there was no resisting the accumulated evidence. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. "I never intended," he said, after the verdict was returned; and there was a tone of dejected patience in his voice that affected one strangely, "I never intended to commit violence against any one in the house, and but that my uncle—he that was shot—said repeatedly that he knew a secret concerning Mr. Bridgman (he didn't know, I am sure, that he was dead) which would prevent us from being prosecuted if we were caught, I should not have been persuaded to go with him. It was my first offense—in—in housebreaking, I mean."

I had, and indeed have, some relatives in Mil-denhall, in the same county, whom, at the termination of the Bury assize, I got leave to visit for a few days. While there, it came to my knowledge that Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whom I had seen in court, was moving heaven and earth to procure a commutation of the convict's sentence to transportation for life. His zealous efforts were unsuccessful; and the Saturday County Journal announced that Robert Williams, the burglar, would suffer, with four others, on the following Tuesday morning. I reached Bury on the Monday evening, with the intention of proceeding by the London night coach, but there was no place vacant. The next morning I could only have ridden outside, and as, besides being intensely cold, it was snowing furiously, I determined on postponing my depart-

ure till the evening, and secured an inside place for that purpose. I greatly abhor spectacles of the kind, and yet, from mere idleness and curiosity, I suffered myself to be drawn into the human stream flowing toward "Hang Fair," and once jammed in with the crowd in front of the place of execution, egress was, I found, impossible. After waiting a considerable time, the death-bell suddenly tolled, and the terrible procession appeared—five human beings about to be suffocated by human hands, for offenses against property!—the dreadful and deliberate sacrifice preluded and accompanied by sonorous sentences from the Gospel of mercy and compassion! Hardly daring to look up, I saw little of what passed on the scaffold, yet one furtive, quickly-withdrawn glance, showed me the sufferer in whom I took most interest. He was white as if already coffined, and the unquiet glare of his eyes was, I noticed, terribly anxious! I did not again look up—I could not; and the surging murmur of the crowd, as it swayed to and fro, the near whisperings of ribald tongues, and the measured, mocking tones of the minister, promising eternal life through the mercy of the most high God, to wretches whom the *justice* of man denied a few more days or years of mortal existence—were becoming momentarily more and more oppressive, when a dull, heavy sound *boomed* through the air; the crowd swayed violently from side to side, and the simultaneous expiration of many pent-up breaths testified that all was over, and to the relief experienced by the coarsest natures at the consummation of a deed too frightful for humanity to contemplate. It was some time before the mass of spectators began to thoroughly separate, and they were still standing in large clusters, spite of the bitter, falling weather, when a carriage, furiously driven, with the body of a female, who was screaming vehemently and waving a white handkerchief, projected half out of one of the windows, was seen approaching by the London Road. The thought appeared to strike every one that a respite or reprieve had come for one or more of the prisoners, and hundreds of eyes were instantly turned toward the scaffold, only to see that if so it had arrived too late. The carriage stopped at the gate of the building. A lady dressed in deep mourning, was hastily assisted out by a young man with her, similarly attired, and they both disappeared within the jail. After some parleying, I ascertained that I had sufficient influence to obtain admission, and a few moments afterward I found myself in the press-room. The young man—Mr. Andrew Bridgman—was there, and the lady, who had fallen fainting upon one of the benches, was his mother. The attendants were administering restoratives to her, without effect, till an inner door opened, and the under-sheriff, by whom she was personally known, entered; when she started up and interrogated, with the mute agony of

her wet, yet gleaming eyes, the dismayed and distressed official. "Let me entreat you, my dear madam," he faltered, "to retire. This is a most painful—fright—"

"No—no, the truth!—the truth!" shrieked the unfortunate lady, wildly clasping her hands, "I shall bear that best!"

"Then I grieve to say," replied the under-sheriff, "that the marks you describe—two on the left, and one on the right arm, are distinctly visible."

A piercing scream, broken by the words, "My son!—oh God!—my son!" burst from the wretched mother's lips, and she fell heavily, and without sense or motion, upon the stone floor. While the under-sheriff and others raised and ministered to her, I glanced at Mr. Andrew Bridgman. He was as white as the lime-washed wall against which he stood, and the fire that burned in his dark eyes was kindled—it was plain to me—by remorse and horror, not by grief alone.

The cause of the sudden appearance of the mother and son at the closing scene of this sad drama was afterward thus explained:—Andrew Bridgman, from the moment that all hope of procuring a commutation of the sentence on the so-called Robert Williams had ceased, became exceedingly nervous and agitated, and his discomposure seemed to but augment as the time yet to elapse before the execution of the sentence passed away. At length, unable longer to endure the goadings of a tortured conscience, he suddenly burst into the room where his mother sat at breakfast, on the very morning his brother was to die, with an open letter in his hand, by which he pretended to have just heard that Robert Williams was the long-lost Mark Bridgman! The sequel has been already told.

The conviction rapidly spread that Andrew Bridgman had been from the first aware that the youthful burglar was his own brother; and he found it necessary to leave the country. He turned his inheritance into money, and embarked for Charleston, America, in the bark *Cleopatra*, from Liverpool. When off the Scilly Islands, the *Cleopatra* was chased by a French privateer. She escaped; but one of the few shots fired at her from the privateer was fatal to the life of Andrew Bridgman. He was almost literally cut in two; and expired instantaneously. Some friends to whom I have related this story deem his death an accident; others, a judgment: I incline, I must confess, to the last opinion. The wealth with which he embarked was restored to Mrs. Bridgman, who soon afterward removed to London, where she lived many years—sad ones, no doubt, but mitigated and rendered endurable by the soothing balm of a clear conscience. At her decease, not very many years ago, the whole of her property was found to be bequeathed to various charitable institutions of the metropolis.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS adjourned, *sine die*, on the 31st of August. During the last month of its session several important public laws were passed, and various subjects of public interest were discussed at length. Substantial amendments to the Postage Law have been adopted, by which the rates of postage upon printed matter sent by mail, have been greatly reduced. The new law takes effect on the 30th of September. After that date each newspaper, periodical, or other printed sheet not exceeding three ounces in weight, will be sent to any part of the United States for *one cent*—one cent additional being charged for each additional ounce or fraction: but when the postage is paid yearly or quarterly, in advance, at the office where the paper is mailed or delivered, *one half* of these rates only will be charged. Newspapers and periodicals weighing not over an ounce and a half, when circulated within the State where they are published, will pay only half these rates. Small newspapers and periodicals published once a month or oftener, and pamphlets of not more than sixteen pages each, when sent in single packages weighing at least eight ounces, to one address, and prepaid by affixing postage-stamps thereto, are to be charged only *half a cent* for each ounce. The postage on all transient matter must be prepaid by stamps or otherwise, or double the rates first mentioned will be charged. Books weighing not over four pounds may be sent by mail at *one cent* an ounce for all distances under 3000 miles, and at *two cents* an ounce for all distances over 3000 miles, to which fifty per cent. will be added if not prepaid. Publishers of periodicals and newspapers are to receive their exchanges free of postage; and weekly newspapers may also be sent to subscribers free within the county where they are published. These are the essential provisions of the new law: others are appended requiring the printed papers to be sent open, without any other communications upon them than the address, and without any other inclosures. —A bill was also passed, making large appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors in various sections of the country: the vote upon it in the Senate was 35 yeas and 23 nays: in the House of Representatives it was passed by the casting vote of the Speaker, there being 69 votes for and 69 votes against it. Bills were also passed providing measures of greater security for steamboat navigation, by requiring various precautions on the part of owners: granting to the State of Michigan land to aid the construction of a ship canal around the Sault St. Marie, and granting lands to the States of Arkansas and Missouri, to aid in the construction of railroads within those States: establishing a tri-monthly mail between New Orleans and Vera Cruz: and making appropriations for the various branches of the public service. The whole number of public acts passed during the session was 64; of private acts 52: of joint resolutions 17. The French Spoliation bill, the bill granting public lands to the several States, and several other measures of importance, upon which extended debate had been had, were postponed until the next session.

On the 10th of August, the President transmitted a message to Congress, communicating to that body all the documents relating to the dispute concerning

the Fisheries on the British Colonial coast. In the Senate, on the 12th, Mr. Soulé of Louisiana, spoke in very warm censure of the proceedings of the English government, and criticising the measures of the Administration as deficient in energy and determination. He deprecated any negotiations with Great Britain on the subject, so long as any part of her fleet should be in those waters, and predicted the speedy separation of the Colonies from the British empire. Mr. Butler of South Carolina, as well as several other Senators, expressed their earnest hopes that the difficulty would be satisfactorily adjusted, and at their suggestion the debate was postponed until the 14th, when Mr. Seward made an extended and elaborate speech, setting forth the whole history of our negotiations with England upon the Fisheries, showing that England has presented no new claims, and that she has not indicated any purpose to use force or menaces in support of pretensions she has hitherto urged, and vindicating the President and Secretary of State from the attacks made upon them. —On the 16th, while the bill appropriating lands for the construction of a ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary was under discussion, Mr. Cass supported it on the ground of its being essential to the defenses of the country in time of war, and took occasion to say he would have no objection to the annexation of Canada and the acquisition of Cuba, if these objects could be accomplished without a war. Mr. Douglas spoke also in favor of the grant for the work, not as a necessary means of defense, but for the purpose of augmenting the value of the public lands lying further to the west: he said that he would not vote a donation of money for such a purpose, but would support a bill granting public lands. A motion to substitute \$400,000, instead of land, was rejected by a vote of 21 to 32: and the bill was passed in its original form. —On the 17th, a message was received from the President, in reply to a resolution offered a day or two previously by Senator Seward, inquiring whether any proposition had been made to the United States by the King of the Sandwich Islands, to transfer the sovereignty of those islands to the United States. The President declines to communicate any information on the subject, since to do so would be incompatible with the public interest. Mr. Seward then offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a Commissioner, to inquire into the expediency of opening negotiations upon that subject. The resolution and the message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. —On the 23d, while the River and Harbor Bill was under debate, Senator Douglas offered a resolution giving the States power to levy tonnage duties upon their commerce, for the purpose of carrying on works of internal improvement. He supported this proposition at length. Mr. Cass opposed it on the ground that the duties thus levied would in fact be paid by the agricultural consumers. Mr. Smith of Connecticut opposed it, because it would throw the whole burden of these duties upon the farmers of the West. The amendment was rejected by 17 to 25.

On the 28th, in reply to a resolution, a Message was received from the President, transmitting sundry documents relating to the right of foreign nations to take guano from the Lobos islands, off the coast of Peru. On the 2d of June, Captain Jewett wrote

to Mr. Webster, inquiring whether these islands were the possession of any single power, or whether they were open to the commerce of the world. Mr. Webster replied that the islands were uninhabited, that they had never been enumerated among the possessions or dependencies of any of the South American states, and that citizens of the United States would be protected in removing the valuable deposits upon them. At the same time the Secretary of the Navy ordered a vessel of war to be dispatched for the protection of American vessels engaged in this traffic. Under these assurances Captain Jewett and his associates fitted out some twenty vessels which were immediately dispatched to the islands in question. Mr. Webster's letter to Captain Jewett, meantime, having accidentally been made public, the Peruvian Minister, Senor Osma, in three successive notes, represented to the Government that the Lobos islands were dependencies of Peru, and that the United States could have no rightful claim to remove their valuable deposits. Mr. Webster replied to this claim on the 21st of August, by an elaborate argument showing that Peru had hitherto, by repeated acts, sustained the position that the islands do not belong to any of the South American states. They lie about thirty miles from the shore, and are uninhabited and uninhabitable. Citizens of the United States have visited them in pursuit of seals for half a century; and no complaint was made of this until 1833, when Peru issued a decree forbidding foreigners from visiting them for any such purpose. The United States Chargé at Lima immediately remonstrated against this decree, and requested its modification, so far as to permit citizens of the United States to continue pursuits in which they had been engaged for so many years. No reply was made to this remonstrance, and the citizens of the United States continued their avocations without any further interruption. Mr. Webster insists, therefore, that while these islands lie in the open ocean, so far from the coast of Peru as not to belong to that country by the law of proximity or adjacent position, the Government of Peru has not exercised any such acts of absolute sovereignty and ownership over them as to give to her a right to their exclusive possession as against the United States and their citizens by the law of indisputable possession. The Government of the United States is, however, disposed to give due consideration to all the facts of the case, and the President will therefore give such orders to the naval forces on that coast as will prevent collision until the case can be examined.

An important report was made in the Senate, on the 30th of August, by Mr. Mason, of Virginia, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, upon the subject of the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, granted to Don Jose de Garay, in March, 1842, by Santa Anna, then vested with supreme power as President of Mexico. The report, after mentioning this grant, and the stipulation contained in it that he, as well as any private individual or company succeeding him, native or foreign, should be protected in undisturbed enjoyment of all the concessions granted, states that on the 9th of February, 1843, a decree was issued by General Bravo, who had succeeded to the Presidency, recognizing and affirming this grant, and directing the departments of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz to put Garay in possession of the lands ceded to him by its provisions. On the 6th of October, 1843, Santa Anna, being restored to power, issued a further decree, directing the departments to furnish 300 convicts to be employed on the work; and by another decree of December 28, 1843,

the time for commencing it was extended a year—until July 1, 1845. In November, 1846, General Salas, having, by the course of revolution, become invested with supreme power as Dictator, promulgated a decree, extending the time still further, namely, until November 5, 1848; and the work was actually commenced prior to that date. This is the history of the grant so long as it remained in the hands of Garay. During the year 1846 various contracts were entered into by which he transferred the grant, with all its rights and privileges, to Messrs. Manning and Mackintosh, subjects of Great Britain: and on the 28th of September, 1848, these contracts were formally recognized and consummated at the city of Mexico. On the 5th of February, 1848, this grant was assigned to Peter A. Hargous, a citizen of the United States, who subsequently entered into a contract to assign the same to certain citizens of New Orleans, on terms intended to secure the capital necessary to execute the work. In December, 1850, a party of engineers was sent out by the American assignees, to complete the necessary surveys—who continued so employed until the month of June following, when they were ordered by the Mexican government to discontinue the work and leave the country—a law having been passed by the Mexican Congress, and approved by the President, May 22, 1851, declaring the Garay grant to be null and void. Upon this statement of facts concerning the origin and history of the grant, the Report proceeds to show that its validity had been repeatedly recognized by the Mexican government. In 1846, President Herrera issued orders to prevent cutting mahogany from these lands. In 1847, while the treaty of peace was under discussion, Mr. Trist, by direction of our Government, offered a large sum for the right of way across the Isthmus; and was answered that "Mexico could not treat of this subject because she had, several years before, made a grant to one of her own citizens, who had transferred his right, by authorization of the Mexican government, to English subjects, of whose right Mexico could not dispose." After the assignment of the grant to American citizens, moreover, the Mexican government issued orders to the Governors of the Departments, directing them to afford all needed aid to the engineers, who were accordingly sent, the ports thrown open for their supplies, and over a hundred thousand dollars was expended upon the work. Negotiations for a treaty of protection to the workmen were also opened, and the draft of a Convention was concluded at Mexico, in June, 1850, and sent to the United States. Certain modifications being suggested at Washington, this draft was returned to our Minister in Mexico and a new Convention was signed January 28, 1851, with the approval of President Herrera. This convention was ratified by the Senate of the United States, and returned to Mexico, and finally rejected by the Mexican Congress, in April, 1852.—It is not pretended that this rejection of the Convention affects in the slightest degree the validity of the grant. The sole ground upon which its annulment is claimed, is, that the decree of Salas of November, 1846, extending the time for commencing the work, was null and void, inasmuch as he held the supreme power by usurpation, or that he transcended his powers. "Respect for the Mexican Government alone," says the Report, "restrains the Committee from treating of this position in the terms it deserves." The government of Salas was acknowledged and submitted to by the people of Mexico:—his decrees, this one included, were submitted to the Congress—and not one of them was ever approved by Congress, nor was

his authority ever questioned at any other time, or in reference to any other decree. "The doctrine that the Government *de facto* is the Government responsible, has been fully recognized by Mexico herself, in the case of the Dictatorship of Salas, as of those who preceded him. It is a principle of universal law, governing the intercourse of nations, with each other and with individuals, and this Government can not, nor ought not, treat with indifference a departure from it by Mexico in the present instance." The report concludes by referring to the unfriendly feeling which the proceedings of Mexico indicate toward the United States, and by recommending the adoption of the following resolutions :

"*Resolved*, As the judgment of the Senate, that in the present posture of the question on the grant of a right of way through the territory of Mexico at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, conceded by that Republic to one of its citizens, and now the property of citizens of the United States, as the same is presented by the correspondence and documents accompanying the Message of the President, it is not compatible with the dignity of this Government to prosecute the subject further by negotiation.

"*Second*, Should the Government of Mexico propose a renewal of such negotiations, it should be acceded to only upon distinct propositions from Mexico, not inconsistent with the demands made by this Government in reference to said grant.

"*Third*, That the Government of the United States stands committed to all its citizens to protect them in their rights abroad, as well as at home, within the sphere of its jurisdiction ; and should Mexico, within a reasonable time, fail to reconsider her position concerning this grant, it will then become the duty of this Government to review all existing relations with that Republic, and to adopt such measures as will revive the honor of the country and the rights of its citizens."

In Louisiana a new Constitution has been prepared by a State Convention, which introduces several new features of importance into the fundamental law of that state. The right of suffrage and of eligibility to office has been considerably enlarged. Every free, white male citizen of the United States, over twenty-one years of age, who has resided in the State a year, and in the parish six months previous to the election, is a qualified voter ; and every qualified voter is eligible to either branch of the Legislature. The Legislature is to hold annual sessions—elections being held biennially.—The Judges of the Supreme Court and of all the inferior courts are made elective ;—the Supreme Court is to consist of a Chief Justice and four associates—their term of office to be ten years. The credit of the State may be pledged for corporations formed for the purpose of making internal improvements within the State, by subscriptions of Stock, or by loans to the extent of one-fifth of the capital. All Corporations with banking or discounting privileges are prohibited, as are all special laws for creating Corporations. Banking and discounting associations may be created either by general or special laws—but ample security must be required for the redemption of their notes in specie. The Constitution may be amended by the concurrence of two-thirds of the members elected to both Houses, and a ratification of the people at the next election, by a vote on every proposed amendment taken separately. The new Constitution is to be submitted to the vote of the people on the first Tuesday of November.

A dreadful steamboat catastrophe occurred on Lake Erie on the 19th of August. The steam-pro-

pellor Ogdensburgh ran into the steamer Atlantic, striking her just forward of the wheel-house, and injuring her so seriously that, after going a mile or two toward the shore, she sunk. The propeller, not understanding the full damage of the collision, and anxious for her own safety, did not go to the rescue of her passengers until half an hour after the accident. More than a hundred persons lost their lives, the greater portion of them being Norwegian emigrants huddled together on the forward deck, and unable, through their ignorance of English, to avail themselves of the means of safety suggested. Very conflicting statements in regard to the cause of the collision have been published ;—the night was not very dark, both vessels had signal lights and a watch on deck. The matter is undergoing judicial investigation.—On the Hudson River still another accident occurred on the 4th of September. As the steamer *Reindeer* lay at the wharf at Bristol landing, about forty miles below Albany, one of her connection pipes burst, and *twenty-seven* persons, mainly those in the after-cabin, were killed—fifty more being considerably injured.—A National Convention of the Free-Soil party was held at Pittsburgh on the 11th of August, at which John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, was nominated for President, and George W. Julian, of Indiana, for Vice-President, as the candidates of that party.—A meeting of delegates is to be held at Macon, Georgia, on the 20th of October, for the purpose of calling an Agricultural Congress of the Slaveholding States—the chief objects of which are declared to be to develop the resources, combine the energies, and promote the prosperity of the Southern States, and to cultivate the aptitudes of the negro race for civilization ; so that when slavery shall have fulfilled its mission, a system may be authorized which shall relieve the race from its servitude, without sinking it to the condition of the free negroes at the North and in the West Indies.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 1st of August. The intelligence is without any feature of special novelty. The mining prospects continue to be good, and very large amounts of gold continue to be procured. The whole amount shipped from California during the past year was over sixty-six millions of dollars. The miners in every section of the gold districts continue to receive abundant returns for their labor.—Every mail brings a deplorable list of casualties and crimes in various parts of the State, the details of which it is unnecessary here to repeat. Nearly all of the outrages occur in the more distant and thinly-settled sections of the country ; and in most cases the perpetration of crime is followed by the speedy, and often the lawless infliction of chastisement.—The celebration of the Fourth of July at San Francisco was marked by the attendance in procession of a large body of Chinese, who bore richly-decorated banners, got up in the style of their own country. The Chinese continued to arrive in the country in great numbers, nearly four thousand having reached San Francisco within a fortnight. The hostility of the miners toward them was abating. The arrival of emigrants from all quarters continued to be very great, 22,000 having landed between June 1st and July 9th. Difficulties have arisen in the San Joaquin district between the American miners and a party of French and Spaniards, who were thought to have trespassed upon private rights : serious collisions were apprehended at one time, but a better state of feeling has been induced. It was currently reported that fresh movements were on foot for the conquest and annexation of Southern California.

In OREGON, it is stated, valuable coal-mines have been discovered near St. Helens, on the Columbia river. The vein has been opened, and promises to be very extensive;—it is about two and a half feet thick, and has been traced for half a mile. The coal is remarkably pure. Other mines have been discovered in the vicinity, but they have not yet been explored.—The agricultural prospects of the territory were very good. The population is stated at 20,000, and is said to be rapidly increasing. A special session of the Legislature had been called by Governor Gaines for July 29th. The gold mines in the Southern part of the territory continued to yield fair returns. Complaints are made by recently arrived emigrants of ill-treatment received at the hands of the Mormons during their passage through the Salt Lake country.

From the extreme NORTH WEST—the British possessions near Lake Winnipeg—accounts of very disastrous floods have been received. The settlement established by the Earl of Selkirk in 1812, which had grown into considerable importance as a point from which supplies were furnished to the Fur Companies of that region, and which contained about ten thousand inhabitants, had been nearly destroyed by freshets in the Red River of the North, which began on the 5th of May, and reached their height about the 20th. Dwellings, crops, and nearly all the products of twenty-five years' labor have been swept away: the damage is estimated at about a million of dollars.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From the *Argentine Republic* we have intelligence of fresh political disturbances, indicating at least the temporary failure of the new and moderate system introduced by Urquiza after the defeat and expulsion of Rosas. The Convention from the several provinces summoned by Urquiza, met at San Nicholas—ten of the thirteen provinces being represented by their governors, and adopted a Constitution for the federation. It provided for abolishing the transit duties, and for the assembling of a Congress at Santa Fé, which was to consist of two delegates from each province, to be selected by the popular vote, to be untrammelled by instructions, and the minority to conform to the decision of the majority, without dissent or protest. In order to defray the national expenses, the provinces agreed to contribute in proportion to the product of their foreign Custom-houses, and that the permanent establishment of the duties shall be fixed by Congress. To secure the internal order and peace of the republic, the provinces engage to combine their efforts in preventing open hostilities or putting down armed insurrections, and the better to promote these objects, General Urquiza was recognized as General-in-chief of the armies of the Confederation, with the title of Provisional Director of the Argentine Confederation. In the Chambers of Buenos Ayres, very warm opposition was manifested to this Convention: bitter and violent debates took place, and the popular clamor became so high that the Governor Lopez resigned his office; whereupon General Urquiza dissolved the Chambers, and took the supreme power into his own hands. In a communication sent by his order to the British Chargé, he states that the anarchy into which the province was thrown, compelled him to take this step, and declares that he shall not extend the authority with which he is vested beyond the time and the measures necessary for the re-establishment of order in the province. He also issued a brief address to the Governors of the provinces of the Confederation, declaring that he should use the power they had

conferred upon him in rendering effective the sovereign will of the nation, in repelling foreign aggressions, and in restraining the machinations of those who might seek to awaken the passions which had so often brought disaster upon them. He promised that, with their assistance, the Argentine people should be presented before the world constituted, organized, and happy. "My political programme," he adds, "which is founded on the principles of order, fraternity, and oblivion of all the past—and all the acts of my public life, are the guarantee that I give you of the promise which I have just made, and, with it you may rest assured, that when the National Congress has sanctioned the Constitution of the State, and the confederated communities have entered into the constitutional path, I will deliver up to it the deposit you have confided to me, with a tranquil conscience, and without fearing the verdict of public opinion, or the judgment of posterity." After the dissolution of the Chambers there were some symptoms of rebellion, but this proclamation restored order, and was well received. He ordered all the printing offices to be closed for a few days, and banished five of the leading opposition representatives from the country. The provisional government had been temporarily reinstalled: and in this position affairs were awaiting the meeting of Congress, which was to take place in August.—In *Brazil*, important steps have been taken toward commencing works of internal improvement. A company has been empowered to construct railways from Rio Janeiro to several towns in the interior, and an agreement is in progress between the Imperial Government and a private company for the regular navigation, by steamboats, of the Amazon. The public revenue of Brazil continued to increase. A project for granting government credit to aid in purchasing steamers to cruise against African slave-traders, was under discussion in the Chambers, with a fair prospect of its passage.—From *Ecuador*, we learn that the expedition planned and led by General Flores against Guayaquil, has been defeated and dispersed. The troops comprising it, consisting of Chilians and Americans, and numbering about nine hundred, deserted Flores, and went over to General Urbina, the President of Ecuador, to whom the six vessels of the expedition were also given up. General Flores himself escaped to Tumbez. From the partial narrative of an officer engaged in the expedition, which is the only account of it yet published, the army of Flores seems to have been singularly deficient in energy, discretion, and valor. One of the vessels was blown up on the 3d of July, by the discharge of a pistol by one of the men, who were drunk in the cabin: about thirty lives were lost by this casualty.—In *Chili*, Congress was in session at our latest date, July 1st. Bills were under discussion to levy a direct tax on all property in cities and towns for municipal purposes: subjecting all schools to the control of the parish priests; and providing for the maintenance of the clergy. The telegraph from Valparaiso to Lima was in operation, and another line was projected to Copiapo—which is at the head of the province whose silver deposits have yielded so abundantly of late: it is said that the export from that province for the year will amount to six millions of dollars. Coal, said to be very little inferior to the best English coal, is found at Talcahuana. Labor and the necessities of life were very high at Valparaiso.—From *Montevideo*, accounts to the 5th of June, state that the ratification of the Brazilian treaties puts an end to all fear of another foreign war. The principal clauses of the Convention agreed upon are the abandonment of the line of fron-

tier which the treaties of October, 1851, conceded to Brazil, and the cession of the right of free navigation on Lake Merim to the Oriental flag.

MEXICO.

The Mexican Republic is again agitated by threatening insurrections in various quarters, which the central government finds itself powerless to quell. In Mazatlan and Guadalajara strong bodies of insurgents, supported by the National Guard, have maintained themselves against the government, which opposes them by decrees and commercial regulations instead of troops. Upon the frontier the ravages of the Indians continue to be most destructive. The government has invited proposals for the construction of a road across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and seems determined to resist the demands of the United States for the recognition of the Garay grant. The Mexican papers contain copious accounts of local disturbances and insurrections, the details of which it is needless here to repeat. The condition of the country is difficult and precarious in the extreme. Rumors have been circulated of endeavors to secure the intervention of England and France, in order to give greater strength and stability to the government, and enable it to resist encroachments constantly apprehended from the United States: but there is no reason to believe they have as yet proved successful.

CUBA.

The colonial government of Cuba has discovered new and formidable conspiracies against the Spanish authority in that island, and has made numerous arrests of suspected parties. During the months of June and July several numbers were clandestinely published and widely circulated, of a paper called *The Voice of the People*, the object of which was to arouse the Cubans to resistance of the Spanish rule. For some time the efforts of the authorities to detect its editors, or the place of its publication, were ineffectual: but both were finally betrayed by parties who had become acquainted with them. The principal editor, however, had previously escaped to the United States. Nearly all engaged upon it, so far as known, were either native Cubans or Spaniards. The cholera was very prevalent and destructive at Havana, at our latest dates.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament has been still farther prorogued until the 18th of October, when, it is announced, it will positively meet for the dispatch of business. With the close of the elections, political discussion seems to have been for the time suspended. There is great difficulty in deciding upon the party complexion of the new House of Commons, owing to the mixed character of the contest. The most disinterested authorities, however, seem to warrant the belief that of the whole number of seats (658), 314 are filled by Ministerialists, 25 by Free Trade Conservatives, 186 by Whigs proper, 53 by Radical reformers, 57 Irish members, and 13 Independents, while there are 10 vacancies. Upon the question of Protection, the Ministry seems to be in a hopeless minority; while upon other subjects, their majority is not large enough to be very reliable.—The Queen left London on the 9th of August, for Belgium: she returned on the 17th.—The dispute with the United States concerning the Fisheries, has engrossed a good deal of public discussion in England—the greatest variety of views, of course, prevailing. The general current of opinion seemed to be, that, although a strict construction of treaties would sustain the course pursued by the English government, yet the fact that the rights claimed had lain in abeyance for many years, required a more considerate course of proceeding,

and some longer notice of an intended change to the American parties interested. The latest advices represent that a mutual understanding had been had, which would obviate all present difficulty, and lead to the peaceful adjustment of the dispute. As to its basis or general tenor we have no intelligence sufficiently authentic to warrant publication here.—Kossuth had reached London, where he was living in privacy. The English government is reported to have given Austria satisfactory assurances that all due measures of precaution would be taken to prevent his presence in England from disturbing the friendly relations of the two countries.—News of fresh defeats continues to arrive from the Cape of Good Hope. The natives not only keep the military at bay, but have in several instances acted with success on the offensive.—Emigration to Australia is still on the increase. No fewer than 117 ships and vessels were entered outwards in Great Britain at one time, of which 73 were loading at London alone.—Active measures were in progress for enrolments under the new Militia Act.—The first column of the new Crystal Palace was erected at Sydenham on the 5th of August, with becoming ceremonies. A large company was present, and speeches were made by several distinguished persons.

THE CONTINENT.

Since the adjournment of the Legislative Assembly, events in FRANCE have had less than usual interest. The President left Paris on the 17th of July, to celebrate the opening of the railway between Paris and Strasbourg, which is now completed. He was received with eclat, reviewed the troops, and went to Baden-Baden, his main object being, according to rumor, to arrange for a matrimonial alliance with a daughter of Prince Gustave de Vasa. He returned to Paris on the 24th, where he had a military reception, generally described as lacking enthusiasm.—A change has been made in the Ministry by the appointment of M. Achille Fould, Minister of State, in place of M. Casabianca. M. de Cormanin, the well known pamphleteer, M. Giraud, and M. Persil have also become Members of the Council of State, in place of Maillard, Cornudet, and Reverchon, resigned.—M. Odillon Barrot, declines to be a candidate for the Assembly, asking, in his letter, what he can have to do with public affairs, "now that on the ruins of the constitutional and Parliamentary Government of his country, the most absolute power that exists in the world is establishing itself, not as a transient or a casual dictatorship but as a permanent Government, when the mendacious forms of universal suffrage and popular election serve only to secure the return of candidates designated by the Administration, and have only been preserved to give a false air of liberty to the sad and humiliating reality of despotism."—A decree has been issued authorizing to return immediately to France the ex-representatives Creton, Duvergier, Thiers, Chambolle, Remusat, Lasteyrie, Laidet, and Thouret. Another decree removes the interdiction of January 10, to reside in France, against Renaud, Signard, Joly, Theodore Bac, Belin, Besse, Milloste, ex-representatives of the Mountain.—The municipal elections that have recently been held are marked by the failure of voters to attend the polls. Upon an average not one-fourth of the legal ballots have been cast; and this proves to be the case in those departments where a second election was ordered expressly to supply the defect in the first. This very general absence from the polls is noted as a significant indication of the little interest felt in the new government by the mass of the people.—

The London Chronicle has published the text of a treaty alleged to have been signed on the 20th of May, by the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, in regard to the present and prospective condition of the French government. The contracting parties declared that, although they would respect the rule of Louis Napoleon as a temporary government, they would not recognize any French dynasty except the House of Bourbon, and that they would reserve to themselves, in case of opportunity, the right to aid the restoration of the representative of the elder branch of that family. The authenticity of the document has been generally discredited, and, indeed, denied by Austrian official journals.—Addresses have been freely circulated throughout France urging the President to restore the Empire. They are issued under the special direction of the authorities of the departments, who are appointed by the President; and yet it is represented that they are by no means numerous, signed, and that but a small proportion of them are decidedly and frankly Imperialist.—The 15th of August, Napoleon's birthday, was signalized by *fêtes* of extraordinary magnitude and splendor. The most elaborate and protracted preparations had been made for it; thousands and tens of thousands came in from all sections of the country to witness the display; and the occasion was one of unwonted brilliancy and splendor. Grand exhibitions of the military, fireworks, scenes and shows skillfully calculated to recall the memory and the glory of Napoleon, and a great ball at St. Cloud signalized the occasion. The people of Paris had been invited by official proclamation to illuminate their houses; but the noticeably sparse compliance with the request is remarked as more truly indicative of the sentiments of the people, than the elaborate exhibitions arranged by the government.—The anniversary of the taking of the Bastille on the 14th of July, an occasion often commemorated by assembled thousands, and with great eclat, was celebrated this year by the deposit of a single crown on the railings of the column, performed by a lady; the symbol was instantly removed, and the lady and her husband were arrested.—Marshal Excelsmans, a soldier of the Empire, specially attached to Murat, and a witness of the disaster of Waterloo, was killed in Paris by a fall from his horse, on the 21st of July. His funeral was numerously attended. Count D'Orsay, noted in the circles of fashion, and distinguished also for literary and artistic abilities, died on the 4th of August.

From ITALY there is little intelligence beyond that of a system of wholesale arrests of suspected persons. At Venice, Mantua, and other cities, great numbers of influential persons have been thrown into prison, mainly in the hope, as is believed, that they may be induced or forced to reveal suspected conspiracies. Warm disputes have occurred at Rome between the French and Roman soldiers. The mother of Mazzini died of apoplexy, at Genoa, on the 9th of August; her funeral was attended by a very large concourse of people.—In Piedmont the Government has resolved to resist and punish the abuse of the right of petition against the marriage bill, which, it is alleged, is made the pretext for agitating the country. Several instances of severity toward the press have occurred.—In Naples, Mr. Hamilton, an English Protestant, relying on an article in the treaty of 1845, set up a school in 1848, for the education of Swiss and English children. By degrees, Government influence was used to drive away his pupils. The Police have now forcibly closed the school. Sir William Temple was in-

formed of the act, but it is not known what course the British Government will pursue.

In AUSTRIA the most marked event of the month was the Emperor's return to Vienna, after his tour through Hungary, where he is represented to have been received with the general enthusiasm of the people. The liberal papers allege that much of the cordiality with which he was greeted in the Hungarian portion of his dominions, was pre-arranged, and that the real sentiments of the people were in no wise indicated by it. He reached Vienna on the 14th of August, and had a magnificent reception. He was to leave on the 16th for Ischl.—The budget for the year shows a deficit of over fifty-five millions of florins.

In SWITZERLAND nothing of special interest has occurred. The National Council, after three days' debate, has rejected a petition presented by conservatives of the Canton of Fribourg, praying for an alteration of the Cantonal Constitution, by a vote of 79 to 18. It was regarded as an attempt to renew the troubles of the Sonderbund, under the guise of reforming the Constitution. At the same sitting, on the 5th of August, the Council decided upon remitting to the Cantons the remainder of the debt created by the troubles of 1847. The money is to be applied to the completion of certain scholastic institutions, or to the extinction of pauperism, or to the construction of railways, common roads and canals, subject to the approbation of the Federal Executive. It is stated that the Prussian Minister at the Helvetic confederation, has formally demanded the re-establishment of the ancient political relations with Prussia in the Canton of Neuchâtel. The Grand Council of that Canton, on the 30th of July, decreed the suppression of a society of the partisans of Prussia by 69 votes to 11.

From BELGIUM intelligence has been received that a convention has been concluded between the Belgian and Dutch governments for the amalgamation of the railways of the two countries. The great trunk line beginning at Antwerp will be continued to Rotterdam, and so be put into communication with the whole of the Netherlands. It is stated, upon good authority, that the Bavarian government has engaged to pay 1,400,000 florins to the administration of the Palatinate Railway, on condition that the latter shall undertake to execute the works on the line from Ludwigshafen to Wissemburg speedily. This is the point to which the Strasburg Railway is to be continued beyond the French frontier.—A change has occurred in the Belgian Ministry. The commercial regulations between France and Belgium are placed under the *régime* of the common law, the treaty of 1845 not having been renewed.

From TURKEY we learn that Mr. MARSH, the American Minister, left Constantinople on the 30th of July for Athens, whither he goes to investigate the circumstances attending the arrest and imprisonment of the American missionary, Dr. KING. Previous to leaving he had an audience with the Sultan.—Numerous and very destructive fires have recently occurred in Constantinople—two or three thousand houses having been burned.—Fresh and interesting discoveries are said to have been made at Nineveh by M. Place, the French Consul at Mosul; he is said to have found a series of paintings upon marble in vermillion and marine blue.—Steam navigation has lately increased greatly at Constantinople. More than twenty steamers now ply daily in the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. It is said that a Russian company is about to be formed, which will have twenty vessels to run in opposition to these now established.

Editor's Table.

THE SABBATH presents the most purely religious, and, at the same time, the least sectarian of all moral questions. It has, however, been generally regarded under two aspects, and defended on two distinct if not opposing grounds. One of these may be called the Scriptural or theological, the other the physical or secular. One class of advocates would lay the greatest stress on its divine appointment, the other upon its worldly advantages. One would magnify its ecclesiastical, the other its political and social importance. Without entering at length upon either of these arguments, in our present editorial musings, it is enough for us to state that those who would defend it as a permanent divine institution, rely mainly on the remarkable passage in Genesis announcing the divine rest from creation, and the sanctification of the seventh period of time, the Fourth Commandment as confirmatory of the same, and the early and continued example of the primitive Christian church, as evidence of a divinely-authorized change from the seventh day of the Jewish calendar to that on which Christ rose from the dead.

The other argument, which may be denominated the physical or secular, is a great favorite with writers and speakers of a certain class, who would be thought to be friends of the observance of the Sabbath, and all moral institutions connected with it, and yet would prefer to advocate them on grounds less strictly religious. These dwell much on the physical advantages of a day of rest. They enter into calculations respecting the maximum time of human and animal exertion, and the minimum period of relaxation required to counterbalance its effects upon the physical system. It is with them mainly a problem of political economy,—a question of production,—of prices,—of the increase or diminution of individual or national wealth. In these respects the value of the Sabbath is carefully measured by statistical tables. Figures "which can not lie" prove it to be a very useful institution, and the divine wisdom is greatly lauded in the contrivance of such an admirable means for preserving a healthful equilibrium in the industrial and business world.

We would, however, by no means speak slightly of such supposed ends, or of such an argument in support of them. "Does God take care for oxen?" The language of the Apostle is not an ironical negative, as some might suppose, but an *a fortiori* argument to show his higher care for man, and above all, for man's spiritual well-being. We may rationally suppose that higher purposes are harmoniously conjoined with lower in the divine mind. It is not unworthy of the author of the universe to have established such a harmony between the physical and the spiritual worlds. The Bible plainly speaks of things which "have the promise both of this life and of that which is to come," and among these the right observance of the Sabbath would doubtless hold a distinguished place. It is the great connecting bond between the political and the religious, between social virtue and the individual devoutness, between the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace,—in short, between all secular and all spiritual moralities. We can not well conceive of either squalid poverty or debasing vice in a community distinguished for its intelligent reverence of the Sabbath. Such reverence, however, could not well exist or long be maintained, where the secular utilities, true and valuable

as they may be, are the only or even the chief motives appealed to. The temporal loses not only its moral excellence, but its power even for temporal good, when wholly severed from the spiritual.

Neither is there sufficient support for sabbatical institutions in the merely merciful idea of bodily relaxation. We are still in the region of secular benevolence, and without some influence from a higher world of motive and feeling, the sacred idea of rest will inevitably degenerate, and give place to its demoralizing counterfeits—idleness—dissipation—and vice. Thus could it be shown, that even for the best secular ends, a Sabbath divested of the religious element would be far worse than unintermitted labor.

But we would hasten to another and a third view, which may be characterized as being more catholic, or rather less sectarian, than the first, and, at the same time, more spiritual, or less secular, than the second. To firm believers in the positive divine institution of the Sabbath (among whom we have no hesitation in avowing ourselves) the merely worldly argument would appear, sometimes, to betray, rather than support, the very cause it professes to advocate. On the other hand, there are, doubtless, many inquiring minds to whom the Scriptural argument seems more or less defective; but who would, nevertheless, accept a more elevated and more religious view than the one we have denominated the physical or the secular. There are good men, very good men, and honest believers, too, in the written revelation, who have a prejudice against any thing positively outward and ritual in religion, on the ground of its savoring too much of what they deem the obsolete Jewish economy. There are others who do not so accept the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, that they would regard as conclusive any merely exegetical or traditional argument. There are those, again, who wholly reject the authority of the commonly-received revelation. There are men who go farther than this—pantheists,—scientific theists, who recognize only an impersonal Power and Wisdom—men on the very verge of atheism, and some beyond all limits that the most tender charity can regard as separating us from that doleful region. And yet among them all—may we not say it without giving just offense to the strictest believer—among them all there may be sober men, thinking men, deeply serious men, for whom it is possible, and, if possible, most desirable, to frame an argument for a Sabbath that may steer clear of the apparent difficulties in the one view, and the really lowering and unspiritualizing tendency of the other.

Let those, then, who feel strong in that position, ground their reverence for the Sabbath in a positively revealed divine appointment. Among them would we class ourselves, even while endeavoring so to widen the platform as to embrace as many others as possible. Let those, again, who can take no higher view than that derived from its physical benefits, hold fast to such a faith. Frail as the plank may seem, it may deliver them from the shipwreck of total unbelief. The view indeed is a low one, and yet, if honestly held, may conduct the mind to a higher estimate. It is something,—it is much,—to believe truly that in the physical arrangements of the world, God has shown this kind care for our material well-being. If the soul is not utterly buried in earthliness, the thought of such a concern for the body must tend, at

least, to the higher idea of a still higher concern for the blessedness of our spiritual nature.

Now it is in this thought we find that third view of the Sabbath which must have an interest, we would charitably hope, for all the classes that have been mentioned. Many believe that we need a day for special religious *worship*; others hold to the necessity of a day of *bodily rest*. But do we not all—whatever may be our creed, our belief or our unbelief—need a day, an oft-recurring day, of *serious thought*? Whatever may be our faith, or want of faith, every man who has not wholly sunk down into the mere animal nature, needs periods, oft-recurring and stated periods, in which he shall yield his whole soul to the questions—*What am I? Where am I? Whence came I? Why am I here? What have I to do? How am I doing it? Whither am I going?* The tremendous interest of these questions is not to be measured by the excess or deficiency of our creeds, unless it be that the very lack of belief invests them with a more immeasurable importance, or that each presents a more serious problem for serious minds, until we come down to that “horror of great darkness,” the death of all faith in a supernatural or truly spiritual world.

Take the man who calls himself the liberal or free-thinking Christian. We have no objection to the title, or want of charity toward him who assumes it. He needs a Sabbath for intense thought, not so much on the argumentative evidence of particular dogmas, as on the great yet simple questions, whether the liberality of his opinions, and the few difficulties they present to his own mind, may not be evidence of their having no foundation in any wide system of eternal truth,—whether a religious creed that has no profound awe for the soul, no fearful apprehensions, no deep moral anxieties, no absorbing interest in a life to come, does not, from the very fact of such deficiency, prove itself a contradiction and a lie. So too the man who is but beginning to doubt the full inspiration of the Scriptures needs a period of most earnest meditation on the risk he may be running of giving up an only guide, whose place can never be made good by any thing in nature, philosophy, or science. The professed infidel needs a Sabbath, an oft-recurring Sabbath, of serious thought on that question of questions—Has God indeed ever spoken to man, or spoken at all, except through physical laws?—Has the awful stillness of nature been ever broken by a true voice from a true supernatural world?—And the atheist, too,—has he no need of a Sabbath, a frequent day of thought and thoughtfulness, in which he may call up and spread before his mind, in all their fearful importance, the sombre articles of his own dark creed? For creed indeed he has, unsurpassed in solemnity by that of any religionist. It has been quite common to deny the possibility of atheism, but the history of the world and of the church is showing that it is the only legitimate antagonism to a true belief in positive revelation. The shallow sciolist may not perceive it, and yet this is the dark conclusion in which some of his favorite speculations must inevitably terminate. There is no man, therefore, who has a stronger demand upon our most tender charity than the atheist. No belief presents greater difficulties, and yet there is no one to which the thinking mind is more strongly impelled, when it has once learned to distrust the lamp of revelation, and to see only shadows and spectres in that “*light shining in a dark place*, and to which we do well to take heed, until the day dawn and the eternal day star arise in our souls.”

No man, then, we repeat it, stands more in want of a Sabbath than the atheist. No man has greater

need of some such seasons in which he may perhaps find a cure for his dreadful spiritual blindness, giving himself up to all the terrific consequences of his gloomy creed. Let him devote one day in seven to the sober contemplation of a universe without a God, without a providence, without prayer, without a moral government,—religion, reverence, and worship forever dead and gone,—buried with them in their graves all that was most touching in poetry, beautiful in art, elevating in science, or sublime in philosophy,—all moral distinctions perished, of course, except those base counterfeits which resolve themselves into the pursuit of physical pleasure, or the avoidance of physical pain. Let him think of worlds on worlds teeming with life, yet all surrendered to the wheels of a blind and inexorable nature crushing on eternally with her mindless laws,—revolving in her slow but endlessly-recurring cycles,—making every seeming advance but the forerunner of the direst catastrophes of ruin,—or else in an apparent endless progression ever sacrificing individual parts and individual personalities to soulless wholes, yet furnishing to our philosophy no satisfactory ground on which to decide the question, whether the eternal drama in its most universal estimate is any more likely to be one of happiness than of intense and hopeless misery. Let the atheist, and the unbeliever who is on the road to atheism, fix his mind on thoughts like these until he begins to have some conception of what it is to be “without God and without hope in the world.” Let him dwell on this sad orphanage, until in the intolerable loneliness of his spirit he is driven for shelter to the idea of a person—a law-making, law-executing Deity, and is forced to admit that no doctrine of moral retribution, however stern, no creed, even of the most gloomy and fanatical religionist, ever presented so many difficulties as a rejection of those ideas on which all religion is founded.

Again, we need seasons of thought and thoughtfulness, not only on the ground that they are rational and demanded by the dignity of our rational nature, but because, moreover, they constitute the *true rest* of the soul. It is a gross and pernicious error that would make the idea of rest, especially spiritual rest, the same with that of indolence and passivity. It is as false as it would be in physics to confound rest with inertia. The former is the opposite of motion simply, the latter the negation of strength and force. Rest is equilibrium, a duality of forces;—indolence the loss of the soul's balance, and the consequent prostration of its power. Rest is re-freshing, renewing, strengthening, recuperative;—indolence the generator of a greater and still greater lassitude. Rest is a positive,—indolence a negative state. Rest is resistance (*re-sto*), recovery, internal energy,—indolence a base and effeminate yielding, ever followed by a loss of spiritual vitality.

It is in the light of such a contrast we see how very different a thing is this true rest of the soul from that dissipation, or vacancy of all thought, with which some would confound it. Else it would not be held out to us, in the Scriptures, as the peculiar bliss, or blessedness, of the heavenly world. The idea this sweet and holy word presents to the contemplative mind is, indeed, the opposite of a busy, bustling, *restless* progress, the highest conception of which is an ever lasting movement of the intellect adding fact to fact, each as unsatisfactory as the preceding, and never bringing the soul nearer to any perfect quietude; but then, on the other hand, it is not the vacant passivity of which the transcendental Buddhist dreams, any more than the indolent lassitude of the

Epicurean paradise. It is a contemplative energy, finding repose in itself, and deriving sustaining strength from its calm upward gaze upon the highest and most invigorating truth. In such an *upward* rather than *onward* movement is found the proper end and highest value of the Christian Sabbath.

Suave tempus consecratum
Spiritus ad requiem.

It is the nature of this elevated communion to strengthen instead of wearying the soul, and hence to impart to it a new energy for the performance of the duties of life.

We would confidently test the truth of these positions by an appeal to practical experience. There is exhibited now and then, a vast deal of sentimental philanthropy in decrying what are called the religious abuses of the Sabbath. It proceeds generally from those who would confine themselves to the physical or purely secular view. Great stress is laid on mere bodily relaxation. Utter vacancy, too, of mind, or what is worse, mere pleasure-seeking is held forth as the source of refreshment from past labors, and of recovered strength for those to come. The toil-worn mechanic is invited to the place of popular amusement, or to convey himself and his family to some scene of rural enchantment and festivity. We are pointed for appropriate examples to the parks of London, and the boulevards of Paris. The Sabbath, they say, is a noble institution; but then there should be great care to guard against the perversions of Pharisaic or Puritanical bigotry. It may be well to give a part of the day to the services of religion; but then, the purest religion consists in admiring God's works in the natural world; and the poor laborer who can take his wife and children on a ride to Bloomingdale, or indulges them with a walk in the Elysian Fields, is performing a more acceptable service than he who makes the Sabbath a weariness by confining himself to his own dwelling, or spending any considerable part of it within the still more gloomy walls of some religious conventicle.

We would not impeach the motives or the philanthropy of those who talk in this style. Doubtless they are sincere; for there is certainly an extreme plausibility in such a view of the matter, especially as respects that class who have no other day of relaxation. There are parts of the picture, too, to which the sternest Sabbatarian would take no objection, if in any way they could be practically separated from the rest. Pure air is certainly favorable, not only to the physical, but to the moral health. The observation of nature, to say the least, is not opposed to devotion, although it requires some previous devotion to make that observation what it ought to be, or to prevent its being consistent with the most profane and godless state of the mind and heart. Where these can be enjoyed without danger of perverted example, or other evils, which, in respect to our crowded city population are almost inseparable from such indulgence, he must be a bigot indeed who would deny them to the poor, or regard them as a desecration of the Sabbath.

But there is another side to this picture, and other truths having a bearing upon the argument, in support of which we might let go all a priori reasoning, and appeal directly to facts of observation. We will not take an extreme case, or rather, what is well known to be a common case with the Sabbath haunters of Hoboken and other rural purlieus. We will not take the intemperate, the gambling, or the debauched. Let two sober and industrious families be selected from the ranks of the laboring poor. One

man devotes the day to pleasant rural excursions with his wife and children. We would not pass upon him a sanctimonious censure, although we might doubt the philosophy as well as the piety of his course. He has abstained from intoxicating drinks, from the lower sensual indulgences, from profane and vicious company. But he has sought simply relaxation for the body, and the negative pleasure of vacancy or of passive musing for the mind. The other pater-familias would, indeed, desire pure air for himself and little ones, purer air than can be obtained in the confined and populous street, and under other circumstances he would, doubtless, freely indulge in such a luxury; but then he knows there is a higher atmosphere still—a spiritual atmosphere—and that this, above all others, is the day in which he is to breathe its purity, and inhale a new inspiration from its invigorating life. He kneels with his children around the morning household altar—he goes with them to the Sabbath-school and to church—the remainder of the day is spent in devotion or meditation—and the evening, perhaps, is given to the social prayer-meeting. Oh, the gloomy drudgery! some would be ready to exclaim. We would not deny that there might be excess even here; but can we hesitate in deciding which of these two families will proceed to their weekly toil on Monday morning with more invigoration of spirit—ay, and of body, too, derived from the soul's refreshment? To which has the day been the truest *Sabbath*, the most real *test*? In deciding this question, we need only advert to our former analysis. There has been, in the one case, an utter mistaking of the true idea of rest. Experience has shown, and ever will show, that all mere pleasure-seeking, for its own sake, all vacancy or passivity of soul, ever exhausts, ever dissipates, and, in the end, renders both mind and body less fitted for the rugged duties of life than continued labor itself. In the train of these evils come also satiety, disappointment, a sense of personal degradation that no philosophy can wholly separate from idle enjoyment; and all these combined produce that aversion to regular labor, which is so often to be observed as the result of an ill-spent Sabbath. The body, it is true, belonging as it does wholly to the world of material nature, needs the repose of passivity; but the spirit can never indulge itself long in conscious indolence without risking the loss of spiritual power as well as moral dignity. Its true rest—we can not too often repeat it—is not the rest of *inertia*, but that which comes from an introcommuning with a higher world of thought and a higher sphere of spiritual life. This it finds in those great truths Christianity has brought down to us, and by the weekly exhibition of which, more than any thing else, our modern world is distinguished from the ancient.

The picture we have presented of the Sabbath-keeping laborer is no rare or fancy sketch. The socialist, indeed, ignores his existence. Such writers as Fourier, and Prudhom, and Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo, and Martineau, know nothing about him. They see, and are determined to see, in the condition of the poor only a physical degradation, from which their own earthy and earthly-minded philosophy can alone relieve him. Nothing is more wholly inconceivable to a philanthropist of this class than what Chalmers styles "the charm of intercourse" with the lowly pious, or the moral sublime of that character—the *Christian poor man*. And yet it is neither rare nor strange. We make bold to affirm that it may be realized in almost every church in our city.

In this thought, too, do we find the surest test of

all true social reforms. A dislike of the Sabbath, and especially of its religious observance, is an indication of their character that can not be mistaken. It is the Ithuriel's spear to detect every species of spurious philanthropy. We would not impeach the benevolent sincerity of these warm advocates of socialism. We would commend their zeal to the imitation of our Christian churches. But still it is for us a sufficient objection to the phalanx and the social commune that *they know no Sabbath*. Periods of festivity and relaxation they acknowledge, but no fixed days of holy spiritual rest, of serious thought, of soul-expanding and soul-invigorating meditation on the great things of another life. Radical as they boast to be, they present no recognition of that most radical truth, the ground of all real reforms, and so full of encouragement to the real reformer, that physical depression can not possibly continue for any length of time where there has been a true spiritual elevation—or, in other words, that this world can only be lifted from its sunken, miry social degradation by keeping strong and firmly fastened every chain that binds it to the world above.

To these ends it is not enough that each one should determine for himself the portion and proportion of his own Sabbatical times. "Six days shalt thou labor; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord." We urge it not as Scriptural proof—which would be contrary to the leading design and method of our argument—but as illustrative of the importance of one recurring period for all, and of the benefits to be derived from a community of act and feeling in its observance. We need all the strength that can come from a common prejudice, if any should choose so to call it, in favor of certain stated and well-known times. In distinction from the profanity that would utterly deny a Sabbath, there is a false hyper-spiritualism that would make all seasons, all places, and all acts, alike *holy*—or, in its sentimental cant, every day a Sabbath, every work a worship, and every feeling a prayer. Now, besides destroying the radical sense of the word *holy*, this is in opposition alike to Scripture and to human experience. Both teach us that there must be (at least in our present state) alternations of the holy and the common, the spiritual and the worldly, and that each interest is periled, as well by their false fusion, as by that destruction of the true analogy which would cause the one to be out of all proportion to the other. A stated period, too, is required to give intensity to thought and warmth to devotion. The greatest pleasure of a truly devout mind, is in the idea of contemporary communion with others, and nothing is more repugnant to it than a proud reliance upon its own individual spirituality.

To give the day, then, all its rightful power over the soul, there is needed that hallowed character which can only come from what may be called a sacred conventionality. Every one who has been brought up in a religious community must feel the force of this, even if he does not understand its philosophy. In consequence of it, the Sabbath seems to differ, physically, as well as morally, from all other days. In its deep religiousness every thing puts on a changed appearance. Nature reposes in the embrace of a heavenly quietude. There seems to be a different air, a different sky; the clouds are more serene; the sun shines with a more placid glory. There is a holiness in the trees, in the waters, in the everlasting hills, such as the mind associates with no other period. Thousands have felt it, but never was it better described than in the lines of Leyden:

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill—
Hail light serene! hail sacred Sabbath morn!

Or in those verses of Graham, which, if an imitation, are certainly an improvement—especially in the moral conception which forms the close of his entrancing picture:

Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud,
The black-bird's note comes mellow from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S LETTER.

THE STORY OF "THE BRIDE OF LANDECK."

THE small town of Landeck, in the Vorarlberg, is surrounded by mountains, which take exceedingly picturesque forms from their peculiar geological structure. I can not stop in my tale to enter into any details regarding the geology of the country; but I remember once talking to Buckland about it, when I met him with Professor Sedgwick at the English Cambridge, some two or three-and-twenty years ago. Poor Buckland has, I hear, since fallen into indifferent health; but at the period I speak of he was full of life and energy, and one of the most entertaining men I ever met. Our acquaintance was of no long duration; for I was hurrying through that part of the world with great rapidity, and had hardly time to accomplish all that I proposed. I saw a great deal of him, however, and heard a great deal of him then, and once afterward; and there was a certain sort of enthusiastic simplicity about him, not uncommon in men of science, which made him the subject of many good stories, whether true or false I will not pretend to say. His fondness for every thing connected with the subject of Natural history amounted to a complete passion; and he was not at all scrupulous, they said, as to whom it was exercised upon. I heard a laughable anecdote illustrative of this propensity. There had been, shortly before, a great meeting at Oxford of scientific men, and of those fashionable hangers-on upon the skirts of science, who feeling themselves but so many units in the mass of the *beau monde*, seek to gain a little extrinsic brilliancy from stars and comets, strata, atoms, and machinery. Buckland asked a good number of the most distinguished of all classes to dine with him on one of the days of this scientific fair. During the morning he delivered a lecture in his lecture-room before all his friends upon Comparative Anatomy—showed the relation between existing and extinct species of animals—exhibited several very perfect specimens of fossil saurians—dissected a very fine alligator sent to him from the Mississippi—washed his hands—walked his friends about Oxford, and went home to dinner. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated; the dinner table looked splendid, with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like that soup?" asked the Doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous *gourmand* of the day.

"Very good, indeed," answered the other; "Tur-

tle, is it not? I only ask because I did not find any green fat."

The Doctor shook his head.

"I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," said another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied Buckland. "The Cayman peculiarly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating—"

There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from table. Two or three ran out of the room and vomited; and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is," said Buckland. "If I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or birds'-nest soup—salt water amphibia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such is prejudice."

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

The worthy Doctor, however, was sometimes the object, as well as the practicer of jokes and hoaxes. I remember hearing him make a long descriptive speech regarding some curious ancient remains which had been displayed to him by Mr. B——, who was neither more nor less than a notorious *charlatan*. They consisted in conical excavations, at the bottom of which were found various nondescript implements, which passed with the worthy Doctor as curious relics of an almost primæval age. One third of the room at least was in a laugh during the whole time; for the tricks of the impostor who had deceived the professor—very similar to those of Doctor Douter-swivel—had been completely exposed about a year before at Lewis, in Sussex; and witty Barham, the well-known Tom Ingoldsby, handed about the room some satirical verses struck off upon the occasion. Indeed, though eminent as a geologist and palæontologist, Buckland went out of his depth when he dabbled in antiquarian science. But with a weakness common to many Englishmen of letters, he aimed greatly at universality; and in the same day I have heard him deliver a long disquisition upon the piercing of stone walls by a peculiar sort of snail, and a regular oration upon the spontaneous combustion of pigeons' dung.

The celebrated Whewell, whom I met at the same time, was another who aimed at universal knowledge, but with better success. There was no subject could be started which he was not prepared to discuss on the instant, and I heard of an attempt made to puzzle him, which recoiled with a severe rap upon the perpetrators thereof. Four young but somewhat distinguished men determined to put Whewell's readiness at all points to the test the first time they should meet him together, by starting some subject agreed upon between them, the most unlikely for a clergyman and a mathematician to have studied. The subject selected, after much deliberation, was Chinese musical instruments. The last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was obtained, and studied diligently; and then Whewell was invited to dinner. Music, musical instruments, Chinese musical instruments, were soon under discussion. Whewell was perfectly prepared, entered into all the most minute details, and gave the most finished description of every instrument, from a Mandarin gong to a one-stringed lute. At length, however, the young men thought they had caught him at fault. He differed from the *Encyclopædia*, and the statements of that great work were immediately thrown in his teeth.

"I know that it is so put down," answered Whewell, quietly; "but it will be altered in the next edition. When I wrote that article, I was not sufficiently informed upon the instrument in question."

English Universities are often very severely handled by would-be reformers. But one thing is perfectly certain, whatever may be the faults in their constitution, they have produced, and do still produce, men of deeper, more extensive, and more varied information than any similar institutions in the world. Too much license, indeed, is sometimes allowed to the young men, and sometimes, especially in former ages, this has produced very sad and fatal results. At a small supper party, to which I was invited at St. John's College, during my visit to Cambridge, a little story of College life in former times was related, which made a deep impression upon me.

Two young men, the narrator said, matriculated in the same year at one of the colleges—I think it was at St. John's itself; but am not quite sure. The one was a somewhat fiery, passionate youth, of the name of Elliot: the other grave, and somewhat stern; but frank, and no way sullen. His name was Bailey. As so frequently happens with men of very dissimilar character, a great intimacy sprang up between them. They were sworn friends and companions; and during the long vacation of the second year, Bailey spent a great portion of his time at the house of Elliot's mother. In those days, before liberal notions began to prevail, this was considered as an honor; for Bailey was a man of aristocratic birth, and Elliot a plebeian. There was a great attraction in the house, however; for besides his mother, a sickly and infirm woman, Elliot's family comprised a sister, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes."

After their return to College, in one of their drinking bouts, then but too common, a quarrel took place among a number of the College youths: the officers of the University interfered, and one of them received a dangerous blow from Bailey, which put his life in jeopardy. It was judged necessary for him to fly immediately, and at the entreaty of his friend he sought an asylum in the house of Elliot's mother. After the lapse of several days, the wounded officer of the College was pronounced out of danger, and Elliot set out to inform his friend of the good tidings. Precaution, however, was still necessary, as the college officers were still in pursuit; and he went alone, and on horseback, by night, with pistols at his saddle bow, as was then customary. The distance he had to ride was some two-and-thirty miles and he arrived about midnight.

Like all young men of his temperament, Elliot was fond of dreaming dreams. He had remarked the admiration of his friend for his sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, and her evident love for him, and he had built up a little castle in the air in regard to their union, and her elevation to station and fortune. As he approached the house, no windows showed a light but those of his sister's room, and putting the horse in the stable himself, he took the pistols from the holsters, approached the house, and quietly opened the door. A great oak staircase, leading from the hall to the rooms above, was immediately within sight with the top landing, on the right of which lay his mother's chamber, and on the left that of his sister. The young man's first and natural impulse was to look up; but what was his surprise, indignation, and horror, when he beheld the door of his sister's room quietly open, and the figure of Bailey glide out upon the landing. For a moment there was a terrible struggle within him; but he restrained himself, and in as

calm a tone as he could assume, said, "Come down—I want to speak with you."

Without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, Bailey came down, and followed him out into an avenue of trees which led up to the house. The only question he asked was—"Is the man dead?"

"Come on, and I will tell you," answered the other; and when they had got some hundred yards from the house, he suddenly turned, and struck Bailey a violent blow on the face, exclaiming, "Villain and scoundrel! give me instant satisfaction for what you have done this night. There's a pistol.—No words; for by—either you or I do not quit this ground alive!"

Bailey attempted to speak; but the other would not hear him, and struck him again with the butt end of the pistol. The young man's blood was roused. He snatched the weapon from his hand, and retired a few paces into the full moonlight. Elliot gave the words, "One, two, three," and the two pistols were fired almost at the same moment.

The next morning, at an early hour, Mrs. Elliot, now very ill, said to her daughter, who had been watching by her bedside all night, "I wish, my dear child, you would send some one to Mr. Bailey, to say I desire to speak with him. After what passed between us three the day before yesterday, I am sure he will willingly relieve a mother's anxiety, and let me see you united to him before I die. It must be very speedy, Emma; for my hours are drawing to a close, and I fear can not even be protracted till your dear brother can be sent for."

Emma Elliot gazed at her mother for a moment with tearful eyes, and then answered, as calmly as she could, "I can call him myself, mamma. He sleeps in my old room now, since the wind blew down the chimney of that he had formerly."

"No, send one of the servants," said her mother; and in a few minutes after, Mr. Bailey was in the room. He was a man of a kind heart, and generous feelings, and but the slightest shade of hesitation in the world was visible in the consent he gave to an immediate union with Emma Elliot; but both she and her mother remarked that he was deadly pale.

The laws of England were not so strict in those times as they are now in regard to marriage. The clergyman's house was not more than a stone's throw from the dwelling, and the priest was instantly summoned and came.

"It is strange," he said, "Mr. Bailey," just before the ceremony. "As I walked up the avenue, I saw a great pool of blood."

"Nothing else?" asked Mr. Bailey, with a strange and bewildered look.

"There were poachers out last night," said the old housekeeper, who had been brought into the room as one of the witnesses; "for I heard two shots very close to the house."

Never was a joyful ceremony more melancholy—in the presence of the dying—with the memory of the dead. After it was over, one little circumstance after another occurred to arouse fears and suspicions. A strange, hired horse was found in the stable. Then came the news from Cambridge that young Elliot had set out the night before, no one knew whither. Then two pistols were found in the grass by the side of the avenue. Then drops of blood, and staggering steps were traced across the grass court to a small shrubbery which led to the back of the house, and there the dead body of the son and brother was found, lying on its face, as if he had fallen forward in attempting to reach a door in the rear of the building.

Mrs. Elliot died that night, without having heard of her son's fate. Investigations followed: every inquiry was made; and a coroner's jury was summoned. They returned what is called an open verdict, and the matter passed away from the minds of the general public.

But there was one who remembered it. There was one upon whose mind it wore and fretted like rust upon a keen sword blade. His home was bright and cheerful; his wife was fond, faithful, and lovely; beautiful children grew up around his path like flowers; riches were his, and worldly honors fell thick upon him; but day by day he grew sadder and more sad; day by day the cloud and the shadow encompassed him more densely. Of his children he was passionately fond; and his wife—oh, how terribly he loved her! Happy for him, she was not like many women—like too many—whom affection spoils, whom tenderness hardens, who learn to exact in proportion to that which is given, and who, when the utmost is done, still, "like the horse-leeches' daughter, cry 'more, more!'" He adored, he idolized her. Her lightest wish, her idlest fancy—her caprices, if she had any—were all gratified as soon as they were formed. Opposition to her will seemed to him an offense, and disobedience to her lightest command by any of her household, was immediately checked or punished. Was he making retribution?—Was he trying to atone?—Was he seeking to compensate for a great injury? God only knows. But happy, happy for him that Emma Bailey was not like other women; that spoiling could not spoil her: that indulgence had no debasing effect.

Still he grew more sad. It might be that every time he held her to his heart, he remembered that he had slain her brother. It might be, that when she gazed into his eyes, with looks of undiminished love and confidence, he felt that there was a dark secret hidden beneath the veil through which he fancied she saw him, which, could she have beheld it, would have turned all that passionate affection to bitterness and hate. It might be that he knew he was deceiving—the saddest, darkest, most despairing consciousness that can overload the heart of man.

At length, a time came, when confidence—if ever confidence was to be given upon this earth—was necessary upon his part. He was struck with fever. He had over-exerted himself in some works of humanity among his poorer neighbors. It was a sickly season. God had given one of those general warnings, which he sometimes addresses to nations and to worlds—warnings, trumpet-tongued; but against which men close their ears. He fell sick—very sick. The strength of the strong man was gone: the stout heart beat feebly though quick: the energies of the powerful brain were at an end; and wild fancies, and chaotic memories reveled in delirious pranks, where reason had once reigned supreme. He spoke strange words in his wanderings; but Emma sat by his bedside night and day, gazing upon his wan, pale face and glazed eye, smoothing his hot pillow, holding his clammy hand, moistening his parched lip. Sometimes overpowered with weariness, a moment's slumber blessed her away from care; and then, when the critical sleep came, how she watched, and wept, and prayed!

He woke at length. A nurse and physician were in the room; and the first said he looked much better; the second said he hoped the crisis was past. But the husband beckoned the wife to him, and she knelt beside him, and threw her arms over him, and leaned her head with its balmy tresses upon his aching bosom.

"I have something to tell you," he said, in a faint voice. "It will be forth. It has torn and rent me for many a year. Now, that the presence of God is near to me, it must be spoken. Bring your ear nearer to me, my Emma."

She obeyed; and he whispered to her earnestly for a few moments. None saw what passed upon her countenance; for it was partly hidden on the clothes of the bed, partly concealed by her beautiful arm. None heard the words he uttered in that low, murmuring tone. But suddenly, his wife started up with a look of horror indescribable. She had wedded the slayer of her brother. She had clasped the hand which had shed her kindred blood. She had loved, and caressed, and clasped with eager passion the man who had destroyed the cradle-fellow of her youth—she had borne him children!

One look of horror, and one long, piercing shriek, and she fell senseless upon the floor at the bedside. They took her up: they sprinkled water in her face; they bathed her temple with essences; and gradually light came back into her eyes. Then they turned toward the bed. What was it they saw there? He had seen the look. He had heard the shriek. He had beheld the last ray of hope depart. The knell of earthly happiness had rung. The gates of another world stood open, near at hand; and he had passed through to that place where all tears are wiped from all eyes. There was nothing but clay left behind.

Such was one of the tales told across the College table; and yet it was not a very sad or solemn place; and many a lighter and a gayer anecdote served to cheer up the heart after such sad pictures. There was a great deal of originality, too, at the table, which amused, if it did not interest. There was Doctor W—— there, who afterward became head-master of a celebrated public school, and who was in reality a very eccentric man always affecting a most commonplace exterior. The most extraordinary, however, was Mr. R——, celebrated for occupying many hours every morning in shaving himself, an operation, all the accidents of which we generally, in this country, avoid by the precaution of trusting it to others. The process, however, of Mr. R—— who never confided in a barber, was this. He lathered and shaved one side of his face: then read a passage of Thucydides. Then he lathered and shaved the other side, read another passage, and then began again; and so on ad infinitum, or until somebody came in and dragged him out. His notions, however, were more extraordinary even than his habits. He used to contend, and did that night, that man having been created immortal, and having only lost his immortality by the knowledge of good and evil, it was in reality only the fear engendered by that knowledge which caused him to decay, or die. In vain gray hairs, a shriveled skin, defaulting teeth, warned him of the fragility of himself and his hypothesis: he still maintained dogmatically, that unless man were fool enough to be afraid, there would be no occasion for him to die at all. He actually carried his doctrine to the grave with him; for during another visit to Cambridge, many years after, I heard the close of his strange history. Feeling himself somewhat feeble, he went, several years after I saw him, to reside at Richmond, near London, where "the air is delicate." There a chronic disease under which he had been long laboring, assumed a serious form; and his friends and relations persuaded him to send for a physician. The physician giving no heed to his notions regarding corporeal immortality, prescribed for him sagely, but without effect. The disease went on undiminished, and it became

necessary to inform him that his life was drawing to an end.

"Fiddlestick's ends," said Mr. R——. "Life has no end, but in consequence of fear. I am not the least afraid in the world; and hang me if I die, in spite of you all. Give me my coat and hat, John. I will go out and take a walk."

"By no means," cried the doctor. "You will only hasten the catastrophe, my dear sir, before any of your affairs are settled."

"Why, sir, you have hardly been able to walk across the room for this fortnight. You will never get half way up the hill;" said his faithful servant.

"Sir, you are at this moment in a dying state," said the provoked doctor.

"I will soon show you," cried Mr. R——; and walking to the door in his dressing gown, without his hat, down the stairs he went, and out into the busy streets of Richmond. For a hundred yards he tottered on; but then he fell upon the pavement, and was carried into a pastry-cook's store, where he expired without uttering one word, even in defense of his favorite theory.

The small town of Landeck, in the Vorarlberg, is surrounded by mountains, which—

I am afraid they are too high for me to get over in the short space which remains of this sheet, though I have written as small as possible, in order to leave myself room to conclude the tale of the Bride of Landeck. I must therefore put it off until I can find time to write you another epistle, in which I trust to be able to conclude all I have to say upon the subject; and in the mean time, with many thanks for your polite attention in printing these gossiping letters, I must beg you to believe me,

Your faithful servant,

P.

Editor's Drawer.

PERHAPS no two of the "Mysteries of Science," as they are sometimes called, excite more interest among all classes of curiosity-mongers, than the *Balloon* and the *Diving-bell*. They are the very antipodes of each other, and yet the interest felt in each partakes of a very kindred character. To descend to the bottom of the sea, "where never plummet sounded;" to sink quietly and solemnly down into the chambers of the Great Deep; to see the "sea-fan" wave its delicate wings, and the coral groves, inhabited by the beautiful mer-men and maidens, who take their pastime therein; to gloat over rich argosies, the treasures of gold and silver, that brighten the caverns of the deep; to watch the deep, deep green waves of softened light that come shimmering and trembling down the dense watery walls—these make up much of the *Poetry of the Diving-bell*, of which all imaginative people are enamored, and which is not without a certain influence upon all sorts and conditions of men.

On the other hand, to rise suddenly above the earth; to look down upon the gradually lessening crowds and vanishing cities beneath; to glance over the tops of mountains upon the vast inland plains, sprinkled with villages and towns; to sail on and on, exhausting horizon after horizon; to look down upon even the clouds of heaven, and thunder-storms and rainbows rolling and flashing beneath your feet, and upon glimpses of the heaving bosom of the "Great and wide Sea"—these, again, are the elements of the aeronaut, that may well be termed the "*Poetry of Ballooning*."

But leaving the "Poetry of the Diving-bell" for another "Drawer," let us narrate an incident which we find in one of its compartments, or, rather, the synopsis of an incident, reduced from a more voluminous account, given at the time by a London writer of rare and varied accomplishments. It may, indeed, be termed, from the scanty materials preserved from the original record, a "*Memory of Ballooning*."

Mr. Green, the great London aeronaut, who has ascended some hundred and fifty times from Vauxhall Gardens, London; who has taken his air-journeys at all times of the day and night; who has sailed over a continent with passengers in his frail bark, when it was so dark, that, according to the testimony of one of his fellow-voyagers, it seemed as though the balloon was making its noiseless way through a mass of impenetrable black marble—this same Mr. Green—to come back from our long sentence—once gave out, by hand-bills and the public prints, that on a certain afternoon in July, he would ascend from Vauxhall Gardens, London, at four o'clock in the afternoon, with a distinguished lady and gentleman, who had volunteered to accompany him on that occasion.

The day and the hour at length arrived. The spacious inclosures of the Garden were crowded with an excited multitude, awaiting with the utmost impatience for the tossing, rolling globe to mount up and be lost in the blue creation that spread out far above the giant city, pavilioned by its clouds of smoke. But the hour passed by, and the "distinguished lady and gentleman" came not.

"It's an 'oax!" exclaimed hundreds, simultaneously among the crowd: "There isn't no sich persons."

Mr. Green assured them of his good faith; read the letter that he had received from "the parties," and his answer; but still the "madness of the people" increased, and still the "distinguished lady and gentleman" came not. Matters were growing more and more serious, and a "row" seemed inevitable.

At this crisis of affairs, a solemn-visaged man, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, stepped forth from the dense crowd, to the edge of the boundary which inclosed the balloon, and beckoning to Mr. Green, said, in a very modest manner, and in a low tone:

"I will go with you, sir, with pleasure; I should be glad to go. I wish to escape, for a while, at least, from this infernal noisy town."

The aeronaut was only too glad to accept the proposition, as some sort of salvo to his disappointed auditory, whose denunciatory vociferations were increasing every moment.

Mr. Green, standing up in the car of his tossing and impatient vessel, now announced, that "a gentleman present, in the kindest manner, had volunteered to make the ascent with him," and that the "monster-balloon" would at once depart for the vague regions of the upper air.

This announcement was hailed with acclamations by the assembled multitudes; and giving some necessary orders to his assistants, who had become fatigued with holding the groaning ropes that had until now confined the "monster" to the earth, the balloon was liberated, and rose slowly and majestically over the vast crowd of spectators and the wilderness of brick and mortar, and towers and steeples, and spacious parks, that lay spread out below, and gradually melted into the celestial blue.

What followed is best represented by the partially remembered words of the aeronaut himself, as shadowed forth in the memorandum already referred to.

"As we rose above the metropolis, and its mighty mass began to melt into indistinctness, my companion, whose bearing and manner had hitherto most favorably impressed me, began to manifest symptoms of great uneasiness. As we were passing over Harewell, dimly seen among the extended suburbs of the great city, his anxiety seemed to increase in an extraordinary degree. Pointing, with trembling finger, in that immediate direction, he said:

"Can they see us from THERE? can they reach us in any way? can they telegraph us?—CAN they, I say?"

"Surprised at the excitement, and at the abrupt alarm of one who had been so remarkably cool and self-possessed at starting, I replied:

"Certainly not, my dear sir; we are half a mile from the earth, at least."

"Ah, ha! then I am safe! they can't catch me now! I escaped from them only this morning!"

"With a vague sense of some impending evil, I asked:

"Escaped!—how!—from where?"

"From the lunatic asylum! They thought I was crazed, and sent me there to be confined. Crazed! Why, there's not a man in London so sane as I am, and they knew it. It was a trick, sir—a trick! A trick to get my estate! But I'll be even with 'em! I'll show 'em! I'll thwart 'em!"

"Good Heavens! I was now a mile from the earth, with a madman for my companion!—in a frail vessel, where the utmost caution and coolness were necessary, and where the least irregularity or carelessness would send us, through the intervening space with the speed of thought, to lie, crushed and bleeding masses of unrecognizable humanity, upon the earth.

"But I had not long to think of even this apparently inevitable fate; for my companion had seized upon the sand-bags, and, one after another, was throwing them over the side of the car.

"Hold! rash man! I exclaimed: 'what would you do? You are endangering both our lives!'

"All this time the balloon was ascending with such rapidity, that the rush of the air through the net-work was like the wild whistling of the wind in the cordage of a ship under bare poles, in a gale at sea.

"What do I do?" repeated the madman; 'I am getting away! I am going to the moon!—I am going to the moon!—ha! ha! They can't catch us in the moon!'

"He had exhausted nearly all the ballast except what was under or near me, and we were rising at such an astounding speed that I expected every moment that the balloon would burst from the increasing expansion, when I observed him loosening his garments and taking off his coat.

"It's two hundred thousand miles now to the moon!" said he, and we must throw over some more ballast or we shan't be home till morning."

"So saying he tore off his coat and threw it over—next his waistcoat—and was fumbling at his pantaloons, evidently for a similar purpose. But a new thought seemed to strike him:

"Two are too many for this little balloon," he said; 'she's going too slow! We shall not reach the moon before morning at this rate. Get out of this!'

"I was wholly unnerved. I could have calmed the fears, or reasoned down the apprehensions of a reasonable companion; but my present *compagnon du voyage* 'lacked discourse of reason' as much as the brute that perisheth, and remonstrance was of no avail.

"GET OUT OF THIS!" he repeated, in tones strangely piercing, in the hush of the upper air; and thereupon I felt myself seized by a grasp, so often superhumanly powerful in madmen, and found myself suddenly poised over the side of the tilting car, and heard the *hum* of the tortured gas in its silken prison above us:

"Good-night!" said the infuriated wretch; "you'll hear from me by telegraph from the moon! They can't catch me now! Ha! ha!—not now! *not now!*"

It was but a dream of an aeronaut, reader, after all, on the night before his ascension; and this sketch is but a dream of that dream; for it is from memory, and not "from the record."

As the fall rains may be expected, as the almanacs predict, "about these days" of autumn, we put on early record, for the next month, the fact, that umbrellas are not protected by the laws of the United States. They are not property, save that of the man of whom you buy them. They constitute an article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either. The coolest thing—the most doubly-iced impudence—we ever heard of, was in the case of a man who borrowed a new silk umbrella of a town-neighbor, which, as a matter of course, he forgot to return. One morning, in a heavy rain, he called on his neighbor for it. He found him on the steps, going out with the borrowed umbrella. He met him with that peculiar smile that one man gives another who suddenly claims his umbrella on a wet day, and said:

"Where are you going, Mr. B——?"

"I came for my umbrella," was the brief reply.

"But don't you see I am going out with it at this moment? It's a very nasty morning."

"Going out with my umbrella! What am I to do, I should like to know?"

"Do?—do as I did—*borrow* one!" said the borrower, as he walked away, leaving the lender well-nigh paralyzed at the great height of his neighbor's impudence.

A church is the place, of a rainy Sunday, where many indifferent and valuable "exchanges" are made, in the article of umbrellas. Perhaps many of our readers will remember the remark made at the close of morning service, on a drizzly Sabbath, by a pious brother:

"My friends, there was taken from this place of worship this morning a large black silk-umbrella, nearly new; and in place of it was left a small blue cotton umbrella, much tattered and worn, and of a coarse texture. The black silk umbrella was undoubtedly taken by mistake, but such mistakes are getting a leetle too common!"*

As we shall very soon have a new President coming into office for a new four-year's lease of care and "glory," we venture to insinuate what he may expect from the throngs of office-seekers by whom he will be surrounded; and we shall take but a single instance out of many hundreds that might be offered. A man writing from Washington at the coming in of our last National Chief Magistrate, gave this graphic sketch of a "Sucker" office-seeker:

"Dickens might draw some laughable sketches, or caricatures, from the live specimens of office-seekers now on hand here. The new President has just advised them all to go home and leave their papers behind them; and such a scattering you never saw! One fellow came here from Illinois, and was

introduced to a wag who, he was told, had "great influence at court," and who, although destitute of any such pretensions, kept up the delusion for the sake of the joke. The "Sucker" addressed the man of influence something in this wise:

"Now, stranger, look at them papers. Them names is the first in our whole town. There's Deacon Styles—there aint no piouser man in all the county; and then there's Rogers, our shoemaker—he made them boots I got on, and a better pair never tramped over these diggins. You wouldn't think them soles had walked over more than three hundred miles of Hoosier mud, but they *hev* though, and are sound yet. Every body in our town knows John Rogers. Just you go to Illinois, and ax about *me*. You'll find how I stand. Then you ask Jim Turner, our constable—he knows me; ask *him* what I did for the party. He'll tell you I was a screamer at the polls—nothing else. Now, I've come all the way from Illinois, and a-foot too, most of the way, to see if I can have justice. They even told me to take a town-office to—*hum!* but I must have something that pays aforehand—such as them '*char-gees*,' as they call 'em. I hain't got only seven dollars left, and I can't wait. Jist git me one o' them '*char-gees*,' will ye? Them'll do. Tell the old man how it is; *he'll* do it. Fact is, he *must!* I've aint the office, and no mistake!"

Doubtless he *had* "aint" it; few persons who go to Washington and *wait* for an office, but *earn* their office, whether they obtain it or not.

IT IS HORACE WALPOLE, in his egotistical but very amusing correspondence, who narrates the following amusing anecdote:

"I must add a curious story, which I believe will surprise your Italian surgeons as much as it has amazed the faculty here. A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense; but, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter, he added these words:

"I forgot to tell your honors that the leg was a wooden one!"

THERE was great delicacy in the manner in which a foreigner, having a friend hung in this country, broke the intelligence to his relations on the other side of the water. He wrote as follows:

* "Ollapodiana:" Knickerbocker Magazine.

"Your brother had been addressing a large meeting of citizens, who had manifested the deepest interest in him, when the platform upon which he stood, being, as was subsequently ascertained, very insecure, gave way, owing to which, he fell and broke his neck!"

IF you will take a bank-note, and while you are folding it up according to direction, peruse the following lines, you will arrive at their meaning, with no little admiration for the writer's cleverness:

"I will tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
Better than banking, trading or leases;
Take a bank-note and fold it up,
And then you will find your wealth in-creases.

"This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
Keeps your cash in your hands, and with nothing
to trouble it,
And every time that you fold it across,
'Tis plain as the light of the day that you double it."

IF your "Editor's Drawer," writes a correspondent, is not already full, you may think the inclosed, although an old story, worthy of being squeezed in.

"Soon after the close of the American Revolution, a deputation of Indian chiefs having some business to transact with the Governor, were invited to dine with some of the officials in Philadelphia. During the repast, the eyes of a young chief were attracted to a castor of *mustard*, having in it a spoon ready for use. Tempted by its bright color, he gently drew it toward him, and soon had a brimming spoonful in his mouth. Instantly detecting his mistake, he nevertheless had the fortitude to swallow it, although it forced the tears from his eyes.

"A chief opposite, at the table, who had observed the consequence, but not the cause, asked him 'What he was crying for?' He replied that he was 'thinking of his father, who was killed in battle.' Soon after, the questioner himself, prompted by curiosity, made the same experiment, with the same result, and in turn was asked by the younger Sachem 'What he was crying for?' '*Because you were not killed when your father was,*' was the prompt reply."

OLD Matthews, the most comic of all modern comic *raconteurs*, when in this country used to relate the following illustration of the manner in which the cool assumption of a "flunkey" was rebuked by an eccentric English original, one Lord EARDLEY, whose especial antipathy was, to have his servants of the class called "fine gentlemen:"

"During breakfast one day, Lord Eardley was informed that a person had applied for a footman's place, then vacant. He was ordered into the room, and a double refined specimen of the *genus* so detested by his lordship made his appearance. The manner of the man was extremely affected and consequential, and it was evident that my lord understood him at a glance; moreover, it was as evident he determined to lower him a little.

"Well, my good fellow," said he, 'you want a lackey's place, do you?'

"I came about an upper footman's situation, my lord," said the gentleman, bridling up his head.

"Oh, do ye, do ye?" replied Lord Eardley; 'I keep no upper servants; all alike, all alike here.'

"Indeed, my lord!" exclaimed this upper footman, with an air of shocked dignity. 'What *department* then am I to consider myself expected to fill?'

"Department! department!" quoth my lord, in a tone like inquiry.

"In what *capacity*, my lord?"

"My lord repeated the word *capacity*, as if not understanding its application to the present subject.

"I mean, my lord," explained the man, 'what shall I be expected to do, if I take the *situation*?'

"Oh, you mean if you take the place. I understand you now," rejoined my lord; 'why, you're to do every thing but sweep the chimneys and clean the pig-sties, and *those I do myself*.'

"The *gentleman* stared, scarcely knowing what to make of this, and seemed to wish himself out of the room; he, however, grinned a ghastly smile, and, after a short pause, inquired what *salary* his lordship gave!

"Salary, salary?" reiterated his incorrigible lordship, 'don't know the word, don't know the word, my good man.'

"Again the gentleman explained; 'I mean what wages?'

"Oh, wages," echoed my lord; 'what d'ye ask? what d'ye ask?'

"Trip regained his self-possession at this question, which looked like business, and considering for a few moments, answered—first stipulating to be found in hair-powder, and (on state occasions) silk stockings, and gloves, bags and bouquets—that he should expect thirty pounds a year.

"How much, how much?" demanded my lord rapidly.

"Thirty pounds, my lord."

"Thirty pounds!" exclaimed Lord Eardley, in affected amazement; 'make it guineas, and *I'll live with you*;' then ringing the bell, said to the servant who answered it, 'Let out this *gentleman*, he's too good for me;' and then turning to Matthews, who was much amused, said, as the man made his exit, 'Conceited, impudent, scoundrel! Soon sent him off, soon sent him off, Master Matthews.'

As specimens of the *retort courteous* and the *retort uncourteous*, observe the two which ensue:

"Two of the guests at a public dinner having got into an altercation, one of them, a blustering vulgarian, vociferated: 'Sir, you're no gentleman!' 'Sir,' said his opponent, in a calm voice, 'you are no judge!'"

TALLEYRAND, being questioned on one occasion by a man who squinted awfully, with several importunate questions, concerning his leg, recently broken, replied:

"It is quite *crooked*—as you see!"

IF you have ever been a pic-nicking, reader, you will appreciate the annoyances set forth in these lively lines by a modern poet. We went on one of these excursions in August, not many years ago; and while addressing some words that we intended should be very agreeable, to a charming young lady in black, seated by our side, on the bank of a pleasant lake, in the upper region of the Ramapo mountains, a huge garter-snake crept forth at our feet, hissing at our intrusion upon his domain! How the young lady did scamper!—and how we did the same thing, for that matter! But we must not forget the lines we were speaking of:

Half-starved with hunger, parched with thirst.

All haste to spread the dishes,

When lo! we find the soda burst,

Amid the loaves and fishes;

Over the pie, a sudden sop,

The grasshoppers are skipping,

Each roll 's a sponge, each loaf a mop,

And all the meat is dripping.

Bristling with broken glass you find
 Some cakes among the bottles,
 Which those may eat, who do not mind
 Excoriated throattles :
 The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
 When shrilly voices utter :
 "Look ! look ! a toad has got astride
 Our only plate of butter !"
 Your solids in a liquid state,
 Your cooling liquids heated,
 And every promised joy by Fate
 Most fatally defeated :
 All, save the serving-men, are soured,
 They smirk, the cunning sinners !
 Having, before they came, devoured
 Most comfortable dinners.
 Still you assume, in very spite,
 A grim and gloomy gladness ;
 Pretend to laugh—affect delight—
 And scorn all show of sadness
 While thus you smile, but storm within,
 A storm without comes faster,
 And down descends in deafening din
 A deluge of disaster !
 So, friend, if you are sick of *Home*,
 Wanting a new sensation,
 And sigh for the unwonted ease
 Of un-accommodation ;
 If you would taste, as amateur,
 And vagabond beginner,
 The painful pleasures of the poor,
 Get up a *Pic-Nic Dinner* !

THERE is a good deal of talk, in these latter days, about the article of guano : the right of discovery of the islands where it is obtained, and the like. We remember to have heard something about the discovery and occupation of the first of these islands, that of Ichaboe, which made us "laugh consumedly ;" and we have been thinking that a thorough exploration of the Lobos islands might result in a similar discomfiture to the "grasping Britishers."

It seems that a party of Englishmen, claiming to have discovered the island of Ichaboe, landed from a British vessel upon that "rich" coast, and appreciating the great agricultural value of its minerals, walked up toward the top of the heap, to crow on their own dung-hill, and take possession of it in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, with the usual form of breaking a bottle of Madeira, and other the like observances. While they were thus taking possession, however, one of the party, more adventurous than the rest, made his way to the farther slope of a higher eminence, and saw, to his utter discomfiture and consternation, a Bangor schooner rocking in a little cove of the island, a parcel of Yankees digging into its sides, and loading the vessel, and a weazen-faced man administering the temperance-pledge to a group of the natives on a side-hill near by !

He went back to his party, reported what he had seen, and the ceremony of taking possession, in the name of Her Majesty, of an uninhabited island, was very suddenly interrupted and altogether done away with.

THE readers of "The Drawer," who may have noticed the numerous signs of *Ladies' Schools* which may be seen in the suburban streets and thoroughfares of our Atlantic cities, will find the following experience of a Frenchman in London not a little amusing :

"Sare, I shall tell you my impressions when I am come first from Paris to London. De English ladies, I say to myself, must be de most best eduacte women in de whole world. Dere is schools for dem every wheres—in a hole and in a corner. Let me take

some walks in de Fauxbourgs, and what do I see all around myself? When I look dis way I see on a white house's front a large bord, with some gilded letters, which say, 'Seminary for Young Ladies.' When I look dat way at a big red house, I see anoder bord which say, 'Establishment for Young Ladies,' by Miss Someones. And when I look up at a little house, at a little window, over a barber-shop, I read on a paper, 'Ladies' School.' Den I see 'Prospect House,' and 'Grove House,' and de 'Manor House,' so many I can not call dem names, and also all schools for de young females. Day-schools besides. Yes ; and in my walks always I meet some schools of Young Ladies, eight, nine, ten times in one day, making dere promenades, two and two and two. Den I come home to my lodging's door, and below de knocker I see one letter. I open it, and I find 'Prospectus of a Lady School.' By-and-by I say to my landlady, 'Where is your oldest of daughters, which used to bring to me my breakfast?' and she tell me, 'She is gone out a governess !' Next she notice me I must quit my apartment. 'What for?' I say : 'what have I dones? Do I not pay you all right, like a weekly man of honor?' 'O certainly, Mounseer,' she say, 'you are a gentleman, quite polite, and no mistakes, but I wants my whole of my house to myselfs for to set him up for a Lady School !' Noting but Ladies' Schools—and de widow of de butcher have one more over de street. 'Bless my soul and my body !' I say to myself, 'dere must be nobody borned in London except leetil girls !'"

HERE is a very beautiful thought of that strange compound of Scotch shrewdness, strong common sense, and German mysticism, or *un-common* sense—Thomas Carlyle :

"When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there remains no record of them any more : yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar ! 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue !'"

THERE is probably not another word in the English language that can be worse "twisted" than that which composes the burden of the ensuing lines :

WRITE we know is written right,
 When we see it written write :
 But when we see it written wright,
 We know 'tis not then written right ;
 For write, to have it written right,
 Must not be written right nor wright,
 Nor yet should it be written rite,
 But WRITE—for so 'tis written right.

WE commend the following to the scores of dashing "spirited" belles who have just returned disappointed from "the Springs," Newport, and other fashionable resorts. The writer is describing a dashing female character, whose "mission" she considered it to be, to take the world and admiration "by storm :

"With all her blaze of notoriety, did any body esteem her particularly? Was there any one man upon earth who on his pillow could say, 'What a lovely angel is Fanny Wilding !' Had she ever refused an offer of marriage? No ; for nobody ever had made her one. She was like a fine fire-work, entertaining to look at, but dangerous to come near to : her bouncing and cracking in the open air gave a lus-

tre to surrounding objects, but there was not a human being who could be tempted to take the dangerous exhibition into his own house! *That* was a thing not to be thought of for a moment."

"IN your Magazine for July," writes a city correspondent, "I notice in the '*Editor's Drawer*,' an allusion to and quotation from '*The Execution of Montrose*,' the author of which you state is unknown or not named. You seem not to be aware that this is one of Aytoun's Ballads, which, with others, was published in London, under the title of '*Lays of the Cavaliers*.' But why did you not give the most beautiful verse:

'He is coming! He is coming!
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison,
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never went to battle
More proudly than to die!'

"I quote only from memory, but the original has 'walked to battle'—is not 'went' a better word? The book is full of gems: let me give you one more, which would make a fine subject for an artist. It is from 'Edinburgh after Flodden;' when Randolph Murray returns from the battle, to announce to the old burghers their sad defeat:

'They knew so sad a messenger,
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.'

"How do you spell Feladelfy?" asked a small city grocer of his partner one day, as he was sprinkling sand upon a letter which he was about to dispatch to the "City of Brotherly Love."

"Why, *Fel-a*, *Fela*, *del*, *Feladel*, *fy*,—*Feladelfy*."

"Then I've got it right," said the partner (in ignorance as well as in business), "I thought I might have made a mistake!"

DICKENS, in a passage of his *Travels in Italy*, describes an embarrassing position, and a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties that would have discouraged most learners: "There was a traveling party on board our steamer, of whom one member was very ill in the cabin next to mine, and being ill was cross, and therefore declined to give up the dictionary, which he kept under his pillow; thereby obliging his companions to come down to him constantly, to ask what was the Italian for a lump of sugar, a glass of brandy-and-water, 'what's o'clock?' and so forth; which he always insisted on looking out himself, with his own sea-sick eyes, declining to trust the book to any man alive. Ignorance was scarcely 'bliss' in this case, however much folly there might have been in being 'wise.'"

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

ON the 25th December, 1840, when the excitement in diplomatic circles upon the subject of the so-called Eastern question was at its height, an English friend dined with Sir Hamilton Seymour and Lady Seymour, in Brussels. Seymour's note of invitation ran "Will you and your wife come and eat a turkey with us." The dinner was a very good one, but there was no turkey; and on the following day our friend sent him the lines below:

"On the notorious breach of political faith committed by Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, G.C.H., &c., &c., &c., Her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipoten-

tiary at the Court of Belgium, on the 25th December, 1840.

"Most perfidious, most base of all living ministers,
You deserve to fall back to the rank of plain Mist'ers,
Your star taken off, and your chain only serving
To fetter your ankles *selon* your deserving.
Don't think that my charge is some trumpery matter
Of court etiquette. It is greater, and fatter;
Fit cause throughout Europe to spread conflagration,
Set King against Kaiser, and nation 'gainst nation.
'Tis a fraud diplomatic—a protocol broken—
The breach of a treaty both written and spoken—
A matter too bad for e'en Thiers' digestion—
The loss of an empire, the great Eastern question!
In vain would you move my ambition or pity—
In vain do you offer the province or city—
Neither Bordeaux nor Xeres, nor eke all Champagne,
Can make me forgetful of promises vain.
Such pitiful make-weights I send to perdition;
'Twas *Turkey* you promised—at least a partition.
'Twas *Turkey* you promised—you've broken your word.
'Twas *Turkey* you promised: and where is the bird?"

Seymour's answer the same day:

"Of eastern affairs most infernally sick,
No wonder I failed to my promise to stick.
With the subject of *Turkey* officially cramm'd,
If *Turkey* I dined on, I swore I'd be d—d.
But at least, my good friend, and the thought should bring peace,
If I gave you no *Turkey*, I gave you no Greece (grease)."

It is related of ex-President Tyler, that from the time of his election to the Vice-Presidency until the death of General Harrison, he kept no carriage on account of the insufficiency of his salary. When, however, he found himself accidentally elevated to the chief Magistracy, the former difficulty being removed, he at once determined to set up an equipage. He accordingly bought a pair of horses, and engaged a coachman, and then began to look about for a vehicle. Hearing of one for sale which belonged to a gentleman residing in Washington, and which had only been driven a few times, the President went to look at it. Upon examination he was perfectly satisfied with it himself, but still he thought it more prudent, before purchasing it, to take the opinion of his Hibernian coachman upon it. Pat reported that it was "jist the thing for his honor."

"But," said Mr. Tyler, "do you think it would be altogether proper for the President of the United States to drive a second-hand carriage?"

"And why not?" answered the Jehu; "*sure and ye're only a second-hand president!*"

WE have seen many lazy men (and women, too, for that matter) in our day and generation, but we do think that a little the laziest individual we ever did meet, is a certain bald-headed, oldish gentleman, who lives somewhere in Fourteenth-street near the Fifth Avenue. Standing the other day with a friend, at the southeast corner of Broadway and Union-square, waiting for a Fourth Avenue omnibus, upward bound, we noticed the subject of this paragraph crossing the street, with his arm in a sling. Turning to our companion, who was well acquainted with him, we asked,

"Why, what in the world has happened to Mr —'s arm?"

"Oh, nothing at all," was the reply, "he only wears it in a sling, because he is *too lazy to swing it!*"

THE following commencement to a legal document, to which our attention was once called in a business-matter is curious enough. The parties

mentioned were English people, the names not being uncommon on the other side of the water :

"James Elder, the younger, in right of Elizabeth Husband, his wife, &c., &c."

HENRY ERSKINE is reputed to have been quite as clever a man as his more famous brother. His wit was ready, pungent, and at times somewhat bitter. Another brother, Lord Buchan, as is well known, was pompous, conceited, and ineffably stupid. Upon one occasion, having purchased a new estate in a very picturesque section of the country, he took his brother Henry down to see it. When they arrived at the park gate, Lord Buchan, climbing upon the gate-post, commenced a vehement and florid discourse upon the beauty of the surrounding scenery. After a while his language became so hyperbolical and his gesticulations so violent that Henry, being tired of so extravagant a performance, called out to him, "I say, Buchan, if your gate was as high as your *style* (*stile*), and you were to happen to fall, you would most certainly break your neck!"

ONE evening Henry Erskine accompanied the notorious Duchess of Gordon, and her daughter, a sweet girl, who afterward became the Marchioness of Abercorn, to the Opera. At the close of the performance, the duchess's carriage was sought for in vain—the coachman had failed to return for them. No other carriage was to be found, and there was no alternative for the ladies but to walk home in their laced and be-spangled evening dresses. A few minutes after they had started, the duchess, turning to Erskine, said,

"Harry, my dear, what must any one take us for, who should meet us walking the streets at this hour of the night in Opera costume?"

"Your grace would undoubtedly be taken for *what you are*, and your daughter for *what she is not*," was the caustic reply.

A LADY, who had a propensity for Newport last summer, but who found it very difficult to induce her husband to take her there, called upon the eminent Doctor Francis, of Bond-street, for the purpose of procuring his certificate of the importance of sea-bathing for the preservation of her health.

"Are you ill, madam?" asked the doctor.

"Not at all, doctor," the lady answered, "but I am afraid that I shall become so, in this extremely hot weather, unless I have the opportunity to bathe in the sea, and thus preserve my health."

"Very well, madam," replied the doctor, "if you are sure that you *can not keep without pickling*, the sooner you start for Newport the better, and I shall have much pleasure in giving you my certificate to that effect."

THE following inscription upon a tombstone is to be found in Mechlem church-yard, in England. The poet evidently was of the opinion that so long as he made use of the proper verb, what part of it he employed was of very little consequence :

Long time she strove with sorrow and with care,
Died like a man, and like a Christian bear!

THERE once lived in Scotland a man named John Ford, who abused and maltreated his wife in every possible way. Poor Mrs. Ford, in consequence of injuries to which she was subjected, finally died. Soon after his wife's decease, John came to the sexton of the kirk and expressed a desire to have an

epitaph written for the "puir body." "Ye're the mon to do it, Maister Sexton, and an ye'll write one, I'll gie ye a guinea," said the bereaved widower. The sexton was somewhat surprised at the request, and so stated to the petitioner. He said that it was well known that Mrs. Ford's matrimonial life had been any thing but a happy one, and if he wrote any thing, his conscience would only permit him to write the truth. John told him to write exactly what he pleased—that decency required some inscription over the "gudewife's" grave, and that he'd "gie the guinea" for whatever the sexton saw fit to compose. Upon these conditions, the man of the spade finally consented to invoke his muse, and it was agreed that Johnny should call the next evening to receive the epitaph. Accordingly at the appointed time, the following composition was placed in his hands and met with his unbounded approval :

Here lies the body of Mary Ford,
We hope her soul is with the Lord,
But if for Tophet she's changed this life,
Better be there than John Ford's wife.

THE only known house-settlement of Gipsies in the world is in Scotland, not very far from Edinburgh. When Sir Walter Scott was a young man he was sent down from the capital to the "Egyptian village" for the purpose of collecting the rents. He was directed upon his arrival to report himself to a certain person whose address was given him and then to follow in all respects this person's instructions. He accordingly upon reaching his destination, at once sent his letter of introduction to the place indicated, and was soon afterward waited upon by the individual to whom he was recommended. The advice which he then received was, to let his presence in the village be known, but to remain at home and by no means attempt to collect any of the rents by calling at the houses. This advice he followed for three days, during which time only two of the gipsies called and paid. After this he was advised to return to Edinburgh, leaving word at the settlement that he had gone back to town where he would be happy to see any of the tenants. In less than a week nearly all made their appearance and paid what they owed. They were unwilling to do under the slightest semblance of coercion what they cheerfully did voluntarily.

The first public recognition of the gipsies as a people in England, is in a proclamation of Queen Elizabeth, in which she directs all sheriffs and magistrates to "aid, counsel, and assist our loving cousin John, Prince of Thebes and of Upper Egypt, in apprehending and punishing certain of his subjects guilty of divers crimes and misdemeanors."

HOGG, the Ettrick shepherd, was an eccentric genius. He was once dining at a table where he was seated next to a daughter of Sir William Drysdale. His companion was a charming young lady—unaffected, affable, and yet withal gifted with considerable shrewdness and cleverness. To some remark which he made, she replied, "You're a funny man, Mr. Hogg," to which he instantly rejoined, "And ye, a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale. Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens, cut by the same machine—ye're not of the bundle."

We have a friend who knew Hogg well. Our friend once arranged a party for an excursion to Lake St. Mary's, and it was proposed to stop at Hogg's house on the way, and take him up. Before they reached it, however, they saw a man fishing in the "Yarrow," not very far from the high-road. The

fisherman the moment that he noticed a carriage full of people whose attention was apparently attracted to himself, gathered up his rod and line and began to run in an opposite direction as fast as his legs could carry him. Our friend descended from the carriage, and shouted after him at the top of his voice. But it was of no use—the fugitive never stopped until he reached an elevated spot of ground, when he turned round to watch the movements of the intruders. Recognizing our friend, he laughingly returned his greeting, and, approaching him, said—we translate his Scotch dialect into the vernacular—"Why, S—, my boy, how are you? Do you know, I took you for some of those rascally tourists, who come down upon me in swarms, like the locusts of Egypt, and eat me out of house and home." His fears removed, he accompanied the party to the lake, and they had a merry day of it.

Hogg's egotism and conceit were very amusing. Witness the following extract from his "Familiar anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott."

"One of Sir Walter's representatives has taken it upon him to assert, that Sir Walter held me in the lowest contempt! He never was further wrong in his life, but Sir Walter would have been still further wrong, if he had done so. Of that, posterity will judge."

THERE are many engraved portraits of Lord Byron afloat, but it is said that none of them resemble him. A friend of ours, who knew him intimately, assures us that the face of the Macedonian monarch in Paul Veronese's celebrated picture of "Alexander in the tent of Darius" at Venice, is the exact image of his lordship. Standing before it one day with a lady, he mentioned the extraordinary likeness to her in English, when the *cicerone* who accompanied them, said, "Ah, sir, I see that you knew my old master well. Many a time since his death have I stood and gazed upon that face which recalled his own so strongly to my recollection."

By-the-by, the history of this picture is rather curious.

The artist, whose real name was Paul Caliari, was invited by a hospitable family to spend some time with them at their villa, on the banks of the Brenta. While in the house his habits were exceedingly peculiar. He remained in his room the greater part of the time, and refused to allow any one to enter it on any pretext. The maid was not even permitted to make his bed—and every morning she found the sweepings of the room at the door, whence she was at liberty to remove them. One day the painter suddenly disappeared. The door of the room was found open. The sheets were gone from the bed. The frightened servant reported to the master that they had been stolen. A search was instituted. In one corner of the room was found a large roll of canvas. Upon opening it, it proved to be a magnificent picture—the famous "Alexander in the tent of Darius." Upon close inspection, it was discovered that it was painted upon the sheets of the bed! The artist had left it as a present to the family, and had taken this curious method of evincing his gratitude.

MOST travelers in Italy make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Juliet, at Verona. Verona and Shakspeare are, of course, inseparable; but when you are on the spot, little can be found to identify the creations of the poet. We have no more traces of Valentine and Proteus at Verona, than we possess of Launce and his dog at Milan. The *Montecchi* belonged to the Ghibellines; and as they joined with the *Capelletti*

in expelling Azo di Ferrara (shortly previous to 1207), it is probable that both were of the same party. The laconic mention of their families, which Dante places in the mouth of Sordello, proves their celebrity

"O Alberto tedesco, ch' abbandoni
Costei ch' è fatta indomita e selvaggia,
E dovresti inforcar li suoi arcioni;
Giusto guidicio dalle stelle coggia
Sovra 'l tuo sangue, e sia nuovo e asserto,
Tal che 'l tuo successor temenza n' aggia:
Ch' avete, tu e 'l tuo padre, sofferto
Per cupidigia di costà distretti,
Che 'l giardin dell' 'mperio sia disertato.
Vieni a veder Montecchi e Capuletti,
Monaldi e Filippeschi, nom senza cura,
Color già tristi, e costor con sospetti."

Purgatorio vi. 97, 109

"O Austrian Albert! who desertest her,
(Ungovernable now and savage grown),
When most she needed pressing with the spur—
May on thy race Heaven's righteous judgment fall;
And be it signally and plainly shown,
With terror thy successor to appal!
Since by thy lust yon distant lands to gain,
Thou and thy sire have suffered wild to run
What was the garden of thy fair domain.
Come see the Capulets and Montagues—
Monaldi—Filippeschi, reckless one!
These now in fear—already wretched those."

Wright's Dante.

But the tragic history of Romeo and Juliet can not be traced higher in writing than the age of Lungi di Porto; and as this novelist of the 16th century has borrowed the principal incident of the plot from a Greek romance, it is probable that the whole is an amplification of some legendary story. The *Casa de Capelletti*, now an inn for vetturini, may possibly have been the dwelling of the family; but since that circumstance, if established, would only prove that the house had a house, it does not carry us much further in the argument. With respect to the tomb of Juliet, it certainly was shown in the last century, before "the barbarian *Sacchespri*" became known to the Italians. The popularity of the novel would sufficiently account for the localization of the tradition, as has already been the case with many objects described by Sir Walter Scott. That tomb, however, has long since been destroyed; but the present one, recently erected in the garden of the *Orfanotrofio*, does just as well. It is of a reddish marble, and, before it was promoted to its present honor, was used as a watering trough. Maria Louisa got a bit of it, which she caused to be divided into the *gems* of a very elegant necklace and bracelets, and many other sentimental young and elderly ladies have followed her example.

AT the extremity of the Piazzetta in Venice are the *two granite columns*, the one surmounted by the lion of St. Mark, the other by St. Theodore. The lion is somewhat remarkable, as having been the first victim, as far as objects of art are concerned, of the French revolution. From the book which he holds, the words of the Gospel were effaced, and "*Droits de l'homme et du citoyen*" ("rights of man and of the citizen") substituted in their stead. Upon this change a gondolier remarked that St. Mark, like all the rest of the world, had been compelled to turn over a new leaf. The lion was afterward removed to the *Invalides* at Paris, but was restored after the fall of the capital.

The capitals of the columns speak their Byzantine origin. Three were brought from Constantinople. One sunk into the ooze as they were landing it; the other two were safely landed on the shore; but, as

the story goes, there they lay; no one could raise them. Se bastiano Ziani, 1172-1180, having offered as a reward that he who should succeed should not lack any "*grazia onesta*," a certain Lombard, yeclpt Nicolo Barattiero, or Nick the Blackleg, offered his services; and, by the device or contrivance of wetting the ropes, which contracted as they dried, he placed the columns on their pedestals. Nicolo was now entitled to claim his guerdon: and what did he ask? That games of chance, prohibited elsewhere by the wisdom of the law, might be played with full

impunity between the columns. The concession once made could not be revoked; but what did the wise legislature? They enacted that the public executions, which had hitherto taken place at the *San Giovanni Bragola*, should be inflicted in the privileged gambling spot, by which means the space "between the columns" became so ill-omened, that even crossing it was thought to be a sure prognostication, foretelling how the unlucky wight who had ventured upon the fated pavement, would, in due time be suspended at a competent height above the forbidden ground.

Literary Notices.

Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles, illustrated (published by Harper and Brothers), is the title of one of the most graphic descriptions of life in the French metropolis which have yet been given by any English or American traveler. The author blends reflection and narrative in a very effective manner, depicting the prominent features of French society with a vivid pencil, and deducing the inferences suggested by his varied experience. Short of a personal visit to the great focus of European fashion, there is no way in which one can obtain such a mass of information on the subject, and in so agreeable a manner, as by dipping into this lively volume.

The Blithedale Romance, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (published by Ticknor, Reed and Fields), in point of artistic construction is not equal to the "*Scarlet Letter*," nor the "*House of Seven Gables*." As a whole, it leaves an unsatisfied and painful impression, as if the author had failed to embody his own ideal in the development of the story. It contains many isolated passages of great vigor, and occasionally some of remarkable sweetness. In his pictures of natural scenery, Mr. Hawthorne often draws from the life, and always reproduces the landscape with startling fidelity. The characters in the story are intended to be repulsive; they illustrate the dark side of human nature; and no reader can recall their memory without a feeling of sepulchral gloom.

The Discarded Daughter, by Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. (Published by A. Hart.) The author of this novel possesses a singularly vivid imagination, and a rare command of picturesque expression. She evinces originality, depth and fervor of feeling, vigor of thought, and dramatic skill; but so blended with glaring faults, that the severest critic would be her best friend. In the construction of her plots, she has no regard for probability: nature is violated at every step; impossible people are brought into impossible situations; every thing is colored so highly that the eye is dazzled; there is no repose, no perspective, none of the healthy freshness of life; we are removed from the pure sunshine and the forest shade into an intolerable glare of gas-light; truth is sacrificed to melo-dramatic effect; and the denouement is produced by ghastly contrivances that vie in extravagance with Mrs. Radcliffe's most superfine horrors. With the constant effort to surprise, the language becomes inflated, and at the same time is often careless to a degree, which occasions the most ludicrous sense of incongruity. It is a pity to see so much power as this lady evidently is endowed with, so egregiously wasted. Let her curb her fiery Pegasus with unrelenting hand—let her consult the truthfulness of nature, rather than yield to a rage for

effect—let her tame the genial impetuosity of her pen by a due reverence for classical taste and common sense—and she will yet attain a rank worthy of her fine faculties, from which she has hitherto been precluded by her outrages on the proprieties of fictitious composition.

The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, by Lieut. J. W. GUNNISON. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) The author of this little work has succeeded in the difficult task of doing justice to a new religious sect. Residing for several months in the Great Salt Lake Valley, as a member of the United States Exploring Expedition, and looking upon the singular condition of society that came under his notice with an eye of philosophical curiosity, he had a rare opportunity for studying the history, opinions, and customs of the remarkable people, whose rapid progress is among the note-worthy events of the age. His book contains a lucid description of the country inhabited by the Mormons, a statement of their religious faith and social principles, and a succinct narrative of the origin and development of the sect. Without aiming to excite prejudice against the Mormons, he keeps nothing back, which is essential to a correct view of their position, as respects either belief or practice. His disclosures in regard to the prevalence of polygamy among the "*Latter-Day Saints*," so called, are of the most explicit character, showing that a plurality of wives is adopted, as a part of their social economy, from a sense of religious duty. The view presented of their theology furnishes the materials for an interesting chapter on the history of mental delusions. We have no doubt that this book will be widely read, and, in the hands of the intelligent and reflecting thinker, will prove fruitful in valuable suggestions.

Harper and Brothers have published a new edition of *Cicero's Tusculan Disputations*, with English Notes by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. In preparing this edition, use has been made of the text and notes of Tischer, with occasional reference to the commentaries of Wolf, Moser, and Kühner. Both in the text and notes, however, the erudite Editor has relied on his own judgment, not slavishly adhering to any authority, but freely consulting the suggestions of the most eminent philologists from the time of Bentley to our own days. The work is a model for a college text-book. In the careful supervision which it has received at the hands of Dr. Anthon, he has added to the many valuable services that identify his name with the progress of classical learning in this country.

Derby and Miller have issued a new edition of SARGENT'S *Life of Henry Clay*, revised and brought down to the death of the illustrious statesman, by HORACE GREELY. The leading incidents in Mr.

Clay's life are here described in a lively and flowing narrative; his public career is fully exhibited; copious extracts are given from his speeches and letters; and the whole biography is executed with manifest ability, and as great a degree of impartiality as could be demanded, with the decided personal predilections of both author and editor. The proceedings in Congress on the announcement of Mr. Clay's decease, which are given at length, form a very interesting portion of the volume.

Stray Meditations, or Voices of the Heart, by JOSEPH P. THOMPSON. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) A collection of fugitive pieces, some of which have already appeared in the columns of various religious journals. They are of a grave, meditative character, deeply tinged with personal feeling—of an elevated devotional spirit—giving a highly favorable impression of the author as a man of great earnestness of purpose, and usually expressed in choice and vigorous language. Mr. Thompson has happily avoided the dangers incident to this style of composition. His volume breathes an air of soft and pious sentiment, but betrays no weak effeminacy; it unveils the most private emotions of the heart, but can not be charged with egotism; and appeals to the most awful sanctions of religion, without indulging in dogmatic severity. As a companion in hours of retirement and thoughtfulness, it can not fail to be welcome to the religious reader.

Anna Hammer, translated from the German of TEMME, by ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, is a good specimen of the contemporary popular fiction of German literature. Its author, Temme, is a man of ability; he writes, however, more from the heart than the head; drawing the materials of romance from the sufferings of his country. He took an active part in the late German revolutionary movements, and his political feelings tincture his writings. The present work gives a vivid picture of the interior of German life, and is filled with passages of exciting interest. The translation, by an accomplished scholar of this city, every where shows conscientious fidelity, and is in pure and idiomatic English.

An Olio of Domestic Verses, by EMILY JUDSON. This volume composes a collection of the earlier poetry of Mrs. Judson, with several pieces of a more recent date. It shows a rich poetical temperament, a graceful fancy, and a natural ease of versification, which, with more familiar practice and a higher degree of artistic culture, would have given the authoress an eminent rank among the native poets of this country. The admirers of her sweet and brilliant productions, in another line, will find much to justify the enthusiasm with which they greeted the writings of Fanny Forester. Many of these little poems have already been the rounds of the newspapers, where they have won lively applause. (Published by Lewis Colby.)

The Third Volume of CHAMBERS' edition of *The Life and Works of Robert Burns* (republished by Harper and Brothers), is replete with various interest. No admirer of the immortal peasant-bard should be without this excellent tribute to his genius.

The Master-BUILDER, by DAY KELLOGG LEE. (Published by Redfield.) A story of purely American origin, drawn from the experience of actual life, and containing several happy delineations of character. It describes the fortunes of one who by industry and enterprise, guided by strong native intelligence, rose to honor and prosperity, in the exercise of a useful mechanical vocation. The author frequently shows uncommon powers of description; he is a watchful

observer of life and manners; is not without insight into the mysteries of human passion; and, if he could check his tendency to indulge in affectations of language, expressing himself with straight-forward simplicity, he might gain an enviable distinction as a writer.

A. S. Barnes and Co., have issued a new volume of Professor BARTLETT'S *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, containing treatises on Acoustics and Optics. The principles of these sciences are explained with clearness and elegance, the views of the best recent writers being embodied in the work, and accompanied with a variety of apposite illustrations. The portion relating to sound, based on the admirable monograph of Sir John Herschel, will be found to possess much popular interest, in spite of its scientific rigidity of expression, explaining, as it does, the mutual relations of mathematics and music.

UPJOHN'S *Rural Architecture* (published by G. P. Putnam), forms a useful book of reference for parish-committees, or whoever is intrusted with the charge of erecting new churches, parsonages, or school-houses, more particularly in the country. It gives a number of estimates and specifications, with ample directions for practical use.

The Dodd Family Abroad. By CHARLES LEVER. One of the most piquant productions of this side-splitting author is now publishing in numbers by Harper and Brothers. Whoever wishes to be forced into a laugh, in defiance of all sorts of lugubrious fancies, should not fail to read this rich outpouring of genuine Irish humor.

The Old Engagement, by JULIA DAY, is a brilliant story of English society, reprinted from the London edition by James Munroe and Co.

Single Blessedness, is the title of an appeal in favor of unmarried ladies and gentlemen. An incoherent rhapsody, aiming at every thing and hitting nothing. (C. S. Francis and Co.)

Lydia; a Woman's Book, by MRS. NEWTON CROPLAND, is the title of a popular English work, remarkable for its natural character-drawing, reprinted by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.

J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Louisiana, New Orleans, has in press, and will issue in a few days, a work of which we have been permitted to see the sheets, in three large octavo volumes, small and neat print, entitled, *Industrial Resources, Statistics, etc., of the Southern and Western States, with Statistics of the Home and Foreign Trade of the Union, and the Results of the Census of 1850*. The work will be a valuable addition to the library of the merchant, manufacturer, planter, and statesman, and the public have every guarantee of its ability in the active and intelligent services rendered by Professor De Bow to the Industrial Interests of the country, for many years past, in the pages of his invaluable and widely circulated Review.

The following pensions have recently been granted by the British Government in consideration of services in literature or science. To Mrs. Jameson, £100 for her literary merits; to Mr. James Silk Buckingham, £200 for literary merits and useful travels in various countries; Mr. Robert Torrens, F.R.S., £200 for his valuable contributions to the science of political philosophy; to Professor John Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh (Christopher North of "Blackwood"), £300 for his eminent literary merits; to Mrs. Reid, the widow of Dr. James Reid, Professor of Ecclesiastical and

Civil History in the University of Glasgow, £50, and £50 to his family, in consideration of Dr. Reid's valuable contributions to literature; to Mrs. Macarthur, widow of Dr. Alexander Macarthur, Superintendent of Model Schools, and Inspector of Irish National Schools, £50; to Mr. John Britton, £75; to Mr. Hinds, the astronomer, £200; to Dr. Mantell, the geologist, £100; and to Mr. Ronalds, of the Kew Observatory, £75.

A bibliographical work on theology and kindred subjects, *Cyclopædia Bibliographica*, is being published in London, which will be a useful index to general theological literature. In the first volume the arrangement of authors and works is alphabetical; in the second, a *catalogue raisonnée* of all departments of theology under commonplaces in scientific order will be presented. Of special value to theological students, this "Cyclopædia" will also prove an important contribution to general literature.

MR. STILES'S *Austria* in 1848 has been republished in London. The *Athenæum* says, "it may be recommended as a plain, continuous, and conscientious narrative to all those who would like to have the events to which it refers brought before them in the compass of one book, so as to be saved the trouble of turning over many."

During the recent discussion among the London booksellers regarding the discount on new books, Mr. William Longman stated that the publishing firm of which he is a partner had long been anxious to publish a new edition of Johnson's *English Dictionary*, that they were willing to pay almost any sum for the literary labor, but that they had not succeeded in procuring a man fully qualified as editor. "The want, however, has been supplied, and the boon has been conferred," says a London journal, "not by an English, but by an American lexicographer, who has produced a Dictionary suitable to the present state of our common language. This is Dr. Goodrich's octavo edition of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, which is published at a price which places it within the reach of all the classes to whom it is indispensable; and whether in the school or the counting-house, the library or the parlor, we are confident that this work will be found of the highest value."

M. GUIZOT is about to bring out a *History of the Republic in England, and of the Times of Cromwell*; and he has allowed some of the Paris journals to give a foretaste of it by the publication of a long extract under the title, "Cromwell sera-t-il roi?"

The *Glasgow Citizen* mentions that an interesting relic of ROBERT BURNS, the poet, is at present for sale at a booksellers in that city. It is a manuscript of the poet, a fasciculus of ten leaves, written on both sides, containing *The Vision*, as originally composed, *The Lass of Ballochmyle*, *My Nannie O*, and others of his most popular songs. The manuscript was sent by Burns to Mrs. General Stewart, of Stair, when he expected to have to go to the West Indies.

General GÖRGEY'S *Memoir of the Hungarian Campaign* is translated, and will be shortly published. So stringent is the prohibition against this book in Austria, that Prince Windischgrätz, who asked for special permission to purchase a copy, has received a positive refusal.

Dr. HANNA, the editor of the *Biography of Dr.*

Chalmers, is engaged in the preparation of a Selection from the Correspondence for early publication.

"It will be pleasant news to our readers," says the *London Leader*, "to hear that MACAULAY has finished two more volumes of his *History*, which may be expected early next season. A more restricted circle will also be glad to hear that GERVINUS is busy with a new work, the *History of the South American Republics*."

LAMARTINE'S sixth volume of the *Histoire de la Restauration*, seems by far the most excellent in composition. It embraces the period from the execution of Labédoyère to the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. The narrative is full, yet rapid; and the volume contains, among other things, a most curious and interesting paper hitherto unpublished, written by Louis XVIII., giving a private history of the agitations of a change of Ministry.

A list has been published in the French papers of the Professors of the University of Paris who have either been deposed, or have resigned since the 2d of December. Some of the names best known in literature and science to foreign countries are in the list. At the Collège de France, MM. Michelet, Professor of History and Ethics; Quinet, Professor of Germanic Literature; Mikiewicz, of Slavonic Literature; M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Professor of Greek and Roman Philosophy. At the Sorbonne, M. Jules Simon, Interior Professor of the History of Ancient Philosophy, has been superseded; and M. Cousin, Titular Professor of that chair, has retired. M. Villemain, Professor of French Eloquence; M. Pouillet, Professor of Physics; Cauchy, of Mathematical Astronomy, have refused the oath of allegiance to the President. At the School of Medicine, M. Chomel, Professor of Clinical Medicine, has resigned. At the Ecole Normale, MM. Jules Simon, and Vacherot, Professors of Philosophy, and M. Magy, Superintendent, have refused the oath. Lists are also given of the *démissionnaires* in the various colleges of Paris. These announcements may have historical as well as biographical interest in after days of French revolutions.

French literature and literary men are beginning to adjust themselves to the new condition of things, and if the Legislative tongue and the Journalistic pen are obliged to submit to restraints, the historian, the novelist, the political economist, and the political philosopher are allowed pretty full swing. A great noise has been made about VICTOR HUGO'S exile, but it seems that he has permission to return, of which he refuses to avail himself, and is settling down in cheap and healthful Jersey. His expulsion, or exile, or voluntary removal, may be a loss to Parisian society, but will probably be a gain to French literature. PROUDHON, just released from prison, is taking pen in hand, a sadder and a wiser man; for his approaching book is to demonstrate, in his own peculiar fashion, the theorem which events have been reciting to France, namely, that its government is not to be conclusively a republic of any set kind, but to belong to him or them whom Providence may have endowed with force and cunning enough to grasp and retain it. HEINRICH HEINE himself, not paralyzed by his frightful illness, works an hour or two daily at a book which will be one of his most interesting—pictures of Parisian men and things, to which he is to prefix a sketch of Parisian society since the Revolution of 1848. MICHELET, in rural solitude, is employed upon

his History of the Revolution, while LOUIS BLANC, in London, has just published a new volume of his. BARANTE has brought forth another portion of his pictorially unpicturesque History of the National Convention; LAMARTINE another of his History of the Restoration. The astute GUIZOT fights shy of the history of his own country, and is contributing to some of the chief Paris periodicals fragments on the men and times of the "Great Rebellion" in England. One that is forthcoming is to be entitled, "Cromwell—shall he be King?" which, being translated, means: Louis Napoleon—shall he be Emperor? His old rival, THIERS, is adding another literary association to the many that connect themselves with the Lake of Geneva, and is delighting the good people of that region by his lavish expenditure of Napoleons and general affability.

A translation into French of the works of SAINT THERESA is about to be published; it has been made by a Jesuit. The saint's writings are much admired by her own church; but from the little we know of them, we should think them too rhapsodical and mystical for the public.

Madame GEORGE SAND has addressed a furious letter to a Belgian newspaper, indignantly denying that, as asserted by it, she is in receipt of a pension, or has accepted any money whatever from the present government. Even, she says, if her political opinions permitted her to receive the bounty of Louis Bonaparte, she should think it dishonorable to take it when there are so many of her literary brethren who have greater need of it.

BUFFON's mansion and grounds at Montbard, in Burgundy, are advertised for sale. In the grounds is an ancient tower of great height, commanding a view for miles around of a beautiful and mountainous country. It was in a room, in the highest part of this tower, that the great naturalist wrote the history which has immortalized his name. It is known that he was accustomed to write in full dress, but, by a striking contradiction, nothing could be more simple than his lofty study; it was a vast apartment with an arched roof, painted entirely green, and the only furniture it contained consisted of a plain wood table and an old arm-chair. The labor which that room witnessed was immense—as Buffon wrote his works over and over again, until he got them to his taste. The "Epoques de la Nature," for example, were written not fewer than eighteen times. He always began his day's work in the tower between five and six o'clock in the morning, and when he required to reflect on any matter he used to walk about his garden.

The French journals report the death of the distinguished artist, TONY JOHANNOT, and also of Count D'ORSAY, who in the later period of his life displayed considerable artistic talent and taste both as a painter and sculptor. But he is more generally known, and will be longer remembered, as a man of fashion, and of public notoriety from his alliance with the Bessington family, the circumstances of which are so well known, and have been recalled at present by the public journals at such length, as to render it needless for us to enlarge upon the subject. Having shown kindness and hospitality to Louis Napoleon when an exile in London, the Prince President was not ungrateful to his former friend, and he has latterly enjoyed the office of Directeur des Beaux Arts, with a handsome salary, and maintained a prominent position in the Court of the Elysée.

General GOURGAUD, the aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and one of his companions at St. Helena, who has recently died at an advanced age, was an author as well as a soldier, having written what he called a refutation of Count Ségur's "History of the Russian Campaign," and having got into a pamphlet dispute with Sir Walter Scott, respecting some of the latter's statements in his "History of Napoleon." With Ségur he fought a duel to support his allegations, and with Sir Walter was very near fighting another. Scott, it may be remembered, showed him up most unmercifully, and made known that, notwithstanding all his professed zeal for Napoleon, there were documents in the English War-Office, written by him at St. Helena, which proved him to have been not one of the most faithful of servants.

The third centenary commemoration of the treaty of Passau was celebrated on the 2d of August in Darmstadt, and in connection with it Dr. Zimmerman, a divine of some celebrity, intends to revise and complete an entire edition of the works of Martin Luther, to be ready for publication on the 26th of September, 1855, the three hundredth anniversary of the "religious peace" established by Charles V.

In German literature of late, there have been very few publications worth announcing. Two works recently published, however, deserve a passing mention. The first is a volume attributed by vague rumor to SCHELLING, upon what authority we can not say, and bearing this comprehensive title, *Ueber den Geist und sein Verhältniss in der Natur*—running rapidly through the whole circle of the sciences physical and social; the second is a history of German Philosophy since KANT, by FORTLAGE of Jena—*Genetische Geschichte der Philosophie seit Kant*. He is a popular expositor, and as his work embraces KANT, JACOBI, FICHTE, SCHELLING, OKEN, STEFFENS, CARUS, SCHLEIERMACHER, HEGEL, WEISSE, FRIES, HERBART, BENEKE, REINHOLD, TRENDLENBURG, &c., it will be interesting to students of that vast logomachy named German Philosophy.

In science we have to note one or two decidedly interesting publications. A massive, cheap, and popular exposition of the Animal Kingdom, by VOGT, under the title of *Zoologische Briefe*—the numerous woodcuts to which, though very rude, are well drawn and useful as diagrams: VORTISCH *Die Jüngste Katastrophe des Erdballs*, and LOTZE *Medicinische Psychologie oder Physiologie der Seele* will attract two very different classes of students. While the lovers of German Belles Lettres will learn with tepid satisfaction that a new work is about to appear from the converted Countess HAHN-HAHN, under the mystical title of *Die Liebhaber des Kreuzes*, and a novel also by L. MUHLBACH (wife of THEODORE MUNDT) upon Frederick the Great, called *Berlin und Sans Souci*, which CARLYLE is not very likely to consult for his delineation of the Military Poetaster.

Norway has been deprived of one of her most learned historians, Dr. NIELS WULFSBERG, formerly Chief Keeper of the Archives of the Kingdom. The doctor was in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Dr. Wulfsberg was the founder of the two earliest daily papers ever published: the *Morgenbladet* ("Morning Journal") and the *Fiden* ("Times"); both of which still exist—one under its original title, and the other under that of the *Rigstidenden* ("Journal of the Kingdom").

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



NEW ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.—BYRON

Shrine of the mighty ' can it be
That *this* is all remains of thee?
Glaour, 106.

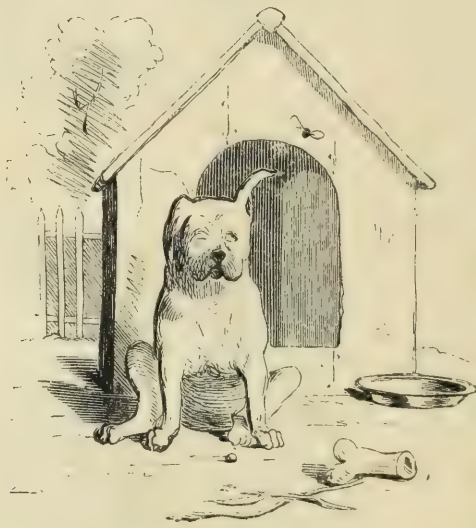


But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, nor efface.
Glaour, 192.

THE DOG AND HIS ENEMIES, BIPED AND WINGED.



SMALL JUVENILE (with an eye to the Reward for killing Dogs).—Doggy, doggy, Here's a Rat! Catch him—Stu-boy!



FOUR SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A DOG IN THE DOG-DAYS.

Autumn Fashions.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—WALKING AND HOME TOILET.

OUR report for October varies but little from that of September, style and texture being similar. In the above engraving we give representations of very elegant modes of toilet for the promenade and the parlor. The figure with the bonnet shows a promenade toilet. Bonnet of lisse crape and tulle puffed. It is covered with white lace, reaching beyond the edge of the brim, falling in front, after what is called the Mary Stuart style. The brim inside is trimmed on the one hand with a tuft of roses mixed up with narrow white blondes; and on the other it has a feather of graduated shades, which is placed outside and then turns over the edge and comes inside near the cheek; strings of white gauze ribbon.

Barege dress, trimmed with taffeta ribbons and fringes bordering the trimmings. Body lapping over, the right on the left, having a flat lapel parallel to the edge. The body is gathered at the waist, on the shoulders, and at the bottom of the back. A No. 22 ribbon forms a waistband, and ties on the left side at the bottom of the lapels. This ribbon matches that used for the trimming of the dress. The sleeve is composed of four frills one over the other. The skirt, which is very full, has seven graduated flounces. All are bordered with a narrow fringe. The lapel of the body, the frills of the sleeves, and flounces of the

skirts are ornamented with ribbons; those on the body are No. 9, those on the skirt No. 12. On the lapels and sleeves the No. 9 ribbons are placed at intervals of three inches. On the flounces the No. 12 ribbons, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, are placed further apart. The white lace which replaces the habit-shirt follows the outline of the body. The under-sleeve is composed of a large *bouillonné* of thin muslin, tight at the wrist, but falling full over it in the shape of a bell. Two rows of lace fall on the hand.

The other figure represents a HOME TOILET. Taffeta redingote with *moire* bands; the *moire* trimmings are edged on each side with a taffeta *biais*, rather under half an inch wide, and which stands in relief. The joining of the *biais* and the *moire* is concealed by a braid about the width of a lace. A *moire* band with its edges trimmed with *biais* follows the outline of the body. Three inches wide at top, it narrows to half the width at the waist, and is then continued about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide on the lappet. The skirt is trimmed with five *moire* bands with *biais* at their edges. These bands are of graduated width; the top one is 8 inches from the waist, and two inches wide. The interval between each one and the next is 4 inches; the lowest band, which is 4 inches wide, is placed 2 inches from the bottom of the skirt. On the body there are

two rows of *moire* and three on each band of the skirt. These gradually diverge toward the bottom. These last form a width of apron of 32 inches. (The posture of this figure masks the right side of the skirt, and consequently only the middle row and that on the left side are to be seen.) The sleeves, half wide, are terminated by a cuff turned up with *moire* and a *biais* on the edge. A row of white lace follows the outline of the body. We see the chemisette composed of a row of lace, an insertion, and round plaits from top to bottom of thin muslin. A muslin *bouillon* plaits. All the fullness is thrown behind, beginning at the side trimming. The sleeve is open behind, ornamented with buttons, and then edged with *guipure*. A cardinal collar of Venice *guipure* falls on the neck. The under sleeves are composed of two rows of white *guipure* following the outline of the sleeve.



FIGURE 3.—GIRL'S TOILET.

FIG. 3 represents a pretty toilet for a girl from nine to eleven years of age. Hair parted down the middle and rolled in plaits at the sides. Frock of white muslin. Short sleeves, body low. Six small-pointed flounces on the skirt. A wide pink silk ribbon passed under the sleeve, is tied at the top in a large bow, so that the sleeve is drawn together in it, and leaves the shoulder visible. A plain band runs along the top of the body, which is plaited lengthwise, in very small plaits.

FIG. 4 represents a graceful cap for the parlor. It is made of *guipure*, ornamented with apple blossoms, and having wide pale-green silk ribbon bows and streamers.

This is a pleasant season for traveling, after the equinoctial storms have passed by. Appropriate dresses are very desirable. None is more so than the foulard dress of a dark color, with branches of foliage and large bouquets of flowers. The same may be said of valencia and poplin de laine, either with Albanese



FIGURE 4.—CAP.

stripes on a plain ground, or a large plaid pattern. A traveling dress should be made like a morning gown, but not exactly; for strings are put in underneath, both before and behind, for the purpose of drawing it, so as to form a pretty plaited body when they are pulled tight. Over the gathers either a ribbon or a band with a buckle must be added. The body may be either low or high, with a small collar having two rows of cambric plaited very fine, or with a jaconet collar having open plaits, or again with a Charles V. collar, made of frieze well starched and lusted. The under sleeves should be always in harmony with the collar.

The bonnet is made half of straw, half of taffeta. The brim is straw veined with black or mixed with aloes, and the crown has a soft top of ruffled taffeta, with a bow of ribbon. On this capote, it is indispensable to put a Cambrai lace veil, that lace being at once substantial, light, and rich in pattern.

As to the feet they are provided with boots of bronze leather, and having low heels and button-holes in vandykes.

The gloves are Swedish leather, dark color, as for instance Russia leather, iron-gray, maroon, or olive.

The traveling corset, called the *nonchalante*, is an article every way worthy of the name. From its extreme elasticity and clever combination it yields to every motion of the body, and supports it without the least compression or inconvenience. This corset is therefore extremely agreeable for travels.

As a general rule, round waists are daily gaining ground; but you must not confound round waists with short waists: for the former, the dress-maker ought, on the contrary, to endeavor to make the sides as long as possible, and merely suppress the point in front.

Vests are still worn, but only to accompany linen and lace waistcoats. The under-sleeves are always wide and floating; the wrists are ornamented with ribbon bracelets matching the colors of the dress.

Boots and shoes are both in very good wear. The shoe is more suitable for the carriage than for walking. Boots of bronze leather, and of a soft light color, are much sought after by the more elegant ladies. These boots have low heels, and are fastened with enamel buttons of the same color as the material of the boots.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

MOUNT LEBANON.

SITUATION OF JUDEA.

MANY of the striking peculiarities which have so marked the character and history of the Jewish people, and which have brought upon them so constantly, in all ages, the watchful observation, not always very friendly, of the rest of mankind, originally arose, probably, or at least were greatly strengthened and increased, by causes connected with the physical condition of the country which Jehovah assigned to them for their abode. In itself, the land was mountainous, rugged, and stern, and in position it was almost entirely secluded from all intercourse or connection with the rest of the world, by a complete environment of mountains, deserts, and seas. The Mediterranean Sea—in those days almost a trackless waste of waters—bounded it on the west; the Arabian deserts shut it in on the south and east, while the dark and towering mountains of Lebanon, rising in the north, completed the isolation.

THE CONE-BEARING FAMILY OF TREES.

In addition to the great influence which Mount Lebanon exerted on the condition and history of the ancient Hebrew commonwealth, in forming a barrier to complete the separation of the Holy Land from the surrounding nations, it was also celebrated for the forests which grew on its higher slopes, and which furnished the timber for all the great architectural constructions of Jerusalem. There is a tribe or family of trees, called the *Cone-bearing* family, which are distinguished by certain marked and striking botanical peculiarities that separate them very widely from all other productions of the vegetable world; and also by certain substantial qualities in respect to their *wood*, which fit them

in a very eminent degree for the building purposes of man.

The most obvious botanical peculiarities of this tribe are these:

1. The trees are evergreen.

2. They grow almost exclusively in cold climates; that is, either in northern latitudes or on the declivities of lofty mountains. In every part of the world where mountains are found, there is a certain belt or zone of elevation which these cone-bearing evergreens seem to claim as their own. At the equator this zone extends from five thousand to twelve thousand feet up the mountain sides. The position of the zone, however, descends as we go toward the north, until at 40° or 50° of north latitude, it reaches the surface of the earth; and thus in Maine, in Canada, in Norway, in Sweden, and in Siberia, we have the whole surface of the earth decked, by these hardy mountaineers, in dark and perpetual green.

3. The seeds of all the species of this tribe are produced in a compact mass, of the form of a cone. In this cone the seeds are closely arranged and firmly packed—and protected, moreover, with a resinous coating, designed, apparently, to defend them from the extreme degree of wet and cold to which, from the habits of the plant, they are necessarily subjected. It is from these cones that the tribe of trees takes its name.

4. There is a very remarkable peculiarity in respect to the leaves of this tribe. They are all *filiform* in character, being long and slender like needles, instead of displaying, like the leaves of deciduous trees, a broad and expanded surface to the air. The design, apparently, of this conformation is to enable the leaves to resist the influence of the winds and storms, to which they are so much exposed, both on account of the nature of the situations in which they grow, and also on account of the fact that being evergreen, the leaves remain upon the trees throughout the year, and thus have the severest blasts of winter to withstand, as well as the gentler breezes of summer.

The qualities on which the value of the *wood* produced by these trees depends, as building material for man, are chiefly the following:

1. The trees grow, when grouped together in forests, very tall and perfectly straight, and with no branches formed upon their stems except near the top. The fibres of the wood, too, lie generally very even and straight, and parallel with each other moreover, through the whole length of the stem. This makes the cleavage of the

wood very free and regular, and greatly facilitates the forming of it into beams and planks for building.

2. The wood is very soft in most of the cone-bearing trees, and thus is very readily worked. The trees are easily felled, and they submit afterward with very little resistance to the processes of sawing, hewing, cutting, boring, and all the other operations which the carpenter has occasion to perform upon them.

3. It is a characteristic of these trees to produce a certain resinous substance with the sap, which impregnates the wood and makes it extremely durable under exposure to the weather. The various resinous products of the different species of trees, are very different from each other, in respect to their particular properties; they are all, however, in their essential effects, the same. They give the wood an aromatic odor. They cause it to be very durable, in comparison with other woods, when exposed to wet and cold. They make it highly inflammable, too, as if nature specially designed to provide, in the stems of these trees, for the use of man, a resource for the artificial heat and light which he necessarily requires in the darkness and cold that prevail so much in the regions where they grow. So inflammable, in fact, are the resinous juices which these trees produce, and so thoroughly do they pervade every part of the plant, that the green and growing leaves are impregnated with them, so that they will burn, even when the branches are broken off fresh from the tree, with a fierce and brilliant flame. The preservative influence, too, of the resinous impregnation which pervades the plant, takes effect in every part of it. Not only is the wood, when used in building, more durable, but the stumps that are left in the ground when the trees are felled, sometimes remain, when undisturbed, for half a century; and even the leaves, slender and unsubstantial as they seem, when they fall upon the ground do not decay, but lie there forming an almost imperishable covering, which the settler, who attempts to cultivate the ground that these cone-bearing evergreens have once possessed, is obliged to burn in order to disencumber the soil of them.

Such are the leading properties of the cone-bearing evergreens. The principal species are the spruce, the hemlock, the fir, the cedar, and the pine.

THE VALLEYS OF MOUNT LEBANON.

The forests which we have referred to, occupied, of course, the higher declivities and filled the upper valleys of the Lebanon region. The lower limit, in fact, of the cone-bearing family of trees, in the latitude of Syria, is several thousand feet above the level of the sea. Of course all the lower slopes of the mountains, and all the lower valleys, were adapted to a different sort of vegetation. They produced grass for flocks and herds, and corn, wine, and oil for man, in great abundance. The mountains by which they were surrounded and inclosed, sheltered them, and increased the warmth of the sun, by reflecting and

concentrating his beams. The streams which descended from the snows above, watered them—the rains brought down fertilizing deposits upon them, and man, attracted by the genial clime and by the productive and luxuriant soil, soon filled them with vineyards, orchards, cultivated fields, and groups of human habitations. Thus we must understand by the name Mount Lebanon, not a single mountain summit, but a widely extended and very varied mountain region. There were verdant, and beautiful, and densely populated valleys below, with swelling elevations and vast declivities of higher land, all clothed with stupendous evergreen forests, above and around them; while higher still there were loftier ranges, rising here and there, which capped and crowned the scene with grandeur, exhibiting peaks and pinnacles of ragged rock, or rounded summits covered with perpetual snow

TYRE.

The principal valleys of the Lebanon region descend and open toward the south; and on the sea coast, nearly opposite to the point where they terminate, stood, in ancient times, the city of Tyre. Tyre is the type and symbol of the ancient navigation and commerce. It was built upon an island which lay at a little distance from the shore, and which by the position it occupied served to protect a portion of the water, and form a roadstead and harbor, where ships could lie in safety. It was perhaps owing to this circumstance, and to the vicinity of the forests of Lebanon, that the building of ships was first extensively undertaken at this spot. At any rate, Tyre early became a great maritime city. Her artificers became renowned for their skill, both in naval and domestic architecture. Her walls and palaces were celebrated in all quarters of the world, and her ships went into every part of the Mediterranean, and over all the neighboring seas, freighted with the richest commercial treasures. With the profits of their trade and of the manufactures which they produced in the city, the Tyrians purchased food for their population from the various grain-growing countries around them. They cultivated the most friendly relations with all mankind: for commerce and peace are natural allies. Thus the city of Tyre, in the early part of its history, was the abode of industry plenty, and peace, and it increased rapidly from century to century in wealth and power.

KING HIRAM.

In the days of David and Solomon, the name of the king of Tyre was Hiram. Even so early as the time of David, a friendly intercourse, it seems, subsisted between the two kingdoms, for David, as we are informed in 2 Sam. v. 11, procured timber and artisans from Tyre for building his palace—paying undoubtedly in corn, and in other articles of food, the productions of his own realm. Solomon very naturally looked to the same quarter for a supply of materials and workmen when about to undertake the building of the temple; and we have in the fifth chapter of the First of Kings, a very full account of the arrangement made between him and Hiram for accom-

plishing the purpose. The intercourse of the two sovereigns was commenced by a deputation which Hiram sent to Solomon as soon as he had heard of his accession to the throne, to congratulate him on the event, and to express his desire for a continuance of the friendly relations which had subsisted between the two countries during the preceding reign.

“And Hiram king of Tyre sent his servants unto Solomon; for he had heard that they had anointed him king in the room of his father: for Hiram was ever a lover of David.” 1 Kings, v. 1.

Thus was the intercourse commenced between Hiram and Solomon.

CONTRACT BETWEEN SOLOMON AND HIRAM.

When the time arrived for commencing the preparations for building the temple, Solomon sent commissioners to Hiram, to contract with him for a supply of timber from Mt. Lebanon, and for the necessary artisans to work it. In the communication which Solomon sent to Hiram on this occasion, he stated that he was about to execute a plan which had been originally conceived by David, Hiram's former friend, but which David had been prevented from executing, on account of the wars which prevailed in his day. These wars were now, he said, all happily ended. The country was at peace, and nothing prevented the execution of the work. He therefore proposed that Hiram should furnish a large company of hewers of wood, to proceed into the mountains, and there, in connection with other workmen to be furnished by Solomon, to fell and hew a proper supply of timber for his purpose—both cedar and fir. It was his wish, he added, that Hiram should not only furnish the timber itself, but should also provide a sufficient number of skilled workmen from among his subjects to superintend the cutting and preparing it. He would send, he said, a large force from his own kingdom to aid in the work; but he wished to engage a corps of Tyrian and Sidonian carpenters to take the lead in it, inasmuch as the artisans of those cities, having been long accustomed to labor among the forests of Mt. Lebanon, perfectly understood the work, and could accomplish it more successfully than any other persons. In respect to remuneration, he would pay, he said, in corn, wine, and oil, whatever Hiram should demand for the services rendered. In the account of this negotiation which is given in the Book of Chronicles, a specific proposal is mentioned as made by Solomon in respect to the amount of corn, wine, and oil that he would pay. 2 Chron. ii.

King Hiram was very ready to accede to these proposals. He sent back word that he would do all that Solomon had desired. He would send men into the mountains to cut timber, both cedar and fir, and would cause it to be brought down to the sea-shore. Thence he would convey it in rafts or floats, along the coast, to some suitable landing-place opposite to Jerusalem, where Solomon might find it most convenient to receive it.

In the account in Chronicles, Joppa is named as the port designated for this purpose. On being landed, the timber was to be delivered into the hands of the servants of Solomon, while Hiram's workmen were to be thenceforth discharged from all farther responsibility, and dismissed, that they might return home. Solomon might make payment, he added, for the service rendered him, in corn and oil, as he had proposed.

JOSEPHUS.

The foregoing is the substance of the account given of the negotiations between Hiram and Solomon in the sacred Scriptures. Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, states the facts much in the same manner, though he relates the story in somewhat different language. The following is his account of the transaction, as translated by Whiston.

“Moreover Hiram, king of Tyre, when he had heard that Solomon succeeded to his father's kingdom, was very glad of it, for he was a friend of David's. So he sent ambassadors to him, and saluted him, and congratulated him on the present happy state of his affairs. Upon which Solomon sent him an epistle, the contents of which here follow:

“Solomon to King Hiram.

“Know thou that my father would have built a temple to God, but was hindered by wars, and continual expeditions, for he did not leave off to overthrow his enemies till he made them all subject to tribute: but I give thanks to God for the peace I at present enjoy, and on that account I am at leisure, and design to build an house to God, for God foretold to my father that such an house should be built by me; wherefore I desire thee to send some of thy subjects with mine to Mount Lebanon, to cut down timber, for the Sidonians are more skillful than our people in cutting of wood—and I will pay whatsoever price thou shalt determine.’

“When Hiram had read this epistle, he was pleased with it; and wrote back this answer to Solomon:

“Hiram to King Solomon.

“It is fit to bless God that he hath committed thy father's government to thee, who art a wise man, and endowed with all virtues. As for myself, I rejoice at the condition thou art in, and will be subservient to thee in all that thou sendest to me about; for when by my subjects I have cut down many and large trees, of cedar and cypress wood, I will send them to sea, and will order my subjects to make floats of them, and to sail to what place soever of thy country thou shalt desire, and leave them there, after which thy subjects may carry them to Jerusalem: but do thou take care to procure us corn for this timber, which we stand in need of, because we inhabit in an island.’

“The copies of these epistles remain at this day, and are preserved not only in our books, but among the Tyrians also, insomuch that if any one would know the certainty about them, he may desire of the keepers of the public records of Tyre

to show him them, and he will find what is there set down to agree with what we have said."

It will be observed that this account is somewhat more full and formal than that of the sacred writer. Whether it is really true that Josephus had access to any other sources of information than those contained in the Scriptures, or whether his narrative is only a rhetorical amplification of the Scripture account, it is of course now impossible to determine. He states very positively, however, that the actual letters were extant in the Tyrian archives in his day.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

In the correspondence between Hiram and Solomon, as given by Josephus, it will be perceived that the trees spoken of as those which were to furnish the timber required, are the *cedar* and the *cypress*, whereas the Scriptures, as rendered in the common version, specify the cedar and the *fir*; and in the Book of Chronicles (2 Chron. ii. 8) a third species, under the name of *algum* trees, is mentioned. There have been many discussions among philologists and scholars in respect to the question, what were the actual trees denoted by the Hebrew words thus translated, and especially the one designated as the cedar. The Hebrew word translated cedar is *Erez*. There is a species of cedar now growing upon certain parts of Mt. Lebanon called by the Arabs of the present day *Araz*, a name so similar to the ancient Hebrew word, as to denote apparently that the tree is the same. There is, moreover, a tradition which has been preserved from age to age, by a succession of pilgrims and travelers who have visited the spot, that the groves of cedars which now remain upon the mountains are the true descendants and representatives of the forests which the Sidonian woodmen were employed in cutting in Solomon's day. Notwithstanding these evidences, however, some persons have maintained that the *Erez* which Solomon's workmen cut on Mt. Lebanon, though undoubtedly some one of the trees of the cone-bearing tribe, must have been a very different tree from the cedar that now grows there; for the latter, as it now grows on the mountain, though a very stately tree, is wholly unfit for the purposes for which Solomon used his timber. They who reason thus, however, are apparently deceived by the circumstance that the few trees which now remain on the mountain grow detached from each other, either entirely isolated or in open groves. Under such circumstances, the trees of this tribe always exhibit an external form and character entirely different from that which they assume when growing side by side in dense forests. In the latter case, the stems are tall, straight, free from branches, and they taper very slowly as they rise. The white pine, in modern forests, attains sometimes the height of two hundred feet, with scarcely any interruption to the straightness and evenness of its stem, being surmounted at the top only with a small tuft of branches, which, joining itself to the branches of the neighboring trees, forms a thin

and level canopy of foliage at a vast height above the ground, with the stems of the trees like so many tall and slender pillars to support it. The



EVERGREENS IN THE FOREST.

same pine growing in the open field, expends its vital force in throwing out great horizontal branches beginning very near the ground. The tree thus forms a low, wide-spreading head. The stem grows short and thick, and is gnarled with innumerable knots and contortions, so as to be-



EVERGREENS IN THE FIELD.

come wholly unfit for being formed into planks or beams. Some travelers who have seen the cedars now growing in small and scattered groups on the slopes and acclivities of Mt. Lebanon, have pronounced them magnificent but worthless trees, and have inferred that it must have been some other species which furnished the material for the splendid architectural constructions of Solomon. They were deceived, apparently, by not taking properly into view the influence of the circumstances in which the trees, as they found them, were growing.

PROSECUTION OF THE WORK.

However this may have been, the contract between Hiram and Solomon was duly closed and the work went on. The convention should, however, perhaps be called a treaty rather than a contract, for the parties to it were independent

sovereigns, and it embraced in its action and effect the whole commercial intercourse of two wealthy and powerful kingdoms for a long series

of years. Solomon enrolled a very large force, consisting of many thousand men. These, properly organized and arranged in divisions which



THE WORKMEN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

were appointed to relieve each other by turns, labored in the mountains, in felling and hewing the wood, or in transporting the beams to Tyre, or in building and navigating the floats by which it was conveyed to Joppa. Another large portion of the population was employed in conveying the corn, wine, and oil, by which payment was to be made for these supplies, to Tyre and Sidon. A portion of this merchandise was sent by ships from Joppa. Other portions, particularly those that were produced in the northern parts of the kingdom, were transported by beasts

of burden, in caravans on land. In a word a very extended and a very profitable commerce sprung up, and was continued for twenty or thirty years, during which time the immense forests which had waved for centuries before undisturbed on the slopes of Mt. Lebanon, gradually melted away, and were replaced by cities, towns, temples, and palaces without number, which grew up from them, far to the southward, in the kingdom of Solomon.

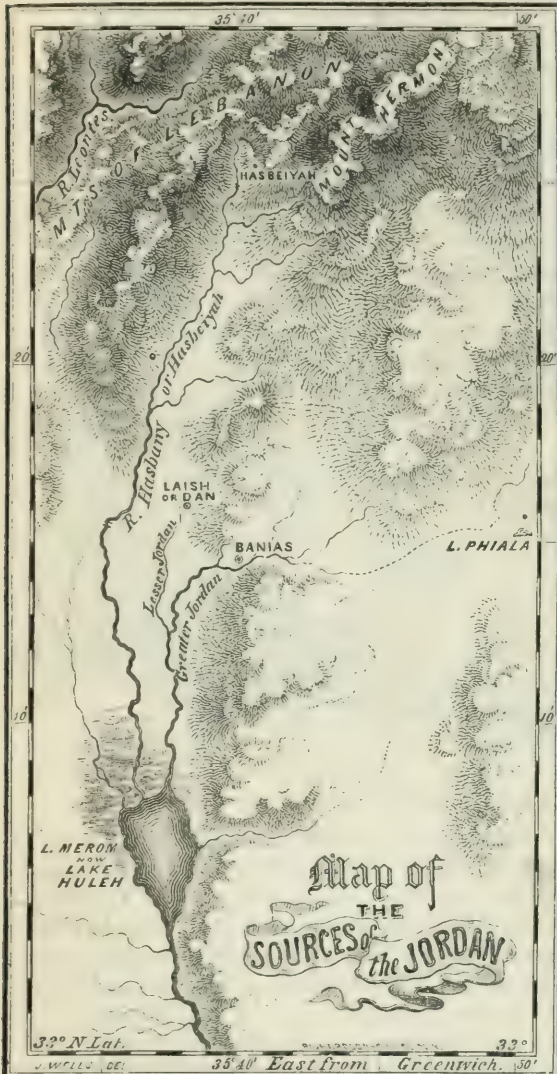
SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

Travelers who visit the region of Mt. Lebanon very frequently approach it from the south, taking their departure from Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. In this case they ascend the valley of the upper Jordan, and the first object of their attention and curiosity, in entering among the mountains, is usually the exploring of the sources of that celebrated stream. They find various branches of the river coming down from as many different valleys or springs, each of which claims the honor of being the parent of the stream. The principal of these are three. They are known by the names of the Greater Jordan, the Less-



THE CARAVANS.

er Jordan, and the River Hasbany or Hasbeiyah. There has been a great deal of discussion among geographers and travelers, in respect to the question which of these is to be considered as the true parent of the river; and in order that the reader may understand something of the nature of the question, we will briefly describe the several streams. The relation which they bear to



each other will be seen by referring to the map. The Hasbany lies to the westward, and is far the longest of the three. It flows down through a long and narrow valley and empties finally into Lake Merom, as an independent stream. The Greater Jordan lies to the eastward, rising at Banias, and flowing also into Lake Merom; while the Lesser Jordan forms a branch of the Greater Jordan—coming from the westward about half way between its source and its mouth. The Lesser Jordan thus lies between the other two streams, and as its sources are the first which the traveler has to explore, in ascending the valley from Lake Merom, it is properly the first to be considered here.

THE LESSER JORDAN.

The fountains in which the Lesser Jordan arise, break out copiously at the base of a hill in a fertile and well-wooded country. The principal spring forms a basin of about three hundred feet in diameter, in the midst of which the

water boils and bubbles up in great abundance, being conveyed thither undoubtedly through subterranean channels, or porous strata of rock, through which the water is continually forced, by pressure from the mountains above—the supply being perpetually sustained by the rains and the melting snows, which at brief intervals saturate the soil in all the higher regions of the mountain. From the spring two copious streams of cool and pellucid water issue, which come together very soon, and form a little island, by inclosing a small space between their banks and the margin of the pool. The water of the united streams flows swiftly away, becoming at once quite a river. The stream is ten yards wide and two feet deep at a very short distance from the spot where it issues from the ground. It flows immediately away on its course down a little dell, which is adorned with a luxuriant grove of trees. As it flows on, it receives various tributaries smaller than itself, and finally joins the Greater Jordan a few miles below.

The country around this spot is fertile, and is inhabited by a settled population. There are one or two mills upon the streams, with huts near them occupied by the millers, where the few travelers who, in modern times, penetrate to this region, are sometimes kindly entertained. There are ruins, too, around, of ancient edifices. In fact this was a very celebrated place in the time of the kingdom of Israel. It was the site of Dan—a name very familiar to the readers of the Scriptures, denoting the northernmost town inhabited by the Israelites, as Beersheba for a long time represented the southernmost. It is true that the valleys and lower slopes of the Lebanon mountains were fertile and habitable in ancient times as now; but the Israelites did not possess them. Their land extended only to the southern borders of the mountains—the mountainous region itself belonging to the people of Tyre and Sidon. Dan itself, in fact, under the name of Laish, originally belonged to the Sidonians, and remained in their possession until it was taken from them, in the time of the judges, by an armed expedition from the tribe of Dan. The circumstances of this seizure were very extraordinary—and the narrative given of them in the sacred Scriptures illustrates, in a very striking and curious manner, the ideas and customs which prevailed in the age in which it occurred. It is, perhaps, the only instance on record in history, where a people, in founding their commonwealth, provided themselves with institutions of religion by actually stealing gods and a priesthood from their neighbors. That man should attempt to obtain a deity to bow down to and adore, by an act of plunder, that he should seek protection in a power that he had himself actually captured from his fellow man, by a deed of robbery, exhibits most certainly a very extraordinary phase in the operations of the religious instinct in the human soul.

THE STOLEN GODS.

The scene of the story is laid first in Mt Ephraim. Mt. Ephraim was situated near the

middle of the land of Israel, and was so named from the tribe of Ephraim, within whose territory it fell, in the original division of Canaan. It seems that there resided on this mountain a man named Micah. He lived with his mother. The family was thrifty and prosperous, and in the course of time the mother laid up a large sum of money, the proceeds probably of the flocks and herds which she reared on the mountains. This money, however, at length suddenly disappeared.

The mother was greatly distressed at this loss. She was wholly unable to imagine who could have stolen the money. She made incessant and anxious inquiries, and mourned and lamented her loss with so much appearance of suffering that, finally, Micah her son told her that it was he himself that had taken the money, but that it was all safe, and that he would restore it to her again.

The woman, mother-like, instead of upbraiding her son for the cruel and unnatural crime which he had committed, in robbing his own parent of a treasure which she had toiled so long and so patiently to secure, felt no other emotion than that of joy at finding that the money was safe. She told her son that she had laid it up solely for his benefit. Her design had been to expend it in making idols for his household gods, but since he wished for the money itself rather, she would allow him to retain it. Micah, however, gave back the money to his mother, and she, willing, as it would seem, to compromise the case, decided to employ only a part of it—about one-fourth of the whole—in procuring the images. She sent this portion of the money to the founder, in order that he might make the images—giving back the rest of it probably to her son.

Micah, when the founder had finished his work, built a small temple, and set up his gods in it with much ceremony. He prepared also the various sacred articles necessary for use in the customary modes of worship that were adopted in those days—the ephod, and the teraphim, and other similar paraphernalia—and consecrated one of his sons as priest. The religious wants of his household, in their mountain solitude, were thus, as he deemed, very satisfactorily provided for.

A short time after this, however, a circumstance occurred which enabled Micah to place his religious establishment on a still more eligible footing. He seems to have been very well satisfied with his gods, but not quite sure in respect to his priest, who, being his own son, and appointed to the sacred office only by Micah himself, might possibly be considered as not being

truly invested with the sacerdotal power. This difficulty, however, Micah had soon an opportunity to remedy: for it chanced that about that time, a young Levite, from Bethlehem, came traveling through that part of the country from the southward, in search of a dwelling-place and occupation. In passing through Mt. Ephraim this Levite called at the house of Micah. Micah immediately made proposals to him to settle in his family and become his family priest. He offered the Levite his food and clothing and a regular salary of ten shekels a year. The Levite was well pleased to accept this appointment. Micah had now a genuine priest, and every thing was considered as satisfactorily arranged. The Levite's name was Jonathan.

Things went on very smoothly and prosperously in Micah's family for some time, when at length one evening, five men, strangers and



THE FIVE STRANGERS.

travelers, came to his house in Mt. Ephraim, and wished to lodge there. Micah very willingly received and entertained them. They proved to be a company of emissaries or commissioners from the tribe of Dan, sent off on an exploring tour, to find a country for that tribe to settle in; for thus far, though all the other tribes had been provided for, no territory it seems had been appropriated to the tribe of Dan. The five commissioners, seeing the Levite in Micah's household, asked him whence he came, and how he came to be there. The Levite answered their questions and explained, moreover, the arrangements which Micah had made for the establishment of a system of religious worship in Mt. Ephraim. The men were much interested in this statement, and they requested the Levite to ask counsel of God, in their behalf, to know whether they should be prosperous in their search for land for their people. The Levite pretended to do so, and returned to them for answer, that the Lord would bless them and

guide them, and bring their mission to a successful end.

The five men, having received this encouragement, went on their way. They journeyed to the northward, exploring the country as they proceeded, and endeavoring, though for a long time in vain, to discover some country where their tribe might hope to find a settlement and a home. At length they reached the northern frontier of the land of Israel, and there, at the entrance of the mountainous region of Lebanon, they came upon the waters of the Lesser Jordan, and ascending the valley to the source, they found the town of Laish there. The town and the country around it were occupied by a people of a Tyrian or Silonian origin. The place was, however, so remote and inaccessible from the west, that it could not be efficiently protected by the Tyrian government, and the people moreover, relying, as it appeared, upon the secluded and isolated situation of their valley, lived in a careless security, which, in the opinion of our party of explorers, promised to make the conquest of their valley a very easy work. The five men accordingly returned to their tribe, and describing to them what they had found at Laish, they counseled them to send an armed expedition to take possession of the valley and drive the Sidonians away.

The tribe determined to follow these counsels. They organized and armed a body of six hundred men, and sent them forth. The five men went with them as guides. The expedition proceeded northward till they came to Mt. Ephraim. They stopped to encamp for the night in the neighborhood of the lands of Micah, and while here, the five men related to the commanders of the troop what had occurred to them at their former visit. "There is a graven image and a molten image," said they, "in these houses, and an ephod, and teraphim, and a priest. Consider what you had better do with them." The commanders of the army immediately determined to seize the treasures, and to take them away with the army to the north. A double purpose would be effected, as they supposed, by so doing. In the first place, they would secure the influence of the abducted deities in their favor on the march and in the battle at Laish, and then they would be enabled by means of them, and of the priest, to establish institutions of religious worship in their new state, in the most authentic manner. The army of six hundred men accordingly went first to the house of the Levite, and summoning him to follow them, they proceeded to the gate of Micah's house, and remaining outside themselves, they sent the five men in, to bring out the gods and ephod, and the teraphim. The Levite asked



THE ABDUCTION OF THE IDOLS.

them what they were going to do. In reply, they directed him to ask no questions, but to go with them. "It will be far better for you," said they, "to be the priest of a nation, than of a private man."

The Levite, understanding from these words the nature of their design, far from making any objection to the plan, was greatly pleased with the change of fortune which awaited him. He appeared very ready to join the expedition, and when the images and the sacred vestments pertaining to them were brought out, he took charge of them, and placing himself in the midst of the troop, prepared for the journey. Proper provision was then made for taking the family and children of the Levite, and also for conveying his cattle and all his goods in the train of the army. These arrangements were all made with the utmost promptitude and dispatch, and as soon as they were effected, the troop was put in motion again, and marched away.

Micah himself, however, all this time was by no means idle. He had not in his own household men enough to resist so great an army of robbers; but he immediately gave the alarm to his neighbors, and, in a short time, collected, with their aid, a very considerable troop, and with this force he set off after the Danites in full pursuit. In a short time, he came up with them. The Danites hearing him coming, turned, and the two parties came to a parley. The Danites called out to Micah, inquiring what was the matter with him, and why he was pursuing them with such a company. To this Micah replied, in a tone of mournful and earnest remonstrance, "You have taken away my gods, and my priest, and my holy things, which are my all, and now you ask me what is the matter with me!" The rejoinder which the plunderers made to this just complaint, exemplified precisely the spirit which, in all ages of mankind, characterizes the treatment that weakness and helplessness meet with from violence and wrong. "We advise you," said they, "to go home, and be quiet. If we hear any thing more of your complaints, you will provoke some angry fellows from our troop to run upon you, and you and all your household will be murdered." Micah found, in a word, that he had nothing to do but to submit. The force of the robbers far outnumbered his own, and he slowly and mournfully returned to his home.

The Danite troop, after this, continued their march to the northward, and soon reached the territory of Laish. They attacked the people, seized and burnt the town, and put the inhabitants to the sword. They afterward built a city for themselves, and established their tribe in it, and in the valley around. They set up the idols of Micah in a house which they built for the purpose, and established a regular system of religious worship, which continued to be administered by Jonathan and his successors for many years. The account of these transactions is given in the 17th and 18th Chapters of the Book of Judges.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF IDOLATRY.

The instance which we have narrated above, though certainly a very marked and striking one in the peculiar circumstances which attended it, is still in perfect harmony with what we every where observe in respect to the religious instinct, as an essential and characteristic element of the nature of man. The human spirit is expressly and specially formed to look up to and lean upon some spiritual and supernatural power. The instinct impelling it to do this is seen operating in all ages, and in all climes. No savage is so rude and wild, as not to begin to feel the influence of this principle, and no philosopher can go so far as fully and finally to divest himself of it. He professes sometimes to do so, and seems, for a season, to succeed. But when the hour of trouble and sorrow, of danger and of death, comes upon him, his theories all abandon him; nature comes back to resume her reign, and he instinctively reaches out his helpless arms, in his distress, to the unseen spiritual power, whose existence he had so strenuously denied, as readily and earnestly as the humblest believer. In a word, the tendency of the soul of man to look to, and to lean upon the protection of God, is a part of its native constitution, and not the result of accident or of training. Speculation has not produced it, and no speculation can drive it away.

We see the operation of the principle which impels man to look up to, and rely upon some unseen and spiritual power, even in cases of the grossest idolatry, like that which we have just related; for, in all these cases, it is not really the material image which the worshipers adore, but some unseen and unknown spiritual power, of which they imagine the idol to be the embodiment and the symbol. Just as when in civilized countries and in modern times, people put their trust in amulets and charms, it is not the material object that they confide in, but some hidden influence or virtue, which they imagine to be mysteriously connected with it. Idolatry, therefore, however gross and absurd in its results, is only one of the forms which is assumed by that great and universal instinct in man, which leads him every where to believe in and look up to some unseen and mysterious power as the author of his being and the arbiter of his fate; and we see in the existence, the universality, and the strength of this principle, an irrefragable proof of the existence of such a power. The nature of this proof may be illustrated thus:

Suppose that an intelligent being, acquainted with the general laws of nature, with the principles of harmony, and of mutual adaptation and dependence which prevail among the various ranks and orders of creation, but unacquainted with the particular productions of this earth, were to be shown, for the first time, a *vine*. He sees a long, slender, and very flexible stem, obviously incapable of sustaining itself. He sees tendrils also putting themselves forth at every joint, adapted to seize and to cling to some suitable support. He would at once infer that the same soil which produced the vine, must pro-

duce other plants of a firmer and more inflexible growth, for this slender stem and these winding tendrils to cling to. In the same manner, if by some means or other, an animal were brought to us from the moon, we should consider that its having wings would prove conclusively the existence of an atmosphere in the moon. From fins, we should infer, with the same certainty, the existence of some fluid like water. So also, if we were to see coming from a distant and unknown planet, some animal like the dog, and should find, on studying his mental constitution, that he was endued with an extraordinary capacity for the sentiments of love, obedience, gratitude, and affection, we should be convinced that there was also in the planet which produced him, some animal of a superior class, to furnish an object for these qualities to rest upon. In a word, we feel assured that none of the characteristics, material or mental, of any thing in nature, and none of the tendencies, instincts, or appetences of man are made in vain. They all point with unerring certainty to the true and real existence of the objects without, to which they respectively appertain. The philosopher, therefore, who views this subject in its true light, will see in the universality and the strength of the religious instinct in man, a most certain proof of the real existence of the unseen and mysterious power which the instinct demands.

The proof, too, which the earnest and universal tendency of the human soul to seek after and to lean upon God furnishes us in respect to the Divine Being, is more full and satisfactory in its nature, than that which we obtain from the marks of design in the works of creation; for, from these marks of design we see only proofs of contrivance, wisdom, and power; whereas, in the religious structure and tendencies of our own souls, we learn much of the personal character of God, and of the feelings, so to speak, with which he regards the family of man. The long neck and the elevated head of the giraffe, were we to see that animal for the first time, knowing nothing of its habitudes, would not only prove to us that something must grow in his native lands at a considerable elevation from the surface of the earth—but that that something must be, in its nature, suitable for food. Just so the yearnings of the human spirit, in seeking after God, not only prove that an unseen and spiritual being exists, but they also show, in an equally conclusive manner, that this unseen being is capable of love, of pity, of kind regard for the welfare of his creatures, of compassion for the sorrowful, of displeasure against sin, and of a tender and watchful concern for all who look up to him with a desire to secure his favor and to trust in his protection.

Thus we see, that a belief in the existence and in the moral qualities of God, rests on a very simple foundation. The argument is very brief, but it is very

conclusive. I thirst—and my thirst would prove to me that water must exist, even if I could not remember to have ever drank it. I am hungry. My hunger proves to me that there must be such a thing as food. In the same manner, in all my dark and gloomy hours of sorrow, of anxiety, and of fear, I am impelled, irresistibly, by an inherent and irrepressible instinct of my nature, to cry to God for help. I am sure, therefore, that there must be a God to hear my cry.

But we must return to the sources of the Jordan.

THE GREATER JORDAN.

As has already been remarked, and as may be seen by reference to the map, the Greater Jordan, so called, lies to the eastward of the branch which we have been describing, having its source at a spot called Baniyas, the site of an ancient and very celebrated city. The source of the stream which rises here, is described by ancient writers as issuing from a cave, the entrance to which opens in the face of a perpendicular precipice, behind the town. The traveler who visits this spot at the present day, finds the town there still, embosomed in a retired and delightful valley, though its ancient walls are half in ruins, and the substantial dwellings of former times are replaced by the rude and comfortless huts of the present population. He finds the precipice, too, behind the town, and the cave—the face of the rock around it being adorned with many sculptured niches and inscriptions, the memorials of the ancient veneration felt for the spot where issued the fountain which was regarded as the parent of the Jordan. The water, however, does not now issue from the cave. It breaks out from a mass of rocks in front of it, and a little below it. The fountain is so copious, that it forms at once a very considerable stream. This stream flows along and around the walls of the city, in a deep ravine, which it seems itself to have formed. Here and there its waters turn a mill; and, finally, passing under an ancient stone bridge, probably of Roman construction, it turns away, down through a very fertile and beautiful valley, toward its junction with the lesser river. The productions of the region watered by the stream, as it flows away, are described by travelers as extremely luxuriant. There is a terebinth-tree growing near



THE TEREBINTH AT BANIAS.

the town of Banias, which spreads its branches nearly forty feet on every side, forming a cool and shady retreat for the people of the town. Fields of corn and maize, and other similar plants, spread in every direction around; while beyond, in the valleys, and on declivities of the neighboring mountains, dense thickets and jungles grow, affording shelter and food to ounces, wolves, gazelles, boars, and other wild animals, in great numbers.

PHIALA.

Josephus, the ancient Hebrew historian, in describing Banias, as it appeared in his day, while he speaks of the fountain which issued so copiously from the cavern there, as the reputed source of the Jordan, alleges, nevertheless, that this fountain was not the *original* source. He says that at some distance back, among the mountains, there was a small round lake, of the form of a cup or bowl, which he called Phiala, and that it was in this Lake Phiala that the water of the Jordan first appeared, the supply being conveyed in an occult manner from this source, beneath the ground, to the cave at Banias, where it came out finally and fully to view. Josephus describes the situation of this Lake Phiala, as well as its form and character, very minutely. "It has its name, Phiala, very justly," says he, "from the roundness of its circumference, for it is as round as a wheel. It continues always full too, to the brink, and never overflows; for the surface of the water never rises or falls at ail. It was formerly not known," he continues, "that this lake was the origin of the Jordan; but it was ascertained to be so, by an experiment which Herod made when he was Tetrarch of Trachonitis. He caused chaff to be thrown into the Lake Phiala, and on watching below, the chaff was seen to come out in the fountain at Banias, which before this experiment had always been supposed to be the head fountain of the river."

Various accounts have been given by different travelers of the attempts which they have made to identify the lake which Josephus thus describes. Mr. Thomson, an American missionary, who visited the sources of the Jordan in 1843, and explored all the country around them in a very thorough manner, has given perhaps the most full and satisfactory account of what is now supposed to be ancient Phiala. He found it about three hours' journey to the eastward of Banias. It was a round lake, occupying the bottom of a deep hollow, which appeared to him to present every appearance of having been the crater of an ancient and extinct volcano. The cavity was about a mile in diameter, and the water filled it to within about eighty feet of the brink. It seemed to Mr. Thomson, too, that the water always maintained the same level in the lake; for the nature of the vegetation which grew very abundantly on the margin of it, showed that it could never be higher, and as the period of his visit was during the very driest season of the year, it seemed probable that it could never be lower. In this extraordinary respect, the lake corresponded fully with Jose-

phus's account of Phiala; though Mr. Thomson, as well as other travelers who have visited the spot, found, as he supposed, in the conformation of the region, and in the geological connections between the lake and the fountain at Banias, several insuperable difficulties in the way of a subterranean communication between them. In a word, Josephus's story of the transmission of the chaff, curious as it is, is not now generally believed.

THE CASTLE OF BANIAS.

On one of the lower mountains which surround the valley in which Banias lies, forming a sort of spur or promontory, projecting from the main range, there stand the ruins of a very extensive ancient fortress, which is an object of great interest to all travelers who visit the spot. At what time and by what hands this vast castle was built, is almost wholly unknown, but its extent, and the substantial character of its structure indicate that it was the strong-hold of some very formidable power. It is more than a mile in circumference. The walls are ten feet thick, and are flanked with numerous round towers, all built of the most substantial masonry. Within, and on the highest land inclosed by the walls, is a keep or citadel, raised higher than the other works. Travelers are accustomed to climb to the top of this citadel in order to enjoy from the parapet the view which is there presented, of the mountains rising in solemn grandeur around them, and of the green and fertile valley below. On the side opposite to the citadel, within the walls, are the ruins of many habitations, and in the corners toward the town are ranges of low cells vaulted over, with narrow loopholes opening outward from them, as if for arrows or musketry. There are several very capacious wells within the fortress. One is twenty feet square; the walls of it are built of very large stones laid in the most substantial manner, and it is covered with a vaulted roof twenty-five feet high. The wells continue to fulfill their function to the present day, being found, by the travelers who visit the place, always full of water. The supply is doubtless furnished by springs opening within the vast cisterns, and conveying to them the water which percolates through the strata of the mountain in subterranean channels from the heights above.

Of course, an abundant supply of water, in a fortress of this extent, designed as it obviously was to contain a very numerous garrison, is a necessity of the most urgent character. It is said, in fact, that the engineers who constructed this castle did not rely wholly on their wells, spacious and never failing as they were. There is a tradition among the people of Banias, that there was a passage excavated from the castle down through the ground, to the great fountain of the Jordan in the cave behind Banias—so that the garrison, in case of the possible failure of the wells, might go down to it at any time, sure of finding an abundant and an exhaustless supply; and at one part of the castle, an arched opening is shown, which is said to lead to this



THE RUINS.

subterranean passage way. Some travelers once attempted to explore this passage way, in order to ascertain the truth of the tradition—but they soon found the way choked up with stones and rubbish, and they could not proceed.

HASBEIYAH.

The third great fountain which claims to be the true source of the Jordan, is at the head of the river Hasbany, which flows, as will be seen by the map, through a long and narrow valley, that extends many miles northward among the ranges of Mt. Lebanon. This stream, it will be seen, is very much longer than either of the other branches, the distance of its source from the lake being more than twenty-five miles, while the length of the Greater Jordan is not more than twelve. Hence it is claimed that this stream, and not either of the others, is to be regarded as the true parent of the sacred river. In fact, the length of this branch, during the winter season, and in the spring, when the snows are melting on the mountains above, is very much greater still, for torrents then come down the mountains for a distance of twenty miles beyond the point where the origin of the stream is found in summer. When the snows from the mountains are gone, these torrents cease to flow, and the bed of the stream becomes dry down to the town of Hasbeiyah. It never becomes dry below that point, for, at a short distance from Hasbeiyah, a copious fountain bursts out at the foot of a rocky precipice, in a most romantic and beautiful spot, and forms at once a large and perennial stream. The traveler who goes to visit this secluded

scene, finds the valley, as he ascends it from below, growing narrower and narrower as he advances, until it becomes at last a wild and narrow gorge, with the stream at the bottom, foaming and tumbling over its rocky bed. At length the valley opens again, and becomes fertile and beautiful, and the town of Hasbeiyah finally comes into view, perched upon the brow of a hill at the right, far above the road in which he is journeying, though far below, of course, the grand mountain masses which tower sublimely on every hand around him. The houses are of stone, the roofs are flat, and the ground which they occupy is terraced, giving to the whole group the aspect of an extended fortification. The valleys and the declivities of the hills on every side

are adorned with groves of mulberries, figs, and olives, and human habitations are seen scattered here and there, perched upon the rocks or clinging to the hill sides.

To visit the fountain, the traveler passes beyond the town, and then, crossing the river by an ancient one-arched bridge, in the midst of a scene of the most luxuriant verdure and beauty, he turns to the eastward, and soon comes to a bold, perpendicular precipice, forty feet high, from the base of which the water boils and gushes in two copious streams. The supply is so abundant that a large pool is formed and kept constantly full, its banks being fringed on every side with roses, oleanders, and other flowering shrubs and climbers. At a little distance a dam has been built, to confine the waters in their flow sufficiently to supply the flume of a mill. Over the brink of this dam the surplus water falls in



HASBEIYAH

a beautiful cascade, and then flows foaming along its bed, through the arch of the bridge below. This is the fountain of Hasbeiyah.

A great many different opinions have been expressed, and a great deal of ingenious argumentation has been offered on the point which of the various sources that we have described is to be considered as the true source of the Jordan. The question, however, is obviously one incapable of solution. Shall the branch which comes from the greatest distance, or the one that brings the greatest supply of water, or the one which has, from the most ancient times, held possession of the name, be considered now as best entitled to be called the Jordan? How can such a question be decided? They are all true sources of the stream, and the various claims to precedence which they respectively maintain, are so different and so peculiar, that it is wholly impossible to measure or weigh them one against the other at all.

THE INHABITANTS OF MT. LEBANON.

As has already been said, the valleys which intervene among the Lebanon ranges, and all the lower declivities of the mountains, are extremely fertile, and they are filled with a very numerous and industrious population. The principal inhabitants are the Druses and the Maronites, the Druses occupying in general the southern, and the Maronites the northern portion of the region. These nations were originally colonies, respectively, of Christian and Mohammedan refugees, who fled to Mt. Lebanon, centuries ago, to escape from the persecutions of their theological or political foes. Here they have continued to live to the present day. They have suffered invasions, wars, persecutions, and oppressions without end, but have succeeded, by means of the warlike habits which they have always cultivated among their people, and of the protection which, when overpowered by their enemies, they have always found in the strong holds and fastnesses of the mountains, in maintaining a sort of independence and freedom, notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made, from time to time, to subdue them. They pay tribute now to the Turkish government, and acknowledge some sort of subjection to it. But they are governed by their own chiefs, and administer all internal affairs of state in their own way.

THE DRUSES.

The Druses, as has already been stated, occupy the southern portion of the region. They fill the valleys with their vineyards, their oliveyards, their groves of mulberry, apricot, and peach trees, their fields of wheat, and maize,

and the other productions adapted to the climate and the soil. They produce and export vast quantities of corn, of wine, of oil, and of silk, and their flocks and herds graze in great numbers on the green declivities of the higher hills. They build their towns on elevated sites, such as best afford the means of defense against an enemy. They hold great fairs, from time to time, at central points, whither they bear the productions which they have for sale, by means of long trains of mules that creep slowly with their heavy burdens up and down the rough zig-



COMMERCE OF THE DRUSES.

zag paths made for them in the mountains, or along narrow and romantic defiles. They are industrious, peaceful, and hospitable—and if they were not oppressed by the taxation of their different sets of rulers, it would seem that they would be prosperous and happy.

THE EMIR FAKARDIN.

Every nation has its hero. The personage who figures most conspicuously in the ancient history of the Druses, is a chieftain designated commonly by the name Fakardin.* He was the emir or prince of the Druses in the early part of the seventeenth century. Until his day, scarcely any thing was known of this people in the Christian world—so totally isolated were the mountain fastnesses in which they dwelt. Fakardin, however, was the means of bringing his nation very prominently to the notice of mankind. He was a prince of great sagacity and of great military talent, and he enlarged the Druse dominions, by various conquests that he made, until he made himself master of all the country west of Lebanon to the sea, where he held Beirut and also Saide, which was the ancient Sidon, as his ports. He extended his dominions eastward also over the plains of Baalbec. In a word, he greatly enlarged the boundaries of his realm.

At length the Turkish government were led

* The name is variously spelled by different authors as Faker-el-din, Fakir Eddyn, Facardin, and in other modes.

to turn their attention seriously to his proceedings, and Fakardin began to anticipate difficulty. He immediately put the government of the kingdom into the hands of his son, and determined to go to Italy.

The object of this journey was to obtain the alliance and aid of the Christian nations of Europe in defending his people from the Turks, in case of an attack from them. Fakardin made known the condition and the character of his people to the European nations, and the accounts which he gave of them excited a great deal of interest and curiosity. The representations which he made, led the Europeans to believe that the Druses were the descendants of some lost party of crusaders who had retreated to the mountain fastnesses of Lebanon, in the times of the holy wars, five hundred years before, and there had remained. The subject led to a great deal of historical research and inquiry, and to much ingenious speculation, and many theories were advanced in accordance with the supposition of the European and Christian origin of the Druses, which have since been proved to be unfounded. These discussions served the purpose at the time, however, of awakening a great deal of interest in the person of Fakardin, and in aiding him very essentially in his plans.

In process of time, Fakardin returned to Mt. Lebanon, and there, as he had anticipated, a war between his people and the Turks soon broke out. The Turkish sovereign at that time was the Sultan Amurath IV. Amurath had long been jealous of the existence of an independent people in the midst of his dominions, and determined on subduing them. He accordingly issued orders to the pashas of the various provinces around Lebanon, to assemble troops at their several capitals, and prepare for a campaign among the mountains. When all was ready, the several columns were ordered to advance. They came from Tripoli, from Damascus, from Gaza, from Aleppo, and even from Cairo. Fakardin prepared to meet them. He raised an army of twenty-five thousand men, and as he was himself too old for active service in such a warfare—being now about seventy years of age—he put these forces under the command of his two sons, and sent them forth against the enemy. Ali, the oldest of the two sons, attacked the first body of Turks that he encountered, and gained a great victory over them. Eight thousand of the Turks, it was said, were slain in the battle. After this, other Turkish armies came on, and finally Ali was surrounded by an overwhelming force, and hemmed in so as to preclude all possibility of escape. He accordingly surrendered, stipulating only that his life should be spared. The Turks very readily acceded to the condition—but they cut off the wretched prisoner's head the moment they had him in their power.

Fakardin was overwhelmed with grief and consternation at hearing these tidings, and became at once wholly discouraged. He immediately sent his second son with presents to the

Turkish commanders to sue for peace. The Turks took the ambassador prisoner, and seized the presents, but made no peace. Fakardin then gave up all for lost, abandoned the cities which he had held upon the sea coast, and all other exposed passes, and retreated to the mountains, where, in remote and almost inaccessible solitudes, he wandered for a time, hunted from place to place, by his ferocious enemies, until he was reduced



FAKARDIN A FUGITIVE.

to a state of absolute despair. He kept a small guard with him all this time, and retained possession of his most valuable treasures—but finally, worn out with fatigue, exposure, and hopeless struggles against fate, he made a stipulation with his enemies, that he would surrender himself to them if they would agree to spare his life, and allow him to go himself to the sultan with his treasures. They agreed to this condition, and he accordingly gave himself up, though it would be difficult to say what the ground of his expectation could be that they would fulfill the compact. They did fulfill it, however. They took their prisoner and his treasures, and carried them in triumph to Constantinople. During the journey the Turkish commanders treated their prisoner with much consideration and respect, and allowed him all the liberty that was consistent with his condition, and with their obligation to keep him safely. Notwithstanding this, however, the mind of the fallen chieftain was oppressed with the deepest despondency and grief. He had lost all but life; and his life, he well knew, would be in the most imminent danger, so soon as he should be delivered into his conqueror's hands.

Arrived in Constantinople, Fakardin caused his treasures to be sent in to the palace as presents to the sultan. He hoped that they would be the means of propitiating the sultan's favor. They were contained in eight chests, and were of great value. The sultan was very much gratified at the display which was made when the contents of these chests were displayed before



THE PRESENTS.

him, and was quite inclined to regard the case of his prisoner favorably. It seems that the custom which is so often attributed to Oriental sovereigns in fictitious tales, of going about into various places in disguise, in order to make observations in secret in respect to persons and scenes that for any reason excited their interest, was really observed by this monarch; and he accordingly one day went to visit Fakardin in his tent, disguised in such a manner as he judged would prevent the prisoner from distinguishing him from the other people of Constantinople who were led by curiosity to visit him. By some means or other, however, Fakardin discovered the deception, and knew the sultan. He took care, however, not to appear to know him, but entered into conversation with him as if he were some Turkish noble of ordinary rank. In this conversation he did all in his power to insinuate himself into the good graces of his guest, and he succeeded so well, that the sultan went away very much prepossessed in favor of his prisoner. The officers of his court, however, were very jealous of the favorable regard with which their master was disposed to look upon the stranger. They immediately began to work in a covert and cunning manner upon the mind of the sultan, to change his opinion. They made various accusations against the emir, and strove especially to awaken a feeling of resentment and anger in the sultan's breast on account of the insolent presumption, as they termed it, which he had displayed, in daring to make war upon the mon-

arch of so mighty an empire. They finally succeeded in their object. The sultan became exasperated, and decreed that Fakardin should die. Fakardin pleaded earnestly that his life might be spared. He had but a short time longer to live, at the best, he said, and the sultan would gain no glory, and could accomplish no desirable end in destroying the little remnant of existence that now remained to his prisoner. All, however, was in vain. The only reply that the sultan made to these entreaties was, "that it was not for a cat to measure his strength against a lion;" and giving the signal to his mutes, Fakardin was borne away and strangled.

From the age of Fakardin down to the present day, the Druses have been engaged from time to time in frequent contests both with the power of the Turkish empire, by which they are on all sides environed, and also with the various Arab tribes that roam over the deserts which border their country on the east. They have, however, never been really subdued, and they maintain a sort of qualified independence to the present hour.

BAALBEC.

The mountains of Lebanon, throughout their whole extent, are divided into two parallel ranges, or rather into two sets or groups of ranges, which are separated from each other by a long valley, extending from north to south, for nearly one hundred miles. A river flows through this valley, which was called in ancient times the *Leontes*; its modern name is the *Litány*. This valley makes a continuous and complete division of the

country throughout its whole extent, separating the vast mountain mass into two distinct portions, which are called respectively Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon—the former lying to the westward, between the Leontes and the Mediterranean; the latter to the eastward, between the river and the deserts. At the head of this dividing valley stand the ancient and mysterious ruins of Baalbec.

The ruins of Baalbec are called by the Arabs the Wonder of the Desert. There is nothing but conjecture and surmise to enlighten us in respect to their history. The architecture is rich and beautiful, denoting great wealth and power, and great artistic skill in the people, whoever they may have been, by whom the edifices were originally reared. Travelers when visiting this spot are amazed at the enormous magnitude of the stones used in the construction of the walls. Stones *sixty* feet long and *twelve* feet wide and deep, are built into walls twenty feet from the ground. What mechanical contrivances can have been known to the people of so remote a period, by which such vast weights could be moved from the mountains and raised to the position where

they now are found, no one can conceive. There is no masonry of modern times that will bear any comparison with such structures as these.

The traveler in approaching Baalbec, sees the tall columns that arise from among these ruins a long time before he begins to draw near to them. At length, when he reaches the spot, he establishes his encampment among the ruins, or among the groves of fig-trees which surround them. His mind is filled with the most exciting and conflicting emotions. He is weary with the fatigue of his long and toilsome journey up the valley. He is overwhelmed with the overpowering vastness and bewildering complexity of walls, columns, porticos, and capitals which, standing or fallen, cover the ground on every side, and which, by the silence and solitude, and the air of solemn and lonely grandeur which reign around them, impress him with a sense of deep and mysterious awe. As he wanders over the broad expanse that is covered with the ruins, wondering more and more at their magnitude and extent, his attention is diverted from time to time by groups of wild-looking inhabitants of the country, who follow him in his walks, or gather



RUINS OF BAALBEC.

around his encampment in strange and picturesque costume, and, with countenances full of curiosity and wonder, excited, not by the ruins, but by the uncouth appearance and demeanor of the strange party that have come to explore them. The whole scene is full of excitement, and the interest of it is greatly enhanced by the beauty of the valley in which the remains of the

ancient city repose, and the grandeur of the mountain ranges of Lebanon which tower sublimely above it.

THE PEAK OF SUNNIN.

The summits which rise in that part of the mountain region which lies directly west of Baalbec are the highest in the range. At least it is there that Mt. Sunnin, which has usually been

considered the highest peak, is situated. Mt. Sunnin is supposed to rise to a height of about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. It reaches the confines of the limit of perpetual snow, and although in midsummer its brow is generally bare, snow and ice are always to be found in ravines and gorges on its northern and eastern declivities. The higher peaks and domes of the Alps have an elevation many thousand feet greater than is attained by this monarch of Mt. Lebanon, and the limit of perpetual snow, moreover, in their latitude, descends to a much lower level; so that the summer mantle of snow which covers the mountain summits in Switzerland, is infinitely more grand and gorgeous than any thing which the Syrian mountains can display. In fact, the perpetual snows of Lebanon, of which travelers so often speak, seem to have barely enough of reality in them to authorize the use of the phrase in poetical description.

THE ROUTE TO THE CEDARS.

Travelers often ascend into the neighborhood of Mt. Sunnin, to visit certain groves of cedars which still stand there, the venerable remains and memorials of the vast forests which in former times waved upon the mountains, and gave them so great a historical celebrity. They make this journey usually from Beirout, one of the chief seaports of Syria, which stands on the shore a little to the southward of the peak of Sunnin. From Beirout to the cedar groves it is three days' journey, and there are two principal routes between which the traveler has to choose. One strikes directly into the interior, and loses itself soon among the mountains. The other follows the sea-shore to the northward for a day, affording the traveler many a fine prospect of the sea, as the mule track which he follows winds along upon the margin of the beach, or passes over some lofty promontory. Whichever route he takes, the preparations for a journey of several days among mountain passes so rugged and wild, forms usually a very exciting scene. For as there are no inns in these regions, and no accommodations of any kind for the use of travelers, those who journey must take with them almost every thing that they expect to require—their dwellings even, as well as their food and clothing—so as to be entirely independent of the population of the country, in every emergency which may occur during the tour. Tents, carpets, arms, stores of food, and utensils for cooking, must all be carried, and while the caravan is making ready for the march, these things are assembled confusedly on the ground, waiting for the strange and foreign-looking servants, with turbans on their heads and scimitars by their sides, to pack them on the backs of the beasts



PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY.

that are to bear them. The work of preparation goes on in the midst of a scene of noise and confusion indescribable. The neighing of horses, the vociferations of men, the galloping of messengers to and fro, the calls, the commands, and the uproar, often greatly astonish as well as amuse the traveler who is accustomed to the order and decorum which generally prevails in the traveling arrangements of the western world.

At length the long cavalcade is in motion, and it proceeds slowly, winding its way along the coast to the northward, the tourist having chosen, we will suppose, the route that leads him along the sea. As he advances, the scenes and the objects which attract his attention are characteristic and peculiar. Here is a small but pretty valley opening to the sea, with boats upon the beach before it, laden with wheat and barley, while groves of mulberry trees, for the production of silk, adorn the terraces and hill sides around. A little beyond is a "sponge fishery," where fine sponges are collected annually from the rocks, destined, perhaps, some of them, for the toilets of ladies in the remotest quarters of the civilized world. Further still is a castle on a rock, or some plain and simple monument on the brow of a promontory, overlooking the sea, the history and design of which have long been forgotten. Sometimes on the journey the traveler meets the people of the country. They may be Druse ladies, richly dressed, and riding on donkeys—their whole persons covered with a veil which is supported by a sort of horn-like projection from their foreheads—or a long train of mules, laden with produce, and descending from the interior to the sea—or a company of shepherds driving their flocks to or from their mountain pastures. At length the day's journey comes to an end. The party encamps for the night, and the next morning, on resuming the journey, they turn away from the shore, and begin to ascend the mountains, the road leading

them sometimes up steep and difficult ascents, and sometimes through winding and gloomy ravines. Green and cultivated valleys appear here and there, with villages and scattered habitations, and fields of barley and maize, and groves of figs, olives, and mulberries adorning them. The road in the mean time ascending continually, becomes more and more wild, until at last it reaches the summit of the pass and then begins again to descend. On the third day the traveler approaches the cedars.

THE CEDARS.

The phrase "The Cedars," as used upon Mt. Lebanon denotes one particular grove of ancient trees which stands at a little distance to the northward from Mt. Sunnin, and has been held in great reverence for many centuries. The principal trees that grow there are of very great age, and are held sacred by all the people of the country. They are believed to be a part of the original growth which was standing in the days of Solomon. There are other groves of smaller trees, in various parts of the mountains, but these have been watched and visited by pilgrims, and almost worshiped by the simple minded Christians who have dwelt around them, for many ages, and thus they occupy quite a prominent place among the monuments of the history of mankind.

The traveler, when he at length draws near to the sacred grove, is filled with sublime and solemn emotions.

The approach to the spot is through scenery of the most delightful character. The soil of the valleys is extremely fertile, and it is so abundantly watered by the rills which descend from the mountain sides, that it yields spontaneously in great profusion all that the peasants, who till it, desire to produce; so that waving grass and grain, and flowering shrubs, and fruitful trees, adorn every glen, while the gray rocks which tower precipitously above them, and the cascades and waterfalls which descend in every ravine, make the scene as romantic and wild as it is luxuriant and beautiful.

The interest of the scene and of the occasion is greatly enhanced in the minds of the visitor, through the strange and romantic mode of traveling by which he reaches the spot. His caravan moves slowly in a long and winding train, now ascending, now descending; sometimes advancing in a smooth and even way, and sometimes crossing and recrossing its own course in zig-zag and precipitous paths.

When at last the traveler reaches the grove, he finds it to be of great extent, and the principal trees astonish him by their enormous magnitude, and by the ancient and venerable appear-

ance which their trunks assume. Some of the trees are forty feet in circumference and ninety feet high, their trunks being gnarled, and twisted, and marked in every way with all the characteristics of the most venerable age. The bark of some of the most conspicuous of them is inscribed with the names of such of the distinguished travelers that have from time to time visited the spot, as have deemed this a suitable mode of perpetuating the memory of their visit.

It seems to have been a point of particular attention with all travelers who have ascended to this part of Lebanon, for the last three hun-



C. L. DOEPFNER

VISITING THE CEDARS.

J. W. WARR, SCULPTOR

dred years, to count the trees in this celebrated grove, and the discrepancy of the reports which they have brought back on the subject, affords a melancholy illustration of the little reliance which is to be placed on travelers' stories. At first they said there were five, then sixteen, then ten, then twenty-five, and so on to fifty, one hundred, five hundred, and finally one thousand. It is true, indeed, that these accounts extend through a period of three hundred years, and in three hundred years, it must be confessed, that there is time for a great many cedars to grow. However it may have been in times past, it is certain that there is now, on the slope of Mt. Sunnin, quite an extensive tract of ground covered with the cedar groves, though still there are among the other trees, a certain number of ancient patriarchs that in age and magnitude infinitely surpass the rest. It is not at all improbable that these older trees may have been growing there for a thousand years; as the period of three hundred years, during which they have been observed and described by the succession of travelers that have visited them, has made no perceptible change in their magnitude or their vigor. And such is the prodigious longevity to which such trees sometimes attain, that it is not impossible that they may continue to stand there for a thousand years to come.

THE PALACES OF FRANCE

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ST. GERMAIN—ST. CLOUD—FONTAINEBLEAU.

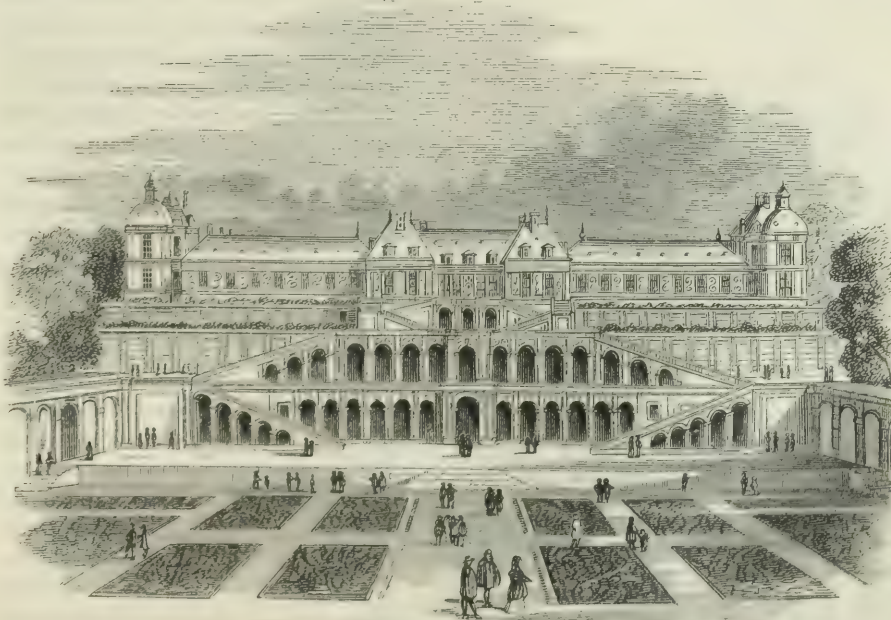
ST. GERMAIN. The life of man is indeed a tragedy. His first voice is the cry of pain, his last utterance the groan of death. The interval is but a brief, fleeting, intermittent scene of smiles and tears. If there be truth in history, but few joys can have embellished the lives of the kings of France. In their palaces disappointment, conflict, remorse, and all the fury passions have ever held high carnival. The contemplative mind can not but wonder what purposes Deity subserves in the creation of such a being as man, to be surrounded by such influences as tempt, seduce, and then harrow his soul; leaving him voluntarily to form a character which must unfit him for the purity and the joys of Heaven. "Deep and unsearchable are thy ways."

"Existence," says Napoleon, "is not a blessing." Though for twenty years of his life, this most renowned of the sovereigns of France was accompanied by unparalleled prosperity, and though he attained a height of grandeur such as no other mortal ever reached, he confesses, in the gloomy days of darkness which gathered around his declining years, that he had hardly enjoyed an hour of happiness upon earth, and that for the few moments of joy which had occasionally glimmered upon his stormy path, he was indebted solely to the love of Josephine. The love of Josephine! that pure, holy affection of a faithful, loving wife! It was indeed a celestial influence, to cheer the world-worn heart. Yet love! love! the essence of the deity, the element of Heaven, the bond of angels, the harmony of the universe, has ever been on earth, not only the source of all the happiness which

can be known beneath the skies, but it has also been the ever present and the most fruitful source of all imaginable crimes and woes. A faithful history of the palaces of France would be, in the main, but a record of the desolation which this omnipotent passion has swept through human homes and human hearts. And though the mystery is insoluble why the children of men should have been left to wander through such influences of ruin, the most stubborn unbelief must admit that in the gospel of Christ alone, can be found, in the chastened imagination it enjoins, and in the practical purity it requires, the only antidote for these ills. The palace of St. Germain, in all its sumptuous apartments and voluptuous appliances—in its turrets, groves, gardens, fountains, lakes, and bowers, is peopled with tragic memories of passion and sin, of conflict and tears.

It was one of the most lovely of summer mornings, when we took a carriage for a drive from Paris to St. Germain. The world looked so beautiful that it seemed almost impossible that it could ever have been the theatre of wretchedness. The sky was brilliant with its calm white clouds. The trees were in the richest green of their summer foliage. The wide fields, undivided by fence or hedge, presented a waving ocean of tall grass and grain, swaying to and fro in the warm breeze. Upon a natural terrace of land, several hundred feet above the surface of the winding Seine, and commanding one of the most extensive and magnificent prospects in the world, nearly a thousand years ago, the kings of France reared a sumptuous palace. This terrace, a mile and a half in length, and shaded with stately trees, presents to the enchanted beholder a scene of loveliness almost unsurpassed upon the surface of this globe. The landscape open to the eye embraces nearly the

whole valley of the Seine. The view is not characterized by boldness or grandeur. There are no Alpine peaks, with their eternal glaciers, and their solemn summits piercing the regions of eternal snow; but a boundless expanse of almost perfect rural peace and loveliness delights the eye. The mirrored surface of the Seine, dotted with boats, winds through green fields, and groves, and villages. The dim haze of distance veils and beautifies, and lends enchantment to all. Far away in the horizon



PALACE OF ST. GERMAIN.

the massive towers of St. Denis arrest the eye. Beneath those towers lie the sepulchres where the departed kings of France have mouldered to the dust. It was the sight of these tombs, incessantly reminding Louis XIV. of death and of judgment, which rendered St. Germain insupportable to him, and drove him to rear the palace of Versailles, where he would not be disturbed in his sins by monitions so stern and unrelenting.

The history of this royal chateau, from its commencement to the present time, is replete with every thing which can interest the imagination and move the heart. The story of Madame de la Valliere is one of the most touching of the dramas of time. She was young, beautiful, amiable, and guilty. In a time of universal corruption, and in a court of utter licentiousness, she had not strength to resist the temptations with which regal wealth and love surrounded her. Yielding herself to Louis XIV., she became, for a few years, a favorite upon whom he lavished all the resources of princely luxury and indulgence. But at length his vagrant love waned, another beauty arrested his eye, and Madame de la Valliere was laid aside. The capricious king, however, presented his discarded favorite with the chateau of St. Germain for her retreat, where in penitence and tears she might seek atonement for the past, and preparation for the future. But her heart was broken. Guilty as she was, she had loved the king. The anguish of her spirits threw her upon a bed of dangerous sickness. In the most severe pain of body and of mind she lingered for weary weeks, hoping that death would come to her release. But death is ever deaf to the cry of the wretched. Slowly and sorrowfully recovering, she resolved to immure her world-weary and woe-stricken heart in the glooms of the cloister. She sought an audience with the

perfidious king, ere she departed for burial in her living grave. With a countenance pale as death, and with eyes whose fountains of tears had long since been dried up, she tottered into the presence of the heartless king. With a dry eye and an undisturbed voice he bade her farewell, and expressed the cruel wish that she might be happy in her cloister. With perfect composure he saw her totter into her carriage, bury her face in her hands, and drive away. Upon the same day the heart-broken penitent called upon the queen, threw herself upon her knees before her, and implored forgiveness for all the sorrow of which she had been the cause. The gentle and forgiving Maria Theresa, moved to tears, raised her up and embraced her, and begged her no longer to distress herself with the remembrance of the errors for which she was about so nobly to atone.

Still young and beautiful, and with a glowing heart still alive to all the impulses of nature, she departed from her realms of luxury, and from the velvet pillows of the most sumptuous indulgence, to the gloom and silence of her cell—to a hard and narrow pallet, to coarse and scanty clothing, to fasting and painful vigils, and exhausting penance. For six-and-thirty lingering years of utter joylessness did this once caressed duchess endure the austerities of the cloister, bearing, with the resignation of despair, every humiliation and every hardship. When she had been thus immured seven years, she heard the tidings of the death of her son—the son of the king. It was a heavy blow to a desolated mother's heart. For a moment she stood as motionless as if she were a marble statue, with her hands tightly clenched together, and her pale face bent down upon her bosom. Then raising her large blue eyes to Heaven, with the dry and emotionless expression of despair, she gave utterance to the affecting words, revealing

the long anguish of her soul, "It would ill become me to weep over the death of a son whose birth I have not yet ceased to mourn."

Her weary spirit lingered on earth, through long, long years, unrelieved by a single hour of joy, until she was sixty-six years of age. The earnestly desired messenger at length came, and she departed, poor stricken child of sorrow, we must hope, to the bosom of a forgiving God. Such is one of the innumerable tragedies which have been enacted within these regal walls. Louisa of Mercy was the name she assumed in her cell. We now stand upon the terrace of St. Germain, look out upon the enchanting scene before us, and turn our eyes upon the palace, with all its appliances for voluptuous indulgence. But how heavily the heart of poor Louisa must have throbbed in those halls!



CONVENT OF ST JACQUES.

With what funereal hues must this scene have been pallid as it was spread out before her despairing eye.



ST. GERMAIN FROM THE TERRACE

Maria Theresa, the ever-neglected and injured wife of Louis XIV., was one of the most gentle, amiable, patient, and forgiving of mortals. Louis, with his wandering attachments, never loved her, though she commanded his esteem. Year after year she sighed beneath the burden of almost unendurable life, as she saw one beauty after another supplant her in the affections of her husband. Yet, with that strange, unearthly devotion which sometimes engrosses woman's heart, she clung to her unworthy spouse, with an attachment which was never shaken. Even the most transient smile from his lips would ever fill her bosom with delight. Death, a welcome messenger, came at last to take her from a sorrowful life. A few moments after her death the king, to escape the sorrowful influences which pervaded the palace, retired to St. Cloud. The son of the departed queen and Madame Maintenon, entering his presence with deep mourning and countenance expressive of much grief, the king burst into peals of laughter, in view of their lugubrious appearance, and jested with them, very facetiously, upon their excessive sorrow. Still, when upon the third day after her death, he entered the funereal chamber, in which reposed all that was mortal of his late gentle and forgiving wife, he gazed for a long time silently upon her marble

features, and then exclaimed, "Kind and forbearing friend! This is the first sorrow you have caused me throughout twenty years." At last the

body of Maria Theresa left the gorgeous palace which had been her home of sorrow, to be consigned to the sombre tombs of St. Denis. A long train of carriages followed the funeral car. No one thought of the dead. Jokes and peals of laughter could be heard, as, with indecent haste, the procession advanced to the mausoleum. The injured queen was placed in the cold vault, and the king returned to his living associates and to his revels.

In this calm chamber, now so silent, so solitary, so deserted—through whose Oriel window the morning sun this day so brightly shines, regardless of births and deaths, of the joys and the griefs of mortals, Louis XIV. was born. His mother, Anne of Austria, when eleven years of age, was married to Louis XIII., a proud and domineering boy, already quite a connoisseur in female beauty, who had just attained his fourteenth year. They had been married twenty years when, to the astonishment of France, it was announced that Anne, for the first time, was about to present an heir to the crown. In Europe, births and deaths are events of similar publicity. It was a beautiful circular room, with lofty ceilings, reminding one of a Grecian temple, where the queen surrendered herself to that



INTERIOR OF ST. DENIS

couch of suffering, the doom of the fall, from which neither wealth nor rank can purchase exemption. The excitement of the occasion was so great that all the nobility and gentry of France had flocked to St. Germain, to be present at the birth. The town, in the vicinity of the palace, was filled to its utmost capacity. As the eventful hour drew near, telegraphic dispatches communicated the intelligence to Paris, and all the avenues to St. Germain were thronged with eager multitudes, hastening to be ready to receive the earliest intelligence.

It was the 5th September, 1638. Vast throngs were accumulated beneath the windows of the palace, and spreading out through the gardens and the groves, with grave and anxious faces, awaiting the result. All the officers of state and ladies of rank were assembled in adjoining rooms. At length the joyful tidings was announced to the

king that he was the father of a Dauphin. His delight was so excessive, that he immediately seized the royal infant from the hands of its nurse, and rushing to the window, held the helpless babe out in his arms, exhibiting it to the crowd, and shouting, in his exuberant joy, "It is a son, gentlemen! it is a son!" An exultant shout rose from the multitude, swarming on that magnificent terrace, which pierced the skies, and proclaimed, far and wide to the hamlets below, the birth of an heir to the throne. The overjoyed monarch then hastened into the apartments where the bishops, the ladies, and the chief officers of the state were assembled, to exhibit to them the child for whose birth he had long since ceased even to hope. A temporary altar had been hastily constructed, the bishops were assembled around it, and the child was immediately baptized in the presence of all the chief



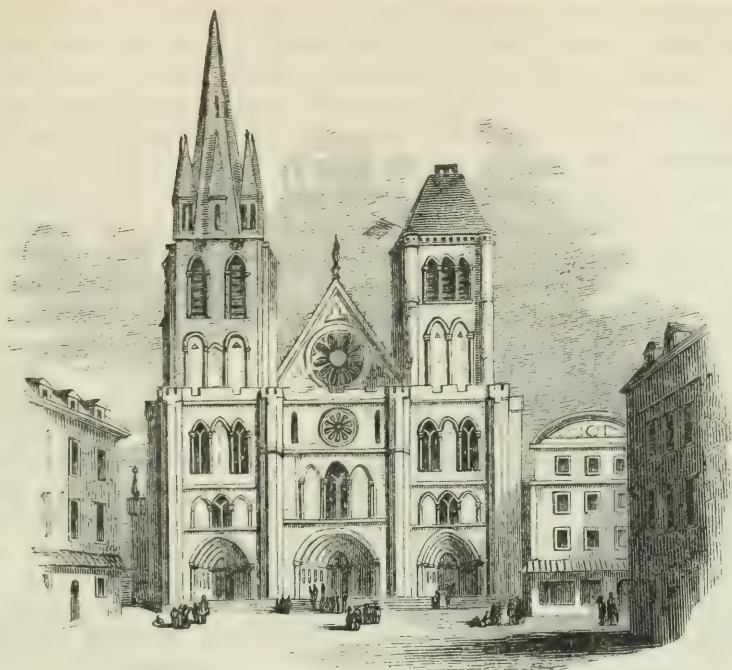
CHRISTENING OF THE DAUPHIN

dignitaries of France. The rejoicing, which took place upon this occasion in Paris and throughout the kingdom, exceeded every thing which had ever before been witnessed.

Such was the opening scene of the drama of Louis XIV. Seventy-seven long years lingered away, while the drama continued, with its ever-shifting scenes of comedy and tragedy, till the last sad act was closed in clouds and darkness and storms. Though the monarch had abandoned St. Germain, and removed to the gorgeous saloons of Versailles, that he might escape the torturing sight of his sepulchre, inexorable death had found him beneath his gilded ceilings, and on his bed of down. As the clock was tolling the midnight hour of Sept. 1, 1715, the king was struggling in the grasp of the great destroyer. Death had bereaved him of his children. The friends of his early years had all, long since, gone down to the grave. Remorse tortured him. Pain lacerated his nerves. The

past was all gloomy. The future was all dreadful in its unknown retributions. The dying monarch tossed upon his pillow, longing for release from his bodily pains, and dreading the plunge into the impenetrable obscurity of the spirit world. The light of day was just dawning in the east, when the proudest monarch earth has ever known, cried out in his anguish, "Oh! my God, come to my aid and hasten to help me!" and then sank back upon his pillow and died. The dream of life was over; the tragedy closed, the shadow had passed away. But, O! what terrific reality is there in such a dream!

The state of society in the palaces of France one hundred and fifty years ago, must have been very peculiar. Mademoiselle Montpensier, one of the most distinguished ladies of those times, thus describes a visit, which she made to St. Germain in one of those days of disorder and insurrection, for which Paris has ever been famed: "I was very uneasy about my equi



CHURCH OF ST DENIS.

page. I knew that the Countess de Fiesque was so timid that she would not leave Paris during the commotion, nor forward my equipage which was most necessary to me. She sent me a coach, which passed through the rebels without remark, and the others could have come with equal ease. Those who were in it were treated with equal civility, although it was by people who are not in the habit of showing it. She sent me in this coach a mattress and a little linen. As I saw myself in so sorry a condition, I went to seek help at the Palace of St. Germain, where *Monsieur* and *Madame* were lodged. She lent me two of her women, but she had not any clothes any more than myself, and nothing could be more laughable than this disorder. I slept in a very handsome room, well-painted, well-gilded, and large, with very little fire, and no windows, which is not agreeable in the month of January. My mattresses were laid upon the floor, and my sister, who had no bed, slept with me. I was obliged to sing to get her to sleep. And her slumber did not last long, so that she disturbed mine. She tossed about, felt me near her, woke up, and exclaimed that she saw *the beast*. So I was obliged to sing again to put her to sleep, and in that way I passed the night. Judge if I were agreeably situated, for a person who had slept but little the previous night, and who had been ill all winter with a sore throat and a violent cold. Nevertheless, this fatigue cured me. Fortunately, the beds of *Monsieur* and *Madame* arrived, and *Monsieur* had the kindness to give me his room. They had previously occupied one which the prince had lent him. As I was in the apartment of *Monsieur*, where no one knew that I was lodged, I was awoken by a noise. I drew back my curtain, and was quite astonished to find my chamber quite filled with men, in large

buffskin collars, who appeared surprised to see me, and who knew me as little as I knew them. I had no change of linen, and my day-chemise was washed during the night. I had no women to arrange my hair and dress me, which was very inconvenient, and I ate with *Monsieur*, who keeps a very bad table. Still, I did not lose my gayety, and *Monsieur* was in admiration at my making no complaint."

Immediately after the death of Louis XV. the Palace of St. Germain was *entirely* abandoned as a royal residence. Napoleon, whose utilitarian habits induced him to devote all the resources of France to some useful purpose, appropriated the magnificent pile to a military school, for the instruction of cavalry officers. It is now a state-prison, capable of containing five hun-

dred prisoners. The gloomy walls encircling it, the closed and barred doors, the grated windows, the consciousness that in those once gorgeous saloons, which, in by-gone years had resounded with revelry, the captive now drags out a sad existence, and moans and dies, invests the Palace of St. Germain with an expression of loneliness and gloom, which no pen can describe. The visitor lingers upon the magnificent terrace, gazes in silence upon the apparently boundless landscape beneath him; upon the Arch of Triumph at the entrance of the capital, upon the forests of Malmaison, Versailles, and St. Cloud, upon the silvery Seine, winding in placid beauty through the peaceful meadows, upon the far-off and sombre towers of St. Denis—and then turns his eye upon the palace itself, so gloomy in its memorials of past suffering and of sin, and he feels weary of the world; he longs for wings, as of a dove, that he may fly away and be at rest.

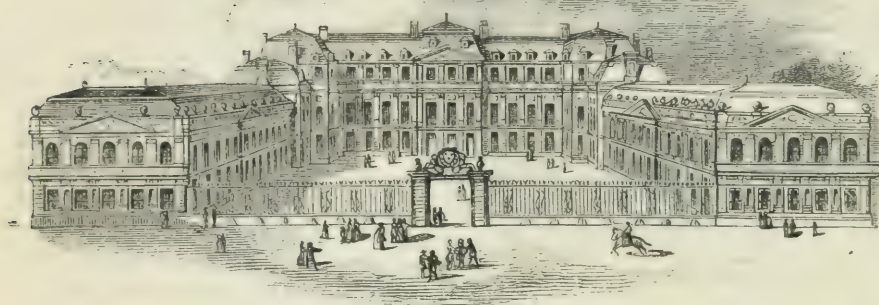
ST. CLOUD.—The oppressed spirit is relieved in turning from the contemplation of St. Germain, to the Palace of St. Cloud. This home of monarchical grandeur is indeed one of the most attractive residences which France, or any other land, can present. It is situated in a very commanding position, about six miles from Paris. It was the favorite summer residence of Napoleon, and is the chosen retreat of the present President of the Republic. Three hundred years ago, a very wealthy financier, upon this bold hill-side commanding a prospect of rare loveliness, erected his family mansion, and decorated it with princely magnificence. Subsequently, Louis XIV. purchased the chateau, and presented it to his brother the Duke of Orleans, who expended millions in improving and adorning it. When the ill-fated Louis XVI. ascended the throne, he purchased it as a present for his

beautiful bride Maria Antoinette. She was delighted with the castle and its surroundings, and passed there many of her happy bridal days. She considerably enlarged the buildings, and embellished them with the richest treasures of art. A description of this royal castle, and of the magnificent park and gardens which surround it, would but bewilder the reader. By a

thrown herself upon her pillow, but could find no sleep. Suddenly she heard the rumbling of a carriage upon the pavement of the court-yard. It was her husband. She sprang to meet him. He fondly encircled her in his arms, and assured her that he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual since he had taken the oath of office, that the voice of his Josephine might

be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the empire of France. Josephine had a heart to appreciate such delicacy of attention. Well might she say that Napoleon was the most fascinating of men.

In the revolution which drove Charles X. from the throne, he took shelter at St Cloud, while for three days his troops were fighting in the streets of Paris with the in-



PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

beautiful avenue, well-graveled, and overshadowed with majestic trees, we approach the imposing edifice. Entering by the massive doors into a vast vestibule, we ascend a magnificent flight of stairs, and are immediately lost in a perfect wilderness of splendor. Halls, saloons, chambers, painting galleries, boudoirs, libraries, billiard-rooms, chapel, and theatre, spread out before us in a perfect labyrinth of confusion. The eye becomes almost weary of the opulence of architectural splendor, with lofty, gilded ceilings, the richest paintings and statuary, costly carvings, and every other appliance which can minister to voluptuousness and luxury. Enchanting views burst upon the eye from almost every window, and one would think, that from such a home the sorrows of life might be banished. Leaving the palace, you wander through the most extensive grounds, embellished with fountains, cascades, lawns, gardens, groves, bowers, pavilions, magnificent avenues, and serpentine walks, extending in boundless profusion.

This palace is also rich in memorials of historical interest. Napoleon and Josephine have left an impress there which can never be effaced. In this palace occurred those stormy scenes, in which Napoleon, almost with an unaided arm, overthrew the Directory, and placed himself on the Consular throne. Josephine, who knew that a revolution was contemplated, but who knew not to what results it would lead, was waiting the issue in intense anxiety, in the palace of the Luxembourg. The long hours of the day had passed, and Napoleon, in all-absorbing peril and excitement of the scenes through which he was passing, had not been able to send one word of intelligence to his wife. The hour of midnight came. Agitated and exhausted, she had

surgent people. At the close of those three days of terrific strife, it is said that he stood, with his son, upon the towers of the palace, with his spy-glass in his hands, anxiously watching the national flag, the emblem of Bourbon power, as it floated from the battlements of the Tuileries. As long as that banner waved in the breeze it proclaimed that the Bourbons were still monarchs of France. To his utter dismay, he suddenly saw the banner fall. In another instant the tri-colored flag rose, and was unfurled triumphantly in its stead. It proclaimed to the despairing king that all was lost—that his honor and his crown had fallen forever. He was utterly stupefied with amazement and despair. Turning his eyes again toward the city, he saw, rising along the road, the cloud of dust created by his retreating troops. In a few moments breathless couriers came rushing into his presence to announce that all Paris—men, women, and children, a tumultuous throng of enraged and reckless people—were on the march to attack him. In consternation the royal family fled to Rambouillet, and from thence, a funereal train, they left France, and wandered into an exile from whence they have not yet returned.

St. Cloud, in its lovely, rural retirement, was one of Napoleon's favorite retreats for work. No mortal mind has ever accomplished more than that of Napoleon. The unwearied activity of his intellect appears almost supernatural. Notwithstanding his life of unparalleled activity—being almost continually in the field to defend himself against the combined armies of Europe—he is still one of the most voluminous authors who has ever lived. In the great libraries of Paris there are hundreds of volumes of his bound manuscripts, embracing almost every subject which can come

within the range of the human mind; and all conducted with a majesty of intellectual power which surprises every reader. Thiers, after spending months in the examination of these manuscripts, is reported to have said: "Had I a young gentleman to educate upon all those branches of learning essential to a well-furnished man—upon religion, politics, mathematics, engineering, intellectual, moral, and natural philosophy, military strategy, civil jurisprudence, &c., I could not desire any thing more, for my all-sufficient text-books, than the writings of Napoleon."

The facility with which he could turn all his energies from one subject to another, enabled him to rescue every moment from unprofitable reverie. In his cabinet at St. Cloud he would often dictate twelve hours in succession. Pacing the floor, with his hands clasped behind his back, he would at times keep two secretaries busily employed. The Baron Meneval records one of those touching traits of character with which Napoleon gained such an ascendancy over all hearts whom he approached. While dictating, the Emperor, whose renown filled the world, and in whose presence even kings were embarrassed, would approach the chair of his secretary, look over upon the paper, and apparently forgetting himself, would lean gently and familiarly for a moment upon his shoulder, while every nerve of emotion would thrill in the heart of the humble writer.

But St. Cloud has seen its full share of those earthly woes which seem ever to cluster around the palace. Here the hapless Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., passed many bitter hours of sorrow, the victim of a jealousy which perhaps her own imprudence merited. At last the poisoned chalice was placed to her lips. In the extreme of agony she died, in this beautiful chamber, opening upon a landscape of Elysian beauty, and where it would seem that death must indeed be an unwelcome intruder.

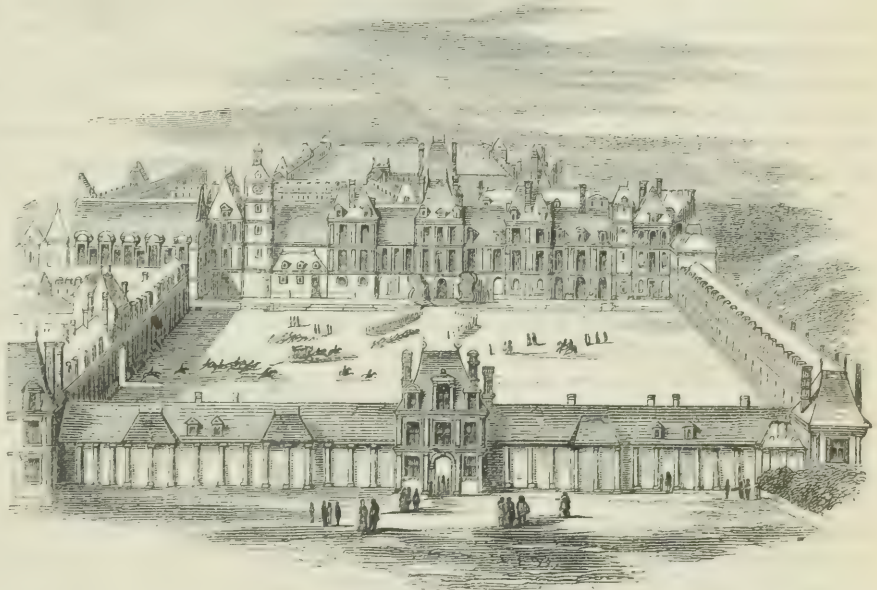
Here Henry III., after a short life of meanness, vice, and crime, upon which not one single ray of sunshine ever dawned, was murdered by the knife of the assassin.

When the allied armies drove Napoleon from France and replaced the Bourbons, after a short conflict they took St. Cloud, and established their head-quarters there. And here Blucher, who was nothing but a bull-dog fighter, gambled

and got drunk, and reveled in all loathsome licentiousness, in the apartments which the genius of Napoleon has hallowed.

Prince Louis Napoleon now occupies St. Cloud as his summer residence. But who can tell what new dynasty will enter the beautiful palace, when its rich foliage shall open to the returning sun of another spring?

FONTAINEBLEAU.—The palace of Fontainebleau is perhaps as rich in its historical associations as any of the regal mansions of France. The chateau is considered in many respects the most beautiful palace in France. It is situated in the midst of a very extensive and magnificent forest, about forty miles from Paris. The present palace was reared, in great splendor, about three



PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

hundred years ago. For one hundred and fifty years it was the favorite residence of the French kings; and here have transpired many of the most remarkable events in the history of France. Three hundred years ago the voice of revelry burst from those halls, and echoed through that forest, as, with princely sumptuousness, Francis I. received and fêted the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. Those were proud days of kingly and of aristocratic power. Brilliant must have been the spectacle as the vast retinue of lords and ladies, charioted in splendor, thronged those avenues, and swept through those gorgeous saloons. But life is indeed but a vapor, which appeareth but a little time, and then vanisheth away. The vision has departed forever. Those voices are all hushed in death. Those youthful frames, once glowing with the excitements of passion, of wine, and of the dance, have all mouldered to the dust. "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee." Death has visited these chambers in all his varied and revolting aspects. The dagger of the assassin, the poisoned chalice, long and lingering disease, have all done their work

Hearts robed in ermine have here throbbed in all the anguish which human hearts can endure.

When Louis XIV. reared the massive walls of Versailles, and made that his favorite residence, Fontainebleau was for a time neglected. In the French Revolution it was sacked and plundered by the fury of the mob, and all its decorations destroyed. But Napoleon, charmed with its beauty, its rural quiet, and the rich historical interests with which it was embellished, partially re-

stored it, and it became the theatre of some of the most remarkable events in his life. In this palace Napoleon detained in princely captivity, for twenty-four days, Charles IV., King of Spain, when he dethroned him. Here Napoleon first announced to Josephine the fatal divorce. Here he signed his abdication of the empire, and took leave of the Imperial eagles.

The visitor, surrendering himself to his voluble guide, is hurried along from room to room, bewildered by their number and magnificence, and amazed at the recital of tragedies and comedies which have been enacted upon the floors on which he treads. The first suite of rooms we enter are eight in number. These apartments were formerly occupied by Napoleon's sister Pauline, the Princess Borghese, who was, by universal acclaim, pronounced the most beautiful woman in Europe. She was very proud of her charms, and seemed deeply impressed with the conviction that they were not born to blush unseen. She even permitted Conova to model from her person a naked Venus, which is esteemed one of the most exquisite of his works. It is said that when she was once asked how she could submit to such an exposure of her person, she, with great simplicity, replied, "*Why it was not cold. There was a fire in the room.*" We then enter a large and beautiful gallery, embellished with the richest specimens of Sevres porcelain, representing the principal historical incidents relating to Fontainebleau. From thence a corridor conducts us to the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans, consisting of a suite of ten rooms, richly decorated with porcelain, tapestry, and pictures. Thence we enter the chamber of Anne of Austria, decorated with exuberant splendor. Passing through the court of the White Horse, the court of the Fountain, and the gallery of Diana, we ascend the Horse Shoe staircase, and explore the gallery of fresco, the gallery of Francis I., the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, 130 feet long, and 26 broad, and then



COURT-YARD OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

we enter the royal apartments occupied by Napoleon. Here Napoleon signed his abdication in 1814. The visitor is shown a fac-simile of the document, with the little table on which it was written. This table is now covered with a glass case, to protect it from the ravages of the curious, many small pieces having been chipped from the table as sacred relics. The bedroom of Napoleon remains with the furniture almost precisely as he left it. The family parlor attracts our attention. We pause and ponder deeply in the Council Hall. In the Grand Chamber of the king, where Charles IX., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. exulted in all the pomp and pageantry of royalty, we muse over departed grandeur. In the apartments of the queen, with the magnificent Turkish boudoir, we are shown the fastenings which were made by Louis XVI. for Maria Antoinette. This unhappy prince was far more skillful in mechanics than in political science; and while revolutions were, with earthquake power, heaving his realms, he amused himself in hammering out trinkets upon his anvil. The chamber of the queen has witnessed the *repose*—shall I say? no! the long drawn agony of many successive Queens of France, who, in all the splendors of princely neglect, in all the magnificence of regal misery, have here pinned away weary years. Who can tell the world of conflicting griefs which struggled in the bosoms of Marie de Medicis, Anne of Austria, Maria Theresa, and Maria Antoinette? The two happiest queens who ever reposed in this chamber were Josephine and Maria Louisa. But who would envy the lot of either of these occupants of the gilded saloons of Fontainebleau! But it is in vain to attempt, by a description, to pass through those innumerable saloons. The names alone would almost fill a page. To explore the gardens, park, and forest, would require days instead of hours. The forest is thirty-six miles in circuit, and contains 35,000 acres. There is, perhaps, no forest upon the surface of

our globe, which contains such a variety of picturesque views—rocks, ravines, valleys, plains, meadows, lawns, and cliffs every where abound. Every variety of tree, plant, and flower, is to be found here. Formerly thousands of noble deer ranged these glades. But modern revolutions have exposed them to the bullets of the poacher and they all have disappeared. Perhaps there is no palace in France which has a stronger claim upon the attention of the visitor, than the palace of Fontainebleau.

In olden time a regal hunt in the forest of Fontainebleau was one of the most magnificent spectacles imaginable. Three thousand deer have been counted in a single flock. Wild boars were also very numerous. Under Louis XIV. there was one grand huntsman, who had charge of all the hunting arrangements. He had under him fifty sub-lieutenants and an equal number of pages. There were eight valets and a baker simply to take care of the dogs. The hounds were almost innumerable. When a good hunt was announced, the nobility of the whole realm crowded to Fontainebleau. Carriages, filled with gentlemen and ladies, parties on horseback, and mounted cavaliers followed the court equipages through the labyrinthine paths of the forest. Merchants from all parts brought their goods and exhibited them gorgeously in tents fringing the avenues and the courts. It was a scene of universal revelry; feasts and balls by night succeeding the sports of the day.

It was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon first announced to Josephine the terrible tidings of the divorce. On a sombre November day, as the seared and withered autumnal leaves were falling from the forest, the Emperor and Empress dined alone. Josephine seemed to have a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been alone in her apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner hour approached, she bathed her swollen eyes, and in vain endeavored to appear at the table with composure. In perfect silence they sat at the table as course after course was brought in and removed, untouched, neither of them speaking a word. At last the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon, rising and closing the door with his own hand, was left alone with Josephine. The Emperor, pale as death and trembling with emotion, took Josephine's hand, placed it upon his heart, and, in faltering accents, said, "Josephine, my own good Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France." Josephine's brain reeled, her heart ceased to beat, and she fell lifeless upon the floor. Attendants were immediately called, and Napoleon, aided by the Count de Beaumont, bore the helpless body of Josephine to her chamber. It is not probable that the human heart has ever experienced more intense anguish than Josephine endured upon this occasion. A fearful re-

tribution overwhelmed Napoleon for this abandonment of the faithful wife of his youth. It is not at all improbable that this event was the influential cause of his final overthrow.

It was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon abdicated the empire, and took his affecting leave of the Imperial guard. Like every thing else which this extraordinary man did, this act was invested with all the attributes of sublimity. It was on the 20th of April, 1814. His faithful guard were drawn up in the court-yard of the palace, to receive the farewell of their beloved Emperor. At noon, descending the stairs of the palace, he passed through the throng of carriages waiting at the door, and entered into the midst of the Imperial Guard, which immediately closed in a circle around him. For a moment he cast his eye in silence over the familiar ranks of those who had been his companions for many stormy years, and who loved him almost to adoration. Then, in a calm and subdued voice, he said,

"Officers and soldiers of my Guard. I bid you adieu. For twenty years I have led you in the path of victory. For twenty years you have served me with honor and fidelity. Receive my thanks. My aim has always been the happiness and the glory of France. To-day circumstances are changed. When all Europe is armed against me; when all the princes and powers have leagued together; when a great portion of my empire is seized, and a part of France—" Here, momentarily overcome with emotion, and unwilling to exhibit it by a tremulous voice, he paused; but soon, in an altered tone, continued, "When another order of things is established, I ought to yield. With you and the brave men who remained devoted to me, I could have resisted all the efforts of my enemies. But I should have kindled a civil war in our beautiful France, in the bosom of our beloved country. Do not abandon your unhappy country. Submit to your chiefs, and continue to march in the road of honor where you have always been found. Lament not my lot. Great remembrances remain with me. I shall occupy my time in writing my history and yours. Adieu, my children! I would that I could press you all to my heart. But I will embrace your eagle." The standard-bearer inclined the banner, and he kissed the eagle three times, exclaiming, with a voice now almost inarticulate with emotion, "Ah, dear eagle." Then, turning to the soldiers, many of whom were sobbing aloud, he said, "Adieu, my children, adieu, adieu," and throwing his arms around their general, and pressing him warmly to his heart, he exclaimed, "may this last embrace penetrate your hearts." He then tore himself away, threw himself into a carriage, and disappeared, leaving every one of those war-scarred veterans bathed in tears.

No person has ever been so unfavorably situated to obtain a just verdict respecting his character as Napoleon Bonaparte. Immediately upon his downfall, England, to justify herself before the world for the course she had pursued, commenced a series of the most atrocious libels upon

his career. Goldsmith, Lockhart, and Scott have written of Napoleon, as the Quarterly Review, Madame Trollope, and Basil Hall, have written of America. And all who read the English language have formed their estimate of his character from these highly prejudiced delineations. Scott's life of Napoleon is the least interesting and the least truthful of any of his romances. As a history, in England even, it has now sunk into contempt. In France, Napoleon has been almost equally unfortunate. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, no historian could, without drawing upon himself the frown of king and court, do justice to the man who so long and with so much glory, occupied the throne from which the Bourbons had been ejected. Lamartine is now writing the history of the Restoration. But every intelligent man in France understands his work to be a political pamphlet against his great rival, Louis Napoleon. Let me not be understood as speaking disrespectfully of Lamartine. There are few persons whose genius and whose character I more highly admire. His superior in all the fascinations of rhetoric, the world has, perhaps, never produced. But he must indeed be more than a man, could he, under the peculiarly exasperating circumstances in which he is now placed, do justice to the great Emperor, and thus establish that Napoleonic dynasty which, above all things, he wishes to overthrow. Thiers also, an exile from his native land, fêted by the English nobles, and eating of the bread and drinking of the cup of the Duke of Wellington, is not in a favorable situation to portray, with impartiality, the career of the illustrious enemy for whose overthrow England kept all Europe in the flames of war for nearly a third of a century.

LIFE IN PARIS.*

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PRINCIPLES.

MARRIAGE, BOWS, AND MODESTY.

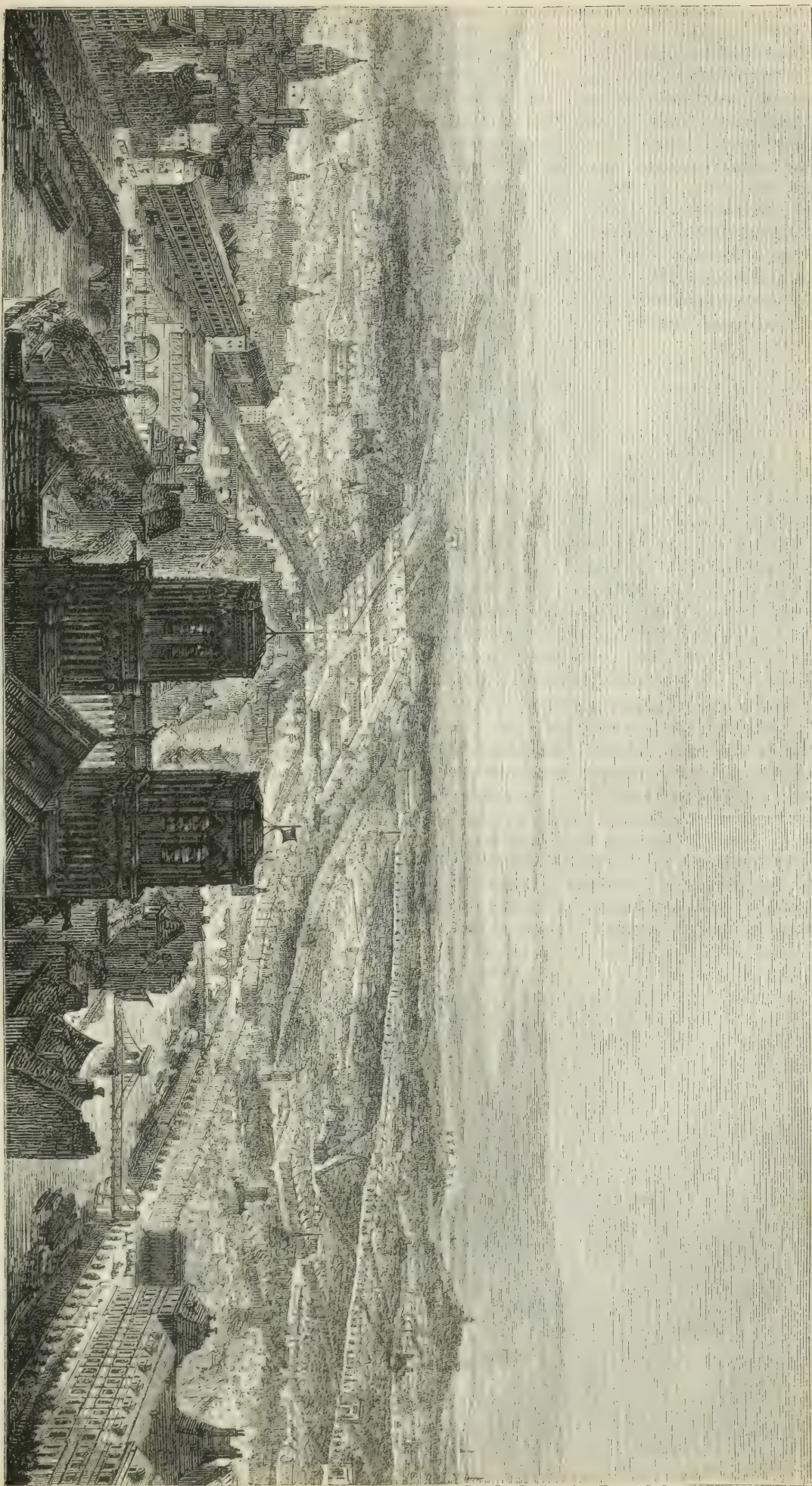
THE moral welfare of society hinges so closely upon the greater or less estimation in which marriage is held, that the interest with which this tie is viewed, can never be exclusively confined to those "in the market." This phrase, so suggestive of buying and selling, has acquired, in fashionable life, even with us, a positive significance. I refer not to Circassian beauty, sold by their weight. To appreciate my meaning, in its broad and full *Christian* sense, we must turn to France. There, a marriage is a literal matter of negotiation, in which Cupid has, in general, as little to do as in the sale of a pony, or purchase of the three per cents. Hopeless is the case of the maiden without a "*dot*." The indispensable dowry stands in lieu of charms, education, accomplishments, character, and even virtue itself—not but that each and all of these, when to be had, enhance the value of the acquisition. But the first article of the matrimonial

creed in France, is, "I devoutly believe in the '*dot*,' as the one thing needful with a wife." If the candidate probe farther, it is chiefly to ascertain whether there be a scrofulous taint or hereditary insanity in the family of the adored one. These matters satisfactorily ascertained, the parents on either side hold a congress to arrange settlements for the young couple, provide for the exigencies of the anticipated generation, and to see that the affairs of the purse are made smooth and straight; a practice, which, by the way, if it were more often imitated here, would spare much of the misery arising from the thoughtless and hasty manner in which many American marriages are made. It often happens, that the swain, beyond a family name, or social position, has nothing to recommend him besides the experience of nearly three-score years, a well-preserved figure, and an empty purse. He has arrived at a condition in his fortune when a dowry of five hundred thousand francs becomes a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. His familiar starts such a one with the sagacity of a trained pointer. Negotiations are commenced, and the first time that "sweet sixteen" may see her partner for life, is when he is presented as her prospective husband. Mamma and papa have arranged it all. An old man, with nothing but his bank-notes to recommend him, will sometimes buy a young girl; but he seldom has occasion to congratulate himself on his purchase. I am now speaking of the general rule. There are exceptions, of course; and faithful couples, and happy domestic circles are not rare in France. Love, in the American sense, is, however, a very minor consideration.

Now it would be requiring too much of human nature to expect it to rise above its own standard of action. The corrupt tree must bring forth corrupt fruit. So, where the principle of marriage is mainly a compound of pecuniary gain, social distinction, or selfish desire, the active result must be equally a compound of prodigality or meanness, pride or vanity, lust or epicurism, leavened with tyranny on one side and deceit on the other. This applies more particularly to the upper rounds of the social ladder. As we descend, the marriage principle partakes more of the practical requirements of a business co-partnership; to the benefits of which the female, if she can not bring a cash capital, must contribute untiring muscles, and indefatigable industry. Not the tidy, *home* labor of the American female, whose greatest penance is a wash-tub, but a downright junior partnership division of out-door work, shop-tending, book-keeping, and merchandise buying, in addition to baby-raising and housekeeping labors. Whether from her superior energies, or the lordly laziness of her mate, or not, it is difficult to decide, but certain it is, that she invariably becomes the "*man*" of these "*ménages*," and daring must be the Frenchman who would openly act within the articles of this co-partnership, upon his sole responsibility.

What unfledged traveler has ever been proof

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.



PARIS FROM NOTRE-DAME.

against the irresistible arguments of these trading sirens, until his experiences in shopping has convinced him that a hundred francs for an article he did not want, and which were not worth as many sous, was too dear, even with the fascinating smile and oily "but this agrees so nicely with Monsieur's charming figure," or "fits exactly Monsieur's little hand," thrown in. They have a way of sliding in a side compliment in a remark to Madame, if she be with you, or for want of better bait, to their own husband's, that is sure to tell upon a John Bull just over, and seldom fails to be as effective on more cautious Jonathan. What chance, then, has an Asiatic, with his Eastern notions of female



seclusion fresh about him, to escape the wiles of these infidel hours?

Now marriage in France is far from being a mere nod and its echo by a man and woman before a justice of peace; a few commonplace words, and an engagement for life is concluded with less trouble than the buying of a railroad ticket; but it is a serious and expensive affair. First, the banns must be duly published in the journals for several weeks; then, on the day appointed, the parties and a troop of friends, go

before the mayor of their *arrondissement*, where the knot is *civilly* tied; from thence to the church, where, with religious pomp, in proportion to the promised fee, the knot is re-tied, blessed, and sanctified by the priest. The kissing and congratulations completed, the wedding-party, adjourn to spend the night in dancing and festivity.

This over, the parties have entered upon a marriage that would drive a Fourierite or a Sandite to despair. The church having become a party to the contract, it is forever indissoluble. The most stringent causes have no more weight than the lightest distastès. Madame, your wife, is madame your wife, until she is accommodating enough to take up her residence in perpetuity at Père Le Chaise. Money and influence may, at times, procure a separation of beds and chattels—but nothing more. The result of so fixed a yoke would, in a more moral country, with many couples, lead to incalculable private unhappiness; but the French have a way of lightening domestic loads, procuring congenial sympathies, and assuming a philosophical blindness to each other's frailties, that goes far to ward off connubial chafing. As I do not think the secret would benefit my countrywomen, I shall not disclose it.

The Code Napoleon allowed considerable latitude for divorce; but so hedged in with restrictions, that it could not produce evil, if fairly applied; while, on the other hand, it did away with many present temptations to immoral connections. At the Restoration, the laws permitting divorce were abrogated. Repeated, but vain attempts have been made since to re-introduce them into the Code. It remains to be seen, whether the nephew, in his revival of the institutions of his uncle, will revive these.

No institution has been more the foot-ball of





lican shears. But no. After the sublime de-
 cess, Reason, usurped
 the place of the Holy
 Virgin, in the church-
 es, it was forbidden
 to make use of the
 word "saint," or to
 attach the aristocratic
 "de" to family names.
 A Mr. Saint Denis was
 called before the sec-
 tion of Guillaume
 Tell, and interrogated
 firstly as to his name.
 "I am called Saint."
 "But there are no
 longer any 'saints.'"
 "Then I am *De*."
 "But there are no
 '*de*'s." "Then I must
 call myself, '*Nis*.' Mr.
 Nis, at your service,
 since you leave me
 nothing more."

French legislation since 1791, than that of mar-
 riage. Fouché, when he was in the department
 of the Nièvre, instituted a fête in honor of Na-
 ture and the Republican Hymen. He gathered
 together four hundred youths of each sex, most
 of whom had never seen each other before, upon
 a meadow on the banks of the Loire. At one
 o'clock, he appeared, costumed as the High-
 Priest of Nature, surrounded by a cortège of
 sans-culottes, preceded by a band of music.

"Young citizens," cried he, "commence by
 choosing each of you a wife from these modest
 virgins."

Immediately fifteen or twenty precipitated
 themselves upon a pretty girl of Donzy, whose
 father was well known to be a wealthy cabinet-
 maker. On her part, she resisted stoutly, weep-
 ing, and refusing to listen to any one of her
 admirers because she loved tenderly an absent
 cousin.

As might be supposed, this matrimonial bat-
 tle produced little satisfaction, and still less har-
 mony. The preferences of the young men and
 girls did not always correspond. It soon be-
 came a contest between natural liberty and indi-
 vidual choice. The troops were obliged to in-
 terfere and separate the disputants. They were
 then divided into two columns, and paired off as
 chance had placed them, according to their num-
 bers, thus for once realizing for marriage that
 it was but a lottery. The ceremony terminated
 with a grand supper spread upon the "plain of
 equality." The husband to whom the pretty
 girl of Donzy was allotted became afterward a
 rich republican general.

This gratuitous distribution of wives reminds
 me of an anecdote of the times illustrative of
 the opposite principle—of taking away what one
 hath. It might have been supposed that a name
 innocently handed down from father to son
 would have been left untouched by the repub-

Modesty has a widely different signification in
 France from the United States. Since the put-
 ting of pantalets upon the legs of a piano has
 ceased to be the apocryphal story of a cynical
 John Bull, the modesty of American ladies stands
 upon the very apex of refinement. Even in
 London, I have met one, she was from the West,
 however, and of excellent sense in other par-
 ticulars, who talked to me some time about the
 "limbs" of a fine babe in her arms, before I
 discovered that it was his fat legs she was com-
 mending.

I do not wish to be considered as depreciating
 American modesty, even if mawkishly exhibited,
 as the excess is on the side of virtue. Among
 French women there is a plainness of speech in
 all points that convey the exact truth upon any
 subject without the slightest circumlocution.
 They assume no disguise to their meanings.
 Even when a little sentiment would be a decided
 and welcome embellishment, it is ruthlessly
 thrust aside. I have heard in society remarks
 from ladies of rank, that elsewhere would have
 startled me, and yet here custom disrobes them
 of all impropriety. Still, I think, for the sake
 of the high-toned sentiment a man of refinement
 would ever cherish toward the sex that bestows
 upon him his purest pleasures and associations,
 a little more of social poetry or prudery as some
 would ungallantly term it, would be welcome
 even in France. While such liberties are taken
 with the tongue there is more outward show of
 modesty in the intercourse of the sexes than
 with us. The same ladies whose lips tripped
 not over any description or allusion, were really
 shocked when I told them that at our fashion-
 able ocean retreats it is customary for men and
 women promiscuously to bathe. For a young
 couple to ride or walk together, unattended by
 a near relative, would be an unpardonable in-
 decorum.



On a rainy day a French woman of any rank hesitates not, if necessary to save her skirts, to expose her legs as freely as her arms. It is really astonishing to see with what

grace and purity they will carry their hose and linen over the muddiest ways. Each is of the finest character and most elaborately finished, so that not even a bachelor of flinty three-score can look upon these adroit walkers with unadmiring eyes.

To return to my original topic, marriage. The following extract from a journal furnished me by no matter whom, will explain admirably some of my preceding views.

"I have been married since the 20th of January, 185—, that is to say, about fifteen days. *Mon Dieu!*"—(Frenchwomen of every quality are given to exclamations which their more sensitive American sisters would term 'swearing,' but which, after all, are as innocently intentioned as any puritanical 'good gracious!' or 'bless me!')—"what a change has so short a time wrought in my ideas! Is it I who am wrong, or is it marriage? I do not know. Here are my impressions. May it please Heaven that I do not become deranged in recording them upon paper.

"'Marriage,' said my school-mates to me, 'is the realization of our most poetical dreams; the tender sentiments felt at the sight of a young man, the inquietudes thus we experience at the return of spring time, or the rising of the moon behind the accacias; the necessity of weeping without a motive that so often seizes upon us—all these emotions,' said they, 'explain themselves in marriage. The soul divines in this word the enigma.' So I left my boarding-school.

"I said to myself, without being quite as romantic as my young companions, It is not possible that my parents have kept me ten years at school, that they have had me taught Italian, German, English, music, singing, design, painting, literature, and dancing, to marry a man who does not love the arts.

"The day after leaving my school, my mother said to me, 'You will marry a rich paint merchant of — Street.'

"My first question was, 'Does he know music?' 'I tell you,' replied my mother, 'that he is a paint merchant.'

"Eight days after, they led me to the mayor's office, for the civil rite; thence to the church, for the religious ceremony. It was the first time but one that I had seen my husband—

"I have just been interrupted by one of his customers, who ordered from me fifty pounds of putty, a barrel of verdigris, two casks of glue,

twenty pounds of sulphur, and two papers of as-safœtida.

"After having washed my hands fifty times without destroying the odors of the above fragrant merchandise, I retake my pen to continue my married experience.

"'My friend,' said I to him at the end of eight days, 'will you buy me a piano?' 'What for?' inquired he of me: 'how much does one cost?' 'Twelve hundred francs.' 'Twelve hundred francs!' exclaimed he, in amazement: 'With that money I prefer to buy whale oil, and wait a rise. Besides, a married woman never touches a piano'



"I submit.

"Another interruption—my husband awakes

"'What are you reading there?' he called out, with considerable anger in his tone; 'do you read in the shop? There is always something to do here—put on the labels—pack—measure—weigh.' 'All is done, my friend,' I replied. 'What book is that?' 'The poems of Ossian, the son of Fingal.' 'You know English, then?' 'Yes, my friend.' 'You know every thing, then,' and he turned his back upon me, sneering.

"I resign myself.

"Habitue, submission, and resignation, are I know the graces, the three theological virtues of marriage. I know that I shall perform my duties so as to please even my husband.

"But why, I ask, do they teach young girls so many things that later only inspire them with regret that they have learned them? Why not educate them to be wives of paint merchants, grocers, butchers, &c.?"

This is no romance, but the actual experience of thousands of well-educated, refined, and sentimental misses in France. Is it strange that they should ripen into the practical, unpoetical, manœuvring, hard-working, but pleasure-loving women we so often find there? Freshness of features and delicacy of outline they certainly lose, but courtesy of speech ever abides with them. The domestic heart that lightens up a home—what becomes of it? Home! in English

a word expressive of every tender and true emotion—the concentration of the joys of life—in French is simply “chez-moi.” Not, as with us, a combination of I’s, forming a harmonious unity under a loved roof, each contributing to the general stock of happiness from his own overflowing affections; the family holy of holies, sacred from the stranger’s eye, overshadowed by cherub and seraph, from whose hearts constantly ascend the incense of peace and love; but a spot wherein the individual “moi” may be located, sometimes where he sleeps, oftener where he eats; on the boulevard, in the restaurant, sipping black coffee and drinking clear brandy, on a sidewalk in front of *his* café; in short, wherever the individual Frenchman finds it most for his individual pleasure to be. You might as well try to locate a will-o’-the-wisp, or to keep stationary a fire-fly, as to fix upon a Frenchman’s home. It is wherever he shines brightest or dazzles most. His pleasures consist in the outer life—the external gilding; bright and beautiful without, but like gold-leaf, often covering what is hollow and decayed within. In short, “home” and “chez-moi” are the social antipodes.

I have again thrust my hand into my roll of life-experiences, and drawn out Lisette’s letter to Juana. How I came by this, and other equally instructive epistles, is mine and not the reader’s business. If he be a Yankee, let him fall back upon his birthright of guessing. Suffice it, that they not only tell the truth in these individual instances, but echo the half-acknowledged truth from myriads similarly conditioned. If parents barter their daughters for a position, they need not be surprised if the connubial tree ripens rebellion and hypocrisy on one side, and suspicion and severity on the other. But in France these fruits, so bitter and choking within, are without, like the apples that grow on the borders of the sea of Sodom, very fair to behold.

Lisette was, in the youthful days of her marriage, as submissive, sad, and sensitive as the paint merchant’s bride. Time and trial, however, have made her worldly-wise and wondrous cunning. Her husband, a wealthy bourgeois, judges women by his own weaknesses. It would require a strong necessity to deprive him of any of his favorite gratifications. His own deficiencies he seeks to counterbalance in the forced self-denials of his wife—a species of vicarious expiation of male sins common to matrimony ever since the discovery has been made that the twain are *not* one. Now Lisette is afraid of her husband, and so outwits him. Show me the woman in whom deception is not the twin of fear. Husbands, make a note of this—root it out, transplant to its place confidence; so shall we have love and peace.

“DEAR JUANA—My bear is gone; now we can amuse ourselves under a free sky. God be praised, I am free. To crown my felicity, my two grenadiers of daughters have gone back to their boarding-school this morning. Do you know, it is not always agreeable to have by one’s side, every where one goes, two great registers

of birth, plainly declaring, Mamma should be from thirty to thirty-five. ‘I tell you,’ adds some charitable soul, ‘that she is thirty-seven. Calculate! She was married at twenty-four.’ To cut short all such assassins, I have cloistered these two misses. It is a year gained.

“The first use I shall make of my liberty is to read the novel which has been the rage for six months. My husband has excited in me an irresistible desire to know more of it, from saying, ‘I forbid you to read it—it is stupid and immoral.’ At length I shall read this book. I will tell you if it is as full of points as they say.

“Now or never, we can go to the little theatres—another antipathy of my bear.

“Take a box for to-morrow, I beg you. We will go together, to see the Bohemians of Paris. I have read in a newspaper that it is full of robbers, monsters, and kidnappers, that make their victims disappear through trap-doors. Secure, by all means, a stage-box.

“You asked me the other day, in an excess of bad-humor, in what I made consist earthly happiness. I understood you, my poor Juana. Happiness often consists, not in possessing what we have not, but in ceasing to possess what we have. Your happiness would be, perhaps, O, misery! in becoming a widow. I do not say that you wish the death of your husband. That is no more your wish than mine, although our positions are so similar. But you and I can perceive the delight of being free, with the experience we have acquired. How one could respire with a full-drawn breath in escaping from the prisons of the conjugal yoke, to enter into the paradise of widowhood. Widow! widow! that word breathes liberty! One then can go where they wish, see whom they wish, go out when they wish, and return when they wish. How charming! Is not such a condition, for a woman, the happiest of all social positions, dear Juana?

“Patience, sweet friend; in waiting, let us take all the pleasure we can during the absence of my husband, an excellent man at bottom, and of whom I have nothing to complain, and the sickness of yours, who is tiresomely long in his illness. Say to him a thousand amiable things on my part. Adieu. Don’t forget the novel and the box at the theatre.—Ta fidèle, LISETTE.”

The contrast between the staid recognition of street friends in America, with the succession of deep and diversified salutations which precede a conversation in the public places of Paris, is very striking to one accustomed only to the former—or the angular, undignified, elbow jerk, and finger lifted to the hat, which pass for bows among Anglo-Saxons. The latter might well, in view of the ceremonious pantomime of the Parisians, come to the same conclusion as did the Chevalier Marin, three centuries since, that “in France all conversation commenced with a ballet.” It frequently does with a hug which would do honor to Bruin, and a succession of kisses on each cheek that explode like fixed air after the wires are cut. It is a *curiosity* to an American to see two huge Frenchmen, whiskered and

mustached to an extent that would set up half-a-dozen Hungarian refugees in face-hair, rush like two meteors, from opposite sides of the street, into each other's arms, kissing each other with the rapidity of platoon firing on a field-day. As a gallant man, he would consider it a shameful waste of the raw material; and think gratefully of his mamma, who taught him to reserve all such demonstrations of affection for his sisters and sweetheart. If he wish to obtain a correct idea of the confusion of tongues at Babel, before the confusion became confounded, let him stop and hear them talk. Of what use ears are to an excited Frenchman naturalists have yet to discover. At the same time, we would have them extend their investigations into the flexibility of a French tongue as compared with an English organ of speech. It would be curious to determine the exact difference between the two.

But to return to the flexibility of the back, or in other words, to the little street ballets of which we just spoke. From the diversities of style in salutation we can learn not a little of the history of Parisian society. The profound, triplicate salutation, so difficult withal and yet so graceful, which M. Jourdain in vain labored to attain from his "maître de danse," with its exaggeration of compliment: "Beautiful marquise, your bewitching eyes make me die of love," has passed away with the revolution of '93. It was well it did, for it required the agility and muscle of a rope-dancer to preserve at once one's politeness and equilibrium. We have, however, a

series of bows in the social ladder—from that of marshal of France to the gamin of the quartier St. Antoine, worthy of the study of a connoisseur of manners. We have caught a few as they passed on the side-walk, and transferred them to our menagerie of Sights and Principles.

Here we have the bow AUDACIOUS:



This is the fate of every lady who has the courage to walk the streets of Paris unattended by a gentleman. Not that she need fear open insult or positive rudeness; but it is the universal experience of womankind in Paris, whether with or without pretensions to youth and beauty, to receive in the street equivocal compliments from the male sex. All this may seem, and is, undoubtedly, very rude; nevertheless it is very common. The slightest notice would draw further attention from these experienced roués, while a correct and cool deportment is always sure to command respect and forbearance, when they discover their mistake. They view the streets



NATURAL—STIFF.



PROUD—SAD.



GALLANT, AND NOT UNCOMMON



UNQUIET—MISERABLE



GOOD-NATURED—INSULTING—BENEVOLENT—COLD—HUMILIATING—HUMBLE

of Paris as the poacher does the seignorial shooting grounds—as a great game range, in which they are willing to risk being shot for the sake of occasionally pocketing a bird.

While upon this topic, an anecdote charmingly illustrative and delightfully piquant occurs to me. The lady was *not* handsome, middle-aged, a prude, yet prompted by vanity to construe as gallantry such attentions as fell in her way. As she enjoyed the reputation of piety, she replied to her supposed tempters by quotations from Holy Writ, and general axioms on the beauty of virtue, and naughtiness of vice. A gentleman, who by the way was half crazy, but sane enough to appreciate her weakness, wrote to her repeatedly, desiring an interview, as he had something of importance to communicate. *Her* wag-gish friends suggested that it must be a person of rank, desperately enamored of her. She, accordingly, planned at once her revenge and deliverance from his amorous persecutions. Putting on her most attractive dress, she curled her hair anew, and laid in fresh stock of moral precepts and irresistible arguments, taking care to have *her* friends in ambush to witness her triumph.

Her visitor was announced, punctual to her appointment. He was not less than sixty, and with a wandering eye that betokened an eccentric brain. “Madame,” said he, abruptly, “I have a declaration to make to you. I wish to inform you of something I deem necessary for you to know. Have the goodness not to interrupt me, Madame; because I have come here to render you a service. I have seen, ah! *le diable!* the strange figures of valetudinarians, sick people, convalescent, and the dying at the mineral waters. How drolly they dress when they bathe; they have the most inconceivable head-dresses, and outrageous robes—” “But, sir, what interest can I take—” “Madame, you are continually interrupting me. Stop—you may believe me if you will, but I give you my word, that I have never seen any women so singularly, and permit me to add, so badly dressed as you are.” “Leave me, sir; you are a fool.” “Not at all, Madame; and I have come here to counsel you not to coiffure yourself, nor dress any more after such a horrible manner. All the expense of your toilet is money lost.” By this time Madame was

speechless with rage and mortification. It required considerable address on the part of her friends to persuade the critic to leave, which he at last did, comforting her with the parting assurance, that her figure was too gross and common to have any pretensions to elegance.

THE BOULEVARDS AND BATHS OF PARIS.

THE Boulevards of Paris may be compared to the beautiful setting of a valuable gem. Along their circuitous course circulates the gay and brilliant life of this sparkling metropolis. Not that these celebrated avenues are uniformly fashionable, although uniformly broad and spacious, shaded with trees, and bounded on either side by buildings whose architectural beauties might well excite the envy of less favored capitals. Commencing at the central point of attraction, the Madeleine, they stretch away on their winding course around what constituted the city of the “well-beloved” Louis, at every turn baptized anew with names that have now grown classical, sweeping over the site of the Bastille, southerly then westerly encircling the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg and the Faubourg St. Germain, sidling by the Invalides, until they are arrested by the Seine and Champs Elysées, which separate them from the spot whence we started. Condensed within this circuit are the extremes of all that makes life desirable or burdensome. Wealth that would astonish Cræsus, luxury that would have driven Lucullus to despair, and misery sufficient to people hell with woe. It is not of the interior of this labyrinth of stone and flesh that I would now write; for it would require more works than Omar burned, to record its history, but merely to invite the reader to follow me in a hasty drive around that portion of the Boulevards, where he will find most to amuse and bewilder. Failing as words must be to convey a daguerreotype sketch of this varied scene, I have pressed into my service where-withal to aid the reader’s imagination and supply my deficiency; for if there are some scenes in nature whose beauty requires the aid of canvas to convey them to the brain, there are others of stirring humanity so complex and artificial as to equally baffle all verbal description.



THE MADELEINE.

Americans, fresh from New York, are prone to institute a comparison, particularly in width, between Broadway and the Boulevards. The former is certainly a very respectable avenue, fringed with many fine buildings, and as noisy, dirty, and confused as the most devoted Gothamite could desire. Such diversity in costume and show in equipage as republican simplicity or aristocratic taste admit, are to be seen here. Female beauty and vanity, and male coxcombry have chosen it for their favorite kingdom; rags and mendicity dog their steps and haunt its corners. The shops are rich in display, but lacking in taste, and there is a universal hurry, roar of omnibuses, rush of pedestrians, dust in dry weather, and mud in wet weather, that makes the denizen of the Fifth Avenue or the rural citizen as much rejoiced to escape from its whirl, as the seaman of Norway from the perilous Maelstrom of his inhospitable coast. To saunter in Broadway is out of the question. A walk is but a succession of jostlings, elbow-chafings, or a hoisting and contorting of the body and active use of the nether members to avoid collision, that leaves one, by the time he has arrived at the Battery, very much under the impression that he has been stretched upon the rack, to test its excruciating powers. A peep into a shop window is an invitation to a pick-pocket; to cross the street requires as much skill as to conduct "the retreat of the ten thousand;" and to get home again, sound in wind and whole in purse, after having undergone the gauntlet of its innumerable perils, is as much a matter of devout thanksgiving, as to escape being boiled, burned, or drowned in a steamboat trip up the Hudson. Broadway is a plethora of metropolitan nuisances, and the City Fathers will find, at last, that there is but one remedy: either to double its width, or to make a twin avenue, running parallel, and thus divide its over-loaded circulation. Paris has effected this reform, in a much needed quarter, at a cost of

several millions of dollars, in the elongation of the Rue de Rivoli, ruthlessly cutting through the densest and most valuable property of the city for this purpose.

The width of the Boulevards, double, and, in places treble that of Broadway, gives ample scope for the pedestrians. Besides, a Parisian crowd flows on as easily and noiselessly as the current of a deep river. The doctrine of individual rights, irrespective of sex, is scrupulously respected, and any physical infringe-

ments promptly met by a courtesy that leaves behind no more uncomfortable reminiscence than the politeness of the unintentional aggressor. One *can* saunter on the Boulevards. They are the empire of the curious, the vain, the idler of every fashionable class, and the El Dorado of shoppers. Along its stone boundaries, ornate without, and so rich in all the luxuries of life within, are to be found the homes of every taste, carnal or intellectual, and a devout Catholic might add spiritual, if the sensual worship of the Madeleine can be classed under that head. Well do the Boulevards merit their fame. Once the bulwark of Paris, they have now become its parterre of fashion. Along its macadamized way, as smooth as a jointed floor, constantly watered and swept, and lined on either side with shade trees, roll noiselessly by thousands of gay equipages, brilliant with the wealth and beauty of the capital of the world. No clatter of iron-loaded trucks or unsightly piles of merchandise jar inharmoniously upon the ear or disfigure its beautiful proportions. The scene is ever in keeping with its purposes, as the focus of Parisian life. Morning and evening regiments march by, preceded by bands, from whose instruments swells a loud chorus of inspiring strains. The unrivaled airs of the opera here greet the ear of this mingling tide of nations. Embassadors and princes, the nobility and bankers of Europe, they to whom fortune has suddenly entered their doors, to be as speedily thrown out of the windows, here do congregate to exhibit their style, to outshine all competitors, and to levy the indispensable tribute of envy and eye worship. Costume is not here confined, as in Broadway or Regent-street, to the same graceless hat and dull black cloth, varied only in the first by the butterfly attire of the "ladies" of creation, and in the latter by their inextinguishable bad taste, but comprises the flowing Arab robe, the stately Ottoman turban, the decorations and uniforms of every order and army in Europe, all that is



THE BOULEVARDS BETWEEN TWO AND FIVE O'CLOCK.

strange or picturesque in provincial or national garb, and all that is tasteful and charming in female attire. Here every fashion finds itself a home, intermingling with the native grace of wild-flowers and attractiveness of cultivated plants, in one bouquet of humanity; a peaceful congregation of nations for the cultivation of the lust of the eye and pride of the heart.

The contrasts in the *life* of the Boulevards are as striking as those of a human being. They have their grave and gay moments; their chaste and licentious hours; their solitude and their tumult. At seven o'clock in the morning all is silent. The shops are shut, the very hackmen are dozing on their boxes. A footstep resounds ominously on the pavement. By eight o'clock, a few carriages are in motion—porters begin to stir, occasional workmen in blouses go merrily singing to their toil. At nine o'clock the sidewalks are washed and brushed, shop-windows opened, the grisettes begin to appear, and an occasional frock-coat, but evidently as much out of its element as a fresh-caught flounder. Even at ten o'clock, Parisian households are like so many oysters in their shells. At eleven, the world of business stirs; at mid-day, the Boulevards breakfast, and the buyers begin to inspect the windows, and tax the endurance of clerks. From two to five, the current of life is in its apogee. Humanity, well dressed and elaborately adorned, is abroad to sun itself—to relieve

its pent-up humors by gazing upon the holiday expression of its neighbor man, and to catch and reflect back the universal look of outer satisfaction. There is no despotic rule of cloth here. It is the jubilee of fashions and the paradise of manners. All are at their ease, and there are as many cuts to a coat and shapes to a hat as there are fancies to their owners. Rigid toilets are banished to the more pretending Champs Elysées. Women, "*comme il faut*," shops, but never promenade on the Boulevards. Their finished elegance and graceful recognitions are reserved for the more aristocratic crowd.

Later in the day, the restaurant and café world are in the ascendant. The *diners* are in rapid circulation, dividing their attention and purses between the localities, so firmly fixed in the gastronomic memory of every "*gourmet*." Cheap dinners are not to be had under the shadow of the "*Maison Dorée*," that wilderness of gilding and bizarre finish; nor yet within the Café Cardinal, of which the basement alone rents for forty thousand francs. For these the more democratic shades of the Palais Royal must be sought, shunning the Sylla of Véry's and the Trois Frères Provençaux, which have shipwrecked as many purses as any other of their tribe in more brilliant localities. The *dined* now fill the chairs on the side-walks at two sous each, in front of the Café de Paris and other kindred quarters, sipping black coffee and clear brandy, eating ices, or



drinking beer, gossiping and gazing in the intervals. They are soon joined by their families, women and children, as much at home in the open air as any Englishman in his "castle." Gas now adds its light to the brilliant scene, and reflectors outside of the shop-windows pour their concentrated brilliancy upon gems and jewels that rival any in store in Aladdin's cave. The Boulevards at night are a blaze of light. It is there that they appear to the best advantage. The world having dined, has become good-natured. Every one is abroad for pleasure. Opera and theatres are attracting their worshipers in crowds. Electrical lights lend their dubious brilliancy to the varied spectacle, dancing upon street and wall the varied hues of the rainbow, coloring every countenance with ghastly blue, or shooting into the long distance a train of gradually-diminishing light, like the attenuated tail of a comet.

The "Maison du Grand Balcon" is a fine specimen of modern Parisian architecture, which comprises so great a variety of professions and professors under one roof. In it are shops which leave nothing to be desired in point of magnificence; apartments fit for a prince, bachelor, or grisette. Elegance, refinement, virtue, poverty, and vice can each find a home at its price, in



one of these habitations. Their external appearance is no criterion of what may be found within; the convenient neighborly blindness, or indifference to individual acts, which pervades the French metropolis, so unlike the prying curiosity and personal interest of American and English society, leave as much latitude of action, provided external decorum is not infringed, as the most isolated heart could desire.

Passing the Boulevard Montmartre, fashion



and elegance begin slowly to decline. The buildings are still beautiful, but the foot-passengers indicate a gradual approach to the industrial quarters, the manufacturing regions of St. Antoine, and the Jewish colonies of the Temple.

Here are congregated in close proximity the low-priced theatres, where, for a franc or less, the canaille indulge their taste for spectacles, and their lungs in every variety of noise that makes the drama hideous. They smoke, babies



scream, nurses jabber, nuts are cracked, fruit devoured, and from six o'clock until midnight riot and happiness, under the supervision of the gendarmes, pervade the scene. These theatres are the lyceums of the poorer classes; the schools of their manners; the forum of their eloquence;



in short the all they know of the world outside of their workshops, except the elementary education of the dram-shop. Villainous corn brandy and debasing theatricals enter largely into the physical and mental training of the lower orders. Yet degradation among them has not the repulsive, criminal aspect that it has among the corresponding class of English society. It does not extinguish self-respect. Their vanity outlives every other sentiment. And this combined with their inexhaustible "bonhommie" makes them the sensual, live-for-to-day race that we find them. They may be dirty, ragged, ferocious, or fanciful in their exteriors; a race of "tigers pitted with the small-pox," or combining all the hideous ugliness of dress and person of Marat; yet over all is thrown that air of individual humor and importance that never forsakes a Parisian, and secures for him even in the lowest stage of existence, a medium position between

the brutalized poverty of Ireland and the comfortable indigence of America.

The world of the Boulevards which has become in this region somewhat vulgar, revives again somewhat as we approach the column of July. Still it is a very different world from that of the Boulevard de la Madeleine, although strictly Parisian in every feature. It has lost its brilliancy, but acquired in its place an air of comfort and independence. It is the Bowery versus Broadway. Those catchalls of human vanity, the magazine of the debris of fashion, luxury, arts, and folly, the "*bric-a-brac*" shops, are numerous. We are in the region of cheap rents and bargains. Fashion has not here invaded thrift and economy. Her glitter is seen in the perspective, and her repudiated garments or prodigal spillings can be had in this quarter for a song. A short walk and a moderate sum will put one in possession of an apartment, re-



gal in extent and decayed grandeur, in the very centre of the "court-end" of the Medicean queens, the Place Royale, now republicanized into the Place des Vosges. For a neighbor he will have the Hôtel de Carnavalet and all the charming associations connected with the "esprit" talent of Madame de Sévigné, who here reigned sovereign of wit and refinement, and composed those letters which have immortalized her name. Beyond the Seine the Boulevards maintain their width, their trees, their stateliness, and majesty. But it is no longer the majesty of Paris. It is the reign of the country. Quiet, shady avenues, removed from the turmoil and excitement of the city, yet keeping in view, Nôtre-Dame, the Garden of Plants, the Wine-market, in which there is liquor enough stowed to float a navy, the Quaker-like Ile Saint Louis, that city of the sick and insane, the "Salpêtrière," that grandiloquent mass of stone and mortar, the Pantheon, and terminating at the Tomb of Napoleon, and the home of his veterans.

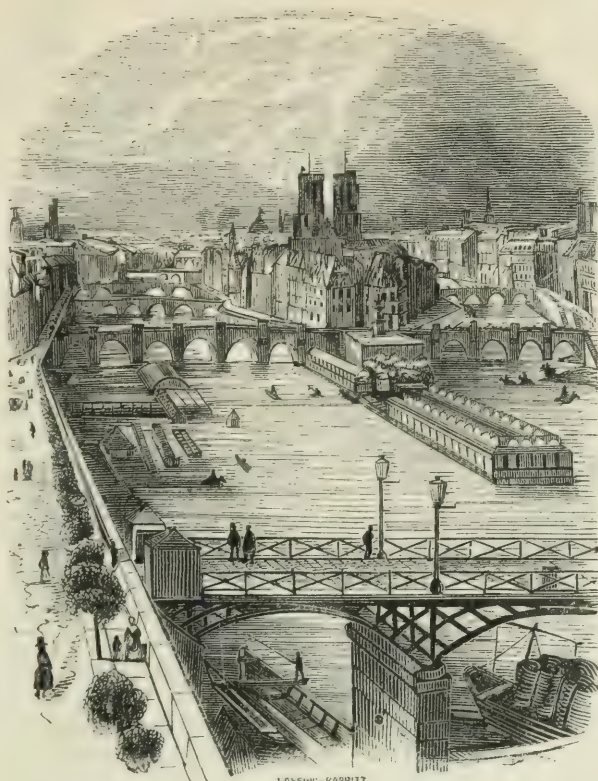
The historical associations of the Boulevards are of a recent date, and comparative insignificance. Fieschi has given an assassin's celebrity to the house No. 50, on the Boulevard du Temple, and in that of the Capucines we gaze with mournful interest upon the hotel once occupied by Madame du Barri. It was here, while on her way to her execution, that she asked the driver of the fatal cart to pause for a moment, that she might once more view that beautiful monument of her pride and her shame. While death was counting the few remaining moments of her life, she was looking regretfully back upon the deceptive pleasures of her sensuous career. How many there are of her sex at the present hour who barter virtue for still more ephemeral luxury, passing daily, in their brilliant equipages, this house, which, if they ever bestowed a thought upon its former occupant, might become to them at once a lesson and a warning! To complete the moral, the cart which conveyed her to the scaffold should crown its gateway, with her last despairing cry for life, as she struggled in the executioner's hands, inscribed upon its frame.

The Boulevards are a panorama only of modern Paris. To see at one glance the past with the present, we must turn to the banks of the Seine. It is here that are most powerfully realized the pulsations of the strong heart of this mural monster, with its condensation of life and death. The past stares upon us from the towers of Nôtre-Dame, looks up from the dungeons of the Conciergerie, gazes askant from the blood-soaked pavement of the Place de Grève, charitably opens the doors of the Hôtel Dieu, and, with mingled shame and pride, displays the Louvre, Tuileries, and the Hôtel de Ville. The present rejoices in its magnificent quays, crowded on either side with noble specimens of architecture, rich in the accumulated learning and science of ages. The abode of the saintly Louis, now the Palace of Justice, the Holy Chapel, with its medieval treasures and saintly relics, the venerable Institute, and a long line of palaces, over-

shadow the waters of the Seine. Here too are the relics of olden time—quaint old houses, whose roofs sheltered the partisans of the Fronde. A motley and curious blending of what has become and is to be history, does the Seine present. It is as if time had swept into one heap the living and the dead. The current of the former runs healthy and strong. Unlike the Boulevards, it is not simply a sparkling, playful stream, on the bosom of which one can with equal ease leisurely float or quickly glide, but a deep, dense, full current of working life, hurrying rapidly on to its destiny. Those who seek its quays are baited by an object. Men do not come here to lounge, nor women for display. They avoid it until necessity, or with them equally imperious pleasure, draw them into its vortex. Yet in no part of Paris is the living world more full of variety and interest. The noble bridges that at short intervals span the Seine, afford from their parapets far more interesting sights than those of the Thames. There, every thing must be seen through an atmosphere of coal-dust—a muddy river and muddier bed—dingy buildings; black, graceless steamers; a black forest of masts; huge columns of black smoke pouring incessantly upward from spectre-like chimneys; black coats and black hats; every thing dark, heavy, and gloomy. A pall seems spread over the public edifices, and suspended in the air. One glance shows the Thames in all its unpicturesque monotony, as it has been, is, and ever will be, while London sky continues to be a solution of fog and smoke.

Not so on the Seine. Its sun is a bright, gladdening sun. Under its influence, its banks grow gay with life and light. Its prospects are ever changing and attractive. The stone embankments confine its bed to a deep, strong stream, leaving no margin for mud, or the ordinary nuisances of a river intersecting a city. Where space permits, trees, grass, and flowers flourish, contrasting sweetly with the gray stone about them. The atmosphere is brilliantly clear. The landings are scrupulously neat. Every species of merchandise and marketing has its distinct place. The batteaux, miniature steamers, boats and rafts, seem all to be arranged for a picturesque effect. There is no crowding. Each has ample space, and the whole form a riverscene unexcelled in its artificial accompaniments by the hand of man elsewhere.

The Parisian loves the Seine as the Venetian loves the Adriatic and the Hollander his dykes and marshes. The poor Lutèce which gave birth to the present city was two thousand years since but a miserable hamlet of fishermen. A petty tribe of savages gained a scanty subsistence from what was then a thick forest or treacherous morass. The aquatic taste and origin of the founder of Paris are perpetuated in the present arms of the city, a vessel under sail, and on the collars of the municipal police will be found embroidered this craft, as a distinctive badge. What the cod-fish is to Massachusetts, the Seine is to Paris—the source and emblem of its prosper-



VIEW TAKEN FROM THE QUAY OF THE LOUVRE

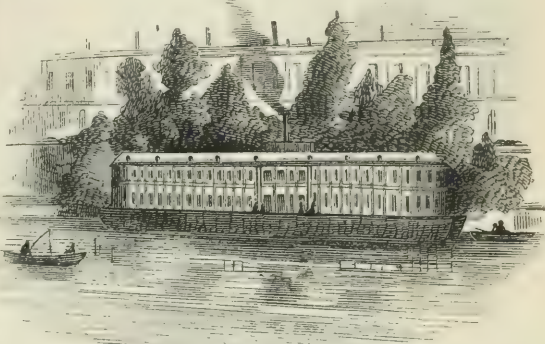
ity. Its waters sustain the living and receive the despairing. Deprive Parisians of charcoal and the Seine, and suicide would be at a loss for a weapon. It supplies Paris with drinking water—a fluid, however, not much in request. The sewers discharge their filthy currents into its stream, yet the washerwomen hesitate not to moor their mammoth establishments in close proximity to these subterranean outlets, and contrive to return linen of unimpeachable purity. Some of these floating wash-tubs are vast, airy, and constructed in very agreeable shapes, like the mosques of the Bosphorus, or are prettily painted, and surmounted with a drying-room, shut in by trellis-work, after the Oriental style.



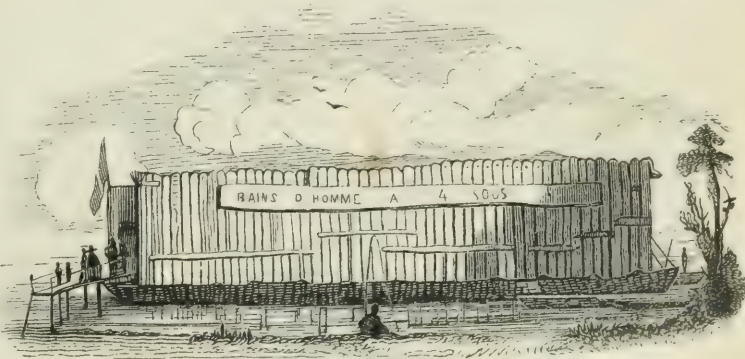
But what strikes the stranger with greatest surprise, in view of the scavenger duties of the

Seine, is the number, extent, and beauty of the bathing-houses along its banks. They merit more than a passing notice.

Commencing with those of the most humble description, where, for four sous, the bather has the liberty only of a plunge into the dubious stream, towels, drawers, and soap extra, but rarely called for, they gradually increase in elegance and price until they leave nothing more

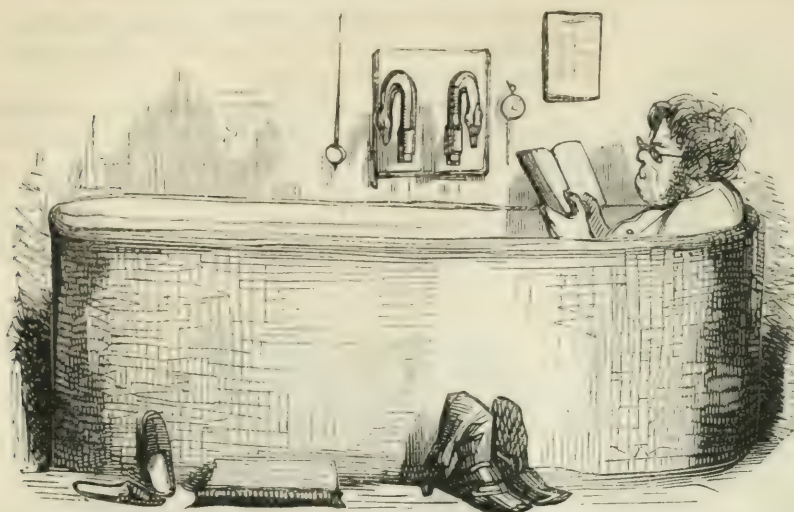


to be desired in this species of luxury. Monsieur, selecting his "cabinet," ensconces himself in the depths of the bathing-tub, not simply for a bath, but to take his snuff, read, and doze for the hour together. He makes and remakes his bath, nicely graduating the temperature to his varying and delightful sensations. But his happiness would be incomplete if he could not be-



stow upon a neighbor, at his option, any sudden overflow of volubility. Consequently, at the head of every tub there is arranged a slide in the partition, opening into the adjoining room. By pushing this back he is able to communicate his thoughts and exhibit his profile to his similarly engaged neighbor. He finds even this social arrangement frequently too restricted for his notions of the perfect enjoyment of a bath, and has devised double *tubbed* cabinets, upon the principle of our double bedded hotel rooms, where he can have the sympathizing society of his friend. The first bathing house I saw on this plan was in London. Upon expressing my surprise, the proprietor assured me that he had so arranged them for the convenience of Frenchmen, who preferred bathing in couples. Having since seen so many

operations of the toilet and matters of private or domestic economy performed openly in the pub-



the constitution is gradually undermined, the mental sensibility blunted, and moral discrimination destroyed. Frenchmen, however, understand too well the physical economy to exhaust life. They carefully conserve it, that it may be to them an unfailing source of enjoyment to the last. The great age in general attained by their aristocracy, though submerged, as it were, in a sea of luxury, attests this fact. We would not deny them either the existence of a higher principle

in these places of Paris, I have ceased to be astonished at even this predilection. Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that a Frenchman believes it impossible for him to appear at disadvantage under any circumstances connected with his physical self; or else the gregarious instinct, as with certain animals, is stronger within him, than what are considered by his neighbors over the Channel among the proprieties of life.

The swimming schools for both sexes are upon a scale of grandeur and luxury in no whit behind the baths. The art of living is a very comprehensive branch of Parisian knowledge. Every sensual gratification is refined upon to its fullest extent. Life is a struggle to extract and elaborate pleasure from every object perceptible to the senses, so that to know how to live, has, in the estimation of a Parisian, attained the dignity of an art. He is right so far as the innocent gratifications of the varied capacities of enjoyment bestowed upon man by a beneficent Creator are concerned. It is right that we should study to cultivate, refine, and multiply our sources of pleasure. It becomes criminal, however, when the physical supplants the spiritual, and happiness is made to consist in a succession of physical excitements or sensual extravagances, by which

in this prolonged conservation of health, than the mere training of the system to preserve its tone and power for physical enjoyment. Still no one can penetrate life at Paris without a painful consciousness that its idols are those of the flesh and not of the spirit. External gratification rather than inward peace. The enjoyment of life is imbibed. It is strong upon the surface, but weaker as it penetrates the interior. Instead of radiating from the heart it is received upon the skin. Antiquity has no ecstasy to bequeath to it. Each Orientalism can borrow from its voluptuous stores. It repudiates the barbarous vices of paganism, but revels in the softer and more seductive charms of modern atheism, practically denying eternity, that it may worship only time. Paris extorts from every American and Englishman the inconsistent sentiment that, while they love to live amid its delights, yet they would regret to have their native cities resemble it.

But I am forgetting the more amusing pictures of life and manners in these swimming schools. The early morning hours are occupied by those who come simply for the love of the art. They swim, eat a modest breakfast, and depart. Succeeding them, toward noon, are the Sardanapalus and the Balthazars of the school, the gross



SWIMMING SCHOOL ON THE SEINE

citizens who come less to bathe than to breakfast. The water is nearly deserted. The fumes of punch, and coffee and cigars fill the atmosphere. The ear is stunned with the explosion of champagne corks, and the cries, "Garçon, my beefsteak! Quick with my chicken sauté." "Voilà! voilà!" After breakfast, a lounge or siesta upon the floor or benches. Some go to the swimming school as they would to a masked ball, eccentrically clad, or rather wrapped, as Arabs, Turks, Greeks or Poles.

The café of the swimming school, of which the "comptoir" is always kept by a woman—in some instances the "garçons" are women also—is filled with an eating, drinking, and smoking nude crowd. Cold water is a famous stomachic. One would suppose from the specimens of the human figure here exhibited, that these "dames" would forthwith bury themselves deep in the recesses of the remotest convent, that such apparitions might never more greet their view. Grog, absynth, Madeira, and cigars are called for with furious haste. At six o'clock the lions deliver themselves into the hands of their hair



dressers and corn-cutters, preparatory to their conquests upon the Boulevards and Champs Elysées, and to dine long and sumptuously at Véfours, the Trois Frères Provençaux, or the Maison Dorée. The aquatic taste of some of the bathers changes frequently the café of the school into a restaurant, and they remain here to dine, gazing without constraint, in their simple costume of drawers, upon the animated scene before them. With the thermometer at 90° in the shade one can readily conceive the charm of relinquishing broad cloth for the scanty garb of a Tahitian, relieving the tedium of a dinner and stimulating the appetite by an occasional plunge into the cool river.

The women have also their baths at four sous, at which be it observed to their credit, on their own testimony however, they preserve an exterior decency not to be seen in the corresponding class of bathing houses among the males. The female bathing costume is much the same as that in use at Newport and Cape May. Occasionally are added ruffled night-caps and coifed hair, which are said to have, as can readily be conceived, a horrible effect. The most coquettish embroider their "pantalons" in different



colors, and wear in the water their bracelets and necklaces. The advantage of costume, as compared with the male bathers, is decidedly with the female, though even among them, it must be ungallantly confessed, that the modiste's art per-



forms wonders. The café scenes of the male schools are not rivaled in the female. Whatever emulation exists of this nature, is confined



to the heroines of gallantry and opulent pleasure, who hold their bacchanal revels apart. As I have lifted the veil from the male bathers, impartial justice requires at my hands the same toward the female. Voici! As on the pavement, beauty, grace and harmony, mingles with age, obesity and ugliness—the most delicious with the most grotesque and amusing images. Forgive me, shade of Mohammed! But, 'tis true, and pity—'tis true.

THE SALAMANDER.

A SIMPLE circumstance in the economy of the salamander gave rise to the fables which, attributing to it the power of extinguishing flame, asserted that it was spontaneously generated from fire; and which further bestowed upon it a frame of ice; thus rendering it the chosen poetic emblem of constancy and unshrinking courage. Yet even the ancients were at

variance about these wonderful legends, as is shown by a passage in the celebrated and much-discussed letter, which professes to be written by Prester John, and addressed to Alexius Comnenius. "Near the torrid zone," says this marvelous piece of kingly declamation, are "worms, which in our tongue are called salamanders: these worms *can only live in fire*." The first opinion was, however, evidently the more prevalent one, and scarce one century has passed away since the little animal was very generally sold, under the idea that the fiercest conflagration might be subdued by simply throwing it into the devouring element. And in the first volume of the Philosophical Transactions, published in 1667, Steno gravely tells of an Italian friend of his who, having procured a salamander from the Indies, cast it into the fire, whereupon the poor little thing, swelling its body, surrounded itself with a "thick slimy matter," which immediately put out the fire of coals on which it was laid; upon which its owner, "unwilling to hazard it any further," put it away, and kept it alive for nine months after its fiery ordeal.

Nor was this the only supernatural quality which it was supposed to possess, for Pliny tells us that its poison was so virulent, that it would kill whole nations by merely depositing its venom on the vegetables of the land, an employment which, if we may credit the disposition formerly attributed to the poor creature, must have been highly congenial!

It is also asserted by Matthioli, and even by later writers, that the bite of the salamander is more poisonous than that of any viper; but M. de Maupertius proved that its fragile teeth were incapable of penetrating the skins of any except the most tender animals, and that the bite is perfectly innocuous, as is also the flesh of the animal, which he caused a dog to eat. The milky fluid which exudes from the pores of its sides and back is somewhat acrid, and causes, according to Lapepède, a burning sensation on the tongue. This substance, which was administered to several animals, occasioned the death of a small lizard which was compelled to swallow it. It is stated by the annotators of Cuvier that this fluid may be shot out to the distance of several inches from its body; and, according to Gesner, it acts as a depilatory.

It is to this exudation that we must trace the fables which we have related, for, in common with many other cold-blooded animals, the salamander is furnished with a secretion which it can bring to the surface of the skin when the dry heat of the atmosphere causes it to require the preservative. Now, when the flame plays over its body, Nature's provision is resorted to, though in vain; the superabundant moisture is immediately consumed, and the poor little animal perishes miserably.

In 1646, Sir Thomas Browne "suspected" the true basis of these fables, and in the following century Keysler proved it.

Apparently, the salamander was supposed to feed on fire; for Falstaff, speaking of the ruby

nose of Bardolph, says, "I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time these two-and-twenty years." M. Steno's Italian friend, however, affirmed that his salamander lived by only licking the Indian earth which covered the bottom of his cage; but that, like a true patriot, he died on the very day that he was removed to some Italian earth.

In the letter before quoted, Prester John says that the salamanders of his kingdom "make a chain around them, as the silkworm; this chain is carefully spun by the ladies of our palace, and from it we have cloth for our common use;" adding, "This cloth can only be washed in a bright fire." "This cloth," says Layard, following D'Herbèrt, "is also mentioned on the far-famed inscribed stone of Sequan-foo." Marco Polo, however, throws a light on this passage when he tells us that, on account of its fire-proof qualities, the asbestos, or ammanthus, was believed to be the *wool* of the salamander; and on this, Tilinquis tries to establish the somewhat theoretical idea, that the salamander of the ancients was simply a metaphysical embodiment of this mineral. We need scarcely say that such a refinement on a self-evident superstition is quite unnecessary.

In the days of old, this creature was sometimes figured with the head of a serpent, but sometimes, more marvelously yet, with that of a sheep or lamb.

In the fantastic, yet not ungraceful imaginings of the Rosicrucian philosophy, the salamander, as is well known, takes its appropriate place—with the Sylphs of the air, the Gnomes of the earth, and the Undines of the water—as the spirit of fire.

Such were the wondrous tales which of old surrounded the salamander with a thrilling interest; the light of science has shone upon the earth, and this interest has evaporated like the mist of morning before the rays of the sun; but as the sun can shine on no one work of God without discovering some beauty and goodness in its face, so the magic wand of science dispels the mysteries in which most minds so delight, merely to display an interest and beauty brighter and fairer far than aught which can emanate from the glowing imagination of the most gifted or the most talented on the earth. Talent and genius are the precious gifts of God to man—heaven-born gifts, which yet require to be kept in the freshness and brightness of purity by constant care and watchfulness—gifts which can never shine so brightly as when employed in reading the teachings, which are every where written, with humble and disciplined hearts: tracing the manifestations of His love to all created things in the beauty and adaptability of every single thing on earth, in the Heavens, and in the mighty waters of the deep.

The salamander is a most innoxious and interesting little animal, which abounds in France, Germany, and the south of Europe generally. As if aware, however, of all the unmeaning obloquy which has been so undeservingly heaped

upon it, it is of a timid and retiring nature, preferring its own quiet haunts on the lonely mountains—in the silent woods, in the gnarled and broken banks of deep flowing rivers, in the shattered foundations of gray ruins, which look out from above its quiet home on the ever restless world around them, or in moist and dank limestone caverns, where the sunbeams play with fitful and transitory splendor over the clammy floor, and the brown bats nestle amid the snowy stalactites on the rocky roof—to the busier haunts trodden by its persecutor, man; for here it can bask undisturbed beside its door when the sun shines warm—can find its needful supply of worms, flies, snails, beetles, and “such small deer,” and can superintend the concerns of its numerous family—for even a salamander, with from forty to fifty young ones at a birth, must find her time pretty much occupied without mingling in the world at large. And more especially so, as the scarcity of food existing in the winter months is compensated to the little creature by the natural constitution which compels it to spend those months in sleep or torpidity.

Hitherto we have spoken more particularly of the land salamander, but with scarce any alteration our remarks will apply to the aquatic members of the tribe. Both are little lizard-like animals, distinguished, however, from the true lizards by the possession of only four toes on each foot, varying from six to eight, or even ten, inches in length, with variously-colored and leather-like skin—with pisciform eyes—with keenly-developed olfactory nerves, which would appear to compensate for the obtuseness of the sense of touch; and, lastly, in that wonderful provision by which the young animal dwelling in the water is furnished, like other young reptiles of similar habits, with a different set of breathing organs from those which it afterward acquires; these organs, in the young salamander, having the form of branchial fins, adapted for breathing aerated water, while in the adult they are metamorphosed into true, air-breathing lungs.

COURAGE OF A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

WHEN I reported myself on board the *Curlaw*, the sloop was lying at Sierra Leone; and the respective posts of captain and first lieutenant, were filled by two officers, who, for sundry peremptory reasons, I shall rename Horton and King. They were, I soon found, the very antipodes of each other in almost all respects, save that both were excellent sailors, well-intentioned, honorable men, and about the same age—three or four and thirty—Captain Robert Horton a little the oldest, perhaps. It was in their mental and moral build that their lines so entirely diverged. Captain Horton was what—at the period I speak of, and I dare say now—was, and is, a *rara avis* in the royal navy—namely, a “serious” officer. I do not, of course, mean to say that naval officers have not, generally speaking, as deep a sense of the rever-

ential awe with which the Creator of all things should be recognized and worshiped, as the most lackadaisical landsman in existence. It would be strange indeed if they had not, constant witnesses as they are of the wonders of the great deep, and of manifestations of infinite and varied power, splendor, and beneficence, which the contracted horizon of the pent-up dwellers in towns affords comparatively faint examples of; but what I do mean is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have an aversion to any other preaching or praying on board ship, than that furnished by the regular chaplain. And in this, as far as I have seen, the prejudice of the fore-castle entirely coincides with that of the quarter-deck; a sea-parson, in vulgar parlance, being quite as much an object of contemptuous dislike among genuine blue jackets as a sea-lawyer. Captain Horton was of a different stamp, and carried, or endeavored to carry, the strong religious feelings—the enthusiastic spiritualism by which his mind was swayed—into the every-day business of sea life. Profane swearing was strictly forbidden, which was well enough if the order could have been enforced; profane singing came within the same category; playing at cards or dominoes, even though the stake were trifling or nominal, was also rigorously interdicted, and scripture reading on the Sabbath strongly inculcated both by precept and example. Other proceedings of the same kind, excellent in themselves, but, in my opinion, quite out of place on board a war-ship, were, as far as might be, enforced; and the natural consequence followed, that a lot of the vilest vagabonds in the ship affected to be religiously impressed in order to curry favor with the captain, and avoid the penalties incurred by their skulking neglect of duty. This state of things was viewed with intense disgust by Lieutenant King, and as far as the discipline of the service permitted, he very freely expressed his opinion thereon. The first luff, in fact, was a rollicking, fun-loving, danger-courting, dashing officer, whom even marriage—he had a wife and family at Dawlish, in Devonshire, of which pleasant village he was, I believe, a native—had failed to, in the slightest degree, tame or subdue. One, too, that could put a bottle of wine comfortably out of sight; two, upon an emergency; and if duty did not stand in the way, liked a game of billiards, and a ball next perhaps to a battle. This gentleman had got it into his head that Captain Horton was better suited to preaching than fighting, and often predicted among his own set, that the first serious brush we happened to be engaged in, would bring out the Captain’s white feather in unmistakable prominence. Nothing can be more absurd, as experience has abundantly shown, than to infer that because a man is pious he is likely to be a poltroon; but such persons as Lieutenant King are not to be reasoned with; and, unfortunately, it was not long before a lamentable occurrence gave a color to the accusation.

There was a French corvette, *Le Renard*, in

the harbor at the same time as ourselves, commanded by Le Capitaine D'Ermonville, a very gentlemanly person, and his officers generally were of the same standard of character and conduct. This was fortunate; several quarrels having taken place between a portion of the crews of the two vessels when ashore on leave, arising I fear, from the inherent contempt with which the true English sea-dog ever regards foreign sailors—the American and Scandinavian races, of course, excepted. This feeling, grounded, in my opinion, upon a real superiority, is very frequently carried to a ridiculous excess, especially when the grog's on board, and the Rule Britannia notion, always floating in Jack's noddle, has been heightened and inflamed by copious libations to the sea-ruling goddess, under whose auspices, as he was at all times ready to sing or swear—even just after receiving a round dozen at the caprice of his commanding officer—that Britains never shall be slaves. It was so in these instances; and but for the good sense of the French officers in overlooking or accepting our apologies for such unruly behavior, the consequences might have been exceedingly unpleasant, particularly as both the *Curlew* and *Le Renard* were undergoing repairs, and could not leave the harbor for some time, however desirous of doing so. Even as it was, a coolness gradually arose between the officers, who could not help feeling in some degree as partisans of their respective crews, although Captain Horton, I must say, did warmly and untiringly admonish the English sailors of the duty of loving all mankind—Frenchmen included; of the sin and folly of drinking to excess, even when on leave; and the wickedness of false pride and vainglory at all times.

At length, however, the repairs of both vessels approached completion, and it was suggested, I believe by Captain Horton, that a farewell dinner, to which the officers of the two nations should be invited, might be the means of dispelling any feeling of acerbity which these affrays apparently excited in the breasts of Captain D'Ermonville and his companions.

The then governor of Sierra Leone, a very warm-hearted gentleman, instantly acceded to the proposition; the invitations were forwarded, courteously accepted, and every body anticipated a convivial and pleasant meeting. And so it proved till about eight o'clock in the evening; after the wine had been a long time on the table, had been very freely discussed—the weather being sultry, the guests hilariously disposed, and the olives excellent. The Lilies of France (this was in the reign of Charles X.), the Rose of England, the Gallic Cock, the British Lion, had all been duly honored and hiccupped till about the hour I have named, when, under the influence of the vinous fumes they had imbibed, the varnish began to peel off the tongues and aspects of the complimenters, and the conversation to take an unpleasant and boisterous turn. Captains Horton and D'Ermonville, who had drank very sparingly, were evidently anxious to break

up the momentarily more and more disorderly party; but their suggestions were of no avail, and the exertion of authority at such a time would, no doubt, they considered, appear harsh and uncourteous. Two of the guests, especially, seemed to be bent upon thwarting their efforts; these were Lieutenant King and Enseigne de Corvette, Le Page. They sat opposite each other, and had got among the breakers of politics, and those, too, of the most dangerous kind—the character of Napoleon, the justice of the war against him waged by England, and so on. Captain D'Ermonville, who faced Captain Horton, watched the pair of disputants very anxiously, and adroitly seized the opportunity of Le Page's leaving the room for a few moments, to leave his own and take his, Le Page's, chair. Le Page, who was absent hardly a minute, finding his seat occupied, took that vacated by D'Ermonville, which was, as I have just stated, opposite to Captain Horton's. Both captains had been, it afterward appeared, conversing on pretty nearly the same topics as King and Le Page, but in quite a different tone and spirit. D'Ermonville was a Bourbon Royalist, *par excellence*, and agreed generally with the English estimate of the French emperor. Captain Horton was, I must also mention, somewhat near-sighted, and the air of the room, moreover, by this time, was thick with cigar-smoke. Captain Horton, who had sunk into a reverie, for a few minutes did not notice, for these various reasons, that D'Ermonville had left his place, much less that it was occupied by another, and, leaning sideways over the table, so as to be heard only by the person addressed, he quietly said—"Yes, yes, Monsieur; as you say, no sensible man can deny that Napoleon was a most unprincipled usurper, an unscr—"

He got no further. Le Page, believing himself to be purposely insulted, sprung up with a fierce oath, and dashed the goblet of *eau sucré*, which D'Ermonville had been drinking, at the speaker's head, thereby inflicting a severe and stunning blow upon that gentleman's forehead. The terrific uproar that ensued could hardly be described in words: bottles flew across the room and through the windows, swords were drawn, while high above the din thundered the defiant voice of Lieutenant King, as he forced his way through the *mêlée* to the almost insensible captain, seized him in his arms, and bore him from the apartment. This action, the lieutenant afterward admitted, was not purely the result of a generous feeling. The honor of the English name was, he believed, at stake, and it had instantly occurred to him that Captain Horton, if left to himself, would not vindicate that honor in the only way in which he, Lieutenant King, held that it could be vindicated.

The exertions of D'Ermonville, and the governor gradually stilled the tumult; and as soon as calm was comparatively restored, the French officers left the house, with the understanding, as *Le Renard* sailed in the morning, that they should wait at a retired place, agreed upon, for

any communication the English party might have to make. The affair had, in some degree, sobered us all, and it was soon plain that strange misgivings were creeping over the minds of Burbage and others of our set, as the time flew by, and no message came from the captain and lieutenant, nor the governor, who had gone to join them. At last, voices in loud and angry dispute were heard approaching, and presently the door flew open, and in burst Lieutenant King, white with excitement, and closely followed by his now perfectly recovered commanding officer.

"Do you hear, gentlemen?" shouted the lieutenant, who was really frenzied with rage, "this captain of ours refuses to chastise the insolent Frenchman, or permit either of us to do so. He has a *conscientious* objection, forsooth, to dueling! Heavens! to think that the honor of the British name should be in the keeping of a coward!"

"Lieutenant King," replied Captain Horton, in calm and measured tones, "I order you to go on board the *Curlew* instantly.

"I will *not* return to the ship till this insult, which affects us all, has been avenged," rejoined the lieutenant, with unabated wrath; "no, not if dismissal from the service be the consequence!"

Captain Horton glanced toward us, but finding, probably from our looks, that we, too, in the excitement of the moment, might refuse to obey his commands, and thereby incur—for no one could deny that he was a kind-hearted, considerate man—the ruinous penalties of a court-martial for disobedience of orders, merely said, again addressing Lieutenant King, "If that be your determination, sir, I must have recourse to other measures to enforce obedience, and, fortunately, they are not far from hand." He then left the room, we supposed, to summon a guard of marines.

"Now, gentlemen," exclaimed Lieutenant King, "now to meet these Frenchmen, before this accursed captain of ours can prevent us. Yet, stay," he added, "it would be better, perhaps, that I should go alone." This suggestion was indignantly spurned; in truth, we were all pretty nearly crazed with wine and passion, and off we set to the appointed rendezvous—one only idea whirling in our brains, namely, that if some Frenchman or other was not shot, or otherwise slain, the honor and glory of Old England were gone forever!

King and Burbage were ahead together, walking very fast, and conversing earnestly, no doubt as to the most plausible excuse to be offered for the absence of the captain, and the best mode of insisting that a substitute should be accepted. The moon, a cloudless one, was at the full, and very soon the glitter of the impatient Frenchmen's epaulets and sword-hilts indicated the exact spot appointed for the meeting. We were quickly there, and D'Ermonville, who received us, adroitly availed himself of Captain Horton's absence to bring about a rational and conciliatory settlement.

"Captain Horton is the only person who has a right to demand satisfaction of any one here," he said, in reply to Lieutenant King's menacing *aboard*, "and he, very rightly, in my opinion, prefers, I perceive, some better mode of arbitrement than the senseless one of dueling."

"I repeat to you," replied Lieutenant King, with reckless equivocation, "that Captain Horton is indisposed, and has devolved upon me the duty of chastising the puppy who assaulted him." It is well to state that both gentlemen spoke in their own language, but perfectly comprehended each other.

"And it is, of course, for the reasons you have stated," rejoined M. D'Ermonville, with a slight accent of sarcasm, "that Captain Horton is bringing up yonder bayonets to your assistance!" We glanced round, and, sure enough, there was a *shore* guard advancing in the distance at a run, and led by the Captain of the *Curlew*. The governor had stood his friend, and not a moment was to be lost. This was also Lieutenant King's impression, and, with the quickness of thought, he exclaimed, "You insinuate that I lie, do you?—then, take that, sir, for the compliment," striking D'Ermonville with his open hand on the face as he spoke. In an instant the swords of both flashed in the brilliant moonlight, and quick and deadly passes were fiercely, yet silently interchanged; the spectators, both English and French, gathering in a circle round the eager combatants, as if for the purpose of hiding the furious struggle from the near and rapidly-approaching soldiers. D'Ermonville was, I fancy, the best swordsman, and, but for the accident of his foot slipping, after a but partially successful lunge, by which a flesh wound only, slightly grazing his opponent's ribs, was inflicted, the issue might have been different. As it was, King's unparried counter-thrust sent his weapon clean through D'Ermonville's shoulder, who fell helplessly to the ground, at the very moment Captain Horton and the guard came up.

The dangerously-wounded gentleman—dangerously in that climate, I mean—was gently raised, and, at his own faintly-spoken request, left to the care of his own people. All of us English were then silently marched off to the harbor, where a boat was waiting to convey us to the *Curlew*, Captain Horton merely opening his lips, the while, to give such orders as were necessary. Nobody was placed under actual arrest, but it was thoroughly understood, the next day, that Captain Horton would report the whole affair to the admiral, at the first opportunity; and that Lieutenant King, to a certainty—perhaps one or two others—would have to answer before a court-martial for their conduct. Just a week after the duel, Captain D'Ermonville was pronounced, to every body's great joy, out of danger, and the very next day the *Curlew* sailed from Sierra Leone on a cruise southward.

Not precisely a cruise either, for after touching at Cape Coast Castle, we made a direct stretch, the wind favoring, right across the Gulf

of Guinéa, to a part of the coast not very far northward of *San Felipe de Benguela*, and at about 11 degrees of south latitude, and the same of east longitude. Thereabout, we lay off and on for more than a fortnight, and like *Sister Ann*, for a time, the more eagerly we looked the less likelihood there seemed of any thing coming—except, indeed, an extra allowance of fever and ophthalmia, from so closely hugging the shore. It was rumored among us, that a great slave hunt had taken place in the vicinity, by one of the chiefs of Negro banditti, who have the ludicrous impudence to parody the style and titles of “kings,” and that a well-known Portuguese trader in black live stock, of the name of José Pasco, had a temporary barracoon somewhere thereabout, crammed with the wretched victims of the said hunt, in readiness for embarkation; and that for the purpose of entrapping some of his ventures, we should have to watch, and back and fill about the mouths of the two rivers, between which we were generally to be found, for an indefinite period. Meanwhile, the kind of moral quarantine that had existed between Captain Horton and his chief officers since the evening of the duel—words only of business and necessity passing between them—continued with unabated passive virulence on the part of the latter, notwithstanding that the commander showed many indications that he would be glad to let bygones be bygones, from no mean or unworthy motives, I was even then of opinion, of purchasing forbearance toward a defect of character, which, in a naval officer, he must have well known, no other virtues under the sun, however numerous or angelic, could excuse or cause for one moment to be tolerated, but simply on the principle of forgiveness of injuries. One chance of avoiding the scandal of an official inquiry still remained. The service we were upon would very probably terminate in a desperate boat affair—victorious, of course, but affording plenty of opportunity for the vindication of Captain Horton’s damaged reputation for personal bravery in the eyes of his officers and crew; and very heartily did I hope he might successfully avail himself of it when it came. It was not long before all doubt on the matter was set at rest. A king’s troop-ship, bound for the Cape, which had touched for some purpose at Cape Coast Castle, spoke and communicated with us one afternoon, and a packet, “on service,” was delivered to Captain Horton. Orders were immediately afterward issued to sail in the direction of the most southerly of the two rivers, to hug the shore still closer, and that every thing should, in the mean time, be prepared for a boat attack. This was done with a will. Sharp cutlasses were re-sharpened to a keener edge, clean pistols re-cleaned, and doubtful flints replaced by more reliable ones, and, finally, Lieutenant King reported that every thing was in readiness. Night was by this time drawing on, and not a very clear one: we had shoaled our water quite as much as prudence permitted, and were close by

the mouth of the most southerly of the rivers. Captain Horton ordered that the sloop should lie to, and that his gig, manned and armed, should be got immediately ready. He had frequently—I have omitted to state—gone on shore at about the same hour to reconnoitre, we supposed—hitherto without success—and we rightly concluded that his present purpose was the same. He came on deck a few minutes after the last order had been given, and addressing the first-lieutenant, said, “I am about to leave you, sir, in command of the sloop. You will keep her as nearly as may be where she is till I return. It will probably be necessary to act with all the boats, and you had better, therefore, get them alongside, ready manned and armed, so that when the decisive moment comes, there may be no delay. He then went over the side, was rowed ashore, and there was light enough to see he proceeded inland, accompanied by his coxswain only, according to his previous custom. I rather fancy that a doubt whether he might not have mistaken his man, had already crossed even Lieutenant King’s bitterly-prejudiced mind.

Hour after hour passed; the boats lay heaving upon the water; and impatience was fast changing into anxiety, when the quick, regular, man-of-war’s jerk of oars was heard, and, in a few moments, the gig was alongside without the captain and coxswain. “A letter from Captain Horton for the first-lieutenant,” said the stroke oarsman, “brought us by a mulatto chap, with orders to deliver it immediately.” Lieutenant King snatched the letter, tore it open, and stepped to the binnacle-lamp to peruse it. But it is necessary that I should, before giving its contents, relate what had previously occurred to the writer, as it came subsequently to our knowledge:

Captain Horton and his coxswain had proceeded cautiously inland along the margin of the river for about a mile, when they were suddenly pounced upon by a large party—coarsely abused, bound, and hurried away in separate directions. The commander’s captors halted with him at last at a kind of hut, in which he found the before-named José Pasco, with a number of other ruffians as desperate and savage as himself, engaged, it seemed, in council. Near the hut—for no concealment was affected—he observed an immense wooden frame covered with tarred canvas—a monster tent, in fact, filled with captured negroes; and in the river, just opposite, was an armed clipper-brig, also full as it could cram of the same living cargo. A shout of ferocious delight greeted the captain’s entrance into the hut, and then Pasco commanded that he should be unbound. What next occurred, I abbreviate from the evidence afterward given before the mixed commission by the mulatto who delivered the captain’s letter to the men in the gig, and that of Juan Paloz, an admitted witness for the captors:

“It’s lucky we’ve caught you, Captain Horton!” said Pasco, instead of you us. That accursed vessel of yours has been brought, we

find, off the mouth of the river. She must remove further away; for we intend that the brig you have seen shall sail to-night."

Captain Horton, who was very pale, the witnesses deposed, but calm and firm, did not answer, and Pasco continued:

"We intend that you shall immediately write an order to the officer left in command of the *Curlew*, directing him—a plausible reason can be easily given—to instantly weigh, and proceed to a point about a league northward, where you can meet him, you know."

"And what is the penalty, if I refuse?"

"Death!" was the savage response from half-a-dozen voices. "Death!" echoed Pasco, "as certainly as that you are now a living man, and—I was at Sierra Leone a short time since—that you wish to remain one."

Captain Horton was silent for a brief space, and then said: "Give me pen and paper, since it must needs be so." This was done; the captain took the pen in his hand, sat down, made one or two strokes, and said, with an expression of pain: "Your cords have so hurt my wrists and fingers that I can hardly hold the pen; let some one of you write as I shall dictate. My seal will be sufficient authentication; besides, the officer will imagine my coxswain wrote it."

"You must write yourself," said Pasco; "no one here knows English."

"Ha! well, then, I suppose I must try and manage it myself." The letter was written, folded, sealed, and directed.

A muttered conference next took place between the slave-dealing ruffians, at the end of which Pasco said, "Let us well understand each other, Captain Horton. You no doubt have heard that whatever else I may be I always keep my promise, whether for good or evil?"

"That is, I know, your character."

"Then listen to me. Should the *Curlew* not remove northward, in obedience to this letter, you shall be shot, as certainly as that there are niggers worth ten thousand dollars in yonder brig; and should—yet no, you are not a man to play us such a trick as that—still, should we be attacked in consequence of this letter, you shall be lashed to the top of yonder barracoon, and burnt alive in the very presence of your infernal countrymen. This I swear, by all the saints in heaven and devils in hell!"

The mulatto said the English captain looked paler than before, but answered quietly, "I quite understand."

The letter written under the foregoing circumstances, which I left Lieutenant King reading by the binnacle light, ran thus: "Captain Horton directs Lieutenant King to take the command of the *Curlew's* boats immediately on receipt of this note, and ascend the river in his front for, Captain H. calculates, about six miles, where he will find a slave-brig, which he will carry by boarding. There are, also, a large number of negroes in an immense barracoon on the shore, whom Lieutenant King will prevent being driven

away inland. The resistance will be, no doubt, desperate, but Captain H. feels quite satisfied that, under Lieutenant King, the attack will be prompt, daring, and, with the blessing of God, crowned with success." Instantly that he had finished the hasty perusal of this note, Lieutenant King seized and belted his pistols, jumped into the pinnace, and we were off—about a hundred men in all—in a jiffy. The oars were muffled, and the profoundest silence was enforced, in the hope of at least nearing the enemy unobserved. For something more than a league this appeared likely to be the case, but when about that far on our way, a confused tumult of voices began to spring up along the left bank of the river, followed by a dropping fire of musketry, obliging us to keep the centre of the channel, as it would have been folly to have wasted time in returning it. The tumult of discordant noises—shouting, shrieking, musket and pistol firing, roars of brutal merriment and deadly defiance—grew louder and louder as we neared the goal. Presently flame, at first flickering and uncertain, threw a lurid glare over the scene, and as we swept round a bend of the river, burst into a volume of fire, rendering every object within the circuit of a mile, I should say, distinctly visible. But we had no time to note these objects minutely; a well-armed brig, with boarding-nettings triced up, opened fire upon us, though without much effect. She was boarded and carried with one pealing hurrah! and leaving Burbage and a sufficient number of men in charge, Lieutenant King jumped into the boats again with the others and made for the left shore, which was lined with a crowd of variously-accounted rascals. The flames I have mentioned proceeded from a huge canvas-covered building, which was blazing furiously; and although happening to be in the hindmost boat, I discerned the figure of a man, erect and motionless, upon its summit—how or why there I could not imagine. The next moment the wind-whirled flame and smoke hid him from my view, and I heard Lieutenant King's stentorian voice exclaiming, "Give way, men! give way, for God's sake, the devils have entrapped the captain, and are burning him alive! With a will, now, hurrah!" The boats quickly grounded, and we sprang on shore, headed by the first lieutenant. The resistance, desperate as it was, was broken through and dispersed with a leap and a rush; and then a sight—the sublimest, the most terrible I ever witnessed, clearly presented itself. Captain Horton, pale, ay, and calm as death, was standing bound, erect, and bare-headed, upon the flaming slave-house, with a book in his hand, what one I could easily guess. Frantic were the efforts made to save his life—gratefully acknowledged by repeated wavings of his hand—and vain as frantic; the devouring flames could not be arrested, the building collapsed, fell in, and Captain Robert Horton was buried beneath the fiery ruin!

It is needless to say how amply he was avenged, or dwell further upon the savage and terrific contest—not long a contest, properly so called, al-

though the ringing pistol-shot, the death-shriek, or the wild appeal for mercy undeserved continued far into the night; enough to say, in the words of the official report, "that the attack was entirely successful, the number of negroes released from bondage eight hundred and seventy-six, and the breaking-up of the slave settlement complete." This was quite true, but like another paragraph in the same report, not *all* the truth: "Captain Horton died as a brave man should during the attack upon the armed slaver-gangs on shore." Why the exact cause and manner of his heroic death were not officially set forth I never rightly understood.

He was quite dead when dragged, as speedily as it could be done, from under the burning embers of the monster slave-tent, and much scorched, yet his countenance had a remarkably composed expression. His Bible was also found, not much injured, and is, I believe, now in the possession of the family of Lieutenant King, who with swimming eyes pointed out to us, a few days afterward, in the cabin of the *Curlew*, the following passage, written with a pencil in the inside of one of the leaves: "Tuesday, half-past 1 P.M. The *Curlew's* boats are approaching; thank God I shall die in my duty, and not in vain. Should this ever meet the eye of her officers, they will by that time know, that a man who is afraid of offending God may not fear Death!"

A GAMBLER'S END.

THERE is truth in presentiments, though it is not for us mortals to explain their nature, as how can we explain the commonest incidents of our every day life? Yet as there is an unearthly stillness immediately preceding the furious rush of the hurricane, as a momentary palsy, frightful from its indistinctness, appears to pervade nature on the eve of an earthquake, so may the shadow of his uplifted arm be seen athwart the sky ere the Avenger has dealt the blow which is to prostrate us in the dust. An icy chill crept over me, a dull foreboding of evil came upon me, as I walked up the steps of Hillingdon's well-known residence, long before I discovered that the shutters were closed, and that the house bore that solemn mysterious air which, we can not tell why, is inseparable from the abode of death. A glance at the pale face of the servant who answered the door, a hasty inquiry for Captain Hillingdon's own man, and I staggered into a chair in the hall with the whole truth indelibly and unerringly impressed on my brain. It was needless to explain—I required no hesitating sympathizer to break to me, forsooth, the ghastly reality—I knew it before I was told—Hillingdon had shot himself that very morning! Strange as it may appear, it was more difficult to realize the truth of the awful tidings, when the old and faithful servant, himself bowed down and prostrate with horror and consternation, stammered out the particulars into my ear, than in that first moment of consciousness, when without the aid of any outward voice I knew the frightful truth.

There, in his own sitting-room, his hat and gloves on the table, the very cigar-case I had given him, lying ready for use—it seemed impossible—impossible! Every thing betokened life and life's enjoyments; the colors were scarcely dry upon his easel; and those very flowers which he had himself disposed in their vase, with his womanly appreciation of every thing that was lovely, those flowers were blooming fragrant as ever, and could he, the master, be lying up-stairs with a cloth over his head, a mutilated corpse! And such an ending! To die by his own hand. I dared not pursue the train of my thoughts any further, and it was almost a relief to sit and listen to the poor old domestic's broken narrative of the events which had led to the fatal conclusion we could even now scarcely bring ourselves to believe. One thing I remarked, and one thing only, which might lead me to suppose that a change had come over the habits of my friend. Occupying a prominent situation in his sitting-room, a portrait hung which ever since I had known him was carefully veiled by a black curtain. Not one of his friends had ever seen the painting, and the supposition that it was a likeness of the unfortunate Austrian lady to whom in early life he had been attached, was sufficient to check all curious remarks or ill-timed allusions, as regarded a subject on which he himself preserved an unbroken silence. The curtain was now removed, and as I sat opposite the picture, listening to the dreadful details of her lover's death, I could not keep my eyes from dwelling on the gentle features of her who had exercised such a baneful influence on my poor friend. She was portrayed as a fair, high-born looking girl, of some nineteen summers, but what was most striking in the countenance was that eager, high-souled, and yet suffering expression, which gave such interest to poor Hillingdon's own features—that unearthly look which those who are doomed to an early death seem to bear on their foreheads, as the premonitory seal of the destroyer—a spirit-beauty which the spirit claims to wear here in consideration of its premature release, and this was as manifest on the lovely portrait of his youthful bride as I knew it to be on that glorious countenance which was lying up-stairs fixed and cold in death.

Let me draw a veil over the scene that followed, over the servant's lamentations and my own unbearable grief. I saw him—I saw the well-beloved face, the admired form—and I shuddered to think of the state in which I saw them. Days elapsed ere I could bring myself to make the necessary arrangements which, as his intimate friend, devolved upon myself, and into the details of which it was loathsome to see how Mammon crept, even into the chamber of death. It is sufficient to say that from the accounts of his servants, and the examination of his papers, which became necessary, I gathered clearly that my poor friend had been decidedly and undoubtedly insane for some time previous to the fatal act, and this was all the consolation, since consolation unquestionably it was, for the loss of

the brightest, truest, kindest spirit that ever chafed within its tenement of clay.

And it was Play that had brought the enthusiast to his self-selected grave. Play: first the seductive pastime, then the invincible habit, lastly, the despotic infatuation, from which there is no escape. Deeper and deeper had Hillingdon been drawn into the whirlpool, and this was the result. A pursuit first adopted to deaden the stings of conscience and hush the importunate wailings of remorse, had at length become the one object of existence, the whole being of the man. Lose of course he did, and largely. Nor were the chances of the gaming-table sufficient to allay that craving for excitement which indeed too surely "grows with what it feeds on." Stock jobbing, railway shares, mining investments, all and every thing that promised hazardous ventures and disproportionate returns, were embarked in with an eagerness too much in character with that imaginative disposition which made him at once an artist, a poet, and a speculator. For a time Hillingdon's speculations had met with tolerable success; enough indeed to encourage him to push his ventures up to the verge of all his available fortune; and his master's spirits, as the old servant described them, were higher than he had ever known, for I think I have already mentioned the singular impassiveness of my friend's outward demeanor; but even during this period of temporary sunshine his eccentric habit was never broken through of sitting undisturbed for a portion of each day, gazing on that portrait, which appeared to comprise all he valued and loved upon earth. This was an unalterable rule, and day after day his cheek was paler and his eye more haggard after the communion, which he strove to think he thus held with his spirit-love. Then came reverses and failures. Those in whom he confided abused his trust. Shares went down to nothing. An enterprise in which Levanter, whom he always disliked, had persuaded him to join, failed utterly, and Hillingdon, as the only tangible person concerned, suffered severely. Whole nights spent dice-box in hand were not likely to restore matters, and "the beginning of the end" became too apparent. All this time his outward bearing remained totally unchanged, the same calm demeanor, the same mild voice and placid brow, and above all, the same sweetness of temper, that won him the affection of all with whom he came in contact. "Late or early, good or evil," said his old servant, the tears running down his withered cheeks, "I never had a sharp word, or an unkind look from my beloved master. Oh, Captain Grand, you know what he was, I need not tell you!" and an uncontrollable burst of grief checked the poor old man's melancholy recital. At length it became obvious that his whole remaining property would only suffice to clear him of his liabilities, and as soon as he discovered this to be the fact, he made no secret of his involvements. By one desperate effort he did try to retrieve himself. Alas! it was a gambler's struggle, and he lost. With a jealousy of mili-

tary honor, which may be appreciated though scarcely understood, he had made up his mind to stop short of a sum which would entail upon him the sale of his commission, and he seemed to have determined that, come what might, he would at least die with "harness on his back." A like reserve was made for leaving handsome legacies to a few old servants and dependents, after which his whole remaining property was devoted to clearing himself of his liabilities. Thus much I learned from his servant and the lawyers with whom he had been concerned. The rest of his history, alas! comprising but a few days, I gathered from the papers which he left in his desk, addressed to myself, and accompanied by a few trifling memorials of his affection and esteem. What his original intentions were I am unable to declare, but it appears probable, that looking upon the loss of his personal possessions with an indifference peculiar to himself, he had shaped the idea of following out the service as a profession, and winning eventual distinction and independence in a military career. Of advice he seems to have had plenty, and beloved as he was, he might, contrary to the usual practice in such offers, have had assistance nearly in the same proportion, but it was one of his peculiarities to be indebted to no man, and his was a spirit to chafe above all at the well-meant counsels of a worldly and calculating friend. But the philosophy which could smile calmly at the ruin of a worldly fortune should not have been accompanied by the sensitive and imaginative temperament that firmly believed in its power of holding converse with beings of another sphere; and the excitement of poor Hillingdon's later career had, in breaking his health and shattering his nerves, sapped the foundations of that mysterious barrier which separates the shores of reason from the illimitable ocean of insanity. Step by step, as I read on, I traced the downfall of my poor friend's reason; step by step I beheld the catastrophe approaching, of which I knew too well the terrible result. For years he had believed in the actual apparition of his Austrian love; twice, as he often assured me, he had seen her distinctly in the flesh, and the conviction was indelibly impressed upon his mind that a third appearance would be immediately followed by his own decease. With the peculiar reasoning of insanity, this belief appeared now to have assumed the shape of a stringent obligation, a point of honor, and, as he himself expressed it, "he should be bound to follow when she beckoned him away." Once more the phantom stood by his side, and from that moment the curtain was withdrawn from the fatal portrait. Twelve hours afterward he had ceased to exist; and the beauteous form, the gallant, chivalrous spirit, the kindly loving heart, were as though they had never been.

We buried him in hallowed ground. Grateful at least for this. The sun shone, the streets looked gay and crowded. Business knit the brows, or pleasure brightened the cheeks of the heed-

less passengers as they moved to and fro upon their amusements or their occupations. Did that death stroke upon the minute bell thrill to the heart of one child of Mammon? did that mournful procession, as ever and anon it stopped, and wound on again in mysterious gravity, speak its solemn warning to one individual in that busy throng? "We are bearing one of yourselves to his real home. Yesterday was he such as ye are, to-morrow shall ye be like him. His place shall be your place, and where he is going ye shall go." I fear me not. We have indeed authority to believe, that where all else hath failed, not even the voice of one from the dead shall prevail.

We buried him. Shall I ever forget the dull, dead sound of the damp earth, as it smote upon his coffin? "Ashes to ashes—dust to dust!" Was this the end of all? My friend! my brother!

As I turned from the church-yard they were bearing in another funeral—so soon! I felt that he was already forgotten. What mattered it to me? I was alone in the world!

DOWN IN A SILVER MINE.

THE sojourner in Leipsic, while strolling through its quaint old streets and spacious market-place, will be attracted, among other peculiarities of national costume, by one, which, while startling and showy, is still attractive and picturesque. The wearer is most probably a young man of small figure and of pallid appearance. He is dressed in a short jacket, which is black, and is enriched with black velvet. The nether garments are also black. His head is covered with a black brimless hat, and a small semi-circular apron of dark cloth is tied, not before, but behind. This is one of the Bergleute, mountain people; he comes from the Freiberg silver district, and is attired in the full dress of a miner.

Doubtless, these somewhat theatrically attired mountaineers hold a superior position to the diggers and blasters of the earth. The dress is, perhaps, more properly that worn in the mountains, than that of the miners themselves. Still, even their habiliments, as I afterward learned, are but a working-day copy of this more costly model; and the semi-circular apron tied on behind, is more especially an indispensable portion of the working dress of the laboring miner.

From Leipsic, the mines are distant about seventy English miles. We—who are a happy party of foot-wanderers bound for Vienna—spend three careless days upon the road. Through pretty woods and cultivated lands; beside rugged, road-side dells, we trudge along. We halt in quiet villages, snug and neat even in their poverty; or wend our way, in the midst of sunshine, through endless vistas of fruit-laden woods, the public road being one rich orchard of red-dotted cherry-trees: purchasable for a mere fraction, but not to be feloniously abstracted. Through Altenburg, Zwickau, Oederon, and Chemnitz; up steep hill paths, and by the side of unpronounceable villages, until, on the morn-

ing of the fourth day, we straggle into Freiberg.

Freiberg holds up its head very high. The Mining Academy stands one thousand two hundred and thirty-one feet above the sea, although this is by no means the greatest altitude in the long range of mountains which form a huge boundary line between the kingdoms of Saxony and Bohemia. The general name for the whole district is the Erzgebirg-Kreis—the circle of ore mountains—and truly they form one vast store of silver, tin, lead, iron, coal, copper, and cobalt ores; besides a host of chemical compounds and other riches. The indefatigable Saxons have worked and burrowed in them for more than seven hundred years.

We proceed to the Royal Saxon Mining Office, and request permission to descend into the "bowels of the land." This is accorded us without difficulty, and we receive a beautiful specimen of German text, in the shape of a lithographed Fahrschein, or permission to descend into Abraham's Shaft and Himmelfahrt, and to inspect all the works and appliances thereunto belonging. This Fahrschein especially informs us, that no person, unless of the Minerstand (fraternity of miners), can be permitted to descend into the Zecken or pits, who is not eighteen years old; nor can more than two persons be intrusted to the care of one guide. We cheerfully pay on demand the sum of twelve silver groschens each (about one shilling), for the purpose—as we are informed in a note at the bottom of the Fahrschein—of meeting the exigencies of the Miners' Pension and Relief Fund.

The mine we are about to inspect, which bears the general title of Himmelsfürst—Prince of Heaven—is situated near to the village of Brand. How fond these old miners were of Biblical designations! and what an earnest spirit of religion glowed within them! There is another mine in the vicinity, at Voightberg, called the Old Hope of God; but we must recollect that Freiberg was one of the strongholds of early Protestantism, and that the first and sternest of the reformers clustered about its mountains. They have a cold, desolate look; and we think of the gardens we have left at their bases, and of the forests of fir-trees which wave upon some of the loftier pinnacles of these same Erzgebirge. Nor are the few men we meet of more promising appearance: not dwarfed nor stunted, but naturally diminutive, with sallow skins and oppressed demeanor. How different are the firm, lithe, sun-tanned mountaineers, who breathe the free air on the summits of their hills!

We are near the entrance of the mine; and, entering the neat, wooden office of the Schachtmeister, or mine-controller, we produce our credentials. Having signed our names in a huge book (in which we decipher more than one English name), we are passed to the care of an intelligent-looking guide; who, although still in early manhood, is of the same small and delicate growth observable in the miners generally.

Our guide, providing himself with small lan-

terns and an ominous-looking bundle, leads the way out of the Schachtmeister's office to another portion of the same building. Here are heaps of dark gray macadamized stones;—silver and lead ores just raised from the pit; over whose very mouth we are unknowingly standing. The windlass is in the centre of the chasm; and it is by means of this windlass that the metalliferous substance is raised to the surface in square wooden boxes. Here the dressing of the ores commences; boys cluster in all directions, under the wooden shed, and in other sheds beyond that. Here the ores are picked and sorted, washed and sieved, and, we believe, crushed or pulverized, according to the amount of metal contained in them, till they are in a fit state for the smelting furnace. We are not admitted to a minute inspection of these processes; but, under the direction of our guide, turn toward the mouth of the pit which we are to descend. Ere we leave the shed, we pick out a small block of ore as a memorial of the visit, and are astonished at its weight; bright yellow, and dull lead-colored crystals gleam over its surface; and a portion of the gneiss, from which it has been broken, still adheres to it.

We follow our guide across a dusty space toward a wooden building with a conical roof; and, as we approach it, we become conscious of rather than hear, the sweet, melancholy sound of a bell, which, at minute intervals, tones dreamily through the air. Whence comes that sad sound? In the centre of the shed is a square box, open at the top; and immediately over hangs the small bell: thence comes the silvery voice.

"For what purpose is this bell?" we inquire of our guide.

"It is the bell of safety."

"Does it sound a warning?"

"No, the reverse; its silence gives the warning. The bell is acted upon by a large water-wheel, immediately below the surface. By means of this wheel, and others at greater depths, the whole drainage of this mine is effected. If, by any means, these water-wheels should cease to act, the bell would cease to sound, and the miners would hasten to the day, for no man could tell how soon his working might be flooded."

"And can it be heard throughout the mine?"

"Through this portion of it. Probably the water acts as a conductor of the sound; but the miners listen earnestly for its minute tolling."

Toll on, thou messenger of comfort! May thy voice ever tell of safety to the haggard toiler, deep in the earth!

Our guide now directs us to attire ourselves in the garments disgorged from the portentous-looking bundle. They consist of a pair of black calico trowsers, a dark, lapelled coat, a leathern semi-circular apron, buckled on behind—the strap of which serves to hook a small lantern on in front—and a terrible brimless felt hat, which we feel to be a curse the moment we put it on, and which we never cease to anathematize, up

to the instant when we take it off. These habiliments, being drawn over our ordinary clothing, do not facilitate our motions, or help to keep us in so cool a state as might be desirable.

Over the edge of the square box, and down a stone staircase cut through the solid granite, we follow our guide. We pause on the first few steps, and are just able to distinguish the huge, broad water-wheel, slowly revolving in its stony chamber: its spokes, like giant arms, sweep through the wet darkness with scarcely a sound, but a low dripping and gurgling of water. That terrible staircase! dark and steep and slimy! Water drips from its roof and oozes from its walls. It is so low, that instead of bending forward as the body naturally does when in the act of descent, we are compelled to throw our heads back at the risk of dislocating our necks, in order that the detestable hat may not be driven over our eyes by coming in contact with the roof. Down, down the slippery steps; feeling our way along slimy walls; through the dense gloom, and heavy, moist air! The way seems to wave and bend we scarcely know how; sometimes we traverse level galleries, but they only lead us again to the steep, clammy steps, cut through the tough rock, always at the same acute angle. Down, down, six hundred feet! and our guide whispers to us to be careful how we go, for we are in a dangerous place; he has brought us to this portion of the mine to show us how the water accumulates when undisturbed.

The vein of ore has, in this part, ceased to yield a profit for the necessary labor, and the works have been abandoned. We creep breathlessly down until our guide bids us halt; and, holding out his lantern at arm's length, but half reveals, in the pitchy darkness, a low-roofed cavern, floored by an inky lake of still dead water; in which we see the light of the lantern reflected as in a mirror. It is fearful to look on—so black and motionless: a sluggish pool, thick and treacherous, which seemingly would engulf us, without so much as a wave or a bubble; and we are within a foot of its surface! We draw involuntarily back, and creep up the steep stair to the first level above us.

Along a narrow gallery we proceed for a short space, and then down again; still down the interminable steps, till our knees crack with the ever uniform motion, and the hot perspiration streams from every pore. The air is so thick and heavy, that we occasionally draw breath with a half gasp; and still we descend, till we hear the muffled ring of steel, tink, tink, tink, immediately near us, and are suddenly arrested in our downward course by the level ground.

We are in a narrow gallery, considerably loftier than any we have yet seen; for we can walk about in it without stooping. At the further end are two miners, just distinguishable by the tiny glow of their lanterns. From these proceed the ring of steel—the muffled tinkling in the thick air we had heard—and we see that they are preparing for a "blast." With a long steel rod, or chisel, they are driving a way into the

hard rock (geologists say there is little else in the Erzgebirge than the primitive gneiss and granite), and thus prepare a deep narrow chamber, within which a charge of gunpowder is placed and exploded. The hard material is rent into a thousand pieces, bringing with it the ore so indefatigably sought.

With every limb strained and distorted, the miners pursue their cramping labors, groveling on the earth. The drilling or boring they are engaged in is a slow process, and the choice of a spot, so that the explosion may loosen as much of the lode and as little of the rock as possible, is of considerable importance. They cease their labors as we enter, and turn to look at us. The curse of wealth-digging is upon them. They, in their stained and disordered costume, seated on the ground on their semi-circular leathern aprons (for that is the obvious use of this portion of the dress, in those moist regions); we, in our borrowed garments and brimless beavers, with flushed features and dripping hair. The miners do not wear the abominable hats, at least "beneath the day," that is, in the mines.

"Is this the bottom of the mine?" we inquire anxiously.

The guide smiles grimly as he answers, "We are little more than half-way to the bottom; but we can descend no deeper in this direction."

Heaven knows we have no desire!

"This is the first working," he continues. "The rest of the mine is much the same as you have already seen. We have no other means of reaching the workings than by the stone staircases you have partly descended."

"What are the miners' hours of work?"

"Eight hours a day for five days in the week at this depth," is the answer. "In the deeper workings the hours are fewer."

"What is the extent of the mine?" we demand.

"I can not tell. There is no miner living who has traversed them all. The greater portion is out of work, and spreads for miles underground."

"And the depth?"

"About two hundred fathoms—twelve hundred feet—the sea level. The 'Old Hope of God' is sixty feet below the level of the sea."

"Are there many mines like this?"

"There are about two hundred mines in all, with five hundred and forty pits: in all the mines together there are some four thousand eight hundred hands, men and boys. This mine occupies nine hundred of them."

"And your pay?"

"One dollar a week is good wage with us."

One dollar is about three shillings of English money! This seems small pay, even in cheap Saxony.

"But," we pursue our inquiries, "you have no short time, and are pensioned!—at least, so says our *Fahrschein*."

"We are paid our wages during sickness, and are never out of work. When we can no longer use the pick, nor climb these staircases, we can

retire upon our pension of eight silver groschens a week."

Tenpence! Magnificent independence! This is digging for silver with a vengeance.

But we are faint with fatigue; and, bidding adieu to the two miners, we gladly agree to our guide's suggestion of ascending to the happy daylight. Our way is still the same; although we mount by another shaft, most appropriately named *Himmelfahrt*—the path of heaven; but we clamber up the same steep steps; feel our way along the same slimy walls, and occasionally drive our hats over our eyes against the same low, dripping roof. With scarcely a dry thread about us; our hair matted and dripping; beads of perspiration streaming down our faces, we reach the top at last; and thank heaven, that after two hours' absence deep down among those terrible "diggings," we are permitted once more to feel the bracing air, and to look upon the glorious light of day.

Our labors, however, are not over. Distant rather more than an English mile from *Himmelsfürst*, are the extensive amalgamation works, the smelting furnaces, and refining ovens. Painfully fatigued as we are, we can not resist the temptation of paying them a brief visit. The road is dusty and desolate; nor are the works themselves either striking or attractive. An irregular mass of sheds, brick buildings, and tall chimneys, present themselves. As we approach them we come upon a "sludge hole;"—the bed of a stream running from the dredging and jigging works; where, by the agency of water, the ore is relieved of its earthy and other waste matter, and the stream of water—allowed to run off in separate channels—deposits, as it flows, the smaller particles washed away in the process. These are all carefully collected, and the veriest atom of silver or lead extracted. It is only the coarser ores that undergo this process: the richer deposits being pulverized and smelted, with white or charred wood and fluxes, without the application of water, and refined by amalgamation with quicksilver. The two metals are afterward separated by distilling off the latter.

Here are heaps of scoria—stacks of pig-lead, wood, coke, limestone, and waste earth, every thing indeed but silver; although we are emphatically in a silver mining district, silver is by no means the material which presents itself in the greatest bulk. Having placed ourselves under the direction of one of the workmen, we are led into some newly built brick buildings, where force-pumps and other water appliances, erected at great cost by the Saxon government, are gratefully pointed out to us. These water-works are equally applicable to the extinction of fire, as to the preparation of ores.

Into what an incomprehensible maze of words should we be betrayed, were we to attempt a description of the multifarious operations for the extraction and refining of metals! Every description of ore, or metalliferous deposit, requires a different treatment: each suggested and verified by laborious experience, and vigilant attention.

In some cases the pure silver is separated by mechanical means; in others the ore is roasted, in order to throw off the sulphur, arsenic, and other volatile matters, which are separately collected, and form no inconsiderable portion of the valuable produce of the mine. These roastings again are smelted with a variety of fluxes, and in different states of purification; until they are ready for refining.

Here are roasting furnaces, dull and black; huge brick tubes with swollen ends; others built in, and ready for ignition. Every where we see pigs of lead, sometimes lying about in reckless confusion, at others, neatly packed in square stacks. Now they bring us to a huge circular oven, with at least half-a-dozen firmly closed iron doors, and as many glowing caves; and a swarthy man, armed with an iron rake, swinging open one of the iron doors with a ring and a clatter, we look in upon a small lake of molten silver, fuming, and steaming, and bubbling. The iron rake is thrust in, and scrapes off the crumbling crust—the oxide of lead, which has formed upon its surface. The silver fumes and flashes, and a white vapor swims in the air. The swarthy man swings the iron door to with a clang, takes us by the arm, and bids us look through into a dark cavity, and watch the white drops which fall at intervals like tiny stars from above. This is the quicksilver evaporated from the heated silver in the furnace, which passes through the chimney into a kind of still, and is restored to its original condition.

And what is the result of all this skill and labor? We find that the average produce of the Saxon mines is from three to four ounces of silver to the hundred pounds' weight of ore; and that the mines about Freiberg yield annually nearly four hundred and fifty thousand ounces of silver. We find further that the total mines of the Erzgebirg-Kreis—"circle of ore mountains"—of which those of Freiberg form a portion, produce a total of seven hundred and twenty thousand ounces of silver every year; besides from four hundred to five hundred tons of lead, one hundred and forty tons of tin, about thirty tons of copper, from three thousand five hundred to four thousand tons of iron, and six hundred tons of cobalt. They are rich also in arsenic, brimstone, and vitriol, and contain, in no inconsiderable quantities, quicksilver, antimony, calamites, bismuth, and manganese. Even precious stones are not wanting; garnets, topazes, tourmalines, amethysts, beryls, jaspers, and chalcodones having been found.

A shrewd old workman tells us with a proud satisfaction, that when Napoleon's power was crushed, and Saxony had to pay the penalty of her adhesion to the French conqueror, in the shape of various parings and loppings of her already narrow territories—that Prussia gloated with greedy eyes, and half stretched out an eager hand to grasp the Erzgebirge, and their mineral riches. "*Aber*," exclaims he, with a chuckle, "*die sind noch Sächsische, Gott sey Dank!*"—"But they are still Saxon, thanks be to God!"

All things considered (the Australian diggings included), we came to the conclusion, from our small experience of Saxon mines, that there are more profitable, and even more agreeable occupations in the world than mining—pleasanter ways, in short, of getting a living than digging for silver in Saxony, or even for gold in Australia.

THE POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT.

A COUNTRY town is not a very hopeful arena for the exercise of the portrait-painter's art. Supposing an artist to acquire a local celebrity in such a region, he may paint the faces of one generation, and then, haply finding a casual job once a year or so, may sit down and count the hours till another generation rises up and supplies him with a second run of work. In a measure, the portrait-painter must be a rolling-stone, or he will gather no moss. So thought Mr. Conrad Merlus, as he packed up his property, and prepared to take himself off from the town of C——, in Wiltshire, to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where the sun might be disposed to shine upon portrait-painting, and where he might manage to make hay the while. Conrad was a native of C——. In that congenial spot he had first pursued the study of his art, cheered by the praises of the good folks around him, and supported by their demands upon his talents. While, in a certain fashion, he had kept the spirit of art alive in the place, the spirit of art, in return, had kept him alive. But now all the work was done for a long time to come; every family had its great portraits, and would want him no more yet awhile; and Conrad saw, that if he could not turn his hand to something else, and in place of pencils and brushes, work with last, spade, needle or quill, make shoes, coats, till the ground, or cast up accounts, he should shortly be hardly put to it to keep himself going. He had made and saved a pretty tolerable little purse during his short season of patronage, and determined to turn that to account in seeking, in other places, a continuation of commissions. His father and mother were both dead, and, so far as he knew, he had no near relative alive. Therefore, there were no ties, save those of association, to bind him to his native place—"No ties," sighed Conrad, "no ties at all."

It was Monday evening, and the next day, Tuesday, was to behold his departure. His rent was paid, his traps were all packed up in readiness, and he had nothing to think about, saving whither he should proceed. He walked out, for the last time, into the little garden behind the modest house in which he had dwelt, pensive and somewhat *triste*; for one can not, without sorrowful emotions of some sort, leave, perhaps for ever, a spot in which the stream of life has flowed peacefully and pleasantly for many years, and where many little enjoyments, successes, and triumphs have been experienced. Even a Crusoe can not depart from his desolate island without a pang, although he goes, after years of miserable solitude, to rejoin the human family. It was

the month of August, and the glory of the summer was becoming mellowed and softened. The nights were gradually growing longer and the days shorter, the reapers were in the harvest-fields, the woods and groves were beginning to show the autumn tint, the sun sank behind the hills earlier and earlier day by day, and the broad harvest-moon reigned throughout the sweet and fragrant nights. Conrad felt the influence of the season, and though he had for some time, contemplated his departure from his home with all the cheerfulness which the spirit of adventure imparts to young men, he now, as the time arrived, felt inclined to weep over the separation. He was indulging in reveries of a mournful complexion, when he observed his landlady leave the house, and, entering the garden, bustle toward him in a great hurry. Assured by the manner of the worthy old lady that he was wanted, and urgently, by some one or other, he rose from the rustic seat on which he had been sitting, and went to meet her. A gentleman had called to see him, in a phaeton, and was waiting in the parlor in a state of impatience and excitement which Mrs. Farrel had never seen the like of. Wondering who the visitor could be, Conrad hastened into the parlor. He found there an elderly individual of gentlemanly appearance, who was walking to and fro restlessly, and whose countenance and demeanor bore affecting evidences of agitation and sorrow. He approached Conrad quickly.

"You are a portrait-painter, Mr. Merlus?"

"Yes, sir."

"The only one, I believe, in this neighborhood?"

"Yes."

"I am anxious," continued the gentleman, speaking in a low tone, and with a tremulous earnestness that rendered his speech peculiarly emphatic—"I am anxious to have painted the portrait of one who is—who was—very dear to me, immediately—*immediately*, for a few hours may make such a performance impossible. May I beg that you will submit to some sacrifice of convenience—that you will be good enough to set aside your arrangements for a day or two to execute this work? Do so, and you shall find that you have lost nothing."

"Without entertaining any consideration of that sort, sir," answered Conrad, deeply touched by the manner of his visitor, which betokened recent and heavy affliction, "My best abilities, such as they are, are immediately at your service."

"Many thanks," answered the gentleman, pressing his hand warmly. "Had you declined I know not what I should have done; for there is no other of the profession in this neighborhood, and there is no time to seek further. Come; for Heaven's sake, let us hasten!"

Conrad immediately gave the necessary intimation to his landlady; his easel, pallet, and painting-box were quickly placed in the phaeton; the gentleman and himself took their places inside; and the coachman drove off at

as great a pace as a pair of good horses could command.

Twilight was deepening into dusk when, after a silent and rapid ride of some ten miles, the phaeton stopped before the gates of a park-like demesne. The coachman shouted; when a lad, who appeared to have been waiting near the spot, ran and opened the gates, and they resumed their way through a beautiful drive—the carefully-kept sward, the venerable trees, and the light and elegant ha-ha's on either side, testifying that they were within the boundaries of an estate of some pretensions. Half a mile brought them to the portal of a sombre and venerable mansion, which rose up darkly and majestically in front of an extensive plantation of forest-like appearance. Facing it was a large, level lawn, having in the centre the pedestal and sun-dial so frequently found in such situations.

A footman in livery came forth, and taking Conrad's easel and apparatus, carried them into the house. The young artist, who had always lived and moved among humble people, was surprised and abashed to find himself suddenly brought into contact with wealth and its accompaniments, and began to fear that more might be expected of him than he would be able to accomplish. The occasion must be urgent indeed, thought he, nervously, which should induce wealthy people to have recourse to him—a poor, self-taught, obscure artist—merely because he happened to be the nearest at hand. However, to draw back was impossible; and although grief is always repellent, there was still an amount of kindness and consideration in the demeanor of his new employer that reassured him. Besides, he knew that, let his painting be as crude and amateur-like as any one might please to consider it, he had still the undoubted talent of being able to catch a likeness—indeed his ability to do this had never once failed him. This reflection gave him some consolation, and he resolved to undertake courageously whatever was required of him, and do his best.

When they had entered the house, the door was softly closed, and the gentleman, whose name we may here mention was Harrenburn, conducted Conrad across the hall, and up-stairs to an apartment on the second story, having a southern aspect. The proportions of the house were noble. The wide entrance-hall was boldly tessellated with white and black marble; the staircase was large enough for a procession of giants; the broad oaken stairs were partly covered with a thick, rich carpet; fine pictures, in handsome frames, decorated the walls; and whenever they happened in their ascent to pass an opened door, Conrad could see that the room within was superbly furnished. To the poor painter, these evidences of opulence and taste seemed to have something of the fabulous about them. The house was good enough for a monarch; and to find a private gentleman of neither rank nor title living in such splendor, was what he should never have expected. Mr. Harrenburn placed his finger on his lips, as he opened the

door of the chamber already indicated; Conrad followed him in with stealthy steps and suppressed breath. The room was closely curtained, and a couple of night-lights shed their feeble and uncertain rays upon the objects within it. The height of the apartment, and the absorbing complexion of the dark oaken wainscot, here and there concealed by falls of tapestry, served to render such an illumination extremely inefficient. But Conrad knew that this must be the chamber of death, even before he was able to distinguish that an apparently light and youthful figure lay stretched upon the bed—still, motionless, impassive, as death alone can be. Two women, dressed in dark habiliments—lately nurses of the sick, now watchers over the dead—rose from their seats, and retired silently to a distant corner of the room as Mr. Harrenburn and Conrad entered. Where does the poor heart suffer as it does in the chamber of the dead, where lies as in this instance, the corpse of a beloved daughter? A hundred objects, little thought of heretofore, present themselves, and by association with the lost one, assume a power over the survivor. The casual objects of everyday life rise up and seize a place in the fancy and memory, and become invested with deep, passionate interest, as relics of the departed. There is the dress which lately so well became her; there the little shoes in which she stepped so lightly and gracefully; there the book which she was reading only yesterday, the satin ribbon still between the pages at which she had arrived when she laid it down forever; there the cup from which she drank but a few hours back; there the toilet, with all its little knick-knacks, and the glass which so often mirrored her sweet face.

Thus Conrad instinctively interpreted the glances which Mr. Harrenburn directed at the objects around him. The bereaved father standing motionless, regarded one thing and then another with a sort of absent attention, which, under other circumstances, would have appeared like imbecility or loss of self-command, but now was full of a deeply-touching significance, which roused the sympathies of the young painter more powerfully than the finest eloquence could have done. He seemed at first to shun the bed, as if the object lying there were too powerful a source of grief to bear—seemed to be anxious to discover in some minor souvenirs of sorrow a preparatory step, which should enable him to approach with seemly and rational composure the mute wreck of his beloved child—the cast-shell of the spirit which had been the pride and joy, the hope and comfort of his life. But presently he succeeded in mastering this sensibility, and approaching the bed, motioned Conrad to follow him. He gently drew aside the curtain which had concealed the face of the figure that was lying there. Conrad started. Could that be death? That hair, so freshly black and glossy; those slightly-parted lips, on which the light of fancy still seemed to play; the teeth within, so white and healthy looking; the small, well-shapen hand and arm, so listlessly laid along the pillow; could

these be ready for the grave? It seemed so much like sleep, and so little like death, that Conrad, who had never looked upon the dead before, was amazed. When he saw the eyes, however, visible betwixt the partly-opened lids, his skepticism vanished. The cold, glazed, fixed unmeaningness of them chilled and frightened him—they did really speak of the tomb.

“My daughter,” said Mr. Harrenburn, to whose tone the effort of self-command now communicated a grave and cold severity. “She died at four this afternoon, after a very short illness—only in her twentieth year. I wish to have her represented exactly as she lies now. From the window there, in the daytime, a strong light is thrown upon this spot; so that I do not think it will be needful to make any new disposition either of the bed or its poor burden. Your easel and other matters shall be brought here during the night. I will rouse you at five in the morning, and you will then, if you please, use your utmost expedition.”

Conrad promised to do all he could to accomplish the desire of the afflicted parent, and after the latter had approached the bed, leaned over it, and kissed the cold lips of his child, they left the room to the dead and its silent watchers.

After a solemn and memorable evening, Conrad was shown to his bedroom, and there dreamed through the livelong night—now, that he was riding at frightful speed through woods and wilds with Mr. Harrenburn, hurrying with breathless haste to avert some catastrophe that was about to happen somewhere to some one; now, that he was intently painting a picture of the corpse of a beautiful young lady—terribly oppressed by nervousness, and a fretful sense of incapacity most injurious to the success of his labors—when suddenly, O horror! he beheld the body move, then rise, in a frightful and unnatural manner, stark upright, and with opened lips, but rigidly-clenched teeth, utter shriek upon shriek as it waved its white arms, and tore its streaming hair; then that his landlady, Mrs. Farrell, came up to him, as he crouched weeping and trembling by, and bade him be comforted, for that they who were accustomed to watch by the dead often beheld such scenes; then that Mr. Harrenburn suddenly entered the room, and sternly reproached him for not proceeding with his work, when, on looking toward the bed, they perceived that the corpse was gone, and was nowhere to be seen, upon which Mr. Harrenburn, with a wild cry, laid hands upon him, as if to slay him on the spot.

“You do not sleep well.” A hand was gently laid upon his shoulder; a kind voice sounded in his ear: he opened his eyes; Mr. Harrenburn was standing at his bedside. “You have not slept well, I regret to find. I have knocked at your door several times, but, receiving no reply, ventured to enter. I have relieved you from an unpleasant dream, I think.”

Conrad, somewhat embarrassed by the combined influence of the nightmare, and being awakened suddenly by a stranger in a strange

place, informed his host that he always dreamed unpleasantly when he slept too long, and was sorry that he had given so much trouble.

"It is some minutes past five o'clock," said Mr. Harrenburn. "Tea and coffee will be waiting for you by the time you are dressed: doubtless, breakfast will restore you, and put you in order for your work; for really you have been dreaming in a manner which appeared very painful, whatever the experience might have been."

Conrad rose, dressed, breakfasted, and did undoubtedly feel much more comfortable and light-hearted than during the night. He was shortly conducted to the chamber in which he had received so many powerful impressions on the preceding evening, and forthwith commenced the task he had engaged to perform. Conrad was by no means a young man of a romantic or sentimental turn, but it is not to be wondered at, that his present occupation should produce a deep effect upon his mind. The form and features he was now endeavoring to portray were certainly the most beautiful he had as yet exercised his art upon—indeed, without exception, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. The melancholy spectacle of youth cut off in the first glow of life's brightest season, and when surrounded by every thing that wealth and education can contribute toward rendering existence brilliant and delightful, can never fail to excite deep and solemn emotion. As the artist labored to give a faithful representation of the sweetly serene face, the raven hair, the marble forehead, the delicately arched brow, the exquisitely formed nose and mouth, and thought how well such noble beauty seemed to suit one who was fit to die—a pure, spotless, bright being—he had more than once to pause in his work while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Few experiences chasten the heart so powerfully as the sight of the early dead; those who live among us a short while, happy and good, loving and beloved, and then are suddenly taken away, ere the rough journey of life is well begun, leaving us to travel on through the perilous and difficult world by ourselves; no more sweet words for us, no more songs, no more companionship, no more loving counsel and assistance—nothing now, save the remembrance of beauty and purity departed. How potent is that remembrance against the assaults of evil thoughts! How impressive the thought of virtue in the shroud!

With one or two necessary intervals, Conrad worked throughout the day, and until the declining light warned him to desist. The next morning he resumed his pallet, and in about four or five hours brought his task to a conclusion, taking, in addition to the painting he was commissioned to make, a small crayon sketch for himself. It was his wish to preserve some memento of what he regarded as the most remarkable of his experiences, and likewise to possess a "counterfeit presentment" of a face the beauty of which he had never seen equaled. Mr. Har-

renburn expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which Conrad had acquitted himself—he only saw the painting, of course—and taking him into his study, bade him persevere in his art, and paid him fifty guineas; a sum which almost bereft the young man of his senses, it seemed so vast and came so unexpectedly, after all his misgivings, especially in the presence of one who, to judge from the taste he had exhibited in his collection, must be no ordinary connoisseur.

It is difficult to describe the remarkable influence which this adventure exercised upon the young artist. His susceptible mind received an impression from this single association with a scene of death on the one hand, and an appreciating patron on the other, which affected the whole of his future life. He returned to C——, bade adieu to his landlady and friends, and, placing himself and his luggage upon the London coach, proceeded to the metropolis. Here, after looking about him for some time, and taking pains to study the various masters in his art, he made a respectful application to one who stood among the highest in repute, and whose works had pleased his own taste and fancy better than any he had seen. After much earnest pleading, and offering very nearly all the little wealth he possessed, he was accepted as a pupil, to receive a course of ten lessons. With great assiduity he followed the instructions of the master, and learned the mysteries of coloring, and a great number of artistic niceties, all tending to advance him toward perfection of execution. He was really possessed of natural talents of a high order, and in the development of these he now evinced great acuteness, as well as industry. His master, an artist who had made a reputation years before, and who had won high patronage, and earned for himself a large fortune, thus being beyond the reach of any feelings of professional jealousy, was much delighted with Conrad's progress, was proud to have discovered and taught an artist of really superior talent; and generously returning to him the money he had lately received with so much mistrust and even nausea—for a raw pupil is the horror of *cognoscenti*—he forthwith established him as his protégé. Thanks to his introduction, Conrad shortly received a commission of importance, and had the honor of painting the portrait of one of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy. He exerted all his powers in the work, and was rewarded with success; the portrait caused some sensation, and was regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Thus auspiciously wooed, Fortune opened her arms, and gave him a place among her own favored children. The first success was succeeded by others, commission followed commission; and, to be brief, after four years of incessant engagements and unwearied industry, he found himself owner of a high reputation and a moderate independence.

During all this time, and throughout the dazzling progress of his fortunes, the crayon sketch

of poor Miss Harrenburn was preserved and prized and carried wherever he went, with never-failing care and solicitude. Sanctified by indelible associations, it was to him a sacred amulet—a charm against evil thoughts, a stimulant to virtue and purity—this picture of the young lady lying dead, gone gently to the last account in the midst of her beauty and untainted goodness. Its influence made him a pure-minded, humble, kind, and charitable man. Living quietly and frugally, he constantly devoted a large proportion of his extensive earnings to the relief of the miseries of the unfortunate; and such traits did not pass without due recognition: few who knew him spoke of his great talents without bearing testimony to the beauty of his moral character.

But every thing may be carried to excess; even the best feelings may be cherished to an inordinate degree. Many of the noblest characters the world has produced have overreached their intentions, and sunk into fanaticism. Conrad, in the fourth year of his success, was fast merging from a purist into an ascetic; he began to weary of the world, and to desire to live apart from it, employing his life, and the fortune he had already accumulated, solely in works of charity and beneficence. While in this state of mind he determined to proceed on a continental tour. After spending some time in France, where many a *Hôtel Dieu* was benefited by his bounty, he traveled into Switzerland. At Chamouni, he made a stay of some days, residing in the cottage of an herbalist named Wegner, in preference to using the hotels so well known to tourists.

One evening, he had walked some distance along the road toward Mont Blanc, and, in a tranquil and contemplative mood, had paused to watch the various effects of sunset. He leaned against a tree by the road-side, at the corner of a path which led from the highway to a private residence. Again it was August, exactly four years since he had quitted C—, exactly four years since the most singular event of his life had occurred. He took from his breast the little crayon sketch, carefully preserved in a black morocco-case, and, amid the most beautiful scenery in the world, gave way to a reverie in which the past blended with the future—his thoughts roaming from the heavenly beauty of the death-bed scene to the austere sanctity of St. Bernard or La Trappe. Strange fancies for one who had barely completed his twenty-seventh year, and who was in the heyday of fame and fortune! Suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Conrad hastily closed the morocco-case, replaced it in his breast, and was preparing to continue his walk, when an elegant female figure abruptly emerged from the by-path; and the features turned fully toward him—O Heavens!—who could mistake? The very same he had painted!—the same which had dwelt in his heart for years! The shock was too tremendous: without a sigh or exclamation, Conrad fell senseless to the ground.

When he revived, he found himself lying upon a sofa in a well-furnished chamber, with the well-remembered form and features of Mr. Harrenburn bending over him. It seemed as if the whole course of the last four years had been a long dream—that Mr. Harrenburn, in fact, was rousing him to perform the task for which he had sought him out at C—. For a while Conrad was dreadfully bewildered.

"I can readily comprehend this alarm and amazement," said his host, holding Conrad's hand, and shaking it as if it were that of an old friend, newly and unexpectedly met. "But be comforted, you have not seen a spirit, but a living being, who, after undergoing a terrible and perilous crisis four years ago, awoke from her death-sleep to heal her father's breaking heart, and has since been his pride and joy as of yore—her health completely restored, and her heart and mind as light and bright as ever."

"Indeed!—indeed!" gasped Conrad.

"Yes," continued Mr. Harrenburn, whose countenance, Conrad observed, wore an appearance very different from that which affliction had imparted to it four years previously. "The form on the bed which your pencil imitated so well, remained so completely unchanged, that my heart began to tremble with a new agony. I summoned an eminent physician the very day on which you completed the sad portrait, and, detailing the particulars of her case, besought him to study it, hoping—I hardly dared to confess what. God bless him! he did study the case: he warned me to delay interment; and, three days after, my daughter opened her eyes and spoke. She had been entranced, catalepted, no more—though, had it not been for this stubborn unbelief of a father's heart, she had been entombed! But it harrows me to think of this! Are you better now, and quite reassured as to the object of your alarm? I have watched your career with strong interest since that time, my young friend, and let me congratulate you on your success—a success which has by no means surprised me, although I never beheld more than one of your performances."

Mr. Harrenburn had passed the summer, with his daughter, at Chamouni, in a small but convenient and beautifully situated château. He intended to return to England in a few weeks, and invited Conrad to spend the interim with him—an invitation which the latter accepted with much internal agitation. For three weeks he lived in the same house, walked in the same paths, with the youthful saint of his reveries—heard her voice, marked her thoughts, observed her conduct, and found with rapture that his ideal was living indeed.

After a sequence, which the reader may easily picture to himself, Conrad Merlus and Julia Harrenburn were married. Among the prized relics at Harrenburn House, in Wiltshire, where he and his wife are living, are the "posthumous" portrait and the crayon sketch; and these, I suppose, will be preserved as heirlooms in the family archives.

EXAGGERATION.

BY ELIZA COOK.

WE wonder what would be thought of a person who deliberately loaded and fired a forty-pounder to kill a bluebottle, or who begged the loan of a sack to carry home a pottle of strawberries in. What would be our opinion of any one who employed a sledge hammer to drive a tack, or who purchased a quarter of oats to fill a nose-bag; why, we should undoubtedly believe him to be in no state to make a will, and question the propriety of his going at large. Yet we find greater innovations of consistency committed every day as regards the purpose and meaning of language, without our conceiving any direct notion that the parties indulging in such, are fitting candidates for election at St. Luke's.

The habit of exaggeration in language is a characteristic in many people, which appears to us to afford a truer index of their general qualities than is ordinarily observed. A great depth in any faculty, or acute intensity of any feeling, is seldom possessed by those who invariably use the most imposing words they can find to express their opinions and sentiments. The stereotyped grandiloquence and florid warmth of tone used by them in discussing simple matters, or relating simple incidents, are, to our matter-of-fact organization, little beyond the flourishing of drum and trumpet, which upon close investigation is found to be the issue of sheepskin, brass, and common atmosphere. Some people's tongues are eternally emulating the frog in the old fable, and always straining into an ox—a state of verbal inflation alike ridiculous and false. There are those who never experience a moderate and occasional degree of pain, but they speak of it as a "splitting" headache, an "awful" spasm, or "dreadful" torture. If they meet with a slight incision of the skin, they have "cut their finger to the bone;" the application of a mustard poultice for five minutes, never fails to "flay them alive;" a common cold is mentioned seriously as a "most violent influenza;" and a week or two of fever is recorded as a "severe and frightful illness." The "superlative" is the reigning mood with them; skim milk becomes Devonshire cream, and small beer Guinness's stout; "superb," "exquisite," "wonderful," "glorious," "horrible," "tremendous," "delicious," "charming," "beautiful," "terrific," "astonishing," and such extreme adjectives, hang on their lips as plentifully as conjunctions, and we often wonder, while gauging the narrow calibre of brain whence the big torrent issues, how such large furniture could be found in such a small house. Let these people repeat a story or circumstance, and you can hardly detect the original, they see every thing through a magnifying glass and kaleidoscope blended. Talk of painting in veritable colors, the foreground and outlines, often given in mere words, beat the pre-Raphaelites by notches; a Dutch garden all tulips and peacocks, or a summer sunset all purple and gold, are soft and un-

imposing compared to the limning power of one of these fluent sign-painters.

We once kept account for a lady, during a three-miles' walk through rather sandy lanes, who declared herself "half dead" with fatigue every few minutes; and we found that she had died exactly eleven times and a half at the end of the journey, when she swallowed cider and sandwiches in a most vital fashion, considering her multiplied state of demise. We met a cottager's child, which she rushed up to and pronounced to be an "angelic little cherub;" but our near-sighted eyes could only perceive about as average a bread-and-butter-devouring little biped as ever plagued a mother: then she informed us that the view to the left was "grandly sublime," though there was nothing to elicit rapture beyond a broad common fringed with a plantation, barely relieved in the foreground with a very yellow pond, and still yellower goslings.

We chanced to tell this lady of a visit we had paid to the Porcelain Works at Worcester, and mentioned among other things, that a part of the materials used was ground animal bones; shortly afterward we were told that we must have made a mistake in our recital, for Mrs. H. had repeated our account, and impugned our veracity by declaring, that cups and saucers were made of ground human bones, and saying that we had assured her of the fact. We informed her one day that a marble figure just put up in a friend's hall was three hundred weight, and were laughed at soon after for having told Mrs. H. that it was three tons. We have never talked much to Mrs. H. since these florid mistakes.

An elderly gentleman amuses us very often, by his description of his only son. The young man, according to his papa's portraying, is an "immense genius,"—indeed his "mind is too much for his body;" his abilities are in fact so great, that they do not know what he is fit for; he "plays divinely," "sings exquisitely," and "possesses the poet's inspiration in a wonderful degree;" if he lives long enough he will "do something very grand;" and withal, he is "so delicate in constitution that he can hardly bear the wind to blow on him." These are the doting sire's own words, but we should, in giving a candid opinion of the youth, use less elevated language, and say that he is nothing more than a spruce fir, entered and labeled in his pa's grand conservatory as a cedar of Lebanon; and as for his "delicate constitution," it seems to stand pretty well under an unlimited amount of large dissipations and "small hours."

Now these people are but types of a class.

We meet with these inflated exaggerations in manifold shapes—from the Prime Minister to the pot-boy, from the political leader writer to the last-dying-speech-and-confession inditer, from the continentally-educated duchess to the A-B-C-less scullery-maid; there seems a natural tendency in many to verbal apoplexy, and we wonder some imaginations are not found dead in

their beds. Our public press teems with this exaggeration as much as our private parties. We should like to know how many "great national crises," how many "awful and eventful epochs," how many vergings on "desperate revolutions," and how many "most serious and fatal consequences to the country," have occurred in the newspaper columns during our recollection? Yet St. Paul's stands where it always did, and exiled royal foxes seek old England as the safest cover they can run into. We should like to know how many reviewers have held up the "coming genius of the age," and pointed attention to the "most distinguished writer in English literature;" how many volumes have been pronounced as "the finest work that has appeared for many years;" and yet we often come across some of these sterling productions in partnership with the trunk-maker's paste. We should like to have the sum total of domestic hyperboles, such as being "as hot as fire," "as black as a coal," being "delighted and charmed" to see a tenth-rate acquaintance, and being "deeply distressed" to hear that Mrs. Robinson's seventh child has fallen sick of too much pudding. What a census of illuminated "figures" we should have to wade through, and what outrageous fibs. We have no great objection to a respectable "white lie" now and then, such a judicious bit of coloring often gives valuable relief to a bit of domestic "Rembrandt," and dispels the gloom of a household "Salvator Rosa;" but we do not admire the silly and superfluous indulgence in lies that bear all the tints of the rainbow.

Not that we are advocates for drab-colored sermons or pale gray philosophy solely. We can enjoy the true-blue love-letter, and participate in the deep scarlet burst of enthusiasm, as much as any Parnassus-climbing idiot; but we certainly quarrel with the general mode of speech adopted by those who deal so widely in the big "words" of the dictionary, without attaching to those words the slightest portion of their *meanings*. The "flowers of rhetoric" are only acceptable when backed by the evergreens of Truth and Sense. The habit of exaggeration in language should be guarded against; it misleads the credulous and offends the perceptive; it imposes on us the society of a balloon, when a moderately-sized skull would fill the place much better; it begets much evil in promising what it can not perform, and we have often found the most glowing declarations of intended good service end in mere Irish vows. Those who, when we ask a favor, affirm they will do it, "cost what it may," and though they may have to "move heaven and earth," are never found by us to be so likely to confer it as a certain steady person we could name, who says he will "do it if he can." Strong exaggeration in every day language should be avoided, we think, as being mentally unhealthy, and conversationally wearying. A straightforward intention in speech is as grateful to associates as well ordered dress, and we feel as much doubt and dislike in talk-

ing to one who, with very inferior intellect, flings all sorts of loquacious yeast in our ears, as we should in grasping an unwashed, coarse hand, covered with paste rings. Now, kind reader, we have filled up the "hour before morn" with our pen-and-ink-dreaming, and if we express an earnest hope that it is for your amusement, pray don't accuse us of Exaggeration.

THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

THE Coffee Estate on which I resided as manager, was situated in one of the wildest and most beautiful districts of the island of Ceylon, elevated far above the burning lowlands, where fragrant spices and waving palms told of rich soils and balmy winds. Within a short walk of the lower boundary of my property was a small village, containing within itself the very pith and marrow of Cingalese society—a true type of the entire community of the island. Malwattie, which was its name, signifies literally, "a garden of flowers," and such in truth it was when I first visited it.

The village was principally made up of families generally poor enough, who derived their sole support from the produce of their patrimonial lands. In several instances the domestic arrangements of these people, with a view of keeping their little property from dwindling away by frequent subdivisions, were singular enough to an English mind. There were two or three households in which several brothers had but one wife among them; and, more singular still, they appeared to dwell together most harmoniously.

A picture of one of these groups is a portrait of them all. Poor to abject misery in all but rice and a few fine grains, these people are invariably landholders, some of them on an infinitesimally small scale. At times the family will be large, swelled by the addition of an aged grandfather or grandmother, or some such relation, and with, generally, a numerous progeny of all ages. Beyond the culture of their rice, of primary importance, the space that produces their few additional necessities, such as chillies, tobacco, and fine grain, is little enough. A few of them possessed one or two buffaloes; most of them had a caricature of a pig and a few scarecrows of fowls; but there was only one milch cow in the entire range of Malwattie.

It was truly astonishing to see how early the young children were put to tasks of strength. The boys were made to look after the buffaloes and the rice-fields, while the girls were set to weave mats, pound the rice from the husk, fetch water, and such work. Often have I seen a little delicate child, six or seven years of age, staggering up a tolerably steep path, with an infant placed astride across its little hip, and a huge earthen chattie of water on its head. Such early toil as this, equally early marriage, and generally poor and scanty diet, lead to one inevitable result—premature old age, and hastened death.

There was but one exception to the sameness of the population of Malwattie; it consisted of a

small household, not far from the foot of the hill near the Vihara, and closely adjoining the bullock-track or bridle-path leading past my estate from the high-road. Here, beneath a pretty tope of never-fading trees, where blossom, and fruit, and sweetest perfumes played their part all through the year, dwelt a blind old man and his pretty grand-daughter. Of their history I had gleaned but little, just sufficient to make me feel an interest in their welfare. The tiny hut they dwelt in was not more diminutive than neat: so clean, and white, and fresh within; without, all was beauty and order. Had a whole legion of mountain sylphs and wood nymphs been busily employed about the place all night long and every night, it could not have been kept in more perfect and picturesque neatness. The little fence around the cottage was so nicely trimmed; the garden in front so well swept and watered; the orange and lemon trees so carefully tended, and always so delighted to bear plenty of fruit for dear little Dochie to gather, that they didn't bend and droop with the heavy clusters of golden wealth as some trees would have done, but actually danced and leaped about in the morning and evening breezes, as though their burden were no burden, but a capital joke.

Pretty little Dochie, gentle little Dochie, was not more than ten years of age when I first made her acquaintance, one hot morning in the dry season. I caught her gathering some oleander blossoms and roses, and country jessamine, and thought I had never seen any thing half so lovely, barring her color. I reined in my pony and asked her for a draught of water; instead of looking alarmed, as most of her class do when thus accosted, she smiled good-naturedly, and tripped into the little cottage. I was off my nag and in the pretty flower-garden when she came out with a cocoa-nut shell of—not water, but, bless the dear child—foaming rich white goats' milk. I am not quite sure, but I rather think I must have kissed her as I returned her the homely flagon; at any rate, we became the best of friends, and it ended in Dochie taking me to see her old blind grandfather, who was busily working at a net of some sort, and then to inspect one of the neatest little farm-yards I had ever seen out of Old England. The whole place was a perfect miracle of industry and neatness, and I could not help asking how she managed to keep it so. It appeared that their neighbors assisted, at certain seasons, in working the garden, and bringing it into good order, and that the old man helped her to carry the water from the little bamboo spout, which the villagers had fixed for them to convey a supply from the hill stream at some distance, to the extremity of their property.

They appeared to be in want of nothing that could make them comfortable; as to money, they had little enough, their sole earnings being from the sale of her goats' milk, flowers, and fruit, to wayside travelers. She assured me, that when the pilgrims passed on their way to the sacred foot-print on Adam's Peak, she sold as many flowers and as much fruit as the garden could

produce, and enabled them to be quite extravagant in white cloths and handkerchiefs.

From that time forward, I never passed through Malwattie without a draught of fresh milk, and a little bouquet gathered by Dochie's own tiny hand. At length, it came to my dismounting regularly, and, in course of time, among other things we talked of, were books and knowledge. Her dark, bright eyes sparkled as I told her what wonders she might learn if she could but read English books. This strange art was now her sole thought, and one day she found courage to ask me how she could learn it. I hesitated, for I did not quite see how to help her; but when I offered to send her a book with the English alphabet, and moreover to teach her to read the letters, her joy was unbounded. In a few months my pupil had not only mastered the alphabet, but could spell small words, and knew several short sentences. Not content with this, I talked to her of religion, and explained the nature and history of Christianity, as well as my ability allowed me. I was not quite so successful here, but I was content to pave the way for future laborers, and rejoiced to find her always anxious for truth.

It was, I think, quite a year after my first acquaintance with Dochie, that one morning I alighted as usual, and was surprised to find my pupil absent, and in her place a young Cingalese man, evidently of the low country. My surprise was equaled by his own. In a minute after, Dochie came bounding in with eggs and milk, and some little light cakes just prepared for the stranger, who, I then perceived, had his arm bandaged, and altogether looked fatigued and ill. I did not remain long that day; and, learned, on retiring to mount my pony, that the stranger had sought refuge there very early that morning, having in vain begged through the village for a resting-place; he had been robbed and beaten during the previous night on some lonely track, and Dochie hesitated not one moment in welcoming him within their little dwelling; and, in her own singleness and purity of heart, acting the good Samaritan. I could but admire her kindness; and yet, mixed with admiration, was a feeling akin to jealousy. I wished that it had been my fate to have been robbed and beaten, if only for the pleasure of being tended by the gentle Dochie.

Again months rolled on, and the low-country stranger, and the robbers, were all forgotten. Changes had been, meanwhile, creeping over the face of the hitherto changeless Malwattie, and those not for the better. The worst of all innovations was the establishment of an arrack tavern in the very heart of the village. The Government, in its anxiety to add to its revenue, and increase its means of developing the resources of the country (I think that was what they termed it), had granted permission to the renter of the arrack licenses for the Kandyan country to establish a few score additional taverns, one of which novelties was located in Malwattie; and soon, where before had been quiet contentment, was

nothing but brawling riot. It is true the executive presented an antidote with the poison, by establishing a free school opposite the noisy tavern; but education stood small chance in competition with arrack, and for every new pupil at the desk, there was a brace of fresh drunkards. This led to an increase in the duties of the police, and soon after to a salary to the head-constable; crime was on the increase; law-suits were instituted; families at peace for several generations became deadly enemies; and, ere a year had elapsed since the introduction of the tavern, the whole social fabric of Malwattie was rent and disrupted into ugly masses.

My progress with the flower-girl's schooling was satisfactory, and I had, besides, the pleasure of finding her inclined to cast aside the superstitions of Buddha. In these tasks I was at this time aided by the teacher of the Government school, a Portuguese burgher, who seconded my efforts most zealously. The months flew rapidly past, and twice a week found me and Dochie seated beneath the shady foliage of a young orange-tree deep in our duties.

It was quite the end of the hot season, that I was compelled to leave my plantation and journey across the country to the opposite coast of the Indian peninsula, in search of Malabar laborers to secure the coming crop. I was absent nearly four months, and found myself, one cool pleasant day in September, riding homeward across the broad open prairie-lands adjoining Malwattie. The rich foliage of the jungle and the gardens shone as brightly as ever in the afternoon sun. The hill-streams rippled as pleasantly down their stony courses. Yet the village was no longer the spot I once knew it; brawling and angry words were easily met with; its old patriarchal peace and simplicity had departed from it. I rode on musingly, and at length pulled up in front of Dochie's little garden; I started in my saddle at observing that it also was changed, and so sadly changed. The friendly orange-tree, with its yellow fruit and its pleasant shade, was not there. The oleanders were drooping to the ground; some of the fence was torn down, and a vile black bullock, that I could have massacred on the spot, was cruelly browsing over the flower-beds. The door was closed; the shutters were fastened. I imagined all sorts of calamities to have happened, every thing, in short, but what was actually the case. I made one brief inspection of the now neglected place; then mounted my pony, and rode homeward, fearing lest some villager should break to me the tale of sorrow.

It was nearly evening when I rode up the winding path leading to my bungalow, oppressed with a feeling of I know not what. The old building stood, as it ever had done, quietly and humbly in the midst of the coffee-fields, but I saw at once there were some changes. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I saw, in the centre of the little grass-plot, facing my front verandah, some small flowering shrubs, and an orange-tree, so like the one I had missed from Dochie's garden, that I began to fancy I was

still down in the village, and that the little flower-girl was peeping at me from behind some of the coffee-bushes.

As I stood looking at the orange-tree, my servant placed in my hand a letter, traced in true native style on a dry leaf in Cingalese characters. It was from my pupil herself, and told me in a few simple sentences all that had occurred. I breathed more freely to find her alive. She was married, she said, to a young and rich Cingalese trader, a Christian and inhabitant of Colombo. She hoped shortly to be admitted a member of our church, and thanked me deeply for what I had done for her. The old blind man, her grandfather, was with them, and they were all happy. They trusted I should always be so. In my garden, she said, she had caused to be planted the orange-tree I had so often admired and sat under, with a few flowers from her garden. She prayed that, for many years to come, the tree would yield me plentiful crops of cool, refreshing fruit.

The reader will perhaps smile when I say that, after reading this note, I shed many tears, tears of real sorrow and pain. Heaven knows I wished the poor girl well and happy; but though I never could have looked on her other than as a gentle, innocent acquaintance, lovable for her simple purity, I felt her departure keenly. To the many dwellers in the thronged cities of the west, the loss of such a companion of my wild, lonely, jungle-life, may appear trivial enough; yet to me it was an event.

My servant told me what the little note had omitted. Dochie had been wooed and won with true Cingalese brevity, by the same young low-countryman who had been so kindly sheltered and tended by her, when robbed and beaten, as I have before told. He had been successful in trade, and had now a large store in Colombo.

It was long before I ventured again near Malwattie. To me it was no more a "garden of flowers," and least of all did I care to pass by the green fence and gate, where Dochie's pretty, smiling face had so often welcomed me. The place and the people were so changed that I soon became a stranger in the land.

THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN.

"SIR, I will have satisfaction!"

The words were uttered in a loud and angry tone by a military-looking personage in the saloon of one of our most respectable clubs, frequented by opulent merchants, country squires, bankers and lords, with a sprinkling of naval and military gentlemen.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction!" So saying, and buttoning up his military surtout with the air of a man who has determined on some desperate course, the offended hero vanished out of the room. He was immediately observed to mount a handsome phaeton, drawn by a pair of smart grays. His tiger leaped up behind, and the equipage drove off with a furious clatter up St. James's-street.

"Satisfaction!" of course every one within hearing knows the meaning of the words, when uttered by a "man of honor and a gentleman." In fashionable circles "satisfaction" means the chance of projecting an ounce of lead in the shape of a bullet into some offending friend's body; but the man of wounded honor is equally "satisfied" if his friend sends the bullet into his own head: and if his head resists it, then he may thank the thickness of his skull, rather than the soundness of his brains. Two men of honor fall out about the most trifling matter—perhaps, incensed with wine, begin to talk angrily—and one of them uses an offensive word; instantly the other calls for "satisfaction." The two "friends"—call them fools rather—come out in the cool gray of the next morning with two other "friends" equally foolish, and then, in some chalk-pit or ravine, each sets himself up as a target for the other. Two bullets instantly speed upon their fool's errand. They miss. Well! the two seconds step up—"interfere to prevent further hostilities"—declaring that their friends' "honor is satisfied"—and they march off to breakfast, thinking they have done some valiant feat; or, the balls hit their mark: one, if not both, lie on the grass; a bullet has lodged in the spine of one, and another bullet in the shoulder-joint of the other. Forth steps a wiry man with a box of implements, devised for the cutting out, extracting, or wrenching away of the little bullets from flesh and bone. Ah! with one of them it is too late; he lies on the grass, breathless, his lips apart, his eyes glazed;—he is dead: he has had his desire—"the satisfaction of a gentleman." The other, after submitting to the tortures of bullet extraction, is borne from the field on a litter, "satisfied:" he has "killed his man." Such is "honor" in the mouths of fools.

But we must return to our story:—Scarcely had the gentleman of wounded honor rushed out of the house, ere the friends of the other assembled round him to ask "What is the matter? And how did you fall out?"

"The matter," said the offending gentleman, who sat somewhat stupefied at the abrupt and threatening exit of his military friend; "why, the fellow is as irascible as a turkey-cock. We fell into a dispute about politics, about which he knows positively nothing. He became more and more insolent, and his arguments were at length so absurd, that I could not help bursting out laughing, and telling him he was a bullet-headed fool."

"Is that all?" said a city merchant; "why, every body knew that long ago!"

"Ay, but to tell him of it," said another; "I fear mischief will come of it."

A considerable damp seemed to have been thrown upon the spirits of all the company, and the circle gradually broke up. The gentleman who had been the cause of the explosion, at length rose and went home, not over-free from anxiety. He now regretted the use of the offensive word, and yet he felt that it had not been undeserved. Not being a military man—for he

was a banker in good business, and with extensive connections—he could scarcely divine what the other would do in reference to the "satisfaction" which he had spoken of; yet he had some unpleasant misgivings about the issue.

The banker was not left long in doubt. Next morning, after an anxious night, a thundering rat-tat came to his door. Immediately thereafter, a gentleman was admitted. The banker rose up to meet him, and recognized him for a military gentleman—in fact, the major of the other's corps.

"I have the honor," said he, "of waiting upon you at the instance of my friend, the Honorable Captain Sir Eustace Fitz-Giles; this letter will explain to you the object of my visit."

The banker opened the missive. It was written in a thunder-and-lightning hand, and smelt frightfully of gunpowder; in fact, there was no misunderstanding it.

"I will call upon the captain," said the banker. "I will do so at once."

"The usual mode in such matters, as you are aware, is to refer me to your friend."

"In good time, sir," answered the banker; "but first I would see the captain himself."

"Very well," said the major; "but the usual course in such matters—"

"Yes, yes!" said the banker; "I know: but I wish to see the captain himself."

"He will refer you to me," said the major.

"Very well! then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again;" and he bowed the major politely out.

The banker went straightway to the choleric captain. "Sir," said he to him, "I am not at all ashamed to confess myself in the wrong in having used toward you the expression which has given you offense. I beg to withdraw it, and I apologize for it with all my heart."

"Too late, sir, by Jove! too late," said the captain, twirling his mustache. "You must meet me, sir; nothing short of that will do. Had I knocked you down on the spot, an apology might have been accepted; but I did not knock you down, and your apology comes too late. I refer you to my friend, who is authorized by me to settle all necessary preliminaries. Name to him your time and place, and go home and settle your affairs."

The banker was thunderstruck. He considered with himself for a while. "Well, sir!" said he at length, "if it must be so, meet me to-morrow at two o'clock, in the large field north of ——— Lodge, in the ——— Road, with your friend and a pair of pistols."

"Enough, sir," said the brusque captain; and they parted.

The parties were on the ground at the time appointed. The captain was accompanied by his friend the major. The banker was attended by a gentleman in a suit of professional black—a very unmilitary and most civil-looking personage. As they approached, the major suddenly stepped before his principal, and addressing the banker's second, said—"It was perfectly under-

stood, sir, that pistols were to be the weapons employed on this occasion; but here, sir, if I mistake not, you bring a blunderbuss under your arm."

"I beg your pardon," said the other, drawing the instrument forth; "it is not a blunderbuss, but a telescope."

"And what, in heaven's name, is the meaning of this? I hope it is not meant as an additional insult to my principal?"

"Oh! by no means," said the banker, who proceeded to inform the major of his previous and present readiness to apologize, assuring him that he had intended no offense to his friend the captain, and that he was now anxious to explain. The apology was declined as before, and an explanation was demanded.

"In the first place," said the banker, "I earnestly beg that you, captain, will look through this telescope."

"What, sir, I!—Look through a telescope? By heavens, sir, what foolery is this?"

The banker's second claimed to be heard. "I insist," said he, "that this is most serious and important to my cli—to my friend."

"It is such a breach of all the customary forms," said the captain. "Such a proposal is quite intolerable."

"I regret," said the banker to the major, "that I should have to urge this request; but it is to me a most necessary preliminary. Will you, major, do me the favor to apply your eye to the telescope? I put it to you as a gentleman and officer, whether there is any offense in the request?"

"Nay, sir," said the major, "I do not say that; but it seems to me so absurd—so contrary to the established rules in such cases."

"Here, sir," said the banker, holding up the telescope, "place your eye to it for but one moment—there, in that direction!"

"Where!" said the major, carelessly applying his eye to the telescope. He looked for an instant. "Egad!" said he, "I see a very fine woman walking about on a grass-plot, with a little trot of a child in one hand, and two others pranking round her. But what, I should like to know, has this to do with the matter in hand?"

"Every thing," said the banker, with a serious face; "that lady, sir, is my wife. Those children are mine and hers: and we are all mutually attached."

"Pshaw!" said the captain; "what is that to me? You should have thought of this before."

"I know it is nothing to *you*, sir," said the banker, "as you have no wife or children. I believe I am correct in saying that you have no wife or children. Now then, I ask, *do* we meet on equal terms?"

"Why no, certainly not," said the major; "but it is too late to think of this on the very ground; it is quite informal—this discussion; it is really, quite, quite—;" and hereupon the major took a huge pinch of snuff to fill up his simile.

"I warned you to settle all your affairs," broke

in the captain, as if a sudden bright thought had occurred to him.

"True," said the banker, pointing to the distant family group, "but I could not settle them. I have settled every thing else." The banker's second now ventured to observe, that as the captain's second had admitted the parties about to contend were not on equal terms, they should be *made* equal, or as near as possibly so, before the actual commencement of hostilities; and he appealed to them to do this as "men of honor and gentlemen."

"Well, there is certainly a show of reason, and that sort of thing, in what you say," observed the major. "But how, in the name of goodness, is that to be effected?"

"Nothing easier," exclaimed the gentleman in black. "Your friend the captain has an independent income of fifteen hundred per annum, and no family; whereas the income of my friend—though he has some little property—mainly depends upon his own exertions: and he has a wife and three children. Now, if the captain should shoot him, he ought to make over five hundred a year to his family, and thus the parties would be upon equal terms."

"Putting affection out of the question," added the banker.

The major at this looked blank and puzzled; the captain *all* astonishment.

"It would only be putting down your handsome phaeton and pair," rejoined the banker's second, calmly.

"Oh, sir! ah! yes, indeed!" ejaculated the captain, reddening up to the ears.

"But supposing I acceded to this most irregular proceeding," said the major, "there is no time for it now, as I can not consent to withdraw my principal from the field without an exchange of shots."

"That is not at all necessary," said the banker. "This gentleman is my attorney." Whereat, on the instant, the little man in black whipped from beneath his coat a deed on parchment, ready filled up, and wanting nothing but the attachment of the signatures.

The captain and the major exchanged looks of blank rage. They saw that, in common parlance, it was "a sell;" and they began to storm.

"A most absurd proceeding!—mercenary proposal!" ejaculated the captain. "Put down my phaeton, indeed? Why, sir, this is beyond a joke."

"It is, indeed, a most serious matter, sirs," said the banker. "Do you think, sir, whether I would not be justified in considering it as something more than an 'absurd proceeding' and a pretty 'joke,' to be *put down* dead here, and leave my wife and children to penury? I know very well, sir, you are a rare shot, and can snuff a candle with a pistol bullet. That dexterity I can't pretend to, so in any case I run the greatest risk. Yet I am ready to pit my life against your phaeton and pair."

The major looked more perplexed than ever. The captain more foolish and puzzled.

"Again, gentlemen, if I should be killed, my wife and children will absolutely need the money; but if I kill the captain, his property is absolutely of no sort of use to him after his funeral expenses are paid. Nor is my proposal without precedent. Upon such occasions, men of refined honor and high courage have thought they could never do enough. When Best shot Lord Camelford, his lordship, on his deathbed, left his antagonist, who was in very poor circumstances, a handsome income, rejoicing, no doubt, that he had lived long enough to do such an act of magnanimity and finished honor. I never fired at a man as a mark in my life; I am sure to be shot. So you see my proposal is only a fair one; and as I make it to men of honor, I expect it to be acceded to."

"Oh, but!—yes, but!—you, sir!" exclaimed the captain. "Really," interrupted the major, biting his lips, "I really think, that, as men of finished honor, we must accede to the proposal."

The banker now flatly refused to fight on any other terms, putting it directly to the major as the most refined point of dueling honor that could be manifested on the occasion, till the two officers, though excessively provoked and annoyed, could no longer refuse their consent. The parchment was handed to them by the attorney, who saw it properly signed, and then the principals took their stand at fifteen paces distance.

The banker had the first fire. Not wishing to be banished his country, or get into prison, or be tried for manslaughter or murder, he took very good care to fire wide of his mark, and away flew his innocent ball, like a humming bird, across the fields.

Then came the captain's turn. "Now," whispered the major, "aim low; keep steady—now—you've got him."

"Got him!" stammered the captain, his face turning blue, and his jaws falling. "Got him! put down my pha—, pay five hundred a year for being called a bullet-headed fool, and so prove it. Will you pay the money if I hit him?"

Away sped the bullet: but of course it did not hit the banker, though it whistled rather too close past the lawyer's ear, who had forgotten to have a similar agreement for himself in case of accidents.

The antagonists then shook hands. The major withdrew the Honorable Captain Eustace Fitz-Giles from the field, declaring that "his honor was satisfied;" and the banker went home to his wife and children.

But it is not always that those "meetings of honor" so end.

A POSSIBLE EVENT.

OCCUPIED as most of us are with our respective worldly concerns, and accustomed to see the routine of common events going on smoothly from age to age, we are little apt to reflect on natural events of a tremendous character, which modern science shows might possibly happen, and that on any day of any year. We think of the land as a firm and solid thing

—as *terra firma*, in short—not recollecting that geology shows how it may rise or sink, so as to pass into new relations to the enveloping sea; how it may be raised for instance, to such an extent as to throw every port inland, or so far lowered as to submerge the richest and most populous regions. No doubt, the relations of sea and land have been much as they are during historical time; but it is at the same time past all doubt, that the last great geological event, in respect of most countries known, was a submergence which produced the marine alluvial deposits; and when we find that Scandinavia is slowly but steadily rising in some parts at this moment, and that a thousand miles of the west coast of South America rose four feet in a single night only thirty years ago, we can not feel quite assured, that the agencies which produced that submergence, and the subsequent re-emergence, are at an end. We likewise forget, in these cool districts of the earth, that we are not quite beyond the hazard of subterranean fire. There are numberless extinct volcanoes in both Britain and France; there are some on the banks of the Rhine; indeed, they are thick-sown every where. Now, an extinct volcano is not quite so safe a neighbor as many may suppose. Vesuvius was an extinct volcano from time immemorial till the year 63, when it suddenly broke out again, and soon after destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum; since which time it has never again subsided into an entire inactivity. Suppose Arthur's Seat, which is "within a mile of Edinburgh town," were to recommence business in like manner, we should like to know at how many years' purchase house property in that beautiful New Town would be selling next day. Yet what is there about an old volcano here more than an old volcano in Italy, to give assurance that its means of annoyance and destruction are absolutely extinguished?

There is, however, in the showings of science, a more serious danger than any of these. Comets were once regarded as most terrific objects, but only in a superstitious way, perplexing nations with fear of change, and shaking pestilence from their horrid hair. During an intermediate enlightened time, these notions passed away; and we have even come to think that such a visitant of our skies may exercise a beneficial influence. We at least recollect when old gentlemen, after dinner, brightened up at the mention of "claret 1811," merrily attributing the extraordinary merits of the liquor to the comet of that year. But comets, in the cool eye of modern science, are not without their terrors. Crossing as they often do the paths of the planets in their progress to and from the perihelia, it can not but be that they should now and then come in contact with one of these spheres. One called Lexell's, did come athwart the satellites of Jupiter in 1769, and once again in 1779, so as to be deranged in its own course. It made, indeed, no observable change in the movements of the Jovian train, being of too light a consistence for that; but can we doubt, that it might nevertheless seriously

affect the condition of their surfaces, and especially any animal life existing thereon? This very comet, on the 28th of June, 1770, passed the earth at a distance only six times that of the moon. There is another called Biela's which revisits the sun every six years, or a little more; and this busy traveler actually crossed our orbit in 1832, only a month before we passed through the same point in space! Another, which made a grand appearance in the western sky, in March, 1843, would have involved us in its tail, if we had been only a *fortnight* earlier at a particular place! Rather fine shaving that in the celestial economics. Now, if we consider that as many as eight comets have been observed telescopically in a single year (1846), we must see that the chance of a collision of this kind is not quite so small as to be unworthy of regard. If it be true that there are thousands of comets, all of which make periodical visits to the near neighborhood of the sun, it must be evident that the earth, being itself not far, comparatively speaking, from that luminary, must be rather liable than otherwise to a brush from one of these wanderers; and, indeed, the wonder, is, that several thousand years should have passed without, so far as we know, any one such collision having taken place.

Seeing what a highly organized system is formed by the physical and organic arrangements upon our planet, one is apt to think that the scheme of Providence must have been framed with a provision for the complete exclusion of such accidents. To allow of the sudden undoing of all this fair scene, which it has taken thousands of years to bring out in its full proportions, seems like a wanton destruction of valuable property, and we are not disposed to believe that such a thing could be permitted. But we must at the same time remember, that our sense of what is important and consequential has a regard to the earth alone, which is but a trifling atom in the universe. Who can tell what are the limits which the Master of worlds has set to mundane calamity? And assuredly, even though a whole solar system were here and there, now and then, to be remodeled in respect of all such arrangements as have been spoken of, it could not be supposed to be a very great event in the progress of the entire scheme, seeing that astronomy has taught us to regard such systems as no more than particles in the dust-cloud or grains of sand on the sea-shore. It must, then, in sober reasoning be admitted, that our mere abhorrence of so much destruction is no guidance to our judgment on this point; and that for any thing we can see of the plans of Providence, an entanglement of our globe with a comet may take place any day, with consequences incalculably damaging for the meantime, though not conclusively destructive, and perhaps necessary as a step toward an improved system of things—the bringing in of what Ben Jonson calls “an age of better metal.”

In the frame of mind which these speculations induce—not very greatly alarmed about such extraordinary contingencies, yet not insensible

to the solemnity of the thought of what may come to pass even before our living eyes—it is curious, and not necessarily unpleasant, to consider what might be the actual phenomena attending a cometary collision. We know not what comets are composed of, but are certain that they consist of some palpable matter, however diffused, for they observe the rules of motion in their revolutions round the sun. On the whole, the most plausible supposition as to their composition, is that which regards them as watery vapor or cloud, of great tenuity. How like, for example, to the doings of a cloud, is the splitting into two, which has been occasionally observed in them! Well, if they be clouds, the coming of one into contact with our earth would most likely deposit with us an immense addition to our stock of water. It would be instantaneous, or nearly so. Only think of a sudden fall of water sufficient to raise the ocean a hundred feet and submerge all parts of the land which were less than that height above the present level of the sea! There would, of course, be a fearful abridgment of our continents; all big islands would be made little; and many little ones would cease to be. The surviving lands would be so swept by the flood, that scarcely any of the present features would remain unchanged. All animals and movable things would be engulfed. In a few minutes, this brawling, chattering, bustling world would be stilled in universal death. What a settlement of “questions” there! What a strike of work! What a command of silence!

A board of bank directors was hesitating about a bill for £100, some thinking it rather indifferent paper, others viewing it more favorably; when down comes the cometic flood, and while the manager rings his bell to see what is the matter, it enters by doors and windows, and in an instant closes the whole concern. A criminal court was sitting in expectation of the return of the jury with their verdict. There was one thinking that death may not be far from his door, and a hundred pitying him in the contrast of their own assurance from the imminent foe, when, lo! the flood: and judges, jury, criminal, and sympathizing audience, are all instantly on a level. A sanitary commission was deliberating on impediments to the bringing in of fresh and the taking away of foul water, and wondering if there ever would be a body of their denomination which could do anything it wished to do for the benefit of a mild, expectant, inactive, suffering public. The comet pours in its fresh water on the instant, and the whole difficulties of the case are at once resolved. A synod had been called to consider some nice point, hardly palpable to common understandings, but which every body thought a very important point notwithstanding, and three gentlemen speaking at once to contrary purposes were about to be interrupted by a fourth of a different opinion still, when enter comet—a real Moderator—and at one stroke decides what poor mankind had been wrangling about for centuries, and what to all appearance, but for this “redding straik,” they

would have wrangled about for centuries to come. Lord Augustus Anser had demanded satisfaction of the Honorable Mr. Pavo for an injurious remark, and they were proceeding by railway to make a deadly end of it, when, lo! the comet dashes in like an undesired train from a siding, and quashes one of the prettiest quarrels which has happened for a twelvemonth. There was an unpleasant dispute with America about a herring-barrel, and barrels of a different kind were likely to be resorted to to settle it. The Admiralty was all astir as to how many vessels it might be necessary to set afloat for the business. Brother Jonathan was calculating what could be made of the crisis in working out the election of a President. The comet takes upon itself to set the whole naval force of both countries afloat—the “*origo mali*” too—and at the same time to countermand the presidential election. So that matter passes. Another president was on the point of electing himself emperor—a loving pair was about to be wed—the Court of Chancery was just commencing a career of reform—a new author was starting into fame with the most brilliant novel of the season—when the comet thwarts every hope. Lloyd’s had never calculated on such an accident. On ‘Change, if there had been time for a moment’s remark, it would have been regarded as a most unheard-of thing. The life-assurance companies, having in their tables made no allowance for such a contingency, would have been ruined by so many policies “*emerging*” (oh, word of mockery!) at once, had it not been that there were no survivors to claim the various amounts. Debts, bonds, contracts, obligations of all kinds, in like manner were absolved by the comet, and Creation itself left to open a new score in, it is to be hoped, a less blotted book.

Considered as a reform, our possible event must be viewed with great interest. The patriot’s heart is broken, in the ordinary current of things, by the passive resistance he meets with from the great inert mass of prejudice and contrary interest. His most generous views are thwarted by thousands of accidents which there was no foreseeing when he put the affair down on paper. Tories hate and scandalize him; despots put him in prison; he can only bequeath his scheme to be wrought out by the happy man of a happier age. Here, however, comes me in a besom which sweeps all the old peccant institutions away at one whisk. Church and state are severed, and forever. The Holy Alliance against the liberties of mankind is broken up—the pomp and corruption of courts is annihilated—bribery and bigotry are no more. What a clean sweep!—how hopeless reaction! Surely the most extravagant views of the Destructives must be gratified and contented at last.

If the event shall ever happen, it can not be doubted that the present Mankind will leave many interesting memorials of themselves and their progress for the examination of a new race, should such ever arise. When the geologist of the after-world begins his work—who can tell how many hundreds of thousands of years

hence?—he will find, over all our stratification and palæontology, a *DRIFT* containing the remains of the ancient human species—here a *tibia* of a stock-broker, there the skull of a poet—here a lady’s dressing case in a fossilized state, there a gentleman’s box of cigars: besides all these odds, and ends, there will doubtless be ruins of temples, fortresses, ships, gin-palaces, and other pertinents of an active, passionate humanity, the purposes of which will form most curious matter of speculation for the more angelic species then at last come upon the earth. Nothing in writing or print will have survived to convey an idea of the state of our knowledge, or of the attainments of our great writers; but it is possible that a few inscriptions may be disinterred, and that through these some glimpses may be obtained of our history, though of a most detached and confused nature. Probably, the most puzzling thing of all will be our warlike implements and munitions; for to one who never thought of harming his neighbor, how incomprehensible must be any tool designed expressly for that purpose! If the intent of these articles be penetrated, they will doubtless be ranged in museums as curious monuments of passions long extinct, just as we see the instruments of torture used by the Inquisition and other ancient judicatories hung up in antiquarian collections of our own day. Well, well, my dear brethren, you have read thus far without, I hope, being too much distressed by the idea of the physical contingencies to which it is shown we are liable. Probably you have, each of you, too many matters of sore concern pressing closely upon you, to be much incommoded by possibilities of so infinitesimal a character. It can not, nevertheless, be amiss, that you should know these among other things that may any day leap from the laps of the *Parcæ*, were it only to expand your souls a little with things superior to the eternal commonplaces of life. It is, after all, a great thing to be a part of so great a system as that revealed to us in the external frame of things, and to feel in what a mighty hand our destiny lies. Even in the danger of what is here styled a Possible Event, there is a grandeur—both as to the event itself, and the Power under whose permission it will, if at all, take place, and our filial relations to that Power, which never leaves us without hope—which, to a high and purified mind, must be felt as more than reconciling.

SWEPT AWAY BY AN AVALANCHE.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

YOU wanted to see Marie Coutet, the guide that was swept away by an avalanche. Well, there he is, blowing the fire. Ever since the freezing he got up in the mountain, the poor fellow shivers like a marmot.”

“What! is that the man who fell into the chasm where the others were killed? Do you think he would tell me all about it?”

“Try him. It is not a very gay subject, but then it is curious, and we are here to satisfy the curiosity of travelers.”

There was something bitter in the tone of his last words ; but no matter. I called the landlord, ordered a bottle of his best wine, filled three glasses, and approached Coutet with one.

"To your health, my master!" said I; "and may you never fall into such dangers as you escaped from."

He rose up, with a smile as bright as a Savoyard, and took the glass.

"Ah! monsieur means my tumble into the *crevasse*?"

"Exactly."

"Then, in truth"—and here Coutet swallowed the wine in a parenthesis—"it was the worst quarter of an hour I ever passed."

"Would you tell me a little about it, as a great favor?"

"Every thing, monsieur, if you like;" and he put the glass down, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Then let us sit down." And I set the example, filled the glasses of my two guides, and Coutet began.

"In 1820, Colonel Anderson and Doctor Hamel arrived at Chamouny; the latter being commissioned by the Emperor of Russia to make meteorological experiments upon all the high mountains of the globe. An expedition for the ascent of Mont Blanc was accordingly arranged, with all the necessary precautions; for nine ascents had now been made without any accident happening. On the appointed day, ten guides were ready, with myself as guide-in-chief; making a party altogether, including the two travelers, of thirteen.

"We set off at eight o'clock in the morning, with every appearance of fine weather, and reached the Grands-Mulets at three in the afternoon. There we halted, knowing we could not gain the summit that day, and that no other good resting place could be had farther up. So we settled ourselves, tolerably, on a kind of platform, where we found the remains of a shed, built by M. de Saussure for his ascent, and proceeded to dinner, bidding the travelers lay in a stock sufficient for twenty-four hours, as, higher up, in proportion as they ascended, they would not only lose appetite, but even the power of eating. After dinner we talked of the numerous successful attempts, and how all difficulties had been overcome. So this put us in good spirits, and the time passed quickly, listening to the different stories of the guides. Evening came, but still we had no apprehensions. We erected a tent, laid our blankets on straw, and lay down as close to each other as we could be packed. Thus we managed to get through the night without any mischance.

"Next morning I awoke first, and immediately crept out from our shelter to ascertain what weather we had. A single glance sufficed to show me that further progress on that day was impossible. 'What ails you, Coutet?' said Devoussou, one of the guides, as I returned, shaking my head despondingly.

"'Why,' said I, 'the wind has changed, and

comes from the south, and the snow is flying before it like dust.'

"When they all found this was so, we looked at one another, and resolved not to go another step that day: a resolution which was strongly combated by Dr. Hamel, who wanted to insist on our proceeding. However, we were obstinate; and all he could obtain from us was a promise to remain where we were for the night, and not go back to the village.

"The day passed sadly enough; for the snow, which had hitherto fallen only toward the summit of the mountain, now began to descend closer and closer to our little shelter, like a friend warning us by degrees of our danger. Night came. We took the same precautions, and got through it without harm to any of us; but the weather, next morning, was worse than ever. So we held a council, the result of which was, after ten minutes' deliberation, that we should all make our way back to Chamouny; and we accordingly informed the gentlemen that such was our intention. To this Dr. Hamel opposed himself strongly. Well, we were under his orders; our time and lives were his, since he paid us for them; so we yielded—merely drawing lots to see which of us should go back to Chamouny for provisions. Three were chosen, and they left our party instantly. By eight o'clock in the morning, Dr. Hamel had got quite tired of waiting for a favorable change in the weather; and, in place of staying where we were, now demanded that we should proceed in the ascent. Had one of ourselves made such a proposal, we'd have simply pronounced him mad, and tied his legs together; but the doctor was a stranger; he knew nothing of the dangerous caprices of the mountain; and so we just quietly told him that, to proceed even a couple of leagues, after all the warnings we had received, was to defy Providence and tempt God. At this the doctor stamped his foot in a rage, and, turning to Colonel Anderson, muttered the word '*Cowards*!'

"There was no hesitating after that; all made their preparations in silence; and in about five minutes I asked the doctor if he were ready to follow us. He bowed his head in sign of acquiescence, for the anger had not left him yet; and we set forth, without even waiting for our companions from the village.

"Against all probability, the beginning of our journey was most favorable; and we reached the Dome of Goûter, and re-descended toward the grand plateau, without any accident befalling us. At this point we had the great *crevasse* to our left, sixty feet broad, and one hundred and twenty long; and to our right the steep side of Mont Blanc, rising abruptly to the height of a thousand feet above our heads, while beneath was a bed of newly-fallen snow, through which we sank nearly up to our knees. Besides this, we had now got the wind in our faces, and every step we advanced it became more and more violent. However, we followed each other one by one up the mountain, for our line of march was arranged on this wise:—First went Auguste

Terre, then Carrier, and Pierre Balmat the third; after them, Matthew Balmat, Devoissou, and myself; and six paces behind us, Coutet and Folliguet. Last of all came the travelers, Dr. Hamel and Colonel Anderson, who could make the ascent easier, we thought, by following in the track of the eleven guides.

"But the very measures we had adopted for safety proved our ruin; for, by marching in single file, we trod down a line in the snow like the track of a plow; and on account of its being soft and fresh, and the side of the mountain being too steep to preserve it in equilibrium, the snow naturally began to slip down in masses. Then, in a little while we heard all at once a sound as of the rushing of a hidden torrent; and at the same moment the snow above us, as far as the eye could reach, down to the spot where we had hollowed a track ten or twelve inches deep, began to move. Another instant passed, and four out of the five men that preceded me were swept away: one alone remained standing. Then I felt my limbs failing me, and I fell to the ground, crying out with all my force, 'The avalanche! the avalanche! We are lost!'

"I felt myself carried away with the rapidity of a rolling ball, so that in a minute's time I must have gone over four hundred feet at least; then the earth failed beneath me, and I knew that I was falling perpendicularly down some chasm, and I remember crying, 'God have mercy on me!' At the same instant I found myself at the bottom of the great *crevasse*, lying on a heap of snow, and in a little while heard the fall of another person close beside me, but without knowing who it was. For a moment I was stunned by the fall, but a voice above, lamenting and crying, roused me. It was David Coutet, my brother.

"'Oh, my brother! my poor brother is lost!' he cried.

"'No, David; I am here,' I shouted out, 'and another with me. Is Matthew Balmat killed?'

"'No, my brave comrade! I am alive and here, ready to aid thee,' answered Balmat. And at the same instant he let himself slide down the side of the chasm, and fell close to me.

"'How many are killed?' I asked.

"'Three; if the one with you is living.'

"'And which are they?'

"'Carrier, Terre, and Pierre Balmat.'

"'And the gentlemen?—are they safe?'

"'Quite, God be thanked!'

"'Well, let us look for the man who fell here; he can not be far off.' And in fact, on turning round, we saw an arm sticking out of the snow—nothing more was visible of our poor comrade. So we dragged him out, and got his head free as soon as possible; but he was quite insensible, and as blue as if he had been strangled; still, in a few minutes, we got him on his legs. My brother threw us a little hatchet, with which we cut steps in the ice. When we were near up, those above helped us with their hands; and so the three of us got safely out at last.

As soon as we were on the top the two gentlemen came over, took our hands, and said, 'Courage! here are two saved; we will save the others yet.'

"'The others are lost,' replied Matthew Balmat. 'It was here I saw them;' and he led us to the middle of the *crevasse*, where we saw indeed there was no hope of saving them, for two hundred feet of snow must have been already lying on the heads of our poor friends. Nevertheless, we groped with our sticks all about, but in vain. We discovered no trace of them.

"Matthew Balmat was the only one of the party who kept himself erect while the avalanche passed. He was a young man of prodigious strength; and when he felt the snow moving under his feet, he stuck his stick firmly in the solid ice beyond, and, swinging himself up from the ground, remained suspended by the force of his two wrists alone, while the whole avalanche, to the length of half a league, swept beneath him with the noise of thunder, carrying away his brother and all his companions along with it. For an instant he thought all must have perished, for no one remained standing but himself.

"The first that rose to their feet were the two travelers, and Balmat called out to them, 'Where are the others?' At that moment David Coutet appeared. 'The others,' said he; 'ah! I saw them all swept into the *crevasse*,' and running toward it, he stumbled against David Folliguet, who lay stunned by his fall. 'Here is one,' said he, 'so five only are missing, but among them is my brother, my poor brother!' It was at this moment I heard his voice, and answered from the chasm, 'No, brother, here I am!'

Still we searched for the other three, but all in vain. Two hours had passed thus, and as evening came on the wind became more icy, our sticks were covered with snow, and our shoes frozen as hard as iron. Then Balmat, despairing of any further search, turned to the doctor.

"'Well, monsieur,' he said, 'were we cowards, think you? Do you wish to continue the ascent? We are ready.'

"The doctor replied by giving the order to return to Chamouny. As to Colonel Anderson, he wept like a child. 'I have been in many battles,' said he: 'I fought at Waterloo; I have seen whole ranks of men swept away by cannon, but they were there to die—it was their duty; while here,' and tears interrupted him, 'I can not go without, at least, finding the bodies of those poor men.'

"We had at last to force him away, for night was coming on, and it was time to descend.

"On reaching the Grands-Mulets, we met the other guides, who had been dispatched for provisions, and two travelers along with them, who wished to make the ascent with our party. We related our disaster, and then sorrowfully retraced our steps to the village, which we reached about eleven o'clock at night.

"Fortunately, the three men who perished were unmarried. Carrier, however, had sup-

ported his family on his earnings. As to Pierre Balmat, he had only a mother; but, poor woman, she was not long parted from her son. Three months after his death, she died also."

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

WE came home from Mr. Boythorn's, after six pleasant weeks. We were often in the park, and in the woods, and seldom passed the Lodge where we had taken shelter without looking in to speak to the keeper's wife; but we saw no more of Lady Dedlock, except at church on Sundays. There was company at Chesney Wold; and although several beautiful faces surrounded her, her face retained the same influence on me as at first. I do not quite know, even now, whether it was painful or pleasurable; whether it drew me toward her, or made me shrink from her. I think I admired her with a kind of fear; and I know that in her presence my thoughts always wandered back, as they had done at first, to that old time of my life.

I had a fancy, on more than one of these Sundays, that what this lady so curiously was to me, I was to her—I mean that I disturbed her thoughts as she influenced mine, though in some different way. But when I stole a glance at her, and saw her so composed and distant and unapproachable, I felt this to be a foolish weakness. Indeed, I felt the whole state of my mind in reference to her to be weak and unreasonable; and I remonstrated with myself about it as much as I could.

One incident that occurred before we quitted Mr. Boythorn's house, I had better mention in this place.

I was walking in the garden with Ada, when I was told that some one wished to see me. Going into the breakfast-room where this person was waiting, I found it to be the French maid who had cast off her shoes and walked through the wet grass, on the day when it thundered and lightened.

"Mademoiselle," she began, looking fixedly at me with her too-eager eyes, though otherwise presenting an agreeable appearance, and speaking neither with boldness nor servility, "I have taken a great liberty in coming here, but you know how to excuse it, being so amiable, mademoiselle."

"No excuse is necessary," I returned, "if you wish to speak to me."

"That is my desire, mademoiselle. A thousand thanks for the permission. I have your leave to speak. Is it not?" she said, in a quick, natural way.

"Certainly," said I.

"Mademoiselle, you are so amiable! Listen, then, if you please. I have left my Lady. We could not agree. My Lady is so high; so very high. Pardon! Mademoiselle, you are right!" Her quickness anticipated what I might have said

presently, but as yet had only thought. "It is not for me to come here to complain of my Lady. But I say she is so high, so very high. I will say not a word more. All the world knows that."

"Go on, if you please," said I.

"Assuredly; mademoiselle, I am thankful for your politeness. Mademoiselle, I have an inexpressible desire to find a service with a young lady who is good, accomplished, beautiful. You are good, accomplished, and beautiful as an angel. Ah, could I have the honor of being your domestic!"

"I am sorry—" I began.

"Do not dismiss me so soon, mademoiselle!" she said, with an involuntary contraction of her fine black eyebrows. "Let me hope, a moment! Mademoiselle, I know this service would be more retired than that which I have quitted. Well! I wish that. I know this service would be less distinguished than that which I have quitted. Well! I wish that. I know that I should win less, as to wages, here. Good. I am content."

"I assure you," said I, quite embarrassed by the mere idea of having such an attendant, "that I keep no maid—"

"Ah, mademoiselle, but why not? Why not, when you can have one so devoted to you? Who would be enchanted to serve you; who would be so true, so zealous, and so faithful, every day! Mademoiselle, I wish with all my heart to serve you. Do not speak of money at present. Take me as I am. For nothing!"

She was so singularly earnest that I drew back, almost afraid of her. Without appearing to notice it, in her ardor, she still pressed herself upon me; speaking in a rapid subdued voice, though always with a certain grace and propriety.

"Mademoiselle, I come from the South country, where we are quick, and where we like and dislike very strong. My Lady was too high for me; I was too high for her. It is done—past—finished! Receive me as your domestic, and I will serve you well. I will do more for you, than you figure to yourself now. Chut! mademoiselle, I will—no matter, I will do my utmost possible, in all things. If you accept my service, you will not repent it! Mademoiselle, you will not repent it, and I will serve you well. You don't know how well!"

There was a lowering energy in her face, as she stood looking at me while I explained the impossibility of my engaging her (without thinking it necessary to say how very little I desired to do so), which seemed to bring visibly before me some woman from the streets of Paris in the reign of terror. She heard me out without interruption; and then said, with her pretty accent, and in her mildest voice:

"Hey, mademoiselle, I have received my answer! I am sorry of it. But I must go elsewhere, and seek what I have not found here. Will you graciously let me kiss your hand?"

She looked at me more intently as she took it, and seemed to take note, with her momentary touch, of every vein in it. "I fear I surprised

* Continued from the October Number.

you, mademoiselle, on the day of the storm?" she said, with a parting courtesy.

I confessed that she had surprised us all.

"I took an oath, mademoiselle," she said, smiling, "and I wanted to stamp in on my mind, so that I might keep it faithfully. And I will! Adieu, mademoiselle!"

So ended our conference, which I was very glad to bring to a close. I supposed she went away from the village, for I saw her no more; and nothing else occurred to disturb our tranquil summer pleasures, until six weeks were out, and we returned home, as I began just now by saying.

At that time, and for a good many weeks after that time, Richard was constant in his visits. Besides coming every Saturday or Sunday, and remaining with us until Monday morning, he sometimes rode out on horseback unexpectedly, and passed the evening with us, and rode back again early next day. He was as vivacious as ever, and told us he was very industrious; but I was not easy in my mind about him. It appeared to me that his industry was all misdirected. I could not find that it led to any thing, but the formation of delusive hopes in connection with the suit, already the pernicious cause of so much sorrow and ruin. He had got at the core of that mystery now, he told us: and nothing could be plainer than that the will, under which he and Ada were to take, I don't know how many thousands of pounds, must be finally established, if there were any sense or justice in the Court of Chancery—but O, what a great *if* that sounded in my ears—and that this happy conclusion could not be much longer delayed. He proved this to himself by all the weary arguments on that side he had read, and every one of them sunk him deeper in the infatuation. He had even begun to haunt the court. He told us how he saw Miss Flite there daily; how they talked together, and he did her little kindnesses; and how, while he laughed at her, he pitied her from his heart. But he never thought—never, my poor, dear, sanguine Richard, capable of so much happiness then, and with such better things before him!—what a fatal link was riveting between his fresh youth and her faded age; between his free hopes and her caged birds, and her hungry garret, and her wandering mind!

Ada loved him too well, to mistrust him much in any thing he said or did; and my Guardian, though he frequently complained of the east wind, and read more than usual in the Growlery, preserved a strict silence on the subject. So, I thought, one day when I went to London to meet Caddy Jellyby, at her solicitation, I would ask Richard to be in waiting for me at the coach-office, that we might have a little talk together. I found him there when I arrived, and we walked away arm-in-arm.

"Well, Richard," said I, as soon as I could begin to be grave with him, "are you beginning to feel more settled now?"

"O yes, my dear!" returned Richard. "I am all right enough."

"But settled?" said I.

"How do you mean, settled?" returned Richard, with his gay laugh.

"Settled in the law," said I.

"O, ay," replied Richard, "I'm all right enough."

"You said that before, my dear Richard."

"And you don't think it's an answer, eh? Well! Perhaps it's not. Settled? You mean, do I feel as if I were settling down?"

"Yes."

"Why, no, I can't say I am settling down," said Richard, emphasizing 'down,' as if that expressed the difficulty; "because one can't settle down while this business remains in such an unsettled state. When I say this business, of course I mean the—*forbidden subject*."

"Do you think it will ever be in a settled state?" said I.

"Not the least doubt of it," answered Richard.

We walked a little way, without speaking; and presently Richard addressed me, in his frankest and most feeling manner, thus:

"My dear Esther, I understand you, and I wish to Heaven I were a more constant sort of fellow. I don't mean constant to Ada, for I love her dearly—better and better every day—but constant to myself. (Somehow, I mean something that I can't very well express, but you'll make it out.) If I were a more constant sort of fellow, I should have held on, either to Badger, or to Kenge and Carboy, like grim Death; and should have begun to be steady and systematic by this time, and shouldn't be in debt, and—"

"*Are* you in debt, Richard?"

"Yes," said Richard, "I am a little so, my dear. Also, I have taken rather too much to billiards, and that sort of thing. Now the murder's out; you despise me, Esther, don't you?"

"You know I don't," said I.

"You are kinder to me than I often am to myself," he returned. "My dear Esther, I am a very unfortunate dog not to be more settled, but how *can* I be more settled? If you lived in an unfinished house, you couldn't settle down in it; if you were condemned to leave every thing you undertook unfinished, you would find it hard to apply yourself to any thing; and yet, that's my unhappy case. I was born into this unfinished contention, with all its chances and changes, and it began to unsettle me before I quite knew the difference between a suit at law and a suit of clothes; and it has gone on unsettling me ever since; and here I am now, conscious sometimes that I am but a worthless fellow to love my confiding cousin Ada."

We were in a solitary place, and he put his hand before his eyes, and sobbed as he said the words.

"O Richard!" said I, "do not be so moved. You have a noble nature, and Ada's love may make you worthier every day."

"I know, my dear," he replied, pressing my arm, "I know all that. You mustn't mind my being a little soft now, for I have had all this

upon my mind for a long time; and have often meant to speak to you, and have sometimes wanted opportunity, and sometimes courage. I know what the thought of Ada ought to do for me, but it doesn't do it. I am too unsettled even for that. I love her most devotedly; and yet I do her wrong, in doing myself wrong, every day and hour. But it can't last forever. We shall come on for a final hearing, and get judgment in our favor; and then you and Ada shall see what I can really be!"

It had given me a pang to hear him sob, and see the tears start out between his fingers, but that was infinitely less affecting to me, than the hopeful animation with which he said these words.

"I have looked well into the papers, Esther—I have been deep in them for months"—he continued, recovering his cheerfulness in a moment, "and you may rely upon it that we shall come out triumphant. As to years of delay, there has been no want of them, Heaven knows! and there is the greater probability of our bringing the matter to a speedy close; in fact, it's on the paper now. It will be all right at last, and then you shall see!"

Recalling how he had just now placed Messrs. Kenge and Carboy in the same category with Mr. Badger, I asked him when he intended to be articulated in Lincoln's Inn?

"There again! I think not at all, Esther," he returned with an effort. "I fancy I have had enough of it. Having worked at Jarndyce and Jarndyce like a galley slave, I have slaked my thirst for the law, and satisfied myself that I shouldn't like it. Besides, I find it unsettles me more and more to be so constantly upon the scene of action. So what," continued Richard, confident again by this time, "do I naturally turn my thoughts to?"

"I can't imagine," said I.

"Don't look so serious," returned Richard, "because it's the best thing I can do, my dear Esther, I am certain. It's not as if I wanted a profession for life. These proceedings will come to a termination, and then I am provided for. No. I look upon it as a pursuit which is in its nature more or less unsettled, and therefore suited to my temporary condition—I may say, precisely suited. What is it that I naturally turn my thoughts to?"

I looked at him, and shook my head.

"What," said Richard, in a tone of perfect conviction, "but the army!"

"The army?" said I.

"The army, of course. What I have to do, is, to get a commission; and—there I am, you know!" said Richard.

And then he showed me, proved by elaborate calculations in his pocket-book, that supposing he had contracted, say two hundred pounds of debt in six months, out of the army; and that he contracted no debt at all within a corresponding period, in the army—as to which he had quite made up his mind; this step must involve a saving of

four hundred pounds in a year, or two thousand pounds in five years—which was a considerable sum. And then he spoke, so ingenuously and sincerely, of the sacrifice he made in withdrawing himself for a time from Ada, and of the earnestness with which he aspired—as in thought he always did, I know full well—to repay her love, and to insure her happiness, and to conquer what was amiss in himself, and to acquire the very soul of decision, that he made my heart ache keenly, sorely. For I thought how would this end, how could this end, when so soon and so surely all his manly qualities were touched by the fatal blight that ruined every thing it rested on!

I spoke to Richard with all the earnestness I felt, and all the hope I could not quite feel then; and implored him, for Ada's sake, not to put any trust in Chancery. To all I said, Richard readily assented; riding over the Court and every thing else in his easy way, and drawing the brightest pictures of the character he was to settle into—alas, when the grievous suit should loose its hold upon him! We had a long talk, but it always came back to that, in substance.

At last, we came to Soho Square, where Caddy Jellyby had appointed to wait for me, as a quiet place in the neighborhood of Newman Street. Caddy was in the garden in the centre, and hurried out as soon as I appeared. After a few cheerful words, Richard left us together.

"Prince has a pupil over the way, Esther," said Caddy, "and got the key for us. So, if you will walk round and round here with me, we can lock ourselves in, and I can tell you comfortably what I wanted to see your dear good face about."

"Very well, my dear," said I. "Nothing could be better." So Caddy, after affectionately squeezing the dear good face, as she called it, locked the gate, and took my arm, and we began to walk round the garden very cosily.

"You see, Esther," said Caddy, who thoroughly enjoyed a little confidence, "after you spoke to me about it's being wrong to marry without Ma's knowledge, or even to keep Ma long in the dark respecting our engagement—though I don't believe Ma cares much for me, I must say—I thought it right to mention your opinions to Prince. In the first place, because I want to profit by every thing you tell me; and in the second place, because I have no secrets from Prince."

"I hope he approved, Caddy?"

"O, my dear! I assure you he would approve of any thing you could say. You have no idea what an opinion he has of you!"

"Indeed?"

"Esther, it's enough to make any body but me jealous," said Caddy, laughing and shaking her head; "but it only makes me joyful, for you are the first friend I ever had, and the best friend I ever can have, and nobody can respect and love you too much to please me."

"Upon my word, Caddy," said I, "you are in the general conspiracy to keep me in a good humor. Well, my dear?"

"Well! I am going to tell you," replied Caddy, crossing her hands confidentially upon my arm. "So we talked a good deal about it, and so I said to Prince, 'Prince, as Miss Summerson—'"

"I hope you didn't say 'Miss Summerson.'"

"No. I didn't!" cried Caddy, greatly pleased, and with the brightest of faces. "I said, 'Esther.' I said to Prince, 'As Esther is decidedly of that opinion, Prince, and has expressed it to me, and always hints it when she writes those kind notes, which you are so fond of hearing me read to you, I am prepared to disclose the truth to Ma whenever you think proper. And I think, Prince,' said I, 'that Esther thinks that I should be in a better, and truer, and more honorable position altogether, if you did the same to your Papa.'"

"Yes, my dear," said I. "Esther certainly does think so."

"So I was right, you see!" exclaimed Caddy. "Well! this troubled Prince a good deal; not because he had the least doubt about it, but because he is so considerate of the feelings of old Mr. Turveydrop; and he had his apprehensions that old Mr. Turveydrop might break his heart, or faint away, or be very much overcome in some affecting manner or other, if he made such an announcement. He feared old Mr. Turveydrop might consider it undutiful, and might receive too great a shock. For, old Mr. Turveydrop's deportment is very beautiful you know, Esther," added Caddy; "and his feelings are extremely sensitive."

"Are they, my dear?"

"O, extremely sensitive. Prince says so. Now, this has caused my darling child—I didn't mean to use the expression to you, Esther," Caddy apologized, her face suffused with blushes, "but I generally call Prince my darling child."

I laughed; and Caddy laughed and blushed, and went on.

"This has caused him, Esther—"

"Caused whom, my dear?"

"O you tiresome thing!" said Caddy, laughing, with her pretty face on fire. "My darling child, if you insist upon it!—This has caused him weeks of uneasiness, and has made him delay, from day to day, in a very anxious manner. At last he said to me, 'Caddy, if Miss Summerson, who is a great favorite with my father, could be prevailed upon to be present when I broke the subject, I think I could do it.' So I promised I would ask you. And I made up my mind, besides," said Caddy, looking at me hopefully, but timidly, "that if you consented, I would ask you afterward to come with me to Ma. This is what I meant, when I said in my note that I had a great favor and a great assistance to beg of you. And if you thought you could grant it, Esther, we should both be very grateful."

"Let me see Caddy," said I, pretending to consider. "Really I think I could do a greater thing than that, if the need were pressing. I am at your service and the darling child's, my dear, whenever you like."

Caddy was quite transported by this reply of mine; being, I believe, as susceptible to the least kindness or encouragement as any tender heart that ever beat in this world; and after another turn or two round the garden, during which she put on an entirely new pair of gloves, and made herself as resplendent as possible that she might do no avoidable discredit to the Master of Department, we went to Newman Street direct.

Prince was teaching, of course. We found him engaged with a not very hopeful pupil—a stubborn little girl with a sulky forehead, a deep voice, and an inanimate dissatisfied mamma—whose case was certainly not rendered more hopeful by the confusion into which we threw her preceptor. The lesson at last came to an end, after proceeding as discordantly as possible; and when the little girl had changed her shoes, and had had her white muslin extinguished in shawls, she was taken away. After a few words of preparation, we then went in search of Mr. Turveydrop; whom we found, grouped with his hat and gloves, as a model of Department, on the sofa in his private apartment—the only comfortable room in the house. He appeared to have dressed at his leisure, in the intervals of a light collation; and his dressing-case, brushes, and so forth, all of quite an elegant kind, lay about.

"Father, Miss Summerson; Miss Jellyby."

"Charmed! Enchanted!" said Mr. Turveydrop, rising with his high-shouldered bow. "Permit me!" handing chairs. "Be seated!" kissing the tips of his left fingers. "Overjoyed!" shutting his eyes and rolling. "My little retreat is made a Paradise." Re-composing himself on the sofa, like the second gentleman in Europe.

"Again you find us, Miss Summerson," said he, "using our little arts to polish, polish! Again the sex stimulates us, and rewards us, by the condescension of its lovely presence. It is much in these times (and we have made an awfully degenerating business of it since the days of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent—my patron, if I may presume to say so) to experience that deportment is not wholly trodden under foot by mechanics. That it can yet bask in the smile of Beauty, my dear madam."

I said nothing, which I thought a suitable reply; and he took a pinch of snuff.

"My dear son," said Mr. Turveydrop, "you have four schools this afternoon. I would recommend a hasty sandwich."

"Thank you, father," returned Prince, "I will be sure to be punctual. My dear father, may I beg you to prepare your mind for what I am going to say."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the Model, pale and aghast, as Prince and Caddy, hand in hand, bent down before him. "What is this? Is this lunacy! Or what is this?"

"Father," returned Prince, with great submission, "I love this young lady, and we are engaged."

"Engaged!" cried Mr. Turveydrop, reclining on the sofa, and shutting out the sight with his



A MODEL OF PARENTAL DEPORTMENT.

hand. "An arrow launched at my brain, by my own child!"

"We have been engaged for some time, father," faltered Prince; "and Miss Summerson, hearing of it, advised that we should declare the fact to you, and was so very kind as to attend on the present occasion. Miss Jellyby is a young lady who deeply respects you, father."

Mr. Turveydrop uttered a groan.

"No, pray don't! Pray don't, father," urged his son. "Miss Jellyby is a young lady who deeply respects you, and our first desire is to consider your comfort."

Mr. Turveydrop sobbed.

"No, pray don't, father!" cried his son.

"Boy," said Mr. Turveydrop, "it is well that your sainted mother is spared this pang. Strike deep, and spare not. Strike home, sir, strike home!"

"Pray, don't say so, father," implored Prince, in tears, "it goes to my heart. I do assure you, father, that our first wish and intention is to consider your comfort. Caroline and I do not forget our duty—what is my duty is Caroline's, as we have often said together—and, with your approval and consent, father, we will devote ourselves to making your life agreeable."

"Strike home," murmured Mr. Turveydrop. "Strike home!"

But he seemed to listen, I thought, too.

"My dear father," returned Prince, "we well know what little comforts you are accustomed to, and have a right to; and it will always be our study, and our pride, to provide those before any thing. If you will bless us with your approval and consent, father, we shall not think of being married until it is quite agreeable to you; and when we *are* married, we shall always make you—of course—our first consideration. You must ever be the Head and Master here, father; and we feel how truly unnatural it would be in us, if we failed to know it, or if we failed to exert ourselves in every possible way to please you."

Mr. Turveydrop underwent a severe internal struggle, and came upright on the sofa again, with his cheeks puffing over his stiff cravat: a perfect model of parental deportment.

"My son!" said Mr. Turveydrop. "My children! I can not resist your prayer. Be happy!"

His benignity, as he raised his future daughter-in-law and stretched out his hand to his son (who kissed it with affectionate respect and gratitude), was the most confusing sight I ever saw.

"My children," said Mr. Turveydrop, paternally encircling Caddy with his left arm as she sat beside him, and putting his right hand gracefully on his hip. "My son and daughter, your happiness shall be my care. I will watch over

you. You shall always live with me ;" meaning, of course, I will always live with you ; "this house is henceforth as much yours as mine ; consider it your home. May you long live to share it with me !"

The power of his Deportment was such, that they really were as much overcome with thankfulness as if, instead of quartering himself upon them for the rest of his life, he were making some munificent sacrifice in their favor.

"For myself, my children," said Mr. Turveydrop, "I am falling into the sear and yellow leaf, and it is impossible to say how long the last feeble traces of gentlemanly Deportment may linger in this weaving and spinning age. But, so long, I will do my duty to society, and will show myself, as usual, about town. My wants are few and simple. My little apartment here, my few essentials for the toilet, my frugal morning meal, and my little dinner, will suffice. I charge your dutiful affection with the supply of these requirements, and I charge myself with all the rest."

They were overpowered afresh by his uncommon generosity.

"My son," said Mr. Turveydrop, "for those little points in which you are deficient—points of Deportment which are born with a man—which may be improved by cultivation, but can never be originated—you may still rely on me. I have been faithful to my post, since the days of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent ; and I will not desert it now. No, my son. If you have ever contemplated your father's poor position with a feeling of pride, you may rest assured that he will do nothing to tarnish it. For yourself, Prince, whose character is different (we can not be all alike, nor is it advisable that we should), work, be industrious, earn money, and extend the connection as much as possible."

"That you may depend I will do, dear father, with all my heart," replied Prince.

"I have no doubt of it," said Mr. Turveydrop. "Your qualities are not shining, my dear child, but they are steady and useful. And to both of you, my children, I would merely observe, in the spirit of a sainted Woman on whose path I had the happiness of casting, I believe, *some* ray of light—take care of the establishment, take care of my simple wants, and bless you both !"

Old Mr. Turveydrop then became so very galling, in honor of the occasion, that I told Caddy we must really go to Thavies Inn at once if we were to go at all that day. So we took our departure, after a very loving farewell between Caddy and her betrothed ; and during our walk she was so happy, and so full of old Mr. Turveydrop's praises, that I would not have said a word in his disparagement for any consideration.

The house in Thavies Inn had bills in the windows announcing that it was to let, and looked dirtier and gloomier and ghastlier than ever. The name of poor Mr. Jellyby had appeared in the list of Bankrupts, but a day or two before ; and he was shut up in the dining-room with two

gentlemen, and a heap of blue bags, account-books, and papers, making the most desperate endeavors to understand his affairs. They appeared to me to be quite beyond his comprehension ; for when Caddy took me into the dining-room by mistake, and we came upon Mr. Jellyby in his spectacles, forlornly fenced into a corner by the great dining-table and the two gentlemen, he seemed to have given up the whole thing, and to be speechless and insensible.

Going up-stairs to Mrs. Jellyby's room (the children were all screaming in the kitchen, and there was no servant to be seen), we found that lady in the midst of a voluminous correspondence, opening, reading, and sorting letters, with a great accumulation of torn covers on the floor. She was so pre-occupied that at first she did not know me, though she sat looking at me with that curious, bright-eyed, far-off look of hers.

"O ! Miss Summerson !" she said at last. "I was thinking of something so different ! I hope you are well. I am happy to see you. Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Clare quite well ?"

I hoped in return that Mr. Jellyby was quite well.

"Why, not quite, my dear," said Mrs. Jellyby, in the calmest manner. "He has been unfortunate in his affairs, and is a little out of spirits. Happily for me, I am so much engaged that I have no time to think about it. We have, at the present moment, one hundred and seventy families, Miss Summerson, averaging five persons in each, either gone or going to the left bank of the Niger."

I thought of the one family so near us, who were neither gone nor going to the left bank of the Niger, and wondered how she could be so placid.

"You have brought Caddy back, I see," observed Mrs. Jellyby, with a glance at her daughter. "It has become quite a novelty to see her here. She has almost deserted her old employment, and in fact obliges me to employ a boy."

"I am sure, Ma," began Caddy—

"Now you know, Caddy," her mother mildly interposed, "that I *do* employ a boy, who is now at his dinner. What is the use of your contradicting ?"

"I was not going to contradict, Ma," returned Caddy. "I was only going to say, that surely you wouldn't have me be a mere drudge all my life."

"I believe, my dear," said Mrs. Jellyby, still opening her letters, casting her bright eyes smilingly over them, and sorting them as she spoke, "that you have a business example before you in your mother. Besides. A mere drudge ? If you had any sympathy with the destinies of the human race, it would raise you high above any such idea. But you have none. I have often told you, Caddy, you have no such sympathy."

"Not if it's Africa, Ma, I have not."

"Of course you have not. Now, if I were not happily so much engaged, Miss Summerson," said Mrs. Jellyby, sweetly casting her eyes for a

moment on me, and considering where to put the particular letter she had just opened, "this would distress and disappoint me. But I have so much to think of in connection with Borrioboola Gha, and it is so necessary I should concentrate myself, that there is my remedy you see."

As Caddy gave me a glance of entreaty, and as Mrs. Jellyby was looking far away into Africa straight through my bonnet and head, I thought it a good opportunity to come to the subject of my visit, and to attract Mrs. Jellyby's attention.

"Perhaps," I began, "you will wonder what has brought me here to interrupt you."

"I am always delighted to see Miss Summer-son," said Mrs. Jellyby, pursuing her employment with a placid smile. "Though I wish," and she shook her head, "she was more interested in the Borrioboolan project."

"I have come with Caddy," said I, "because Caddy justly thinks she ought not to have a secret from her mother; and fancies I shall encourage and aid her (though I am sure I don't know how), in imparting one."

"Caddy," said Mrs. Jellyby, pausing for a moment in her occupation, and then serenely pursuing it after shaking her head, "you are going to tell me some nonsense."

Caddy untied the strings of her bonnet, took her bonnet off, and letting it dangle on the floor by the strings, and crying heartily, said, "Ma, I am engaged."

"O, you ridiculous child!" observed Mrs. Jellyby, with an abstracted air, as she looked over the dispatch last opened; "what a goose you are!"

"I am engaged, Ma," sobbed Caddy, "to young Mr. Turveydrop, at the Academy; and old Mr. Turveydrop (who is a very gentlemanly man indeed) has given his consent, and I beg and pray you'll give us yours, Ma, because I never could be happy without it. I never, never could!" sobbed Caddy, quite forgetful of her general complainings, and of every thing but her natural affection.

"You see again, Miss Summer-son," observed Mrs. Jellyby, serenely, "what a happiness it is to be so much occupied as I am, and to have this necessity for self-concentration that I have! Here is Caddy engaged to a dancing-master's son—mixed up with people who have no more sympathy with the destinies of the human race, than she has herself! This, too, when Mr. Gusher, one of the first philanthropists of our time, has mentioned to me that he was really disposed to be interested in her!"

"Ma, I always hated and detested Mr. Gusher!" sobbed Caddy.

"Caddy, Caddy!" returned Mrs. Jellyby, opening another letter with the greatest complacency. "I have no doubt you did. How could you do otherwise, being totally destitute of the sympathies with which he overflows! Now, if my public duties were not a favorite child to me, if I were not occupied with large measures on a vast scale, these petty details might grieve me

very much, Miss Summer-son! But can I permit the film of a silly proceeding on the part of Caddy (from whom I expect nothing else), to interpose between me and the great African continent? No. No!" repeated Mrs. Jellyby, in a calm, clear voice, and with an agreeable smile as she opened more letters and sorted them. "No, indeed!"

I was so unprepared for the perfect coolness of this reception, though I might have expected it, that I did not know what to say. Caddy seemed equally at a loss. Mrs. Jellyby continued to open and sort letters; and to repeat occasionally, in quite a charming tone of voice, and with a smile of perfect composure, "No, indeed!"

"I hope, Ma," sobbed poor Caddy at last, "you are not angry."

"O Caddy, you really are an absurd girl," returned Mrs. Jellyby, "to ask such questions, after what I have said of the preoccupation of my mind."

"And I hope, Ma, you give us your consent, and wish us well?" said Caddy.

"You are a nonsensical child to have done any thing of this kind," said Mrs. Jellyby; "and a degenerate child, when you might have devoted yourself to the great public measure. But the step is taken, and I have engaged a boy, and there is no more to be said. Now, pray, Caddy," said Mrs. Jellyby—for Caddy was kissing her, "don't delay me in my work, but let me clear off this heavy batch of papers before the afternoon post comes in!"

I thought I could not do better than take my leave; I was detained for a moment by Caddy's saying:

"You won't object to my bringing him to see you, Ma?"

"O dear me, Caddy," cried Mrs. Jellyby, who had relapsed into that distant contemplation, "have you begun again? Bring whom?"

"Him, Ma."

"Caddy, Caddy!" said Mrs. Jellyby, quite weary of such little matters. "Then you must bring him some evening which is not a Parent Society night, or a Branch night, or a Ramification night. You must accommodate the visit to the demands upon my time. My dear Miss Summer-son, it was very kind of you to come here to help out this silly chit. Good-by! When I tell you that I have fifty-eight new letters from manufacturing families anxious to understand the details of the Native and Coffee Cultivation question this morning, I need not apologize for having very little leisure."

I was not surprised by Caddy's being in low spirits, when we went down stairs; or by her sobbing afresh on my neck, or by her saying she would far rather have been scolded than treated with such indifference, or by her confiding to me that she was so poor in clothes, that how she was ever to be married creditably she didn't know. I gradually cheered her up, by dwelling on the many things she would do for her unfor-

tunate father, and for Peepy, when she had a home of her own; and finally we went down stairs into the damp dark kitchen, where Peepy and his little brothers and sisters were groveling on the stone floor, and where we had such a game of play with them, that to prevent myself from being quite torn to pieces I was obliged to fall back on my fairy tales. From time to time I heard loud voices in the parlor overhead; and occasionally a violent tumbling about of the furniture. The last effect I am afraid was caused by poor Mr. Jellyby breaking away from the dining-table, and making rushes at the window with the intention of throwing himself into the area, whenever he made any new attempt to understand his affairs.

As I rode quietly home at night after the day's bustle, I thought a good deal of Caddy's engagement, and felt confirmed in my hopes (in spite of the elder Mr. Turveydrop), that she would be the happier and better for it. And if there seemed to be but a slender chance of her and her husband ever finding out what the model of Deportment really was, why that was all for the best, too, and who would wish them to be wiser? I did not wish them to be any wiser, and indeed was half ashamed of not entirely believing in him myself. And I looked up at the stars, and thought about travelers in distant countries and the stars *they* saw, and hoped I might always be so blest and happy as to be useful to some one in my small way.

They were so glad to see me when I got home, as they always were, that I could have sat down and cried for joy, if that had not been a method of making myself disagreeable. Every body in the house, from the lowest to the highest, showed me such a bright face of welcome, and spoke so cheerily, and was so happy to do any thing for me, that I suppose there never was such a fortunate little creature in the world.

We got into such a chatty state that night, through Ada and my Guardian drawing me out to tell them all about Caddy, that I went on prose, prose, prosing, for a length of time! At last, I got up to my own room, quite red to think how I had been holding forth; and then I heard a soft tap at my door. So I said, "Come in!" and there came in a pretty little girl, neatly dressed in mourning, who dropped a courtesy.

"If you please, miss," said the little girl, in a soft voice, "I am Charley."

"Why, so you are," said I, stooping down in astonishment, and giving her a kiss. "How glad I am to see you, Charley!"

"If you please, miss," pursued Charley, in the same soft voice, "I'm your maid."

"Charley?"

"If you please, miss, I'm a present to you, with Mr. Jarndyce's love."

I sat down with my hand on Charley's neck, and looked at Charley.

"And O, miss," says Charley, clapping her hands, with the tears starting down her dimpled cheeks, "Tom's at school, if you please, and

learning so good! And little Emma, she's with Mrs. Blinder, miss, a-being took such care of! And Tom, he would have been at school—and Emma, she would have been left with Mrs. Blinder—and me, I should have been here—all a deal sooner, miss; only Mr. Jarndyce thought that Tom and Emma and me had better get a little use to parting first, we was so small. Don't cry, if you please, miss!"

"I can't help it, Charley."

"No, miss, nor I can't help it," says Charley. "And if you please, miss, Mr. Jarndyce's love, and he thinks you'll like to teach me now and then. And if you please, Tom and Emma and me is to see each other once a month. And I'm so happy and so thankful, miss," cried Charley, with a heaving heart, "and I'll try to be such a good maid!"

"O, Charley dear, never forget who did all this!"

"No, miss, I never will. Nor Tom won't. Nor yet Emma. It was all you, miss."

"I have known nothing of it. It was Mr. Jarndyce, Charley."

"Yes, miss, but it was all done for the love of you, and that you might be my mistress. If you please, miss, I am a little present with his love, and it was all done for the love of you. Me and Tom was to be sure to remember it."

Charley dried her eyes, and entered on her functions: going in her matronly little way about and about the room, and folding up every thing she could lay her hands upon. Presently, Charley came creeping back to my side, and said:

"O, don't cry, if you please, miss."

And I said again, "I can't help it, Charley."

And Charley said again, "No, miss, nor I can't help it." And so, after all, I did cry for joy indeed, and so did she.

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN APPEAL CASE.

As soon as Richard and I had held the conversation, of which I have given an account, Richard communicated the state of his mind to Mr. Jarndyce. I doubt if my Guardian were altogether taken by surprise, when he received the representation; though it caused him much uneasiness and disappointment. He and Richard were often closeted together, late at night and early in the morning, and passed whole days in London, and had innumerable appointments with Mr. Kenge, and labored through a quantity of disagreeable business. While they were thus employed, my Guardian, though he underwent considerable inconvenience from the state of the wind, and rubbed his head so constantly that not a single hair upon it ever rested in its right place, was as genial with Ada and me as at any other time, but maintained a steady reserve on these matters. And as our utmost endeavors could only elicit from Richard himself sweeping assurances that every thing was going on capitally, and that it really was all right at last, our anxiety was not much relieved by him.

We learnt, however, as the time went on, that

a new application was made to the Lord Chancellor on Richard's behalf, as an Infant and a Ward, and I don't know what; and that there was a quantity of talking; and that the Lord Chancellor described him, in open court, as a vexatious and capricious infant; and that the matter was adjourned and re-adjourned, and referred, and reported on, and petitioned about, until Richard began to doubt (as he told us) whether, if he entered the army at all, it would not be as a veteran of seventy or eighty years of age. At last, an appointment was made for him to see the Lord Chancellor again in his private room, and there the Lord Chancellor very seriously reproved him for trifling with time, and not knowing his mind—"a pretty good joke, I think," said Richard, "from that quarter!"—and, at last, it was settled that his application should be granted. His name was entered at the Horse Guards, as an applicant for an Ensign's commission; the purchase-money was deposited at an Agent's; and Richard, in his usual characteristic way, plunged into a violent course of military study, and got up at five o'clock every morning to practice the broadsword exercise.

Thus, vacation succeeded term, and term succeeded vacation. We sometimes heard of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, as being in the paper or out of the paper, or as being to be mentioned, or as being to be spoken to; and it came on, and it went off. Richard, who was now in a Professor's house in London, was able to be with us less frequently than before; my Guardian still maintained the same reserve; and so time passed until the commission was obtained, and Richard received directions with it to join a regiment in Ireland.

He arrived, post haste, with the intelligence one evening, and had a long conference with my Guardian. Upward of an hour elapsed before my Guardian put his head into the room where Ada and I were sitting, and said, "Come in, my dears!" We went in, and found Richard, whom we had last seen in high spirits, leaning on the chimney-piece, looking mortified and angry.

"Rick and I, Ada," said Mr. Jarndyce, "are not quite of one mind. Come, come, Rick, put a brighter face upon it!"

"You are very hard with me, sir," said Richard. "The harder, because you have been so considerate to me in all other respects, and have done me kindnesses that I can never acknowledge. I never could have been set right without you, sir."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Jarndyce, "I want to set you more right yet. I want to set you more right with yourself."

"I hope you will excuse my saying, sir," returned Richard in a fiery way, but yet respectfully, "that I think I am the best judge about myself."

"I hope you will excuse my saying, my dear Rick," observed Mr. Jarndyce with the sweetest cheerfulness and good humor, "that it's quite natural in you to think so, but I don't think so.

I must do my duty, Rick, or you could never care for me in cool blood; and I hope you will always care for me, cool and hot."

Ada had turned so pale, that he made her sit down in his reading-chair, and sat beside her.

"It's nothing, my dear," he said, "it's nothing. Rick and I have only had a friendly difference, which we must state to you, for you are the theme. Now you are afraid of what's coming."

"I am not indeed, cousin John," replied Ada, with a smile, "if it is to come from you."

"Thank you, my dear. Do you give me a minute's calm attention, without looking at Rick. And, little woman, do you likewise. My dear girl," putting his hand on hers, as it lay on the side of the easy-chair, "you recollect the talk we had, we four, when the little woman told me of a little love-affair?"

"It is not likely that either Richard or I can ever forget your kindness that day, cousin John."

"I can never forget it," said Richard.

"And I can never forget it," said Ada.

"So much the easier what I have to say, and so much the easier for us to agree," returned my Guardian, his face irradiated by the gentleness and honor of his heart. "Ada, my bird, you should know that Rick has now chosen his profession for the last time. All that he has of certainty will be expended when he is fully equipped. He has exhausted his resources, and is bound henceforward to the tree he has planted."

"Quite true that I have exhausted my present resources, and I am quite content to know it. But what I have of certainty, sir," said Richard, "is not all I have."

"Rick, Rick!" cried my Guardian, with a sudden terror in his manner, and in an altered voice, and putting up his hands as if he would have stopped his ears, "for the love of God, don't found a hope or expectation on the family curse! Whatever you do on this side the grave, never give one lingering glance toward the horrible phantom that has haunted us so many years. Better to borrow, better to beg, better to die!"

We were all startled by the fervor of this warning. Richard bit his lip and held his breath, and glanced at me, as if he felt, and knew that I felt too, how much he needed it.

"Ada, my dear," said Mr. Jarndyce, recovering his cheerfulness, "these are strong words of advice; but I live in Bleak House, and have seen a sight here. Enough of that. All Richard had, to start him in the race of life, is ventured. I recommend to him and you, for his sake and your own, that he should depart from us with the understanding that there is no sort of contract between you. I must go further. I will be plain with you both. You were to confide freely in me, and I will confide freely in you. I ask you wholly to relinquish, for the present, any tie but your relationship."

"Better to say at once, sir," returned Richard, "that you renounce all confidence in me, and that you advise Ada to do the same."

"Better to say nothing of the sort, Rick, because I don't mean it."

"You think I have begun ill, sir," retorted Richard. "I *have*, I know."

"How I hoped you would begin, and how go on, I told you when we spoke of these things last," said Mr. Jarndyce, in a cordial and encouraging manner. "You have not made that beginning yet; but there is a time for all things, and yours is not gone by—rather, it is just now fully come. Make a clear beginning altogether. You two (very young, my dears) are cousins. As yet you are nothing more. What more may come, must come of being worked out, Rick; and no sooner."

"You are very hard with me, sir," said Richard. "Harder than I could have supposed you would be."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Jarndyce, "I am harder with myself when I do any thing that gives you pain. You have your remedy in your own hands. Ada, it is better for him that he should be free, and that there should be no youthful engagement between you. Rick, it is better for her, much better; you owe it to her. Come! Each of you will do what is best for the other, if not what is best for yourselves."

"Why is it best, sir?" returned Richard, hastily. "It was not, when we opened our hearts to you. You did not say so, then."

"I have had experience since. I don't blame you, Rick—but I have had experience since."

"You mean of me, sir."

"Well! Yes, of both of you," said Mr. Jarndyce, kindly. "The time is not come for your standing pledged to one another. It is not right, and I must not recognize it. Come, come, my young cousins, begin afresh! By-gones shall be by-gones, and a new page turned for you to write your lives in."

Richard gave an anxious glance at Ada, but said nothing.

"I have avoided saying one word to either of you, or to Esther," said Mr. Jarndyce, "until now, in order that we might be open as the day, and all on equal terms. I now affectionately advise, I now most earnestly entreat you two, to part as you came here. Leave all else to time, truth, and steadfastness. If you do otherwise, you will do wrong; and you will have made me do wrong in ever bringing you together."

A long silence succeeded.

"Cousin Richard," said Ada, then, raising her blue eyes tenderly to his face, "after what our cousin John has said, I think no choice is left us. Your mind may be quite at ease about me; for you will leave me here under his care, and will be sure that I can have nothing to wish for; quite sure, if I guide myself by his advice. I—I don't doubt, cousin Richard," said Ada, a little confused, "that you are very fond of me, and I—I don't think you will fall in love with any body else. But I should like you to consider well about it, too; as I should like you to be in all things very happy. You may trust in me,

cousin Richard. I am not at all changeable; but I am not unreasonable, and should never blame you. Even cousins may be sorry to part; and in truth, I am very, very sorry, Richard, though I know it's for your welfare. I shall always think of you affectionately, and often talk of you with Esther, and—and perhaps you will sometimes think a little of me, cousin Richard. So now," said Ada, going up to him and giving him her trembling hand, "we are only cousins again, Richard—for the time perhaps—and I pray for a blessing on my dear cousin, wherever he goes!"

It was strange to me that Richard should not be able to forgive my Guardian, for entertaining the very same opinion of him which he himself had expressed of himself in much stronger terms to me. But it was certainly the case. I observed, with great regret, that from this hour he never was as free and open with Mr. Jarndyce as he had been before. He had every reason given him to be so, but he was not; and, solely on his side, an estrangement began to arise between them.

In the business of preparation and equipment he soon lost himself, and even his grief at parting from Ada, who remained in Hertfordshire, while he, Mr. Jarndyce, and I, went up to London for a week. He remembered her by fits and starts, even with bursts of tears; and at such times would confide to me the heaviest self-reproaches. But in a few minutes he would recklessly conjure up some undefinable means by which they were both to be made rich and happy forever, and would become as gay as possible.

It was a busy time, and I trotted about with him all day long, buying a variety of things, of which he stood in need. Of the things he would have bought, if he had been left to his own ways, I say nothing. He was perfectly confidential with me, and often talked so sensibly and feelingly about his faults and his vigorous resolutions, and dwelt so much upon the encouragement he derived from these conversations, that I could never have been tired if I had tried.

There used, in that week, to come backward and forward to our lodging, to fence with Richard, a person who had formerly been a cavalry soldier; he was a fine bluff-looking man, of a frank, free bearing, with whom Richard had practiced for some months. I heard so much about him, not only from Richard, but from my Guardian too, that I was purposely in the room, with my work, one morning after breakfast when he came.

"Good morning, Mr. George," said my Guardian, who happened to be alone with me. "Mr. Carstone will be here directly. Meanwhile, Miss Summerson is very happy to see you, I know. Sit down!"

He sat down, a little disconcerted by my presence, I thought; and without looking at me, drew his heavy sunburnt hand across and across his upper lip.

"You are as punctual as the sun," said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Military time, sir," he replied. "Force of

habit; a mere habit in me, sir. I am not at all business-like."

"Yet you have a large establishment, too, I am told?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Not much of a one, sir. I keep a shooting gallery, but not much of a one."

"And what kind of a shot, and what kind of a swordsman, do you make of Mr. Carstone?" said my Guardian.

"Pretty good, sir," he replied, folding his arms upon his broad chest, and looking very large. "If Mr. Carstone was to give his full mind to it, he would come out very good."

"But he don't, I suppose?" said my Guardian.

"He did at first, sir, but not afterward. Not his full mind. Perhaps he has something else upon it—some young lady, perhaps." His bright dark eyes glanced at me for the first time.

"He has not me upon his mind, I assure you, Mr. George," said I, laughing, "though you seem to suspect me."

He reddened a little through his brown, and made me a trooper's bow. "No offense, I hope, miss. I am one of the Roughts."

"Not at all," said I. "I take it as a compliment."

If he had not looked at me before, he looked at me now, in three or four quick successive glances. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said to my Guardian, with a manly kind of diffidence, "but you did me the honor to mention the young lady's name—"

"Miss Summerson."

"Miss Summerson," he repeated, and looked at me again.

"Do you know the name?" I asked.

"No, miss. To my knowledge, I never heard it. I thought I had seen you somewhere."

"I think not," I returned, raising my head from my work to look at him; and there was something so genuine in his speech and manner, that I was glad of the opportunity. "I remember faces very well."

"So do I, miss!" he returned, meeting my look with the fullness of his dark eyes and broad forehead. "Humph! What set me off, now, upon that!"

His once more reddening through his brown, and being disconcerted by his efforts to remember the association, brought my guardian to his relief.

"Have you many pupils, Mr. George?"

"They vary in their number sir. Mostly, they're but a small lot to live by."

"And what classes of chance people come to practice at your gallery?"

"All sorts, sir. Natives and foreigners. From gentlemen to prentices. I have had French women come, before now, and show themselves dabs at pistol-shooting. Mad people out of number, of course—but *they* go every where, where the doors stand open."

"People don't come with grudges, and schemes of finishing their practice with live targets, I hope?" said my Guardian smiling.

"Not much of that, sir, though that *has* happened. Mostly they come for skill—or idleness. Six of one, and half a dozen of the other. I beg your pardon," said Mr. George, sitting stiffly upright, and squaring an elbow on each knee, "but I believe you're a Chancery suitor, if I have heard correct?"

"I am sorry to say I am."

"I have had one of *your* compatriots in my time, sir."

"A Chancery suitor?" returned my guardian, "How was that?"

"Why, the man was so badgered and worried, and tortured, by being knocked about from post to pillar, and from pillar to post," said Mr. George, "that he got out of sorts. I don't believe he had any idea of taking aim at any body; but he was in that condition of resentment and violence, that he would come and pay for fifty shots, and fire away till he was red hot. One day I said to him, when there was nobody by, and he had been talking to me angrily about his wrongs, 'If this practice is a safety-valve, comrade, well and good; but I don't altogether like your being so bent upon it, in your present state of mind; I'd rather you took to something else.' I was on my guard for a blow, he was that passionate; but he received it in very good part, and left off directly. We shook hands, and struck up a sort of a friendship."

"What was that man?" asked my Guardian, in a new tone of interest.

"Why, he began by being a small Shropshire farmer, before they made a baited bull of him," said Mr. George.

"Was his name Gridley?"

"It was, sir."

Mr. George directed another succession of quick bright glances at me, as my Guardian and I exchanged a word or two of surprise at the coincidence; and I therefore explained to him how we knew the name. He made me another of his soldierly bows, in acknowledgment of what he called my condescension.

"I don't know," he said, as he looked at me, "what it is that sets me off again—but—bosh, what's my head running against!" He passed one of his heavy hands over his crisp dark hair, as if to sweep the broken thoughts out of his mind; and sat a little forward, with one arm akimbo and the other resting on his leg, looking in a brown study at the ground.

"I am sorry to learn that the same state of mind has got this Gridley into new troubles, and that he is in hiding," said my Guardian.

"So I am told, sir," returned Mr. George, still musing and looking on the ground. "So I am told."

"You don't know where?"

"No, sir," returned the trooper, lifting up his eyes and coming out of his reverie. "I can't say any thing about him. He will be worn out soon, I expect. You may file a strong man's heart away for a good many years, but it will tell all of a sudden at last."

Richard's entrance stopped the conversation. Mr. George rose, made me another of his soldierly bows, wished my Guardian a good day, and strode heavily out of the room.

This was the morning of the day appointed for Richard's departure. We had no more purchases to make now; I had completed all his packing early in the afternoon; and our time was disengaged until night, when he was to go to Liverpool for Holyhead. Jarndyce and Jarndyce being again expected to come on that day, Richard proposed to me that we should go down to the Court and hear what passed. As it was his last day, and he was eager to go, and I had never been there, I gave my consent, and we walked down to Westminster where the Court was then sitting. We beguiled the way with arrangements concerning the letters that Richard was to write to me, and the letters that I was to write to him; and with a great many hopeful projects. My Guardian knew where we were going, and therefore was not with us.

When we came to the Court, there was the Lord Chancellor—the same whom I had seen in his private room in Lincoln's Inn—sitting, in great state and gravity, on the bench; with the mace and seals on a red table below him, and an immense flat nosegay, like a little garden, which scented the whole Court. Below the table, again was a long row of solicitors, with bundles of papers on the matting at their feet; and then there were the gentlemen of the bar in wigs and gowns—some awake and some asleep, and one talking, and nobody paying much attention to what he said. The Lord Chancellor leaned back in his very easy chair, with his elbow on the cushioned arm, and his forehead resting on his hand; some of those who were present, dozed; some read the newspapers; some walked about, or whispered in groups; all seemed perfectly at their ease, by no means in a hurry, very unconcerned and extremely comfortable.

To see every thing going on so smoothly, and to think of the roughness of the suitors' lives and deaths; to see all that full dress and ceremony, and to think of the waste, and want, and beggared misery it represented; to consider that, while the sickness of hope deferred was raging in so many hearts, this polite show went calmly on from day to day, and year to year, in such good order and composure; to behold the Lord Chancellor, and the whole array of practitioners under him, looking at one another and at the spectators, as if nobody had ever heard that all over England the name in which they were assembled was a bitter jest: was held in universal horror, contempt, and indignation; was known for something so flagrant and bad, that little short of a miracle could bring any good out of it to any one: this was so curious and self-contradictory to me, who had no experience of it, that it was at first incredible, and I could not comprehend it. I sat where Richard put me, and tried to listen, and looked about me; but there seemed to be no reality in the whole scene, except poor little Miss

Flite, the madwoman, standing on a bench, and nodding at it.

Miss Flite soon espied us, and came to where we sat. She gave me a gracious welcome to her domain, and indicated, with much gratification and pride, its principal attractions. Mr. Kenge also came to speak to us, and did the honors of the place in much the same way; with the bland modesty of a proprietor. It was not a very good day for a visit, he said; he would have preferred the first day of term; but it was imposing, it was imposing!

When we had been there half an hour or so, the case in progress—if I may use a phrase so ridiculous in such a connection—seemed to die out of its own vapidness, without coming, or being by any body expected to come to any result. The Lord Chancellor then threw down a bundle of papers from his desk to the gentleman below him, and somebody said "JARNDYCE AND JARNDYCE." Upon this there was a buzz and a laugh, and a general withdrawal of the bystanders, and a bringing in of great heaps, and files, and bags and bags-full of papers.

I think it came on "for further directions"—about some bill of costs, to the best of my understanding, which was confused enough. But I counted twenty-three gentlemen in wigs, who said they were "in it;" and none of them appeared to understand it much better than I. They chatted about it with the Lord Chancellor, and contradicted and explained among themselves, and some of them said it was this way and some of them said it was that way, and some of them jocosely proposed to read huge volumes of affidavits, and there was more buzzing and laughing, and every body concerned was in a state of idle entertainment, and nothing could be made of it by any body. After an hour or so of this, and a good many speeches being begun and cut short, "it was referred back for the present," as Mr. Kenge said, and the papers were bundled up again, before the clerks had finished bringing them in.

I glanced at Richard, on the termination of these hopeless proceedings, and was shocked to see the worn look of his handsome young face. "It can't last forever, Dame Durden. Better luck next time!" was all he said.

I had seen Mr. Guppy bringing in papers, and arranging them for Mr. Kenge; and he had seen me and made me a forlorn bow, which rendered me desirous to get out of the Court. Richard had given me his arm and was taking me away, when Mr. Guppy came up.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carstone," said he, in a whisper, "and Miss Summerson's also; but there's a lady here, a friend of mine, who knows her, and wishes to have the pleasure of shaking hands." As he spoke, I saw before me, as if she had started into bodily shape from my remembrance, Mrs. Rachael of my god-mother's house.

"How do you do, Esther?" said she. "Do you recollect me?"

I gave her my hand, and told her yes, and that she was very little altered.

"I wonder you remember those times, Esther," she returned with her old asperity. "They are changed now. Well! I am glad to see you, and glad you are not too proud to know me." But, indeed she seemed disappointed that I was not.

"Proud, Mrs. Rachael!" I remonstrated.

"I am married, Esther," she returned, coldly correcting me, "and am Mrs. Chadband. Well! I wish you good-day, and hope you'll do well."

Mr. Guppy, who had been attentive to this short dialogue, heaved a sigh in my ear, and elbowed his own and Mrs. Rachael's way through the confused little crowd of people coming in and going out, which we were in the midst of, and which the change in the business had brought together. Richard and I were making our way through it, and I was yet in the first chill of the late unexpected recognition, when I saw, coming toward us, but not seeing us, no less a person than Mr. George. He made nothing of the people about him as he tramped on, staring over their heads into the body of the Court.

"George!" said Richard, as I called his attention to him.

"You are well met, sir," he returned. "And you, miss. Could you point a person out for me, I want? I don't understand these places."

Turning as he spoke, and making an easy way for us, he stopped when we were out of the press, in a corner behind a great red curtain.

"There's a little cracked old woman," he began, "that—"

I put up my finger, for Miss Flite was close by me; having kept beside me all the time, and having called the attention of several of her legal acquaintance to me (as I had overheard to my confusion), by whispering in their ears, "Hush! Fitz-Jarndyce on my left!"

"Hem!" said Mr. George. "You remember, miss, that we passed some conversation on a certain man this morning?—Gridley," in a low whisper behind his hand.

"Yes," said I.

"He is hiding at my place. I couldn't mention it. Hadn't his authority. He is on his last march, miss, and has a whim to see her. He says they can feel for one another, and she has been almost as good as a friend to him here. I came down to look for her; for when I sat by Gridley this afternoon, I seemed to hear the roll of the muffled drums."

"Shall I tell her?" said I.

"Would you be so good?" he returned, with a glance of something like apprehension at Miss Flite. "It's a Providence I met you, miss; I doubt if I should have known how to get on with that lady." And he put one hand in his breast, and stood upright in a martial attitude, as I informed little Miss Flite, in her ear, of the purport of his kind errand.

"My angry friend from Shropshire! Almost as celebrated as myself!" she exclaimed. "Now, really! My dear, I will wait upon him with the greatest pleasure."

"He is living concealed at Mr. George's," said I. "Hush! This is Mr. George."

"In—deed!" returned Miss Flite. "Very proud to have the honor! A military man, my dear. You know, a perfect General!" she whispered to me.

Poor Miss Flite deemed it necessary to be so courtly and polite, as a mark of her respect for the army, and to courtesy so very often, that it was no easy matter to get her out of the Court. When this was at last done, and, addressing Mr. George, as "General," she gave him her arm, to the great entertainment of some idlers who were looking on, he was so discomposed, and begged me so respectfully "not to desert him," that I could not make up my mind to do it; especially as Miss Flite was always tractable with me, and as she too said, "Fitz-Jarndyce, my dear, you will accompany us, of course." As Richard seemed quite willing, and even anxious, that we should see them safely to their destination, we agreed to do so. And as Mr. George informed us that Gridley's mind had run on Mr. Jarndyce all the afternoon, after hearing of their interview in the morning, I wrote a hasty note in pencil to my Guardian to say where we were gone, and why. Mr. George sealed it at a coffee-house, that it might lead to no discovery, and we sent it off by a ticket-porter.

We then took a hackney-coach, and drove away to the neighborhood of Leicester Square. We walked through some narrow courts, for which Mr. George apologized, and soon came to the Shooting Gallery, the door of which was closed. As he pulled a bell-handle which hung by a chain to the door-post, a very respectable old gentleman with gray hair, wearing spectacles, and dressed in a black spencer and gaiters and a broad-brimmed hat, and carrying a large gold-headed cane, addressed him.

"I ask your pardon, my good friend," said he; "but is this George's Shooting Gallery?"

"It is, sir," returned Mr. George, glancing up at the great letters in which that inscription was painted on the white-washed wall.

"Oh! To be sure!" said the old gentleman, following his eyes. "Thank you. Have you rung the bell?"

"My name is George, sir, and I have rung the bell."

"Oh, indeed?" said the old gentleman. "Your name is George? Then I am here as soon as you, you see. You came for me, no doubt?"

"No, sir. You have the advantage of me."

"Oh, indeed?" said the old gentleman. "Then it was your young man who came for me. I am a physician, and was requested—five minutes ago—to come and visit a sick man, at George's Shooting Gallery."

"The muffled drums," said Mr. George, turning to Richard and me, and gravely shaking his head. "It's quite correct, sir. Will you please to walk in."

The door being at that moment opened, by a very singular-looking little man in a green baize

cap and apron, whose face and hands, and dress, were blackened all over, we passed along a dreary passage into a large building with bare brick walls; where there were targets, and guns, and swords, and other things of that kind. When we had all arrived here, the physician stopped, and, taking off his hat, appeared to vanish by magic, and to leave another and quite a different man in his place.

"Now look'ee here, George," said the man, turning quickly round upon him, and tapping him on the breast with a large forefinger. "You know me, and I know you. You're a man of the world, and I'm a man of the world. My name's Bucket, as you are aware, and I have got a peace-warrant against Gridley. You have kept him out of the way a long time, and you have been artful in it, and it does you credit."

Mr. George, looking hard at him, bit his lip and shook his head.

"Now, George," said the other, keeping close to him, "you're a sensible man, and a well-conducted man; that's what *you* are, beyond a doubt. And mind you, I don't talk to you as a common character, because you have served your country, and you know that when duty calls we must obey. Consequently, you're very far from wanting to give trouble. If I required assistance, you'd assist me; that's what *you'd* do. Phil Squod, don't you go a sidling round the gallery like that;" the dirty little man was shuffling about with his shoulder against the wall, and his eyes on the intruder, in a manner that looked threatening; "because I know you, and I won't have it."

"Phil!" said Mr. George.

"Yes, Guv'ner."

"Be quiet."

The little man with a low growl, stood still.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Bucket, "you'll excuse any thing that may appear to be disagreeable in this, for my name's Inspector Bucket of the Detective, and I have a duty to perform. George, I know where my man is, because I was on the roof last night, and saw him through the skylight, and you along with him. He is in there, you know," pointing; "that's where *he* is—on a sofa. Now I must see my man, and I must tell my man to consider himself in custody; but, you know me, and you know I don't want to take any uncomfortable measures. You give me your word, as from one man to another (and an old soldier, mind you, likewise!), that it's honorable between us two, and I'll accommodate you to the utmost of my power."

"I give it," was the reply. "But it wasn't handsome in you, Mr. Bucket."

"Gammon, George! Not handsome?" said Mr. Bucket, tapping him on his broad breast again, and shaking hands with him. "I don't say it wasn't handsome in you to keep my man so close, do I? Be equally good-tempered to me, old boy! Old William Tell! Old Shaw, the Life Guardsman! Why, he's a model of the whole British army in himself, ladies and gentle-

men. I'd give a fifty-pun' note to be such a figure of a man!"

The affair being brought to this head, Mr. George after a little consideration, proposed to go in first to his comrade (as he called him), taking Miss Flite with him. Mr. Bucket agreeing, they went away to the further end of the gallery, leaving us sitting and standing by a table covered with guns. Mr. Bucket took this opportunity of entering into a little light conversation: asking me if I were afraid of fire-arms, as most young ladies were; asking Richard if he were a good shot; asking Phil Squod which he considered the best of those rifles, and what it might be worth, first-hand; telling him, in return, that it was a pity he ever gave way to his temper, for he was naturally so amiable that he might have been a young woman; and making himself generally agreeable.

After a time he followed us to the further end of the gallery, and Richard and I were going quietly away, when Mr. George came after us. He said that if we had no objection to see his comrade, he would take a visit from us very kindly. The words had hardly passed his lips, when the bell was rung, and my Guardian appeared; "on the chance," he slightly observed, "of being able to do any little thing for a poor fellow involved in the same misfortune as himself." We all four went back together, and went into the place where Gridley was.

It was a bare room, partitioned off from the gallery with unpainted wood. As the screening was not more than eight or ten feet high, and only inclosed at the sides, not the top, the rafters of the high gallery roof were overhead, and the skylight, through which Mr. Bucket had looked down. The sun was low—near setting—and its light came redly in above, without descending to the ground. Upon a plain canvas-covered sofa lay the man from Shropshire—dressed much as we had seen him last, but so changed, that I recognized no likeness in his colorless face at first to what I recollected.

He had been still writing in his hiding-place, and dwelling on his grievances, hour after hour. A table and some shelves were covered with manuscript papers, and with worn pens, and a medley of such tokens. Touchingly and awfully drawn together, he and the little mad woman were side by side, and, as it were, alone. She sat on a chair holding his hand, and none of us went close to them.

His voice had faded, with the old expression of his face, with his strength, with his anger, with his resistance to the wrongs that had at last subdued him. The faintest shadow of an object full of form and color, is such a picture of it, as he was of the man from Shropshire whom we had spoken with before.

He inclined his head to Richard and me, and spoke to my Guardian.

"Mr. Jarndyce, it is very kind of you to come to see me. I am not long to be seen, I think. I am very glad to take your hand, sir. You are a

good man, superior to injustice, and God knows I honor you."

They shook hands earnestly, and my Guardian said some words of comfort to him.

"It may seem strange to you, sir," returned Gridley; "I should not have liked to see you, if this had been the first time of our meeting. But, you know I made a fight for it, you know I stood up with my single hand against them all, you know I told them the truth to the last, and told them what they were, and what they had done to me; so I don't mind your seeing me this wreck."

"You have been courageous with them, many and many a time," returned my Guardian.

"Sir, I have been;" with a faint smile. "I told you what would come of it, when I ceased to be so; and, see here! Look at us—look at us!" He drew the hand Miss Flite held, through her arm, and brought her something nearer to him.

"This ends it. Of all my old associations, of all my old pursuits and hopes, of all the living and the dead world, this one poor soul alone comes natural to me, and I am fit for. There is a tie of many suffering years between us two, and it is the only tie I ever had on earth that Chancery has not broken.

"Accept my blessing, Gridley," said Miss Flite in tears. "Accept my blessing!"

"I thought, boastfully, that they never could break my heart, Mr. Jarndyce. I was resolved that they should not. I did believe that I could, and would, charge them with being the mockery they were, until I died of some bodily disorder. But I am worn out. How long I have been wearing out, I don't know; I seemed to break down in an hour. I hope they may never come to hear of it. I charge every body, here, to lead them to believe that I died defying them, consistently and perseveringly, as I did through so many years."

Here Mr. Bucket, who was sitting in a corner, by the door, good-naturedly offered such consolation as he could administer.

"Come, come!" he said, from his corner. "Don't go on in that way, Mr. Gridley. You are only a little low. We are all of us a little low, sometimes. I am. Hold up, hold up! You'll lose your temper with the whole round of 'em, again and again; and I shall take you on a score of warrants yet, if I have luck."

He only shook his head.

"Don't shake your head," said Mr. Bucket. "Nod it; that's what I want to see you do. Why, Lord bless your soul, what times we have had together! Haven't I seen you in the Fleet over and over again, for contempt! Haven't I come into Court, twenty afternoons, for no other purpose than to see you pin the Chancellor like a bull-dog? Don't you remember, when you first began to threaten the lawyers, and the peace was sworn against you two or three times a week? Ask the little old lady there; she has been always present. Hold up, Mr. Gridley, hold up, sir."

"What are you going to do about him?" asked George in a low voice.

"I don't know yet," said Bucket in the same tone. Then resuming his encouragement, he pursued aloud:

"Worn out, Mr. Gridley? After dodging me for all these weeks, and forcing me to climb the roof here like a Tom Cat, and to come to see you as a Doctor? That ain't like being worn out. I should think not! Now I tell you what you want. You want excitement, you know, to keep *you* up; that's what *you* want. You're used to it, and you can't do without it. I couldn't myself. Very well, then; here's this warrant, got by Mr. Tulkinghorn of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and backed into half a dozen counties since. What do you say to coming along with me, upon this warrant, and having a good angry argument before the Magistrates? It'll do you good; it'll freshen you up, and get you into training for another turn at the Chancellor. Give in? Why I am surprised to hear a man of your energy talk of giving in. You musn't do that. You're half the fun of the fair, in the Court of Chancery. George, you lend Mr. Gridley a hand, and let's see now whether he won't be better up than down."

"He is very weak," said the trooper, in a low voice.

"Is he?" returned Bucket, anxiously. "I only want to rouse him. I don't like to see an old acquaintance giving in like this. It would cheer him up more than any thing, if I could make him a little waxy with me. He's welcome to drop into me, right and left, if he likes. I shall never take advantage of it."

The roof rang with a scream from Miss Flite, which still rings in my ears.

"O no, Gridley!" she cried, as he fell heavily and calmly back from before her. "Not without my blessing! After so many years!"

The sun was down, the light had gradually stolen from the roof, and the shadow had crept upward. But, to me, the shadow of that pair, one living and one dead, fell heavier on Richard's departure than the darkness of the darkest night. And through Richard's farewell words I heard it echoed:

"Of all my old associations, of all my old pursuits and hopes, of all the living and the dead world, this one poor soul alone comes natural to me, and I am fit for. There is a tie of many suffering years between us two, and it is the only tie I ever had on earth that Chancery has not broken!"

CHAPTER XXV.—MRS. SNAGSBY SEES IT ALL.

THERE is disquietude in Cook's Court, Curator Street. Black suspicion hides in that peaceful region. The mass of Cook's Courtiers are in their usual state of mind, no better and no worse; but Mr. Snagsby is changed, and his little woman knows it.

Tom-all-Alone's and Lincoln's Inn Fields persist in harnessing themselves, a pair of ungovern-

able coursers to the chariot of Mr. Snagsby's imagination, and Mr. Bucket drives, and the passengers are Jo and Mr. Tulkinghorn, and the complete equipage whirls through the Law Stationery business all at wild speed round the clock. Even in the little front kitchen where the family meals are taken, it rattles away at a smoking pace from the dinner table, when Mr. Snagsby pauses in carving the first slice of the leg of mutton baked with potatoes, and stares at the kitchen wall.

Mr. Snagsby can not make out what it is that he has had to do with. Something is wrong, somewhere, but what something, may come of it, to whom, when, and from which unthought of and unheard of quarter, is the puzzle of his life. His remote impression of the robes and coronets, the stars and garters, that sparkle through the surface dust of Mr. Tulkinghorn's chambers; his veneration for the mysteries presided over by that best and closest of his customers, whom all the Inns of Court, all Chancery Lane, and all the legal neighborhood agree to hold in awe; his remembrance of Detective Mr. Bucket with his forefinger, and his confidential manner impossible to be evaded or declined, persuade him that he is a party to some dangerous secret without knowing what it is. And it is the trying peculiarity of this condition that, at any hour of his daily life, at any opening of the shop-door, at any pull of the bell, at any entrance of a messenger, or any delivery of a letter, the secret may take air and fire, explode, and blow up—Mr. Bucket only knows whom.

For which reason, whenever a man unknown comes into the shop (as many men unknown do), and says, "Is Mr. Snagsby in?" or words to that innocent effect, Mr. Snagsby's heart knocks hard at his guilty breast. He undergoes so much from such inquiries, that when they are made by boys he revenges himself by flipping at their ears over the counter, and asking the young dogs what they mean by it, and why they can't speak out at once? More impracticable men and boys persist in walking into Mr. Snagsby's sleep, and terrifying him with unaccountable questions, so that often when the cock at the little dairy in Cursitor Street breaks out in his usual absurd way about the morning, Mr. Snagsby finds himself in a crisis of nightmare, with his little woman shaking him, and saying, "What is the matter with the man!"

The little woman herself is not the least item in his difficulty. To know that he is always keeping a secret from her; that he has, under all circumstances, to conceal and hold fast a tender double tooth which her sharpness is ever ready to twist out of his head; gives Mr. Snagsby, in her dentistical presence, much of the air a dog who has a reservation from his master, and will look every where rather than meet his eye.

These various signs and tokens, marked by the little woman, are not lost upon her. They impel her to say, "Snagsby has something on his mind!" And thus suspicion gets into Cook's Court, Cursitor Street. From suspicion to jeal-

ousy Mrs. Snagsby finds the road as natural and short as from Cook's Court to Chancery Lane. And thus jealousy gets into Cook's Court, Cursitor Street. Once there (and it was always lurking thereabout) it is very active and nimble in Mrs. Snagsby's breast, prompting her to nocturnal examinations of Mr. Snagsby's pockets; to secret perusals of Mr. Snagsby's letters; to private researches in the Day Book and Ledger, till, cash-box, and iron safe; to watchings at windows, listenings behind doors, and a general putting of this and that together by the wrong end, likely to engender confusion.

Mrs. Snagsby is so perpetually on the alert that the house becomes ghostly with creaking boards and rustling garments. The 'prentices think somebody may have been murdered there in by-gone times. Guster holds at certain loose atoms of an idea (picked up at Tooting, where they were found floating among the orphans) that there is money buried underneath the cellar, guarded by an old man in a white beard, who can not get out for seven thousand years, because he said the Lord's Prayer backward.

"Who was Nimrod?" Mrs. Snagsby repeatedly inquires of herself. "Who was that lady—that creature? And who is that boy?" Now, Nimrod being as dead as the mighty hunter whose name Mrs. Snagsby has appropriated, and the lady being unproducible, she directs her mental eye, for the present, with redoubled vigilance, to the boy. "And who," quoth Mrs. Snagsby, for the thousand and first time, "is that boy? Who is that—!" And there Mrs. Snagsby is seized with an inspiration.

He has no respect for Chadband. No, to be sure, and he wouldn't have, of course. Naturally he wouldn't, under those contagious circumstances. He was invited and appointed by Mr. Chadband—why, Mrs. Snagsby heard it herself with her own ears!—to come back, and be told where he was to go to be addressed by Mr. Chadband; and he never came! Why did he never come? Because he was told not to come. Who told him not to come? Who? Ha, ha! Mrs. Snagsby sees it all.

But happily (and Mrs. Snagsby tightly shakes her head and tightly smiles) that boy was met by Mr. Chadband yesterday in the streets; and that boy, as affording a subject which Mr. Chadband desires to improve for the spiritual delight of a select congregation, was seized by Mr. Chadband and threatened with being delivered over to the police, unless he showed the reverend gentleman where he lived, and unless he entered into, and fulfilled, an undertaking to appear in Cook's Court to-morrow night—"to-mor—row—night," Mrs. Snagsby repeats for more emphasis, with another tight smile, and another tight shake of her head; and to-morrow night that boy will be here, and to-morrow night Mrs. Snagsby will have her eye upon him and upon some one else; and you may walk a long while in your secret ways (says Mrs. Snagsby, with haughtiness and scorn) but you can't blind ME!

Mrs. Snagsby sounds no timbrel in any body's ears, but holds her purpose quietly, and keeps her counsel. To-morrow comes, the savory preparations for the Oil Trade come, the evening comes. Comes Mr. Snagsby in his black coat; come the Chadbands; come (when the gorging vessel is replete) the 'prentices and Guster, to be edified; comes, at last, with his slouching head, and his shuffle backward, and his shuffle forward, and his shuffle to the right, and his shuffle to the left, and his bit of fur cap in his muddy hand, which he picks as if it were some mangy bird he

had caught, and was plucking before eating raw, Jo, the very, very tough subject Mr. Chadband is to improve.

Mrs. Snagsby screws a watchful glance on Jo as he is brought into the little drawing-room by Guster, looks at Mr. Snagsby the moment he comes in. Aha! Why does he look at Mr. Snagsby? Mr. Snagsby looks at him. Why should he do that, not that Mrs. Snagsby sees it all? Why else should that look pass between them; why else should Mr. Snagsby be confused, and cough a signal cough behind his hand? It

MR. CHADBAND "IMPROVING" A TOUGH SUBJECT.



is as clear as crystal that Mr. Snagsby is that boy's father.

"Peace, my friends," says Chadband, rising, and wiping the oily exudations from his reverend visage. "Peace be with us! My friends, why with us? Because," with his fat smile, "it can not be against us, because it must be for us, because it is not hardening, because it is softening, because it does not make war like the hawk, but comes home unto us like the dove. Therefore, my friends, peace be with us! My human boy, come forward!"

Stretching forth his flabby paw, Mr. Chadband lays the same on Jo's arm, and considers where to station him. Jo, very doubtful of his reverend friend's intentions, and not at all clear but that something practical and painful is going to be done to him, mutters, "You let me alone. I never said nothink to you. You let me alone."

"No, my young friend," says Chadband, smoothly, "I will not let you alone. And why? Because I am a harvest-laborer, because I am a toiler and a moiler, because you are delivered over untoe me, and are become as a precious instrument in my hands. My friends, may I so employ this instrument as to use it toe your advantage, toe your profit, toe your gain, toe your welfare, toe your enrichment! My young friend, sit upon this stool."

Jo, apparently, possesses an impression that the reverend gentleman wants to cut his hair, shields his head with both arms, and is got into the required position with great difficulty and every possible manifestation of reluctance.

When he is at last adjusted like a lay figure, Mr. Chadband, retiring behind the table, holds up his bear's-paw, and says, "My friends!" This is the signal for a general settlement of the audience. The 'prentices giggle internally and nudge each other. Guster falls into a staring and vacant state compounded of a stunned admiration of Mr. Chadband and pity for the friendless outcast whose condition touches her nearly; Mrs. Snagsby silently lays trains of gunpowder; Mrs. Chadband composes herself grimly by the fire and warms her knees: finding that sensation favorable to the reception of eloquence.

It happens that Mr. Chadband has a pulpit habit of fixing some member of his congregation with his eye, and fatly arguing his points with that particular person; who is understood to be expected to be moved to an occasional grunt, groan, gasp, or other audible expression of inward working; which expression of inward working being echoed by some elderly lady in the next pew, and so communicated, like a game of forfeits, through a circle of the more fermentable sinners present, serves the purpose of parliamentary cheering, and gets Mr. Chadband's steam up. From mere force of habit, Mr. Chadband, in saying, "My friends!" has rested his eye on Mr. Snagsby, and proceeds to make that ill-starred stationer, already sufficiently confused, the immediate recipient of his discourse.

"We have here among us, my friends," says Chadband, "a Gentile and a Heathen, a dweller in the tents of Tom-all-Alone's and a mover on upon the surface of the earth. We have here among us, my friends," and Mr. Chadband, untwisting the point with his dirty thumb-nail, bestows an oily smile on Mr. Snagsby, signifying that he will show him a back-fall presently if he be not already down, "a brother and a boy. Devoid of parents, devoid of relations, devoid of flocks and herds, devoid of gold, and silver, and precious stones. Now, my friends, why do I say he is devoid of these possessions? Why, why is he?" Mr. Chadband states the question as if he were propounding an entirely new riddle, of much ingenuity and merit, to Mr. Snagsby, and entreating him not to give it up.

Mr. Snagsby, greatly posed by the mysterious look he received just now from his little woman—at about the period when Mr. Chadband mentioned the word parents—is tempted into modestly remarking, "I don't know, I am sure, sir." On which interruption Mrs. Chadband glares, and Mrs. Snagsby says, "For shame!"

"I hear a voice," says Chadband; "is it a still, small voice, my friends? I fear not, though I fain would hope so—"

("Ah—h!" from Mrs. Snagsby.)

"Which says I don't know? Then I will tell you why. I say this brother present here among us is devoid of parents, devoid of relations, devoid of flocks and herds, devoid of gold, of silver, and of precious stones, because he is devoid of the light that shines in upon some of us. What is that light? What is it? I ask you what is that light?"

Mr. Chadband draws back his head and pauses. Mr. Snagsby is not to be lured on to his destruction again. Mr. Chadband, leaning forward over the table, pierces what he has got to follow, directly into Mr. Snagsby, with the thumb-nail already mentioned.

"It is," says Chadband, "the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars. It is the light of Terewth."

Mr. Chadband draws himself up again, and looks triumphantly at Mr. Snagsby, as if he would be glad to know how he feels after that.

"Of Terewth," says Mr. Chadband, hitting him again. "Say not to me that it is *not* the lamp of lamps. I say to you, it is. I say to you, a million of times over, it is. It is! I say to you that I will proclaim it to you whether you like it or not; nay, that the less you like it, the more I will proclaim it to you. With a speaking-trumpet! I say to you that if you rear yourself against it, you shall fall, you shall be bruised, you shall be battered, you shall be flawed, you shall be smashed."

The present effect of this flight of oratory—much admired for its general power by Mr. Chadband's followers—being not only to make Mr. Chadband unpleasantly warm, but to represent the innocent Mr. Snagsby in the light of a determined enemy to virtue, with a forehead of

brass and a heart of adamant, that unfortunate tradesman becomes yet more disconcerted, and is in a very advanced state of low spirits and false position, when Mr. Chadband accidentally finishes him.

"My friends," he resumes, after dabbing his fat head for some time;—and it smokes to such an extent that he seems to light his pocket-handkerchief at it, which smokes, too, after every dab; "to pursue the subject we are endeavoring with our lowly gifts to improve, let us in a spirit of love inquire what is that Terewth to which I have alluded. For, my young friends," suddenly addressing the 'prentices and Guster, to their consternation, "if I am told by the doctor that calomel or castor-oil is good for me, I may naturally ask what is calomel, and what is castor-oil—I may wish to be informed of that before I dose myself with either or with both. Now, my young friends, what is this Terewth, then? Firstly (in a spirit of love), what is the common sort of Terewth—the working clothes—the every-day wear, my young friends? Is it deception?"

("Ah—h!" from Mrs. Snagsby.)

"Is it suppression?"

(A shiver in the negative from Mrs. Snagsby.)

"Is it reservation?"

(A shake of the head from Mrs. Snagsby—very long and very tight.)

"No, my friends, it is neither of these. Neither of these names belongs to it. When this young Heathen now among us—who is now, my friends, asleep, the seal of indifference and perdition being set upon his eyelids; but do not wake him, for it is right that I should have to wrestle, and to combat, and to struggle, and to conquer—when this young hardened Heathen told us a story of a Cock, and of a Bull, and of a lady, and of a sovereign, was *that* the Terewth? No. Or if it was partly, was it wholly, and entirely? No, my friends, no!"

If Mr. Snagsby could withstand his little woman's look, as it enters at his eyes the windows of his soul, and searches the whole tenement, he were other than the man he is. He cowers and droops.

"Oh, my juvenile friends," says Chadband, descending to the level of their comprehension, with a very obtrusive demonstration in his greasily meek smile, of coming a long way down stairs, "if the master of this house was to go forth into the city and there see an eel, and was to come back, and was to call untoe him the mistress of this house, and was to say, 'Sarah, rejoice with me, for I have seen an elephant!' would *that* be Terewth?"

(Mrs. Snagsby in tears.)

"Or put it, my juvenile friends, that he saw an elephant, and returning said, 'Lo, the city is barren, I have seen but an eel,' would *that* be Terewth?"

(Mrs. Snagsby sobbing loudly.)

"Or put it, my juvenile friends," says Chadband, stimulated by the sound, "that the unnatural parents of this slumbering Heathen—for

parents he had, my juvenile friends, beyond a doubt—after casting him forth to the wolves, and the vultures, and the wild dogs, and the young gazelles, and the serpents—went back to their dwellings and had their pipes, and their pots, and their flutings, and their dancings, and their malt liquors, and their butcher's meat and poultry, would *that* be Terewth?"

Mrs. Snagsby replies by delivering herself a prey to spasms. Not an unresisting prey, but a crying and a tearing one, so that Cook's Court echoes with her shrieks. Finally, becoming cataleptic, she has to be carried up the narrow staircase like a grand piano. After unspeakable suffering, productive of the utmost consternation, she is pronounced, by expresses from the bedroom, free from pain though much exhausted; in which state of affairs Mr. Snagsby, trampled and crushed in the piano-forte removal, and extremely timid and feeble, ventures to come out from behind the door in the drawing-room.

All this time Jo has been standing on the spot where he woke up, ever picking his cap, and putting bits of fur in his mouth. He spits them out with a revengeful air, for he feels that it is in his nature to be an unimprovable reprobate, and that it's no good *his* trying to keep awake, for *he* won't never know nothink; though it may be, Jo, that there is a history so interesting and affecting even to minds as near the brutes as thine, recording deeds done on this earth for common men, that if the Chadbands, removing their own persons from the light, would but show it thee in simple reverence, would but leave it unimproved, would but regard it as being eloquent enough without their modest aid—it might hold thee awake, and thou might learn from it yet.

Jo never heard of any such book. Its compilers and the Reverend Chadband are all one to him—except that he knows the Reverend Chadband, and would rather run away from him for an hour than hear him talk five minutes. "It ain't no good my waiting here no longer," thinks Jo. "Mr. Snagsby ain't a-going to say nothink to me to-night." And downstairs he shuffles.

But downstairs is the charitable Guster holding by the handrail of the kitchen stairs, and warding off a fit as yet doubtful, the same having been induced by Mrs. Snagsby's screaming. She has her own supper of bread and cheese to hand to Jo; with whom she ventures to interchange a word or so for the first time.

"Here's something to eat, boy," says Guster.

"Thank'ee, mum," says Jo.

"Are you hungry?"

"Jist," says Jo.

"What's gone of your father and your mother, eh?"

Jo stops in the middle of a bite and looks petrified. For this orphan charge of the Christian Saint whose shrine was at Tooting has patted him on the shoulder; and it is the first time in his life that any decent hand has been so laid upon him.

"I never know'd nothink about 'em," says Jo.

"No more didn't I of mine," cries Guster. She is repressing symptoms favorable to the fit, when she seems to take alarm at something, and vanishes down the stairs.

"Jo," whispered the law-stationer, softly, as the boy lingers on the step.

"Here I am, Mr. Snagsby."

"I didn't know you were gone—there's another half-crown, Jo. It was quite right of you to say nothing about the lady the other night when we were out together. It would breed trouble. You can't be too quiet, Jo."

"I am fly, master! And good-night."

A ghostly shade, frilled and nightcapped, follows the law-stationer to the room he came from, and glides higher up. And henceforth he begins, go where he will, to be attended by another shadow than his own, hardly less constant than his own, hardly less quiet than his own. And into whatsoever atmosphere of secrecy his own shadow may pass, let all concerned beware, for the watchful Mrs. Snagsby is there too—bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and shadow of his shadow.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

THE dew from heaven fell upon bush and upon brake, and the large pearl-drops stood on the flower leaves in the bright garden of Rosatica, and the fresh morning breeze blew over the forests, coming down from the far mountains of Estramadura. There were rose-leaves strewed about, and rose-trees all around, and the buds burst gladly in the limpid air, and the nightingale sang on high, and the music of water and wind played mellifluously around his head. 'Tis a boy lying still on a garden bank, his two hands placed under his head, his face turned upward, one knee crossed over the other, with the other foot drawn close to him, and his eye fixed on the vapory clouds as they drove swiftly and lightly along the rich and glorious sky of Spain, with its mellow tints, its orange blossoms, its groves and its gardens, a perfect Paradise, where God has done so much and man so little.

The boy was awake, and yet he was dreaming. Gaspard Mendez was an orphan. At six years old he had lost his last surviving parent, a fond mother, who had left him to the charge of an uncle. Now this uncle was a good old priest, a man of simple heart and excellent disposition, who readily undertook the charge of the succession as also of the education of the youth: this was not easy. Gaspard was a strange and fanciful boy. His mother was of Moorish origin, and had been imbued from early youth with dreams and fancies, which she had communicated to her boy. She believed in fairies, in spirits, in all the arcana of pretty beings invented by poets and old women, by dreamers and idealists, to amuse or alarm mankind. She believed each being in this world to have its good and evil genius; to be watched over from childhood by invisible hands; to be led and guided in the pathway of life, well or ill, by souls of another formation from ours. Gaspard had imbibed from

his mother all these beliefs—beliefs in ghosts, beliefs in fairies, in elfs, and imps—and the effect upon Gaspard was fatal in the extreme.

Quick, sensitive, sharp, of remarkable intellectual powers, Gaspard threw all his energies into this faith in an invisible world. Poetic, he talked poetry at ten years old. His uncle, good old man, had but one passion in this life, and that was books; these were not grave works on theology, or even history, but dramas, romances, poems, even those collections of fairy tales which were current during the last century. Gaspard read the books of chivalry, delighted in the knights, in the fairy Morgana, in Merlin, and Mardicaent, and the beldam Hecate, but above all, worshiped those beneficent spirits which came in so opportunely to save men from dire extremities, and are the bright visions of the other sphere.

The consequence was natural. All the graver studies which his uncle sought to make him pursue, were neglected; he left mathematics for Merlin, Latin and Greek for Amadis of Gaul, writing and arithmetic for fairy tales; and when his uncle scolded him, and asked him how he meant to gain his living, he would reply, that he took no care of that; he had faith in the little people; and that when he was a man, they would show themselves; some good fairy would step forward and lead him by the hand to happiness and love. The old man shook his head, and told him that with such ideas he would never succeed; that he must study seriously—learn a profession.

But Gaspard Mendez could not be persuaded; he was like many persons in the world, who, with great talents, extensive capabilities, and continued opportunities, never make use of any of them, but lie still, hoping, trusting, having faith in some supernatural power which shall suddenly raise them to some unexpected and unknown elevation which they least count upon. Such persons often create for themselves a wholly imaginary future, that so wraps round and conceals from them the reality—the truth—that they never see the present, but are content to plod on through this dull world, utterly regardless of positive ills, difficulties, and dangers, because they have faith in the future, in chance, in fortune.

Gaspard was no fool, neither was he possessed of that transcendent genius which astounds the world only once in many years. But he was a very clever boy, a dreamy youth, devouring books, or wandering about the woods and fields, or tending his roses in his garden, or lying down in their midst—waiting for he knew not what.

And thus he reached the age of eighteen, in fact of nearly nineteen, and had never thought of a profession or an occupation. His parents had left him a small inheritance, one-fourth of which had sufficed for his education; the rest the good old uncle had saved. This, a house, a garden, chiefly planted with roses, close upon a highway, was all his patrimony; and here lay the boy dreaming and thinking.

One warm and lovely May morning, when the flowers budded beautifully, and the leaves burst green and fresh, Gaspard Mendez lay down to watch for passers-by, in the vague hope that the long-looked-for fairy might come.

At last he fell asleep, or half so, still dreaming or thinking things, often very analogous, and as he lay and dreamt his heart felt glad. Presently, his eyes, still half open, seemed darkened by a vision, something at the same time sunny and dark passed before his eyes and gazed at him. It stooped close to him, then it touched his hand, and something seemed to fall into it as it lay open under his head, and then it vanished, and he was sound asleep.

It was afternoon when he awoke, for the sun was now far behind the distant trees, and Gaspard Mendez felt cold as if he had slept too long, and then he rose and started. There was something in his hand; he opened it blindly, madly, furiously. There was a golden locket all set round by pearls, with a curl of dark hair in the midst, and round it, in large clear letters, the words "Hope on, hope ever."

Great was the delight of Gaspard Mendez. His wish was realized at last; the guardian spirit had come and blessed him. He sank once more upon the bank, overcome by thought. What did the fairy spirit mean? Sleeping she found him, and sleeping she left him, and in his hand a talisman, a charm, with the words, "Hope on, hope ever." Ah! he was awake now; now he had life infused into him. His uncle had often spoken of his going to Seville; he would go now, for he bore about him the invisible support and encouragement of his guardian genius. Straightway he went to the house and sought the old priest, to whom he intimated his intention of prosecuting his studies at the city above mentioned.

"Mother of God!" cried old Pedro, "to what do we owe this sudden reformation?"

"To the interposition of Providence," said Gaspard; and he sat down with the old priest to a frugal supper.

Until late that night they debated their future plans. Good old Pedro, rejoiced at the sudden turn which things had taken, could not find eulogies enough for his nephew. He, however, warned him against the dangers of town life, begged him to be careful, and promised him the support and advice of an old canon, a friend of his.

A week later, with a new suit of clothes, and the appearance of a gentleman, with a portmanteau behind him, and under the auspices of an honest muleteer, Gaspard Mendez started on his journey, and in due time arrived in Seville. He alighted at the house of an honest inn-keeper—Spanish narrators would doubt the possibility of such a thing—where he left his goods while hunting up his uncle's friend.

How he found him, how the dogged old churchman received him gruffly, told him there were more students in Seville than pretty women—a very unworthy saying for a holy father—how he

took up his lodging with an old ex-duenna who let lodgings to men in general and students in particular, how timid, gentle Gaspard kept aloof for a long time from all noisy and vicious pleasures, and how, during nearly a year, he studied hard, and, having aptitude, how he succeeded, would require to fill many pages beyond the limits of this narrative. Gaspard Mendez hardly knew for what he studied; he attended courses in law, he dipped into medicine, he made himself acquainted with the current literature of the day, he learned to play chess with the dogmatic old canon; and taking a liking to the game—truly a game for men of mind and forethought—soon beat the priest.

Now it happened that in the same house with Gaspard Mendez dwelt a dashing youth about a year older than himself, who had seen a great deal of life in his time, and the interior, on several occasions, of the city prisons, who was more familiar with the convegedor and alguazil than the professions of medicine or law. He was a handsome youth, whose faults were drinking and quarreling. Though but twenty-one, he boasted of having killed his man, and his name was Alfonze de Mirandalo, an hidalgo; by birth, of the purest blood.

Alfonze de Mirandalo had noticed the quiet boy with considerable condescension from the first, and at last had even asked him to join him in his more virtuous pleasures. For a long time he resisted, but at last, wearied with the other's importunities—Alfonze had favored him by borrowing a sequin or two—he consented to go to a supper of young men, more noisy, uproarious, and hilarious, than wise. Gaspard Mendez was not very much amused. He could not as yet understand the pleasure of eating and drinking for eating and drinking's sake, during some six hours; of playing dice, in general for large sums, which saddled the losers during after-life with debts. At last the party broke up, and Gaspard and Alfonze returned arm-in-arm toward their home. They selected a narrow street which took them quickly on their way. Suddenly they heard footsteps round the corner of another street. They halted, and retreated into the shade of a doorway.

It was very dark; there was no moon, no stars, and the sky was cloudy. Midnight assassinations and robberies were common, and the two lads placed their hands on their rapiers; presently, three men turned the corner and looked up and down the street, then they listened, but seemed to hear nothing, for they stood conversing for some time, until suddenly one man gave the signal for silence, and they retreated into the deep hollow of a shop window at the corner. Gaspard and Alfonze trembled with agitation; they at once recognized the men by their air as hired assassins; and bold and gallant boys both, they resolved that they should not carry out their diabolical plan with impunity. In whispers they came to an understanding.

Scarcely had they time to do so, when a cavalier came in sight; he wore a loose cloak and

a broad-brimmed hat, but in his hand was a naked sword, it not then being safe to walk the street of a Spanish town at night alone, under any circumstances. He was within twenty paces of the corner; the men with drawn swords were just rushing upon him, when, raising his voice, Mirandalo cried—

"Defend yourself—assassins are upon you!" and as he spoke, he darted forward in chase of the bravos, who stood still a moment at this unexpected cry, and then made at the cavalier. He placed his back against the wall, and defended himself manfully. Two attacked him, while a third turned to face the boy, as he thought by the voice, to find himself vigorously assailed by two. Alfonze was an expert swordsman, and while Gaspard Mendez struck at him wildly, forcing him to defend himself, his companion ran the robber through; he fell with a furious cry, and leaping forward the gallant boys soon compelled the others to turn in flight.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the stranger, gracefully; "though unaware of the cause which has procured me the honor, I am proud to make the acquaintance of such gallant young Spaniards."

"*Madre del dios!*" cried Alfonze de Mirandalo; "why, my uncle, Don Rafarle, as sure as my name is Alfonze!"

"Alfonze, upon my word this is pleasant. How comes it that on my sudden arrival in Seville I make so fortunate a meeting?"

Alfonze explained, and the three then adjourned to the residence of the uncle, after securing the wounded ruffian and giving him over to the city guard. Don Rafarle was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. He intended only staying a few days in Seville, but at the end of the week he proposed that the young men should pay him a visit at his country house.

Three days later, they arrived at the residence of Don Rafarle. It was a small imitation of a castle, with a garden, a wood, a moat, and the advantage of a very beautiful site. Don Rafarle was not a rich man, but he lived in comfort upon a small paternal estate, kept a flock of sheep, several cows, and lived like a gentleman. He had a small library, which was his hobby, and a beautiful daughter, his delight. Gaspard and Alfonze thought this the best part of the affair, and were in fact quite delighted with Beatrice. She was a young girl of about twenty—dark, with almond eyes, a pretty mouth, a dimpled chin, and an affectionate character. She was not a heroine of romance, nor a striking beauty, but she was a pretty, pleasant, cheerful girl, and, above all, frank and open.

Gaspard and Alfonze both fell in love with her as a matter of course, in a place where she was the only young lady, and both at once set to work to please her, and to seek to win her good graces. Alfonze put on all his finery, took an hour to dress and perfume himself of a morning, was learnedly gallant in his discourse, and seemed to think all rivalry on the part of Gaspard absurd. Gaspard was timid in his manner,

but he loved deeply the young daughter of the hidalgo Don Rafarle.

Don Rafarle himself took a liking to Gaspard; he was a book-man, a reader, and every now and then would have long talks with the young student, whose reading he found singularly extensive. But the greater part of the time the young men were in the garden, or in the wood, or in her room, one on each side, with an aged duenna behind, seeking to attract her attention exclusively to themselves. There was for a long time a great doubt as to who was the preferred suitor; in fact, no one could say that she preferred either, while Alfonze de Mirandalo never supposed for a moment that he had any thing to fear.

One evening, it was very warm, and they sat in the garden. Don Rafarle and Bridget were talking apart, philosophizing on the happiness of youth. Alfonze had been playing the guitar, and Gaspard now was telling a story.

"But one thing puzzles me," said Alfonze; "your stories are ridiculous because they have no truth in them."

"No truth in them!" exclaimed Gaspard, horrified.

"You don't mean to say," asked Alfonze, looking sarcastically at his fellow-student, "that you do believe in fairies?"

"Do I not believe in fairies?" cried Gaspard, quite blank with astonishment; "of course I do."

"You are a very green young man," said Alfonze.

"But I have seen one," replied Gaspard, quickly.

"Oh! that is something like. Come, tell us this."

"Do!" said Beatrice, smiling sweetly.

Gaspard closed his eyes and began his tale. He told of his youth, of his dreams, of his home, of his reading, of his faith in fairies, and then of his adventure.

"A locket—hope on, hope ever?" cried Beatrice, with flashing eyes.

"Yes," said Gaspard, curiously.

Beatrice made no reply, but laughed. She, however, could not conceal her confusion; and a moment later, Don Rafarle calling Alfonze to him, Gaspard took advantage of one of those rare opportunities when he was alone.

"You know something of the fairy, lady?" said Gaspard, timidly.

"Why, the fact is, Gaspard, I was the fairy. I saw you sleeping, as I walked beside my father's carriage, admiring your roses, and jokingly put the locket into your hand, to surprise you when you woke. Little did I think I should ever hear of it again."

"You the fairy!" exclaimed Gaspard, with a deep sigh of relief and joy. "Oh! can it be? I am deeply gratified. Beatrice, I must speak now. I loved you ever since I saw you, but now I adore you. Until the moment when I found that locket in my hand, I was an idle boy; since then I have become a man, and sought to advance in the world, to make myself worthy of the spirit

which raised me up. Now I find it was you. Oh, Beatrice, listen to me! If you will not have me, I shall die. It was you raised me up, you must keep me so. I have now found my fairy; I must keep her, or go back home and sink into as useless a man as I was idle a boy. Speak, Beatrice, idol of my heart."

"Gaspard, dear Gaspard," said Beatrice, blushing and smiling, "with such a sensitive young man as you, it is best to be frank. If you can get papa's consent, I will be your wife. I have long preferred you, but as you never spoke, I could have no opportunity of expressing my feelings."

Gaspard seized her hand and kissed it warmly, and would have added much more, but that Don Rafarle and Alfonze came suddenly up.

"Beatrice," said her father, "I have been talking with Alfonze, who says that he is disposed to become a steady young man, to keep steadily to home, to let me administer his little fortune, if I will consent to your being his wife."

"My dear father," replied Beatrice, who knew her parent well, and who was all powerful with him, "cousin Alfonze is half an hour too late. I have just promised Gaspard Mendez to be his wife."

"What!" said Don Rafarle, wildly; "you—have—promised—"

"*Caramba—carage!*" cried Alfonze, twisting his mustaches round his fingers, and playing with the hilt of his rapier.

"Cousin Alfonze," put in Beatrice, before any could speak, while she took the arm of Gaspard, "my father has always taught me that a woman is man's equal; that she has a head and a heart as well as a man, and is quite capable of judging for herself. I have chosen Gaspard for my future husband, and if you want to fight any one you must fight me."

"But I don't understand," began Don Rafarle. "Gaspard is a very agreeable young man."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," interrupted Beatrice, "so we are agreed. Gaspard Mendez, kiss your future father-in-law."

Gaspard Mendez advanced to embrace Don Rafarle, who hesitated; but one imploring look from Beatrice decided him, and the thing was settled. That evening all were happy; even Alfonze, when once he saw that the case was hopeless, resigned his pretensions with a very good grace. Don Rafarle certainly did think it very improper for his daughter to marry out of the family, when there was a cousin quite able and willing to be her husband; but then Don Rafarle was a philosopher, and as Gaspard Mendez expressed a wish to live with him, and his tastes were so much his own, the old man resigned himself to circumstances. The marriage of Beatrice and Gaspard proved a very happy one. Gaspard, at his uncle's death, found his little fortune wondrously increased, and, aided by his father-in-law, increased his store. A married man, of quiet and domestic tastes, he was satisfied with country life. He and Don Rafarle agreed admirably. They read together, farmed

together, and played chess together, being occasionally enlivened by a visit from Alfonze, who some years later married a widow with money, to repair his fortune.

Gaspard Mendez still believes in fairies. He is right; I believe all men do; and, to speak frankly, all men should. Perhaps few, however, so early in life, discover that chosen partner who is to them the last of the fairies. Gaspard Mendez believed the last to be a pretty little girl, whom thirty years later he tossed upon his knees, proving that, constant as we may be through all life's phases, while affection lasts, we never care to find new subjects for love, ever discovering in all things more Last Fairies.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER IX.

WE are at Norwood, in the sage's drawing-room. Violante has long since retired to rest. Harley, who had accompanied the father and daughter to their home, is still conversing with the former.

"Indeed, my dear Duke—" said Harley.

"Hush, hush! *Diavolo!* don't call me Duke yet; I am at home here once more as Dr. Ricabocca."

"My dear doctor, then, allow me to assure you that you overrate my claim to your thanks. Your old friends Leonard and Frank Hazelden must come in for their share. Nor is the faithful Giacomo to be forgotten."

"Continue your explanation."

"In the first place, I learned, through Frank, that one Baron Levy, a certain fashionable money-lender, and general ministrant to the affairs of fine gentlemen, was just about to purchase a yacht from Lord Spendquick on behalf of the Count. A short interview with Spendquick enabled me to outbid the usurer, and conclude a bargain, by which the yacht became mine; a promise to assist Spendquick in extricating himself from the claws of the money-lender (which I trust to do by reconciling him with his father, who is a man of liberality and sense), made Spendquick readily connive at my scheme for outwitting the enemy. He allowed Levy to suppose that the Count might take possession of the vessel; but affecting an engagement, and standing out for terms, postponed the final settlement of the purchase-money till the next day. I was thus master of the vessel, which I felt sure was destined to serve Peschiera's infamous design. But it was my business not to alarm the Count's suspicions: I therefore permitted the pirate crew he had got together to come on board. I knew I could get rid of them when necessary. Meanwhile, Frank undertook to keep close to the Count until he could see and cage within his lodgings the servant whom Peschiera had commissioned to attend his sister. If I could but apprehend this servant, I had a sanguine hope that I could discover and free your daughter before Peschiera

* Continued from the October Number.

could even profane her with his presence. But Frank, alas! was no pupil of Machiavel. Perhaps the Count detected his secret thoughts under his open countenance; perhaps merely wished to get rid of a companion very much in his way; but, at all events, he contrived to elude our young friend as cleverly as you or I could have done—told him that Beatrice herself was at Roehampton—had borrowed the Count's carriage to go there—volunteered to take Frank to the house—took him. Frank found himself in a drawing-room; and after waiting a few minutes, while the Count went out on pretense of seeing his sister, in pirouetted a certain distinguished opera-dancer. Meanwhile the Count was fast back on the road to London, and Frank had to return as he could. He then hunted for the Count every where, and saw him no more. It was late in the day when Frank found me out with this news. I became seriously alarmed. Peschiera might perhaps learn my counter-scheme with the yacht—or he might postpone sailing until he had terrified or entangled Violante into some—in short, every thing was to be dreaded from a man of the Count's temper. I had no clew to the place to which your daughter was taken—no excuse to arrest Peschiera—no means even of learning where he was. He had not returned to Mivart's. The police were at fault, and useless, except in one valuable piece of information. They told me where some of your countrymen, whom Peschiera's perfidy had sent into exile, were to be found. I commissioned Giacomo to seek these men out, and induce them to man the vessel. It might be necessary, should Peschiera or his confidential servants come on board after we had expelled or drawn off the pirate crew, that they should find Italians whom they might well mistake for their own hirelings. To these foreigners I added some English sailors who had before served in the same vessel, and on whom Spendquick assured me I could rely. Still these precautions only availed in case Peschiera should resolve to sail, and defer till then all machinations against his captives. While, amidst my fears and uncertainties, I was struggling still to preserve presence of mind, and rapidly discussing with the Austrian Prince if any other steps could be taken, or if our sole resource was to repair to the vessel, and take the chance of what might ensue, Leonard suddenly and quietly entered my room. You know his countenance, in which joy or sadness is not betrayed so much by the evidence of the passions as by variations in the intellectual expression. It was but by the clearer brow and the steadier eye that I saw he had good tidings to impart."

"Ah," said Riccabocca—for so, obeying his own request, we will yet call the sage—"ah, I early taught that young man the great lesson inculcated by Helvetius. All our errors arise from our ignorance or our passions. Without ignorance, and without passions, we should be serene, all-penetrating intelligences."

"Mopsticks," quoth Harley, "have neither ignorance nor passions; but as for their intelligence—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Riccabocca—"Proceed."

Leonard had parted from us some hours before. I had commissioned him to call at Madame di Negra's, and as he was familiarly known to her servants, seek to obtain quietly all the information he could collect, and, at all events, procure (what in my haste I had failed to do), the name and description of the man who had driven her out in the morning, and make what use he judged best of every hint he could gather or glean that might aid our researches. Leonard only succeeded in learning the name and description of the coachman, whom he recognized as one Beppo, to whom she had often given orders in his presence. None could say where she could then be found, if not at the Count's hotel. Leonard went next to that hotel. The man had not been there all the day. While revolving what next he should do, his eye caught sight of your intended son-in-law, gliding across the opposite side of the street. One of those luminous, inspiring conjectures, which never occur to you philosophers, had from the first guided Leonard to believe that Randal Leslie was mixed up in this villainous affair."

"Ha! He!" cried Riccabocca. "Impossible! For what interest?—what object?"

"I can not tell; neither could Leonard; but we had both formed the same conjecture. Brief:—Leonard resolved to follow Randal Leslie, and track all his movements. He did then follow him, unobserved, and at a distance—first to Audley Egerton's house—then to Eaton Square—thence to a house in Bruton Street, which Leonard ascertained to be Baron Levy's. Suspicious that, my dear sage?"

"*Diavolo*—yes!" said Riccabocca, thoughtfully.

"At Levy's Randal staid till dusk. He then came out, with his cat-like stealthy step, and walked quickly into the neighborhood of Leicester Square. Leonard saw him enter one of those small hotels which are appropriated to foreigners. Wild outlandish fellows were loitering about the door and in the street. Leonard divined that the Count, or the Count's confidants, were there."

"If that can be proved," cried Riccabocca—"if Randal could have been thus in communication with Peschiera—could have connived at such perfidy—I am released from my promise. Oh, to prove it!"

"Proof will come later, if we are on the right track. Let me go on. While waiting near the door of this hotel, Beppo himself, the very man Leonard was in search of, came forth, and, after speaking a few words to some of the loitering foreigners, walked briskly toward Piccadilly. Leonard here resigned all further heed of Leslie, and gave chase to Beppo, whom he recognized at a glance. Coming up to him, he said quietly, 'I have a letter for the Marchesa di Negra. She told me I was to send it to her by you. I have been searching for you the whole day.' The man fell into the trap, and the more easily, because—as he since owned in excuse for a simplicity which

I dare say, weighed on his conscience more than any of the thousand-and-one crimes he may have committed in the course of his illustrious life—he had been employed by the Marchesa as a spy upon Leonard, and, with an Italian's acumen in affairs of the heart, detected her secret."

"What secret?" asked the innocent sage.

"Her love for the handsome young poet. I betray that secret, in order to give her some slight excuse for becoming Peschiera's tool. She believed Leonard to be in love with your daughter, and jealousy urged her to treason. Violante, no doubt, will explain this to you. Well, the man fell into the trap. 'Give me the letter, Signor, and quick.'

"It is at a hotel close by; come there, and you will have a guinea for your trouble."

"So Leonard walked our gentleman into my hotel; and having taken him into my dressing-room, turned the key, and there left him. On hearing this capture, the Prince and myself hastened to see our prisoner. He was at first sullen and silent; but when the Prince disclosed his rank and name (you know the mysterious terror the meaner Italians feel for an Austrian magnate), his countenance changed, and his courage fell. What with threats, and what with promises, we soon obtained all that we sought to know; and an offered bribe, which I calculated at ten times the amount the rogue could ever expect to receive from his spendthrift master, finally bound him cheerfully to our service, soul and body. Thus we learned the dismal place to which your noble daughter had been so perfidiously ensnared. We learned also that the Count had not yet visited her, hoping much from the effect that prolonged incarceration might have in weakening her spirits and inducing her submission. Peschiera was to go to the house at midnight, thence to transport her to the vessel. Beppo had received orders to bring the carriage to Leicester Square, where Peschiera would join him. The Count (as Leonard surmised) had taken skulking refuge at the hotel in which Randal Leslie had disappeared. The Prince, Leonard, Frank (who was then in the hotel), and myself, held a short council. Should we go at once to the house, and, by the help of the police, force an entrance, and rescue your daughter? This was a very hazardous resource. The abode, which, at various times, had served for the hiding-place of men hunted by the law, abounded, according to our informant, in subterranean vaults and secret passages, and had more than one outlet on the river. At our first summons at the door, therefore, the ruffians within might not only escape themselves, but carry off their prisoner. The door was strong, and before our entrance could be forced, all trace of her we sought might be lost. Again, too, the Prince was desirous of bringing Peschiera's guilty design home to him—anxious to be able to state to the Emperor, and to the great minister, his kinsman, that he himself had witnessed the Count's vile abuse of the Emperor's permission to wed your daughter. In short, while I only thought of Vio-

lante, the Prince thought also of her father's recall to his dukedom. Yet still to leave Violante in that terrible house, even for an hour, a few minutes, subjected to the actual presence of Peschiera, unguarded save by the feeble and false woman who had betrayed, and might still desert her—how contemplate that fearful risk? What might not happen in the interval between Peschiera's visit to the house, and his appearance with his victim on the vessel? An idea flashed on me—Beppo was to conduct the Count to the house; if I could accompany Beppo in disguise—enter the house—myself be present. I rushed back to our informant, now become our agent; I found the plan still more feasible than I had at first supposed. Beppo had asked the Count's permission to bring with him a brother accustomed to the sea, and who wished to quit England. I might personate that brother. You know that the Italian language, in most of its dialects and varieties of patois—Genoese, Piedmontese, Venetian—is as familiar to me as Addison's English. Alas! rather more so. Presto! the thing was settled. I felt my heart, from that moment, as light as a feather, and my sense as keen as the dart which a feather wings. My plans now were formed in a breath, and explained in a sentence. It was right that you should be present on the vessel, not only to witness your foe's downfall, but to receive your child in a father's arms. Leonard set out to Norwood for you, cautioned not to define too precisely for what object you were wanted till on board the vessel.

"Frank, accompanied by Beppo (for there was yet time for these preparations before midnight), repaired to the yacht, taking Giacomo by the way. There our new ally, familiar to most of that piratical crew, and sanctioned by the presence of Frank, as the Count's friend, and prospective brother-in-law, told Peschiera's hirelings that they were to quit the vessel, and wait on shore under Giacomo's auspices till further orders; and as soon as the decks were cleared of these ruffians (save a few left to avoid suspicion, and who were afterward safely stowed down in the hold), and as soon as Giacomo had lodged his convoy in a public-house, where he quitted them, drinking his health over unlimited rations of grog, your inestimable servant quietly shipped on board the Italians pressed into the service, and Frank took charge of the English sailors.

"The Prince, promising to be on board in due time, then left me to make arrangements for his journey to Vienna with the dawn. I hastened to a masquerade warehouse, where, with the help of an ingenious stage-wright artificer, I disguised myself into a most thorough-paced-looking cut-throat, and then waited the return of my friend Beppo with the most perfect confidence."

"Yet, if that rascal had played false, all these precautions were lost. *Cospetto!* you were not wise," said the prudent philosopher.

"Very likely not. You would have been so wise, that by this time your daughter would have been lost to you forever."

"But why not employ the police?"

"First—because I had employed them to little purpose. Secondly—Because I no longer wanted them. Thirdly—Because to use them for my final catastrophe, would be to drag your name, and your daughter's, perhaps, before a police court; at all events, before the tribunal of public gossip. And lastly—Because, having decided upon the proper punishment, it had too much of equity to be quite consistent with law; and in forcibly seizing a man's person, and shipping him off to Norway, my police would have been sadly in the way. Certainly my plan rather savors of Lope de Vega than of Judge Blackstone. However, you see success atones for all irregularities. I resume:—Beppo came back in time to narrate all the arrangements that had been made, and to inform me that a servant from the Count had come on board just as our new crew were assembled there, to order the boat to be at the place where we found it. The servant it was deemed prudent to detain and secure. Giacomo undertook to manage the boat. I am nearly at the close of mystery. Sure of my disguise, I got on the coach-box with Beppo. The Count arrived at the spot appointed, and did not even honor myself with a question or glance. 'Your brother?' he said to Beppo; 'one might guess that; he has the family likeness. Not a handsome race yours! Drive on.'

"We arrived at the house. I dismounted to open the carriage-door. The Count gave me one look.

"Beppo says you have known the sea.'

"Excellency, yes. I am a Genoese.'

"Ha! how is that! Beppo is a Lombard.'—Admire the readiness with which I redeemed my blunder.

"Excellency, it pleased Heaven that Beppo should be born in Lombardy, and then to remove my respected parents to Genoa, at which city they were so kindly treated that my mother, in common gratitude, was bound to increase its population. It was all she could do, poor woman. You see she did her best.'

"The Count smiled, and said no more. The door opened—I followed him; your daughter can tell you the rest."

"And you risked your life in that den of miscreants! Noble friend!"

"Risked my life—no; but I risked the Count's. There was one moment when my hand was on my trigger, and my soul very near the sin of justifiable homicide. But my tale is done. The Count is now on the river, and will soon be on the salt seas—though not bound to Norway as I had first intended. I could not inflict that frigid voyage on his sister. So the men have orders to cruise about for six days, keeping aloof from shore, and they will then land the Count and the Marchesa, by boat, on the French coast. That delay will give time for the Prince to arrive at Vienna before the Count could follow him."

"Would he have that audacity?"

Do him more justice! Audacity, faith! he

does not want for that. But I dreaded not his appearance at Vienna, with such evidence against him. I dreaded his encountering the Prince on the road, and forcing a duel before his character was so blasted that the Prince could refuse it—and the Count is a dead shot, of course; all such men are!"

"He will return, and you—"

"I!—Oh, never fear; he has had enough of me. And now, my dear friend—now that Violante is safe once more under your own roof—now that my honored mother must long ere this have been satisfied by Leonard, who left us to go to her, that our success has been achieved without danger, and, what she will value almost as much, without scandal—now that your foe is powerless as a reed floating on the water toward its own rot, and the Prince is perhaps about to enter his carriage on the road to Dover, charged with the mission of restoring to Italy her worthiest son—let me dismiss you to your own happy slumbers, and allow me to wrap myself in my cloak, and snatch a short sleep on the sofa, till yonder gray dawn has mellowed into ripier day. My eyes are heavy, and if you stay here three minutes longer, I shall be out of reach of hearing—in the land of dreams. *Buona notte!*"

"But there is a bed prepared for you."

Harley shook his head in dissent, and composed himself at length on the sofa.

Riccabocca, bending, wrapped the cloak round his guest, kissed him on the forehead, and crept out of the room to rejoin Jemima, who still sate up for him, nervously anxious to learn from him those explanations which her considerate affection would not allow her to ask from the agitated and exhausted Violante. "Not in bed!" cried the sage, on seeing her. "Have you no feelings of compassion for my son that is to be? Just, too, when there is a reasonable probability that we can afford a son!"

Riccabocca here laughed merrily, and his wife threw herself on his shoulder, and cried for joy.

But no sleep fell on the lids of Harley L'Estrange. He started up when his host had left him, and paced the apartment with noiseless but rapid stride. All whim and levity had vanished from his face, which, by the light of the dawn, seemed death-like pale. On that pale face there was all the struggle, and all the anguish of passion.

"These arms have clasped her," he murmured, "these lips have inhaled her breath. I am under the same roof, and she is saved—saved evermore from danger and from penury, and forever divided from me. Courage, courage! Oh, honor, duty; and thou, dark memory of the past—thou that didst pledge love at least to a grave—support—defend me! Can I be so weak!"

The sun was in the wintry skies, when Harley stole from the house. No one was stirring except Giacomo, who stood by the threshold of the door, which he had just unbarred, feeding the house-dog. "Good-day," said the servant, smiling. "The dog has not been of much use, but

I don't think the Padrone will henceforth grudge him a breakfast. I shall take him to Italy, and marry him there, in the hope of improving the breed of our native Lombard dogs."

"Ah!" said Harley, "you will soon leave our cold shores. May sunshine settle on you all." He paused, and looked up at the closed windows wistfully.

"The Signorina sleeps there," said Giacomo, in a husky voice, "just over the room in which you slept."

"I knew it," muttered Harley. "An instinct told me of it. Open the gate; I must go home. My excuses to your lord, and to all."

He turned a deaf ear to Giacomo's entreaties to stay till at least the Signorina was up—the Signorina whom he had saved. Without trusting himself to speak further, he quitted the demeſne, and walked with swift strides toward London.

CHAPTER X.

HARLEY had not long reached his hotel, and was still seated before his untasted breakfast, when Mr. Randal Leslie was announced. Randal, who was in the firm belief that Violante was now on the wide seas with Peschiera, entered, looking the very personation of anxiety and fatigue. For, like the great Cardinal Richelieu, Randal had learned the art how to make good use of his own delicate and somewhat sickly aspect. The Cardinal, when intent on some sanguinary scheme requiring unusual vitality and vigor, contrived to make himself look a harmless sufferer at death's door. And Randal, whose nervous energies could at that moment have whirled him from one end of this huge metropolis to the other, with a speed that would have outstripped a prize pedestrian, now sank into a chair with a jaded weariness that no mother could have seen without compassion. He seemed, since the last night, to have galloped toward the last stage of consumption.

"Have you discovered no trace, my lord? Speak, speak!"

"Speak—certainly. I am too happy to relieve your mind, my dear Mr. Leslie. What fools we were! Ha! ha!"

"Fools—how?" faltered Randal.

"Of course; the young lady was at her father's house all the time."

"Eh? what?"

"And is there now?"

"It is not possible!" said Randal in the hollow dreamy tone of a somnambulist. "At her father's house—at Norwood! Are you sure?"

"Sure."

Randal made a desperate and successful effort at self-control. "Heaven be praised!" he cried. "And just as I had begun to suspect the Count—the Marchesa; for I find that neither of them slept at home last night; and Levy told me that the Count had written to him, requesting the Baron to discharge his bills, as he should be for some time absent from England."

"Indeed! Well, that is nothing to us—very much to Baron Levy, if he execute his commission, and discharges the bills. What! are you going already?"

"Do you ask such a question? How can I stay? I must go to Norwood—must see Violante with my own eyes! Forgive my emotion—I—I—"

Randal snatched at his hat and hurried away. The low scornful laugh of Harley followed him as he went.

"I have no more doubt of his guilt than Leonard has. Violante at least shall not be the prize of that thin-lipped knave. What strange fascination can he possess, that he should thus bind to him the two men I value most—Audley Egerton, and Alphonso di Serrano? Both so wise too! One in books, one in action. And both suspicious men! While I, so imprudently trustful and frank—Ah! that is the reason; our natures are antipathetic—cunning, simulation, falsehood. I have no mercy, no pardon for these. Woe to all hypocrites if I were a Grand Inquisitor!"

"Mr. Richard Avenel," said the waiter, throwing open the door.

Harley caught at the arm of the chair on which he sat, and grasped it nervously; while his eyes became fixed intently on the form of the gentleman who now advanced into the room. He rose with an effort.

"Mr. Avenel!" he said, falteringly. "Did I hear your name aright? Avenel!"

"Richard Avenel, at your service, my lord," answered Dick. "My family is not unknown to you; and I am not ashamed of my family, though my parents were small Lansmere trades-folks. And I am—a—hem!—a citizen of the world, and well to do!" added Dick, dropping his kid gloves into his hat, and then placing the hat on the table, with the air of an old acquaintance who wishes to make himself at home.

Lord L'Estrange bowed, and said, as he re-seated himself—(Dick being firmly seated already)—"You are most welcome, sir; and if there be any thing I can do for one of your name—"

"Thank you, my lord," interrupted Dick. "I want nothing of any man. A bold word to say; but I say it. Nevertheless, I should not have presumed to call on your lordship, unless, indeed, you had done me the honor to call first at my house, Eaton Square, No. * * —I should not have presumed to call, if it had not been on business;—public business I may say—NATIONAL business!"

Harley bowed again. A faint smile flitted for a moment to his lip, but, vanishing, gave way to a mournful, absent expression of countenance, as he scanned the handsome features before him, and, perhaps, masculine and bold though they were, still discovered something of a family likeness to one whose beauty had once been his ideal of female loveliness; for, suddenly he stretched forth his hand, and said, with more than his

usual cordial sweetness, "Business, or not business, let us speak to each other as friends—for the sake of a name that takes me back to Lansmere—to my youth. I listen to you with interest."

Richard Avenel, much surprised by this unexpected kindness, and touched, he knew not why, by the soft and melancholy tone of Harley's voice, warmly pressed the hand held out to him; and, seized with a rare fit of shyness, colored, and coughed, and hemmed, and looked first down, then aside, before he could find the words which were generally ready enough at his command.

"You are very good, Lord L'Estrange; nothing can be handsomer. I feel it here, my lord," striking his buff waistcoat—"I do, 'pon my honor. But not to waste your time (time's money), I come to the point. It is about the borough of Lansmere. Your family interest is very strong in that borough. But, excuse me, if I say that I don't think you are aware that I too have cooked up a pretty considerable interest on the other side. No offense—opinions are free. And the popular tide runs strong with us—I mean with *me*, at the impending crisis—that is, at the next election. Now, I have a great respect for the Earl, your father; and so have those who brought me into the world; my father John was always a regular good Blue; and my respect for yourself since I came into this room has gone up in the market—a very great rise indeed. So I should just like to see if we could set our heads together, and settle the borough between us two, in a snug private way, as public men ought to do when they get together—nobody else by, and no necessity for that sort of humbug—which is so common in this humbugging old country. Eh, my lord?"

"Mr. Avenel," said Harley, slowly, recovering himself from the abstraction with which he had listened to Dick's earlier sentences, "I fear I do not quite understand you; but I have no other interest in the next election for the borough of Lansmere, than as may serve one whom, whatever be your politics, you must acknowledge to be—"

"A Humbug!"

"Mr. Avenel, you can not mean the person I mean. I speak of one of the first statesmen of our time—of Mr. Audley Egerton—of—"

"A stiff-necked, pompous—"

"My earliest and dearest friend."

The rebuke, though gently said, sufficed to silence Dick for a moment; and when he spoke again, it was in an altered tone.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I am sure. Of course, I can say nothing disrespectful of your friend—very sorry that he is your friend. In that case, I am almost afraid that nothing is to be done. But Mr. Audley Egerton has not a chance. Let me convince you of this." And Dick pulled out a little book, bound neatly in red.

"Canvass book, my lord. I am no aristocrat. I don't pretend to carry a free and independent constituency in my breeches' pocket. Heaven

forbid! But as a practical man of business—what I do, is done properly. Just look at this book. Well kept, eh? Names, promises, inclinations, public opinions, and private interests of every individual Lansmere elector! Now, as one man of honor to another, I show you this book, and I think you will see that we have a clear majority of at least eighty votes as against Mr Egerton."

"That is your view of the question," said Harley, taking the book and glancing over the names catalogued and ticketed therein. But his countenance became serious, as he recognized many names, familiar to his boyhood, as those of important electors on the Lansmere side, and which he now found transferred to the hostile. "But, surely, there are persons here in whom you deceive yourself—old friends of my family—staunch supporters of our party."

"Exactly so. But this new question has turned old things topsy-turvy. No relying on any friend of yours. No reliance except in this book!" said Dick, slapping the red cover with calm but ominous emphasis.

"Now what I want to propose is this: Don't let the Lansmere interest be beaten; it would vex the old Earl—go to his heart, I am sure."

Harley nodded.

"And the Lansmere interest need not be beaten, if you'll put up another man instead of this red-tapist. (Beg pardon.) You see I only want to get in one man—you want to get in another. Why not? Now there's a smart youth—connection of Mr. Egerton's—Randal Leslie—I have no objection to him, though he is of your colors. Withdraw Mr. Egerton, and I'll withdraw my second man before it comes to the poll; and so we shall halve the borough slick between us. That's the way to do business—eh, my lord?"

"Randal Leslie! Oh, you wish to bring in Mr. Leslie? But he stands with Egerton, not against him."

"Ah!" said Dick, smiling, as if to himself, "so I hear; and we could bring him in over Egerton without saying a word to you. But all our family respects yours, and so I have wished to do the thing handsome and open. Let the Earl and your party be content with young Leslie."

"Young Leslie has spoken to you?"

"Of course; but not as to my coming here. Oh, no—that's a secret—private and confidential, my lord. And now, to make matters still more smooth, I propose that my man shall be one to your lordship's own heart. I find you have been very kind to my nephew—does you credit, my lord—a wonderful young man, though I say it. I never guessed there was so much in him. Yet all the time he was in my house, he had in his desk the very sketch of an invention that is now saving me from ruin—from positive ruin—Baron Levy, the King's Bench—and almighty smash! Now, such a young man ought to be in Parliament. I like to bring forward a relation; that is, when he does one credit; 'tis human nature, and

sacred ties—one's own flesh and blood; and besides, one hand rubs the other, and one leg helps on the other, and relations get on best in the world when they pull together; that is, supposing that they are the proper sort of relations, and pull one on, not down. I had once thought of standing for Lansmere myself—thought of it very lately. The country wants men like me—I know that; but I have an idea that I had better see to my own business. The country may, or may not do without me, stupid old thing that she is! But my mill and my new engines, there is no doubt that they can not do without me. In short, as we are quite alone, and, as I said before, there's no kind of necessity for that sort of humbug which exists when other people are present, provide elsewhere for Mr. Egerton, whom I hate like poison—I have a right to do that, I suppose, without offense to your lordship—and the two youngers, Leonard Avenel and Randal Leslie, shall be members for the free and independent borough of Lansmere!"

"But does Leonard wish to come into Parliament?"

"No: he says not: but that's nonsense. If your lordship will just signify your wish that he should not lose this noble opportunity to raise himself in life, and get something handsome out of the nation, I'm sure he owes you too much to hesitate, 'specially when 'tis to his own advantage. And besides, one of us Avenels ought to be in Parliament. And if I have not the time and learning, and so forth, and he has, why it stands to reason that he should be the man. And if he can do something for me one day—not that I want any thing—but still a baronetcy or so would be a compliment to British Industry, and be appreciated as such by myself and the public at large;—I say, if he could do something of that sort, it would keep up the whole family; and if he can't, why, I'll forgive him."

"Avenel," said Harley, with that familiar and gracious charm of manner which few ever could resist—"Avenel, if, as a great personal favor to myself—to me, your fellow-townsmen—(I was born at Lansmere)—I ask you to forego your grudge against Audley Egerton, whatever that grudge be, and not oppose his election, while our party would not oppose your nephew's—could you not oblige me? Come, for the sake of dear Lansmere, and all the old kindly feelings between your family and mine, say, 'yes, so shall it be.'"

Richard Avenel was almost melted. He turned away his face; but there suddenly rose to his recollection the scornful brow of Audley Egerton, the lofty contempt with which *he*, then the worshipful Mayor of Screwtown, had been shown out of the member's office-room, and the blood rushing over his cheeks, he stamped his foot on the floor, and exclaimed angrily, "No: I swore that Audley Egerton should smart for his insolence to me, as sure as my name be Richard Avenel; and all the soft soap in the world will not wash out that oath. So there is nothing for it but for you to withdraw that man, or for me to defeat him. And

I would do so—ay, and in the way that could most gall him, if it cost me half my fortune. But it will not cost that," said Dick, cooling, "nor any thing like it; for when the popular tide runs in one's favor, 'tis astonishing how cheap an election may be. It will cost *him* enough, though, and all for nothing—worse than nothing. Think of it, my lord."

"I will, Mr. Avenel. And I say, in my turn, that my friendship is as strong as your hate; and that if it cost me, not half, but my whole fortune, Audley Egerton shall come in without a shilling of expense to himself, should we once decide that he stand the contest."

"Very well, my lord—very well," said Dick, stiffly, and drawing on his kid gloves; "we'll see if the aristocracy is always to ride over the free choice of the people in this way. But the People are roused, my lord, the March of Enlightenment is commenced—the Schoolmaster is abroad, and the British Lion—"

"Nobody here but ourselves, my dear Avenel. Is not this rather what you call—*humbug*?"

Dick started, stared, colored, and then burst out laughing—"Give us your hand, my lord! You are a good fellow—that you are. And for your sake—"

"You'll not oppose Egerton?"

"Tooth and nail—tooth and nail!" cried Dick, clapping his hands to his ears, and fairly running out of the room.

There passed over Harley's countenance that change so frequent to it—more frequent, indeed, to the gay children of the world than those of consistent tempers and uniform habits might suppose. There is many a man whom we call friend, and whose face seems familiar to us as our own; yet, could we but take a glimpse of him when we leave his presence, and he sinks back into his chair alone, we should sigh to see how often the smile on the frankest lip is but the bravery of the drill, only worn when on parade.

What thoughts did the visit of Richard Avenel bequeath to Harley? It were hard to define them.

In his place, an Audley Egerton would have taken some comfort from the visit—would have murmured, "Thank Heaven, I have not to present to the world that terrible man as my brother-in-law. But probably Harley had escaped, in his reverie, from Richard Avenel altogether. Even as the slightest incident in the day-time causes our dreams at night, but is itself clean forgotten—so the name, so the look of the visitor might have sufficed but to influence a vision—as remote from its casual suggester, as what we call real life is from that life, much more real, that we imagine or remember in the haunted chambers of the brain. For what is real life? How little the things actually doing around us affect the springs of our sorrow or joy; but the life which our dullness calls romance—the sentiment, the remembrance, the hope, or the fear, that are never seen in the toil of our hands—never heard in the jargon on our lips;—from that life all spin,

as the spider from its entrails, the web by which we hang in the sunbeam, or glide out of sight into the shelter of home.

"I must not think," said Harley, rousing himself, with a sigh, "either of past or present. Let me hurry on to some fancied future. 'Happiest are the marriages,' said the French philosopher, and still says many a sage, 'in which man asks only the mild companion, and woman but the calm protector.' I will go to Helen."

He rose, and as he was about to lock up his escritoire, he remembered the papers which Leonard had requested him to read. He took them from their deposit, with a careless hand, intending to carry them with him to his father's house. But as his eye fell upon the characters, the hand suddenly trembled, and he recoiled some paces, as if struck by a violent blow. Then, gazing more intently on the writing, a low cry broke from his lips. He reseated himself, and began to read.

CHAPTER XI.

RANDAL—with many misgivings at Lord L'Estrange's tone, in which he was at no loss to detect a latent irony—proceeded to Norwood. He found Riccabocca exceedingly cold and distant. But he soon brought that sage to communicate the suspicions which Lord L'Estrange had instilled into his mind, and these Randal was as speedily enabled to dispel. He accounted at once for his visits to Levy and Peschiera. Naturally he had sought Levy, an acquaintance of his own—nay, of Audley Egerton's, but whom he knew to be professionally employed by the Count. He had succeeded in extracting from the Baron Peschiera's suspicious change of lodgment from Mivart's Hotel to the purlieus of Leicester Square;—had called there on the Count—forced an entrance—openly accused him of abstracting Violante; high words had passed between them—even a challenge. Randal produced a note from a military friend of his, whom he had sent to the Count, an hour after quitting the hotel. The note stated that arrangements were made for a meeting near Lord's Cricket Ground, at seven o'clock the next morning. Randal then submitted to Riccabocca another formal memorandum from the same warlike friend, to the purport that Randal and himself had repaired to the ground, and no Count been forthcoming. It must be owned, that Randal had taken all suitable precautions to clear himself. Such a man is not to blame for want of invention, if he be sometimes doomed to fail.

"I then, much alarmed," continued Randal, "hastened to Baron Levy, who informed me that the Count had written him word that he should be for some time absent from England. Rushing thence, in despair, to your friend Lord L'Estrange, I heard that your daughter was safe with you. And though, as I have just proved, I would have risked my life against so notorious a duelist as the Count, on the mere chance of preserving Violante from his supposed designs, I am rejoiced to think that she had no need of my unskillful arm. But how and why can the Count

have left England, after accepting a challenge? A man so sure of his weapon, too—reputed to be as fearless of danger as he is blunt in conscience. Explain;—you who know mankind so well—explain. I can not."

The philosopher could not resist the pleasure of narrating the detection and humiliation of his foe—the wit, ingenuity, and readiness of his friend. So Randal learned, by little and little, the whole drama of the preceding night. He saw, then, that the exile had all reasonable hope of speedy restoration to rank and wealth. Violante, indeed, would be a brilliant prize—too brilliant, perhaps, for Randal—but not to be sacrificed without an effort. Therefore, wringing convulsively the hand of his meditated father-in-law, and turning away his head, as if to conceal his emotions, this ingenious young suitor faltered forth—"That now Dr. Riccabocca was so soon to vanish into the Duke di Serrano, he—Randal Leslie of Rood, born a gentleman, indeed, but of fallen fortunes—had no right to claim the promise which had been given to him while a father had cause to fear for a daughter's future; with the fear, ceased the promise. Might heaven bless father and daughter both!"

This address touched both the heart and honor of the exile. Randal Leslie knew his man. And though, before Randal's visit, Riccabocca was not quite so much a philosopher, but what he would have been well pleased to have found himself released, by proof of the young man's treachery, from an alliance below the rank to which he had all chance of early restoration; yet no Spaniard was ever more tenacious of plighted word than this inconsistent pupil of the profound Florentine. And Randal's probity being now clear to him, he repeated, with stately formalities, his previous offer of Violante's hand.

"But," still falteringly sighed the provident and far-calculating Randal—"but your only child, your sole heiress! Oh, might not your consent to such a marriage (if known before your recall), jeopardize your cause? Your lands, your principalities, to devolve on the child of an humble Englishman! I dare not believe it. Ah, would Violante were not your heiress!"

"A noble wish," said Riccabocca, smiling blandly, "and one that the Fates will realize. Cheer up; Violante will not be my heiress."

"Ah," cried Randal, drawing a long breath—"Ah, what do I hear!"

"Hist! I shall soon a second time be a father. And, to judge by the unerring researches of writers upon that most interesting of all subjects—parturitive science—I shall be the father of a son. He will, of course, succeed to the titles of Serrano and Monteleone. And Violante—"

"Will have nothing, I suppose!" exclaimed Randal, trying his best to look overjoyed, till he had got his paws out of the trap into which he had so incautiously thrust them.

"Nay, her portion by our laws—to say nothing of my affection—would far exceed the ordinary dower which the daughters of London merchants

bring to the sons of British peers. Whoever marries Violante, provided I regain my estates, must submit to the cares which the poets assure us ever attend on wealth."

"Oh!" groaned Randal, as if already bowed beneath the cares, and sympathizing with the poets.

"Nor need the marriage take place till my son is born; and there is no excuse for dictating to me how to dispose of a daughter. And now, let me present you to your betrothed."

Although poor Randal had been remorselessly hurried along what Schiller calls the "gamut of feeling," during the last three minutes, down to the deep chord of despair at the abrupt intelligence that his betrothed was no heiress after all; thence ascending to vibrations of pleasant doubt as to the unborn usurper of her rights, according to the prophecies of parturitive science; and lastly, swelling into a concord of all sweet thoughts at the assurance that, come what might, she would be a wealthier bride than a peer's son could discover in the matrimonial Potosi of Lombard Street; still the tormented lover was not there allowed to repose his exhausted though ravished soul. For, at the idea of personally confronting the destined bride—whose very existence had almost vanished from his mind's eye, amid the golden showers that it saw falling divinely round her—Randal was suddenly reminded of the exceeding bluntness with which, at their last interview it had been his policy to announce his suit, and of the necessity of an impromptu *false* suited to the new variations that tossed him again to and fro on the merciless gamut. However, he could not recoil from the father's proposition, though, in order to prepare Riccabocca for Violante's representation, he confessed pathetically that his impatience to obtain her consent and baffle Peschiera, had made him appear a rude and presumptuous wooer. The philosopher—who was disposed to believe one kind of courtship to be much the same as another, in cases where the result of all courtships was once predetermined—smiled benignly, patted Randal's thin cheek, with a "Pooh, pooh, *pazzie!*" and left the room to summon Violante.

"If knowledge be power," soliloquized Randal, "ability is certainly good luck, as Miss Edgeworth shows in that story of Murad the Unlucky, which I read at Eton;—very clever story it is too. So nothing comes amiss to me. Violante's escape, which has cost me the Count's ten thousand pounds, proves to be worth to me, I dare say, ten times as much. No doubt she'll have £100,000 at the least. And then, if her father have no other child after all, or the child he expects die in infancy, why, once reconciled to his government and restored to his estates, the law must take its usual course, and Violante will be the greatest heiress in Europe. As to the young lady herself, I confess she rather awes me; I know I shall be henpecked. Well, all respectable husbands are. There is something scampish and ruffianly in not being henpecked." Here Randal's

smile might have harmonized well with Pluto's "iron tears;" but, iron as the smile was, the serious young man was ashamed of it. "What am I about," said he, half aloud, "chuckling to myself and wasting time, when I ought to be thinking gravely how to explain away my former cavalier courtship? Such a masterpiece as I thought it then? But who could foresee the turn things would take? Let me think; let me think. Plague on it, here she comes."

But Randal had not the fine ear of your more romantic lover; and, to his great relief, the exile entered the room unaccompanied by Violante. Riccabocca looked somewhat embarrassed. "My dear Leslie, you must excuse my daughter to-day; she is still suffering from the agitation she has gone through, and can not see you."

The lover tried not to look too delighted.

"Cruel," said he, "yet I would not for worlds force myself on her presence. I hope, Duke, that she will not find it too difficult to obey the commands which dispose of her hand, and intrust her happiness to my grateful charge."

"To be plain with you, Randal, she does at present seem to find it more difficult than I foresaw. She even talks of—"

"Another attachment—O heavens!"

"Attachment, *pazzie!* Whom has she seen? No—a convent! But leave it to me. In a calmer hour she will comprehend that a child must know no lot more enviable and holy than that of redeeming a father's honor. And now, if you are returning to London, may I ask you to convey to young Mr. Hazeldean my assurance of undying gratitude for his share in my daughter's delivery from that poor baffled swindler."

It is noticable that, now Peschiera was no longer an object of dread to the nervous father, he became but an object of pity to the philosopher, and of contempt to the grandee.

"True," said Randal, "you told me Frank had a share in Lord L'Estrange's very clever and dramatic device. My lord must be by nature a fine actor—comic, with a touch of melodrama. Poor Frank, apparently he has lost the woman he adored—Beatrice di Negra. You say she has accompanied the Count. Is the marriage that was to be between her and Frank broken off?"

"I did not know such a marriage was contemplated. I understood her to be attached to another. Not that that is any reason why she should not have married Mr. Hazeldean. Express to him my congratulations on his escape."

"Nay, he must not know that I have inadvertently betrayed his confidence; but you now guess, what perhaps puzzled you before—viz., how I came to be so well acquainted with the Count and his movements. I was so intimate with my relation Frank, and Frank was affianced to the Marchesa."

"I am glad you give me that explanation; it suffices. After all, the Marchesa is not by nature a bad woman—that is, not worse than women generally are: so Harley says, and Violante forgives and excuses her."

"Generous Violante! But it is true. So much did the Marchesa appear to me possessed of fine though ill-regulated qualities, that I always considered her disposed to aid in frustrating her brother's criminal designs. So I even said, if I remember right, to Violante."

Dropping this prudent and precautionary sentence, in order to guard against any thing Violante might say as to that subtle mention of Beatrice which had predisposed her to confide in the Marchesa, Randal then hurried on—"But you want repose. I leave you, the happiest, the most grateful of men. I will give your courteous message to Frank."

CHAPTER XII.

CURIOUS to learn what had passed between Beatrice and Frank, and deeply interested in all that could oust Frank out of the Squire's goodwill, or aught that could injure his own prospects, by tending to unite son and father, Randal was not slow in reaching his young kinsman's lodgings. It might be supposed that having, in all probability, just secured so great a fortune as would accompany Violante's hand, Randal might be indifferent to the success of his scheme on the Hazeldean exchequer. Such a supposition would grievously wrong this profound young man. For in the first place, Violante was not yet won, nor her father yet restored to the estates which would defray her dower; and in the next place, Randal, like Iago, loved villainy for the genius it called forth in him. The sole luxury the abstemious aspirer allowed to himself was that which is found in intellectual restlessness. Loathing wine, dead to love, unamused by pleasure, indifferent to the arts, despising literature, save as means to some end of power, Randal Leslie was the incarnation of thought, hatched out of the corruption of will. At twilight we see thin airy spectral insects, all wings and nippers, hovering, as if they could never pause, over some sullen, mephitic pool. Just so, methinks, hover over Acheron such gnat-like, noiseless soarers into gloomy air out of Stygian deeps, as are the thoughts of spirits like Randal Leslie's. Wings have they, but only the better to pounce down—draw their nutriment from unguarded material cuticles; and just when, maddened, you strike, and exulting exclaim, "Caught, by Jove!" wh—irr flies the diaphanous, ghastly larva, and your blow falls on your own twice-offended cheek.

The young men who were acquainted with Randal said he had not a vice! The fact being that his whole composition was one epic vice, so elaborately constructed that it had not an episode which a critic could call irrelevant. Grand young man!

"But, my dear fellow," said Randal, as soon as he had learned from Frank all that had passed on board the vessel between him and Beatrice, "I can not believe this. 'Never loved you?' What was her object, then, in deceiving, not only you, but myself? I suspect her declaration was but some heroic refinement of generosity. After her

brother's detection and probable ruin, she might feel that she was no match for you. Then, too, the Squire's displeasure. I see it all—just like her—noble, unhappy woman!"

Frank shook his head. "There are moments," said he, with a wisdom that comes out of those instincts which awake from the depths of youth's first great sorrow—"moments when a woman can not feign, and there are tones in the voice of a woman which men can not misinterpret. She does not love me—she never did love me; I can see that her heart has been elsewhere. No matter—all is over. I don't deny that I am suffering an intense grief; it gnaws like a kind of sullen hunger; and I feel so broken, too, as if I had grown old, and there was nothing left worth living for. I don't deny all that."

"My poor, dear friend, if you would but believe—"

"I don't want to believe any thing, except that I have been a great fool. I don't think I can ever commit such follies again. But I'm a man. I shall get the better of this; I should despise myself if I could not. And now let us talk of my dear father. Has he left town?"

"Left last night by the mail. You can write, and tell him you have given up the Marchesa, and all will be well again between you."

"Give her up! Fie, Randal! Do you think I should tell such a lie? She gave me up; I can claim no merit out of that."

"Oh, yes! I can make the Squire see all to your advantage. Oh, if it were only the Marchesa!—but, alas! that cursed *post-obit*! How could Levy betray you? Never trust to a usurer again; they can not resist the temptation of a speedy profit. They first buy the son, and then sell him to the father. And the Squire has such strange notions on matters of this kind."

"He is right to have them. There, just read this letter from my mother. It came to me this morning. I could hang myself, if I were a dog; but I'm a man, and so I must bear it."

Randal took Mrs. Hazeldean's letter from Frank's trembling hand. The poor mother had learned, though but imperfectly, Frank's misdeeds from some hurried lines which the Squire had dispatched to her; and she wrote, as good, indulgent, but sensible, right-minded mothers alone can write. More lenient to an imprudent love than the Squire, she touched with discreet tenderness on Frank's rash engagements with a foreigner, but severely on his open defiance of his father's wishes. Her anger was, however, reserved for that unholy *post-obit*. Here the hearty, genial wife's love overcame the mother's affection. To count, in cold blood, on that husband's death, and to wound his heart so keenly, just where its jealousy, fatherly fondness made it most susceptible!

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" wrote Mrs. Hazeldean, "were it not for this, were it only for your unfortunate attachment to the Italian lady, only for your debts, only for the errors of hasty, extravagant youth, I should be with you now—my arms

round your neck, kissing you, chiding you back to your father's heart. But—but the thought that between you and his heart has been the sordid calculation of his death—that is a wall between us. I can not come near you; I should not like to look on your face, and think how my William's tears fell over it, when I placed you, new born, in his arms, and bade him welcome his heir. What! you a mere boy still, your father yet in the prime of life, and the heir can not wait till nature leaves him fatherless! Frank, Frank! this is so unlike you. Can London have ruined already a disposition so honest and affectionate? No; I can not believe it. There must be some mistake. Clear it up, I implore you; or, though as a mother I pity you, as a wife I can not forgive.

"HARRIET HAZELDEAN."

Even Randal was affected by the letter; for, as we know, even Randal felt in his own person the strength of family ties. The poor Squire's choler and bluntness had disguised the parental heart from an eye that, however acute, had not been willing to search for it; and Randal, ever affected through his intellect, had despised the very weakness on which he had preyed. But the mother's letter, so just and sensible (allowing that the Squire's opinions had naturally influenced the wife to take, what men of the world would call a very exaggerated view of the every-day occurrence of loans raised by a son, payable only at a father's death)—this letter, I say, if exaggerated according to fashionable notions, so sensible, if judged by natural affections, touched the dull heart of the schemer, because approved by the quick tact of his intelligence.

"Frank," said he, with a sincerity that afterward amazed himself, "go down at once to Hazeldean—see your mother, and explain to her how this transaction really happened. The woman you loved, and wooed as wife, in danger of an arrest—your distraction of mind—Levy's counsels—your hope to pay off the debt, so incurred to the usurer, from the fortune you would shortly receive with the Marchesa. Speak to your mother—she is a woman; women have a common interest in forgiving all faults that arise from the source of their power over us men;—I mean love. Go!"

"No—I can not go;—you see she would not like to look on my face. And I can not repeat what you say so glibly. Besides, somehow or other, as I am so dependent upon my father—and he has said as much—I feel as if it would be mean in me to make any excuses. I did the thing, and must suffer for it. But I'm a m—an—no—I'm not a man here." Frank burst into tears.

At the sight of those tears, Randal gradually recovered from his strange aberration into vulgar and low humanity. His habitual contempt for his kinsman returned; and with contempt came the natural indifference to the sufferings of the thing to be put to use. It is contempt for the worm that makes the angler fix it on the hook, and observe with complacency that the

vivacity of its wriggles will attract the bite. If the worm could but make the angler respect, or even fear it, the barb would find some other bait. Few anglers would impale an estimable silkworm, and still fewer the anglers who would finger into service a formidable hornet.

"Pooh, my dear Frank," said Randal; "I have given you my advice; you reject it. Well, what then will you do?"

"I shall ask for leave of absence, and run away somewhere," said Frank, drying his tears. "I can't face London; I can't mix with others. I want to be by myself, and wrestle with all that I feel *here*—in my heart. Then I shall write to my mother, say the plain truth, and leave her to judge as kindly of me as she can."

"You are quite right. Yes, leave town! Why not go abroad? You have never been abroad. New scenes will distract your mind. Run over to Paris."

"Not to Paris—I don't want gayeties; but I did intend to go abroad somewhere—any dull dismal hole of a place. Good-by! Don't think of me any more for the present."

"But let me know where you go; and meanwhile I will see the Squire."

"Say as little of me as you can to him. I know you mean most kindly—but oh, how I wish there never had been any third person between me and my father! There; you may well snatch away your hand. What an ungrateful wretch to you I am. I do believe I am the wickedest fellow. What! you shake hands with me still. My dear Randal, you have the best heart—God bless you." Frank turned away, and disappeared within his dressing-room.

"They must be reconciled now, sooner or later—Squire and son"—said Randal to himself, as he left the lodgings. "I don't see how I can prevent that—the Marchesa being withdrawn—unless Frank does it for me. But it is well he should be abroad—something may be made out of that; meanwhile I may yet do all that I could reasonably hope to do—even if Frank had married Beatrice—since he was not to be disinherited. Get the Squire to advance the money for the Thornhill purchase—complete the affair;—this marriage with Violante will help;—Levy must know that;—secure the borough;—well thought of. I will go to Avenel's. By-the-by—by-the-by—the Squire might as well keep me still in the entail after Frank—supposing Frank die childless. This love affair may keep him long from marrying. His hand was very hot—a hectic color;—those strong-looking fellows often go off in a rapid decline, especially if any thing preys on their minds—their minds are so very small. Ah—the Hazeldean Parson—and with Avenel! That young man, too—who is he? I have seen him before somewhere. My dear Mr. Dale, this is a pleasant surprise. I thought you had returned to Hazeldean with our friend the Squire?"

MR. DALE.—"The Squire. Has he left town, and without telling me?"

RANDAL (taking aside the Parson).—"He was

anxious to get back to Mrs. Hazeldean, who was naturally very uneasy about her son and this foolish marriage; but I am happy to tell you that that marriage is effectually and permanently broken off.

MR. DALE.—“How, how? My poor friend told me he had wholly failed to make any impression on Frank—forbade me to mention the subject. I was just going to see Frank myself. I always had some influence with him. But, Randal, explain this very sudden and happy event—the marriage broken off!”

RANDAL.—“It is a long story, and I dare not tell you my humble share in it. Nay, I must keep that secret. Frank might not forgive me. Suffice it that you have my word that the fair Italian has left England, and decidedly refused Frank's addresses. But stay—take my advice—don't go to him;—you see it was not only the marriage that has offended the Squire, but some pecuniary transactions—an unfortunate *post-obit* bond on the Casino property. Frank ought to be left to his own repentant reflections. They will be most salutary—you know his temper—he don't bear reproof; and yet it is better, on the other hand not to let him treat too lightly what has passed. Let us leave him to himself for a few days. He is in an excellent frame of mind.”

MR. DALE (shaking Randal's hand warmly).—“You speak admirably—a *post-obit*!—so often as he has heard his father's opinion on such transactions. No—I will not see him—I should be so angry—”

RANDAL (leading the Parson back, resumes, after an exchange of salutations with Avenel, who, meanwhile, had been conferring with his nephew).—“You should not be so long away from your rectory, Mr. Dale. What will your parish do without you?”

MR. DALE.—“The old fable of the wheel and the fly. I am afraid the wheel rolls on the same. But if I am absent from my parish, I am still in the company of one who does me honor as an old parishioner. You remember Leonard Fairfield, your antagonist in the Battle of the Stocks?”

MR. AVENEL.—“My nephew, I am proud to say, sir.”

Randal bowed with a marked civility—Leonard with a reserve no less marked.

MR. AVENEL (ascribing his nephew's reserve to shyness).—“You should be friends, you two youngsters. Who knows but you run together in the same harness? Ah, that reminds me, Leslie—I have a word or two to say to you. Your servant, Mr. Dale. Shall be happy to present you to Mrs. Avenel. My card—Eaton Square—Number *. *. You will call on me to-morrow, Leonard. And mind I shall be very angry if you persist in your refusal. Such an opening!” Avenel took Randal's arm, while the Parson and Leonard walked on.

“Any fresh hints as to Lansmere?” asked Randal.

“Yes; I have now decided on the plan of con-

test. We must fight two and two—you and Egerton against me and (if I can get him to stand, as I hope) my nephew, Leonard.”

“What!” said Randal, alarmed; “then, after all, I can hope for no support from you?”

“I don't say that; but I have reason to think Lord L'Estrange will bestir himself actively in favor of Egerton. If so, it will be a very sharp contest; and I must manage the whole election on our side, and unite all our shaky votes, which I can best do by standing myself in the first instance, reserving it to after consideration whether I shall throw up at the last; for I don't particularly want to come in, as I did a little time ago, before I had found out my nephew. Wonderful young man!—with such a head—will do me credit in the rotten old House; and I think I had best leave London, go to Screwestown, and look to my business. No; if Leonard stand, I must first see to get him in; and next, to keep Egerton out. It will probably, therefore, end in the return of one and one on either side, as we thought of before. Leonard on our side; and Egerton shan't be the man on the other. You understand?”

“I do, my dear Avenel. Of course, as I before said, I can't dictate to your party whom they should prefer—Egerton or myself. And it will be obvious to the public that your party would rather defeat so eminent an adversary as Mr. Egerton, than a tyro in politics like myself. Of course I can not scheme for such a result; it would be misconstrued, and damage my character. But I rely equally on your friendly promise.”

“Promise! No—I don't promise. I must first see how the cat jumps; and I don't know yet how our friends may like you, or how they can be managed. All I can say is, that Audley Egerton shan't be M.P. for Lansmere. Meanwhile you will take care not to commit yourself in speaking, so that our party can't vote for you consistently: they must count on having you—when you get into the House.”

“I am not a violent party man at present,” answered Randal prudently. “And if public opinion prove on your side, it is the duty of a statesman to go with the times.”

“Very sensibly said; and I have a private bill or two, and some other little jobs, I want to get through the House, which we can discuss later, should it come to a frank understanding between us. We must arrange how to meet privately at Lansmere, if necessary. I'll see to that. I shall go down this week. I think of taking a hint from the free and glorious land of America, and establishing secret caucuses. Nothing like 'em.”

“Caucuses?”

“Small sub-committees that spy on their men night and day, and don't suffer them to be intimidated to vote the other way.”

“You have an extraordinary head for public affairs, Avenel. You *should* come into Parliament yourself; your nephew is so very young.”

“So are you.”

“Yes; but I know the world. Does he?”

"The world knows him, though not by name, and he has been the making of me."

"How? You surprise me."

Avenel first explained about the patent which Leonard had secured to him; and next confided, upon honor, Leonard's identity with the anonymous author whom the Parson had supposed to be Professor Moss.

Randal Leslie felt a jealous pang. What! then—has this village boy—this associate of John Burley—(literary vagabond, who he supposed had long since gone to the dogs, and been buried at the expense of the parish)—had this boy so triumphed over birth, rearing, circumstance, that, if Randal and Leonard had met together in any public place, and Leonard's identity with the rising author been revealed, every eye would have turned from Randal to gaze on Leonard? The common consent of mankind would have acknowledged the supreme royalty of genius when it once leaves its solitude, and strides into the world. What! was this rude villager the child of Fame, who, without an effort, and unconsciously, had inspired in the wearied heart of Beatrice di Negra a love that Randal knew, by an instinct, no arts, no craft, could ever create for him in the heart of woman? And, now, did this same youth stand on the same level in the ascent to power as he the well-born Randal Leslie, the accomplished *protégé* of the superb Audley Eger-ton? Were they to be rivals in the same arena of practical busy life? Randal gnawed his quivering lip.

All the while, however, the young man whom he so envied was a prey to sorrows deeper far than could ever find room or footing in the narrow and stony heart of the unloving schemer. As Leonard walked through the crowded streets with the friend and monitor of his childhood, confiding the simple tale of his earlier trials—when, amidst the want of fortune, and in despair of fame, the Child-Angel smiled by his side, like Hope—all renown seemed to him so barren, all the future so dark. His voice trembled, and his countenance became so sad, that his benignant listener, divining that around the image of Helen there clung some passionate grief that overshadowed all worldly success, drew Leonard gently and gently on, till the young man, long yearning for some confidant, told him all; how, faithful through long years to one pure and ardent memory, Helen had been seen once more—the child ripened to woman, and the memory revealing itself as love.

The Parson listened with a mild and thoughtful brow, which expanded into a more cheerful expression as Leonard closed his story.

"I see no reason to despond," said Mr. Dale. "You fear that Miss Digby does not return your attachment; you dwell upon her reserve—her distant, though kindly manner. Cheer up! All young ladies are under the influence of what phrenologists call the organ of Secretiveness, when they are in the society of the object of their preference. Just as you describe Miss Digby's nanner to you, was my Carry's manner to myself."

The Parson here indulged in a very appropriate digression upon female modesty, which he wound up by asserting, that that estimable virtue became more and more influenced by the secretive organ, in proportion as the favored suitor approached near and nearer to a definite proposal. It was the duty of a gallant and honorable lover to make that proposal in distinct and orthodox form, before it could be expected that a young lady should commit herself and the dignity of her sex by the slightest hint as to her own inclinations.

"Next," continued the Parson, "you choose to torment yourself by contrasting your own origin and fortunes with the altered circumstances of Miss Digby—the ward of Lord L'Estrange, the guest of Lady Lansmere. You say that if Lord L'Estrange could have countenanced such a union, he would have adopted a different tone with you—sounded your heart, encouraged your hopes, and so forth. I view things differently. I have reason to do so; and, from all you have told me of this nobleman's interest in your fate, I venture to make you this promise, that if Miss Digby would accept your hand, Lord L'Estrange shall ratify her choice."

"My dear Mr. Dale," cried Leonard, transported, "you make me that promise?"

"I do—from what I have said, and from what I myself know of Lord L'Estrange. Go then, at once, to Knightsbridge—see Miss Digby—show her your heart—explain to her, if you will, your prospects—ask her permission to apply to Lord L'Estrange (since he has constituted himself her guardian); and if Lord L'Estrange hesitate—which, if your happiness be set on this union, I think he will not—let me know, and leave the rest to me."

Leonard yielded himself to the Parson's persuasive eloquence. Indeed, when he recalled to mind those passages in the MS. of the ill-fated Nora, which referred to the love that Harley had once borne to her—for he felt convinced that Harley and the boy-suitor of Nora's narrative were one and the same); and when all the interest that Harley had taken in his own fortunes was explained by his relationship to her (even when Lord L'Estrange had supposed it less close than he would now discover it to be), the young man, reasoning by his own heart, could not but suppose that the noble Harley would rejoice to confer happiness upon the son of her, so beloved by his boyhood.

"And to thee, perhaps, O my mother!" thought Leonard, with swimming eyes—"to thee, perhaps, even in thy grave, I shall owe the partner of my life, as to the mystic breath of thy genius I owed the first purer aspirations of my soul."

It will be seen that Leonard had not confided to the Parson his discovery of Nora's MS., nor even his knowledge of his real birth; for, though the reader is aware of what Mr. Dale knew, and what he suspected, the MS. had not once alluded to the Parson; and the proud son naturally shrank from any confidence that might call in question Nora's fair name, until at least Harley, who, it

was clear from those papers, must have intimately known his father, should perhaps decide the question which the papers themselves left so terribly vague—viz., whether he were the offspring of a legal marriage, or Nora had been the victim of some unholy fraud.

While the Parson still talked, and while Leonard still mused and listened, their steps almost mechanically took the direction toward Knightsbridge, and paused at the gates of Lord Lansmere's house.

"Go in, my young friend; I will wait without to know the issue," said the Parson cheerily. "Go; and, with gratitude to Heaven learn how to bear the most precious joy that can befall mortal man; or how to submit to youth's sharpest sorrow, with the humble belief that even sorrow is but some mercy concealed."

CHAPTER XIII.

LEONARD was shown into the drawing-room, and it so chanced that Helen was there alone. The girl's soft face was sadly changed, even since Leonard had seen it last; for the grief of natures mild and undemonstrative as hers, gnaws with quick ravages; but, at Leonard's unexpected entrance, the color rushed so vividly to the pale cheeks that its hectic might be taken for the lustre of bloom and health. She rose hurriedly, and in great confusion faltered out, "that she believed Lady Lansmere was in her room—she would go for her," and moved toward the door, without seeming to notice the hand tremulously held forth to her; when Leonard exclaimed, in uncontrollable emotions which pierced to her very heart, in the keen accent of reproach—

"Oh, Miss Digby—oh, Helen—is it thus that you greet me—rather thus that you shun me? Could I have foreseen this when we two orphans stood by the mournful bridge;—so friendless—so desolate—and so clinging each to each? Happy time!" He seized her hand suddenly as he spoke the last words, and bowed his face over it.

"I must not hear you. Do not talk so, Leonard—you break my heart. Let me go—let me go."

"Is it that I am grown hateful to you; is it merely that you see my love and would discourage it. Helen, speak to me—speak!"

He drew her with tender force toward him; and, holding her firmly by both hands, sought to gaze upon the face that she turned from him—turned in such despair.

"You do not know," she said at last, struggling for composure—"You do not know the new claims on me—my altered position—how I am bound—or you would be the last to speak thus to me, the first to give me courage—and bid me—bid me—"

"Bid you what?"

"Feel nothing here but duty!" cried Helen, drawing from his clasp both her hands and placing them firmly on her breast.

"Miss Digby," said Leonard, after a short pause of bitter reflection, in which he wronged,

while he thought to divine her meaning, "you speak of new claims on you, your altered position—I comprehend. You may retain some tender remembrance of the past; but your duty now, is to rebuke my presumption. It is as I thought and feared. This vain reputation which I have made is but a hollow sound—it gives me no rank, assures me no fortune. I have no right to look for the Helen of old in the Helen of to-day. Be it so—forget what I have said, and forgive me."

This reproach stung to the quick the heart to which it appealed. A flash brightened the meek, tearful eyes, almost like the flash of resentment—her lips writhed in torture, and she felt as if all other pain were light compared with the anguish that Leonard could impute to her motives which to her simple nature seemed so unworthy of her, and so galling to himself.

A word rushed as by inspiration to her lip, and that word calmed and soothed her.

"Brother!" she said, touchingly, "brother!"

The word had a contrary effect on Leonard. Sweet as it was, tender as the voice that spoke it, it imposed a boundary to affection—it came as a knell to hope. He recoiled, shook his head mournfully—"Too late to accept that tie—too late even for friendship. Henceforth—for long years to come—henceforth till this heart has ceased to beat at your name—to thrill at your presence, we two—are strangers."

"Strangers! Well—yes, it is right—it must be so; we must not meet. O, Leonard Fairfield, who was it that in those days that you recall to me—who was it that found you destitute, and obscure—who, not degrading you by charity, placed you in your right career—opened to you, amidst the labyrinth in which you were well-nigh lost, the broad road to knowledge, independence, fame. Answer me—answer! Was it not the same who reared, sheltered your sister orphan? If I could forget what I have owed to him, should I not remember what he has done for you? Can I hear of your distinction, and not remember it? Can I think how proud she may be who will one day lean on your arm, and bear the name you have already raised beyond all the titles of an hour? Can I think of this and not remember our common friend, benefactor, guardian? Would you forgive me, if I failed to do so?"

"But," faltered Leonard, fear mingling with the conjectures these words called forth—"but is it that Lord L'Estrange would not consent to our union?—or of what do you speak? You bewilder me."

Helen felt for some moments as if it were impossible to reply; and the words at length were dragged forth as if from the depth of her very soul.

"He came to me—our noble friend, I never dreamed of it. He did not tell me that he loved me. He told me that he was unhappy alone; that in me, and only in me, he could find a comforter, a soother—He, he!—And I had just arrived in England—was under his mother's roof—had not then once more seen you; and—and—"

what could I answer? Strengthen me—strengthen me, you whom I look up to and revere. Yes, yes—you are right. We must see each other no more. I am betrothed to another—to him! Strengthen me!"

All the inherent nobleness of the poet's nature rose at once at this appeal.

"Oh, Helen—sister—Miss Digby, forgive me. You need no strength from me; I borrow it from you. I comprehend you—I respect. Banish all thought of me. Repay our common benefactor. Be what he asks of you—his comforter, his soother;—be more—his pride and his joy. Happiness will come to you, as it comes to those who confer happiness and forget self. God comfort you in the passing struggle; God bless you, in the long years to come. Sister—I accept the holy name now, and will claim it hereafter, when I too can think more of others than myself.

Helen had covered her face with her hands, sobbing; but with that softly womanly constraint which presses woe back into the heart. A strange sense of utter solitude suddenly pervaded her whole being, and by that sense of solitude she knew that he was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN another room in that same house sate, solitary as Helen, a stern, gloomy, brooding man, in whom they who had best known him from his childhood could scarcely have recognized a trace of the humane, benignant, trustful, but wayward and varying Harley Lord L'Estrange.

He had read that fragment of a memoir, in which, out of all the chasms of his barren and melancholy past, there rose two malignant truths which seemed literally to glare upon him with mocking and demon eyes. The woman whose remembrance had darkened all the sunshine of his life, had loved another. The friend in whom he had confided his whole affectionate loyal soul, had been his perfidious rival. He had read from the first word, to the last, as if under a spell that held him breathless; and when he closed the manuscript, it was without groan or sigh; but over his pale lips there passed that withering smile, which is as sure an index of a heart overcharged with dire and fearful passions, as the arrowy flash of the lightning is of the tempests that are gathered within the cloud.

He then thrust the papers into his bosom, and keeping his hand over them, firmly clenched, he left the room, and walked slowly on toward his father's house. With every step by the way, his nature, in the war of its elements, seemed to change and harden into forms of granite. Love, humanity, trust, vanished away. Hate, revenge, misanthropy, suspicion, and scorn of all that could wear the eyes of affection, or speak with the voice of honor, came fast through the gloom of his thoughts, settling down in the wilderness, grim and menacing as the harpies of an ancient song—

— *Uncæque manus, et pallida semper Ora—*

Thus the gloomy man had crossed the threshold

of his father's house, and silently entered the apartments still set apart for him. He had arrived about an hour before Leonard; and as he stood by the hearth, with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed lead-like on the ground, his mother came in to welcome and embrace him. He checked her eager inquiries after Violante—he recoiled from the touch of her hand.

"Hold, madam," said he, startling her ear with the cold austerity of his tone. "I can not heed your questions—I am filled with the question I must put to yourself. You opposed my boyish love for Leonora Avenel. I do not blame you—all mothers of equal rank would have done the same. Yet, had you not frustrated all frank intercourse with her, I might have taken refusal from her own lips—survived that grief, and now been a happy man. Years since then have rolled away—rolled over her quiet slumbers and my restless waking life. All this time were you aware that Audley Egerton had been the lover of Leonora Avenel!"

"Harley, Harley! do not speak to me in that cruel voice—do not look at me with those hard eyes!"

"You knew it, then—you, my mother!" continued Harley, unmoved by her rebuke; "and why did you never say, 'Son, you are wasting the bloom and uses of your life in sorrowful fidelity to a lie! You are lavishing trust and friendship on a perfidious hypocrite?'"

"How could I speak to you thus—how could I dare to do so—seeing you still so cherished the memory of that unhappy girl—still believed that she had returned your affection? Had I said to you what I knew (but not till after her death) as to her relations with Audley Egerton—"

"Well, you falter—go on—had you done so?"

"Would you have felt no desire for revenge? Might there not have been strife between you—danger—bloodshed? Harley, Harley! Is not such silence pardonable in a mother? And why deprive you too of the only friend you seemed to prize—who alone had some influence over you—who concurred with me in the prayer and hope, that some day you would find a living partner worthy to replace this lost delusion; arouse your faculties—be the ornament your youth promised to your country? For you wrong Audley—indeed you do!"

"Wrong him! Ah! let me not do that. Proceed."

"I do not excuse him his rivalry, nor his first concealment of it. But believe me, since then, his genuine remorse, his anxious tenderness for your welfare, his dread of losing your friendship—"

"Stop—it was doubtless Audley Egerton who induced you yourself to conceal what you call his 'relations' with her whom I can now so calmly name—Leonora Avenel?"

"It was so in truth—and from motives that—"

"Enough—let me hear no more."

"But you will not think too sternly of what is past; you are about to form new ties. You can

not be wild and wicked enough to meditate what your brow seems to threaten. You can not dream of revenge—risk Audley's life or your own?"

"Tut—tut—tut! What cause here for duels? Single combats are out of date—civilized men do not slay each other with sword and pistol. Tut! Revenge! Does it look like revenge, that one object which brings me hither is to request my father's permission to charge myself with the care of Audley Egerton's election? What he values most in the world is his political position; and here his political existence is at stake. You know that I have had through life the character of a weak, easy, somewhat over-generous man. Such men are not revengeful. Hold! you lay your hand on my arm—I know the magic of that light touch, mother; but its power over me is gone. Countess of Lansmere, hear me. Ever from infancy (save in that frantic passion for which I now despise myself) I have obeyed you, I trust, as a dutiful son. Now, our relative positions are somewhat altered. I have the right to exact—I will not say to command—the right that wrong and injury bestow upon all men. Madam, the injured man has prerogatives which rival those of kings. I now call upon you to question me no more—not again to breathe the name of Leonora Avenel, unless I invite the subject; and not to inform Audley Egerton by a hint—by a breath—that I have discovered—what shall I call it?—his 'pardonable deceit.' Promise me this, by your affection as mother, and on your faith as gentlewoman—or I declare solemnly, that never in life will you look upon my face again." Haughty and imperious though the Countess was, her spirit quailed before Harley's brow and voice.

"Is this my son—this my gentle Harley?" she said, falteringly. "Oh! put your arms round my neck—let me feel that I have not lost my child!"

Harley looked softened, but he did not obey the pathetic prayer; nevertheless, he held out his hand, and, turning away his face, said, in a milder voice, "Have I your promise?"

"You have—you have; but on condition that there pass no words between you and Audley that can end but in the strife which—"

"Strife!" interrupted Harley. "I repeat that the idea of challenge and duel between me and my friend from our school days, and on a quarrel that we could explain to no seconds, would be a burlesque upon all that is grave in the realities of life and feeling. I accept your promise, and seal it thus—"

He pressed his lips to his mother's forehead, and passively received her embrace.

"Hush," he said, withdrawing from her arms, "I hear my father's voice."

Lord Lansmere threw open the door widely, and with a certain consciousness that a door by which an Earl of Lansmere entered ought to be thrown open widely. It could not have been opened with more majesty if a *huissier* or officer of the Household had stood on either side. The Countess passed by her lord with a light step, and escaped

"I was occupied with my architect in designs for the new infirmary, of which I shall make a present to our county. I have only just heard that you were here, Harley. What is all this about our fair Italian guest? Is she not coming back to us? Your mother refers me to you for explanations."

"You shall have them later, my dear father; at present I can think only of public affairs."

"Public affairs!—they are indeed alarming. I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself so worthily. An awful crisis, Harley! And, gracious heaven! I have heard that a low man, who was born in Lansmere, but made a fortune in America, is about to contest the borough. They tell me he is one of the Avenels—a born Blue—is it possible?"

"I have come here on that business. As a peer you can not, of course, interfere. But I propose, with your leave, to go down myself to Lansmere, and undertake the superintendence of the election. It would be better, perhaps, if you were not present; it would give us more liberty of action."

"My dear Harley, shake hands; any thing you please. You know how I have wished to see you come forward, and take that part in life which becomes your birth."

"Ah, you think I have sadly wasted my existence hitherto."

"To be frank with you, yes, Harley," said the Earl, with a pride that was noble in its nature, and not without dignity in its expression. "The more we take from our country, the more we owe to her. From the moment you came into the world, as the inheritor of lands and honors, you were charged with a trust for the benefit of others, that it degrades one of our order of gentlemen not to discharge."

Harley listened with a sombre brow, and made no direct reply.

"Indeed," resumed the Earl, "I would rather you were about to canvass for yourself than for your friend Egerton. But I grant he is an example that it is never too late to follow. Why, who that had seen you both as youths, notwithstanding Audley had the advantage of being some years your senior—who could have thought that he was the one to become distinguished and eminent—and you degenerate into the luxurious idler, averse to all trouble, and careless of all fame? You, with such advantages, not only of higher fortune, but, as every one said, of superior talents—you, who had then so much ambition—so keen a desire for glory, sleeping with Plutarch's Lives under your pillow, and only, my wild son, only too much energy. But you are a young man still—it is not too late to redeem the years you have thrown away."

"The years—are nothing—mere dates in an almanac; but the feelings, what can give back those?—the hope, the enthusiasm, the—no matter! feelings do not help men to rise in the world. Egerton's feelings are not too lively. What I might have been—leave it to me to

remember—let us talk of the example you set before me—of Audley Egerton.”

“We must get him in,” said the Earl, sinking his voice into a whisper. “It is of more importance to him than I even thought for. But you know his secrets. Why did you not confide to me frankly the state of his affairs?”

“His affairs! Do you mean that they are seriously embarrassed? This interests me much. Pray speak; what do you know?”

“He has discharged the greater part of his establishment. That in itself is natural on quitting office; but still it set people talking; and it has got wind that his estates are not only mortgaged for more than they are worth, but that he has been living upon the discount of bills; in short, he has been too intimate with a man whom we all know by sight—a man who drives the finest horses in London, and they tell me (but *that* I can not believe), lives in the familiar society of the young puppies he snares to perdition. What’s the man’s name? Levy, is it not?—yes, Levy.”

“I have seen Levy with him,” said Harley; and a sinister joy lighted up his falcon eyes. “Levy—Levy—it is well.”

“I hear but the gossip of the clubs,” resumed the Earl. “But they do say that Levy makes little disguise of his power over our very distinguished friend, and rather parades it as a merit with our party (and, indeed, with all men—for Egerton has personal friends in every party), that he keeps sundry bills locked up in his desk until Egerton is once more safe in Parliament. Nevertheless if, after all, our friend were to lose his election, and Levy were then to seize on his effects, and proclaim his ruin—it would seriously damage, perhaps altogether destroy, Audley’s political career.”

“So I conclude,” said Harley. “A Charles Fox might be a gamester, and a William Pitt be a pauper. But Audley Egerton is not of their giant stature;—he stands so high because he stands upon heaps of respectable gold. Audley Egerton, needy and impoverished—out of Parliament, and, as the vulgar slang has it, out at elbows, skulking from duns—perhaps in the Bench—”

“No, no—our party would never allow that; we would subscribe—”

“Or, worse than all, living as the pensioner of the party he aspired to lead! You say truly. His political prospects would be blasted. A man whose reputation lay in his outward respectability! Why, people would say that Audley Egerton has been a—solemn lie; eh, my father?”

“How can you talk with such coolness of your friend? You need say nothing to interest me in this election—if you mean that. Once in Parliament, he must soon again be in office—and learn to live on his salary. You must get him to submit to me the schedule of his liabilities. I have a head for business, as you know. I will arrange his affairs for him. And I will yet bet

five to one, though I hate wagers, that he will be prime-minister in three years. He is not brilliant, it is true; but just at this crisis we want a safe, moderate, judicious, conciliatory man; and Audley has so much tact, such experience of the House, such knowledge of the world, and,” added the Earl, emphatically summing up his eulogies, “he is so thorough a gentleman.”

“A thorough gentleman, as you say—the son of honor! But, my dear father, it is your hour for riding; let me not detain you. It is settled, then; you do not come yourself to Lansmere. You put the house at my disposal, and allow me to invite Egerton, of course, and what other guests I may please; in short, you leave all to me?”

“Certainly; and if you can not get in your friend, who can? That borough, it is an awkward, ungrateful place, and has been the plague of my life. So much as I’ve spent there, too—so much good as I have done to its trade.” And the Earl, with an indignant sigh, left the room.

Harley seated himself deliberately at his writing-table, leaning his face on his hand, and looking abstractedly into space from under knit and lowering brows.

Harley L’Estrange was, as we have seen, a man singularly tenacious of affections and impressions. He was a man, too, whose nature was eminently bold, loyal, and candid; even the apparent whim and levity which misled the world, both as to his dispositions and his powers, might be half ascribed to that open temper which, in its over-contempt for all that seemed to savor of hypocrisy, sported with forms and ceremonials, and extracted humor—sometimes extravagant, sometimes profound—from “the solemn plausibilities of the world.” The shock he had now received smote the very foundations of his mind, and, overthrowing all the airier structures which fancy and wit had built upon its surface, left it clear as a new world for the operations of the darker and more fearful passions. When a man of a heart so loving, and a nature so irregularly powerful as Harley’s, suddenly and abruptly discovers deceit where he had most confided, it is not (as with the calmer pupils of that harsh teacher, Experience) the mere withdrawal of esteem and affection from the one offender—it is, that trust in every thing seems gone—it is, that the injured spirit looks back to the Past, and condemns all its kindlier virtues as follies that conduced to its own woe; and looks on the Future as to a journey beset with smiling traitors, whom it must meet with an equal simulation, or crush with a superior force. The guilt of treason to men like these is incalculable—it robs the world of all the benefits they would otherwise have lavished as they passed—it is responsible for all the ill that springs from the corruption of natures, whose very luxuriance, when the atmosphere is once tainted, does but diffuse disease;—even

as the malaria settles not over thin and barren soils, nor over wastes that have been from all times desolate, but over the places in which southern suns had once ripened delightful gardens, or the sites of cities, in which the pomp of palaces has passed away.

It was not enough that the friend of his youth, the confidant of his love, had betrayed his trust—been the secret and successful rival—not enough that the woman his boyhood had madly idolized, and all the while he had sought her traces with pining, remorseful heart—believing she but eluded his suit from the emulation of a kindred generosity—desiring rather to sacrifice her own love than to cost to him the sacrifice of all which youth rashly scorns and the world so highly estimates;—not enough that all this while her refuge had been the bosom of another. This was not enough of injury. His whole life had been wasted on a delusion—his faculties and aims—the wholesome ambition of lofty minds had been arrested at the very onset of fair existence—his heart corroded by a regret for which there was no cause—his conscience charged with the terror that his wild chase had urged a too tender victim to the grave, over which he had mourned. What years that might otherwise have been to himself so serene, to the world so useful, had been consumed in objectless, barren, melancholy dreams! And all this while to whom had his complaints been uttered?—to the man who knew that his remorse was an idle spectre, and his faithful sorrow a mocking self-deceit. Every thought that could gall man's natural pride—every remembrance that could sting into revenge a heart that had loved too deeply not to be accessible to hate—contributed to goad those maddening Furies who come into every temple which is once desecrated by the presence of the evil passions. Vengeance took, in that sullen twilight of the soul, the form of Justice. Changed though his feelings toward Leonora Avenel were, the story of her grief and her wrongs embittered still more his wrath against his rival. The fragments of her memoir left naturally on Harley's mind the conviction that she had been the victim of an infamous fraud—the dupe of a false marriage. His idol had not only been stolen from the altar, it had been sullied by the sacrifice—broken with remorseless hand, and thrust into dishonored clay—mutilated, defamed—its very memory a thing of contempt to him who had ravished it from worship. The living Harley and the dead Nora—both called aloud to their joint-despoiler, "Restore what thou hast taken from us, or pay the forfeit!"

Thus, then, during the interview between Helen and Leonard, thus Harley L'Estrange sat alone; and as a rude irregular lump of steel, when wheeled round into rapid motion, assumes the form of the circle it describes, so his iron purpose, hurried on by his relentless passion, filled the space into which he gazed with optical delusions—scheme after scheme revolving and consummating the circles that clasped a foe.

CHAPTER XV.

THE entrance of a servant, announcing a name which Harley, in the absorption of his gloomy reverie, did not hear, was followed by that of a person on whom he lifted his eyes in the cold and haughty surprise with which a man, much occupied, greets and rebukes the intrusion of an unwelcome stranger.

"It is so long since your lordship has seen me," said the visitor with mild dignity, "that I can not wonder you do not recognize my person, and have forgotten my name."

"Sir," answered Harley, with an impatient rudeness ill in harmony with the urbanity for which he was usually distinguished—"Sir, your person is strange to me, and your name I did not hear; but, at all events, I am not now at leisure to attend to you. Excuse my plainness."

"Yet, pardon me if I still linger. My name is Dale. I was formerly curate at Lansmere; and I would speak to your lordship in the name and the memory of one once dear to you—Leonora Avenel."

HARLEY (after a short pause).—"Sir, I can not conjecture your business. But be seated. I remember you now, though years have altered both, and I have since heard much in your favor from Leonard Fairfield. Still let me pray that you will be brief."

MR. DALE.—"May I assume at once that you have divined the parentage of the young man you call Fairfield? When I listened to his grateful praises of your beneficence, and marked with melancholy pleasure the reverence in which he holds you, my heart swelled within me. I acknowledged the mysterious force of nature."

HARLEY.—"Force of nature! You talk in riddles."

MR. DALE (indignantly).—"Oh, my lord, how can you so disguise your better self? Surely in Leonard Fairfield you have long since recognized the son of Nora Avenel?"

Harley passed his hand over his face. "Ah!" thought he, "she lived to bear a son, then—a son to Egerton. Leonard is that son. I should have known it by the likeness—by the fond foolish impulse that moved me to him. This is why he confided to me these fearful memoirs. He seeks his father—he shall find him."

MR. DALE (mistaking the cause of Harley's silence).—"I honor your compunction, my lord, Oh! let your heart and your conscience continue to speak to your worldly pride."

HARLEY.—"My compunction, heart, conscience! Mr. Dale you insult me!"

MR. DALE (sternly).—"Not so; I am fulfilling my mission, which bids me rebuke the sinner. Leonora Avenel speaks in me, and commands the guilty father to acknowledge the innocent child!"

Harley half rose, and his eyes literally flashed fire; but he calmed his anger into irony. "Ha!" said he, with a sarcastic smile, "so you suppose that I was the perfidious seducer of Nora Avenel—that I am the callous father of the

child who came into the world without a name. Very well, sir, taking these assumptions for granted, what is it you demand from me on behalf of this young man?"

"I ask from you his happiness," replied Mr. Dale imploringly; and yielding to the compassion with which Leonard inspired him, and persuaded that Lord L'Estrange felt a father's love for the boy whom he had saved from the whirlpool of London and guided to safety and honorable independence, he here, with simple eloquence, narrated all Leonard's feelings for Helen—his silent fidelity to her image, though a child's—his love when he again beheld her as a woman—the modest fears which the Parson himself had combatted—the recommendation that Mr. Dale had forced upon him, to confess his affection to Helen, and plead his cause. "Anxious, as you may believe, for his success," continued the Parson, "I waited without your gates till he came from Miss Digby's presence. And oh, my lord, had you but seen his face!—such emotion and such despair! I could not learn from him what had passed. He escaped from me, and rushed away. All that I could gather was from a few broken words, and from those words I formed the conjecture (it may be erroneous) that the obstacle to his happiness was not in Helen's heart, my lord, but seemed to me as if it were in yourself. Therefore, when he had vanished from my sight, I took courage, and came at once to you. If he be your son, and Helen Digby be your ward—she herself an orphan, dependent on your bounty—why should they be severed? Equals in years—united by early circumstance—congenial, it seems, in simple habits and refined tastes—what should hinder their union, unless it be the want of fortune?—and all men know your wealth—none ever questioned your generosity. My lord, my lord, your look freezes me. If I have offended, do not visit my offense on him—on Leonard!"

"And so," said Harley still controlling his rage, "so this boy—whom, as you say, I saved from that pitiless world which has engulfed many a nobler genius—so, in return for all, he has sought to rob me of the last affection, poor and lukewarm though it was, that remained to me in life. He presume to lift his eyes to my affianced bride! He! And for aught I know, steal from me her living heart, and leave to me her icy hand!"

"Oh, my lord your affianced bride! I never dreamed of this. I implore your pardon. The very thought is so terrible—so unnatural—the son to woo the father's—! Oh, what sin have I fallen into! The sin was mine—I urged and persuaded him to it. He was ignorant as myself. Forgive him, forgive him!"

"Mr. Dale," said Harley, rising, and extending his hand, which the poor Parson felt himself unworthy to take—"Mr. Dale, you are a good man—if, indeed, this universe of liars contains some man who does not cheat our judgment when we deem him honest. Allow me only to ask why you consider Leonard Fairfield to be my son?"

"Was not your youthful admiration for poor Nora evident to me? Remember, I was a frequent guest at Lansmere Park; and it was so natural that you, with all your brilliant gifts, should captivate her refined fancy—her affectionate heart."

"Natural, you think so—go on."

"Your mother, as became her, separated you. It was not unknown to me that you still cherished a passion which your rank forbade to be lawful. Poor girl; she left the roof of her protectress, Lady Jane. Nothing was known of her till she came to her father's house to give birth to a child, and die. And the same day that dawned on her corpse, you hurried from the place. Ah! no doubt your conscience smote you—you have never returned since."

Harley's breast heaved—he waved his hand—the Parson resumed—

"Whom could I suspect but you? I made inquiries: they confirmed my suspicions."

"Perhaps you inquired of my friend, Mr. Egerton? He was with me when—when—as you say, I hurried from the place."

"I did, my lord."

"And he?"

"Denied your guilt; but still, a man of honor so nice, of heart so feeling, could not feign readily. His denial did not deceive me."

"Honest man!" said Harley; and his hand gripped at the breast over which still rustled, as if with a ghostly sigh, the records of the dead. "He knew she had left a son, too?"

"He did, my lord; of course I told him that."

"The son whom I found starving in the streets of London! Mr. Dale, as you see, your words move me very much. I can not deny that he who wronged, it may be with no common treachery, that young mother—for Nora Avenel was not one to be lightly seduced into error—"

"Indeed, no!"

"And who then thought no more of the offspring of her anguish and his own crime—I can not deny that that man deserves some chastisement—should render some atonement. Am I not right here? Answer with the plain speech which becomes your sacred calling."

"I can not say otherwise, my lord," replied the Parson, pitying what appeared to him such remorse. "But if he repent—"

"Enough," interrupted Harley. "I now invite you to visit me at Lansmere; give me your address, and I will apprise you of the day on which I will request your presence. Leonard Fairfield shall find a father—I was about to say, worthy of himself. For the rest—stay; reseal yourself. For the rest"—and again the sinister smile broke from Harley's eye and lip—"I can not yet say whether I can, or ought, to resign to a younger and fairer suitor the lady who has accepted my own hand. I have no reason yet to believe that she prefers him. But what think you, meanwhile, of this proposal? Mr. Avenel wishes his nephew to contest the borough of Lansmere—has urged me to obtain the young

man's consent. That he may thus endanger the seat of Mr. Audley Egerton. What then? Mr. Audley Egerton is a great man, and may find another seat; that should not stand in the way. Let Leonard obey his uncle. If he win the election, why he'll be a more equal match, in the world's eye, for Miss Digby—that is, should she prefer him to myself; and if she do not, still, in public life, there is a cure for all private sorrow. That is a maxim of Mr. Audley Egerton's; and he, you know, is a man not only of the nicest honor, but the most worldly wisdom. Do you like my proposition?"

"It seems to me most considerate—most generous."

"Then you shall take to Leonard the lines I am about to write."

Lord L'Estrange to Leonard Fairfield.

"I have read the memoir you intrusted to me. I will follow up all the clues that it gives me. Meanwhile I request you to suspend all questions, forbear all reference to a subject which, as you may well conjecture, is fraught with painful recollections to myself. At this moment, too, I am compelled to concentrate my thoughts upon affairs of a public nature, and yet which may sensibly affect yourself. There are reasons why I urge you to comply with your uncle's wish, and stand for the borough of Lansmere at the approaching election. If the exquisite gratitude of your nature so overrates what I may have done for you, that you think you owe me some obligations, you will richly repay them on the day in which I hear you hailed as member for Lansmere. Relying on that generous principle of self-sacrifice which actuates all your conduct, I shall count upon your surrendering your preference to private life, and entering the arena of that noble ambition, which has conferred such dignity on the name of my friend Audley Egerton. He, it is true, will be your opponent; but he is too generous not to pardon my zeal for the interests of a youth whose career I am vain enough to think that I have aided. And as Mr. Randal Leslie stands in coalition with Egerton, and Mr. Avenel believes that two can-

didates of the same party can not both succeed, the result may be to the satisfaction of all the feelings which I entertain for Audley Egerton, and for you, who, I have reason to think, will emulate his titles to my esteem.

"Yours, L'ESTRANGE."

"There, Mr. Dale," said Harley, sealing his letter, and giving it into the Parson's hands. "There, you shall deliver this note to him. But no—upon second thoughts, since he does not yet know of your visit to me, it is best that he should be still in ignorance of it. For should Miss Digby resolve to abide by her present engagements, it were surely kind to save Leonard the pain of learning that you had communicated to me that rivalry he himself had concealed. Let all that has passed between us be kept in strict confidence."

"I will obey you, my lord," answered the Parson, meekly, startled to find that he who had come to arrogate authority, was now submitting to commands; and all at fault what judgment he could venture to pass upon the man whom he had regarded as a criminal, who had not even denied the crime imputed to him, yet who now impressed the accusing priest with something of that respect which Mr. Dale had never before conceded but to Virtue. Could he have then but looked into the dark and stormy heart which he twice misread?

"It is well—very well," muttered Harley, when the door had closed upon the Parson. "The viper and the viper's brood! So it was this man's son that I led from the dire 'Slough of Despond;' and the son unconsciously imitates the father's gratitude and honor—Ha—ha!" Suddenly the bitter laugh was arrested; a flash of almost celestial joy darted through the warring elements of storm and darkness. If Helen returned Leonard's affection, Harley L'Estrange was free! And through that flash the face of Violante shone upon him as an angel's. But the heavenly light and the angel face vanished abruptly, swallowed up in the black abyss of the rent and tortured soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES

THE past month has been marked by active political movements in various sections of the Union. A number of State and general Conventions have been held, for the nomination of public officers, and the fall campaign has opened with vigor. The Whig State Convention of New York met at Syracuse on Wednesday, September 22, for the choice of candidates for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and other State officers, and the following nominations were made unanimously:—for Governor, Hon. WASHINGTON HUNT; Lieutenant-Governor, WILLIAM KENT, of New York; Canal Commissioner, THOMAS KEMPSHALL; State Prison Inspector, EPHENETUS CROSBY. The usual Electoral Ticket was also chosen. The Convention adopted a series

of resolutions strongly reaffirming the principles and measures to which the Whig party is pledged, and endorsing, with some clearer constructions, the platform laid down at Baltimore.—The Democratic State Convention of this State met at Utica on Wednesday, September 1, and nominated the following Ticket: for Governor, Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR; Lieutenant-Governor, SANDFORD E. CHURCH; Canal Commissioner, FREDERICK FOLLETT; State Prison Inspector, DARIUS CLARK. An Electoral Ticket was put in nomination, and the Convention adopted the Baltimore resolutions, with congratulations upon the concord of the party.—The Free Democracy of this State held a Convention at Syracuse, on Wednesday, September 29, at which a platform of principles, on the basis of the Free-Soil

measures, was adopted. MINTHORNE TOMPKINS received the nomination for Governor; SETH M. GATES for Lieutenant-Governor; CHARLES A. WHEATON for Canal Commissioner; and GEORGE CURTIS for State Prison Inspector.—The National Liberty Convention met at Syracuse on the succeeding day (September 30), and nominated candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, viz., for President, WILLIAM GOODELL; for Vice President, S. M. PIPER, of Virginia.—Conventions have also been held in the States of New Jersey, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut. The friends of Mr. WEBSTER met at Boston on the 15th September, for the purpose of urging the nomination of the Hon. Secretary to the Presidency; suitable measures being taken by the nomination of an Electoral Ticket, and the organization of a State Executive Committee. The Whigs of Massachusetts have nominated Hon. J. M. CLIFFORD for Governor, and ELISHA HUNTINGTON for Lieutenant-Governor; the Democrats, for Governor, HENRY W. BISHOP, and for Lieutenant-Governor, JAMES B. THOMPSON; the Free-Soil party of the same State having completed a separate ticket by the choice of Hon. HORACE MANN and AMASA WALKER.—The Democratic State Conventions of Connecticut and New Jersey, and the Whig Convention of New Hampshire, nominated Electoral Tickets only, and re-affirmed the party issues.—The Free-Soil nomination for the Presidency has been accepted by the Hon. JOHN P. HALE, of New Hampshire. Mr. Hale remarks that he did not feel at liberty, under the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, to set up his own opinion in direct opposition to the wishes of his friends, and therefore yields his own inclination to theirs. He adds, in his letter of acceptance, that to all letters of inquiry as to the course he intended to pursue, he should have no further answer to make. During a portion of the month of September, Mr. Hale visited different parts of the State of Ohio, and addressed the citizens.—The annual gathering of the advocates of Women's Rights took place at Syracuse in the middle of September. Resolutions were adopted, favoring the employment of female physicians, lawyers, etc., and recommending such a modification of the laws relating to marriage as shall secure to Woman greater advantages than she now enjoys. The President of the Convention was LUCRETIA MOTT.

Elections have taken place during the month in Vermont and Maine. In Vermont, the Senate is probably 25 Whigs to 5 Democrats; the House, nearly the same as last year. For Congress, in the 1st District, MEACHAM (Whig) has 1644 majority; in the 2d District, TRACY (Whig) 754 majority; 3d District, SABIN (Whig) lacks 462 of a majority, but leads his highest opponent by nearly 1300 votes. For Governor, FAIRBANKS (Whig) failed to receive a majority, and the election goes to the Legislature. In Maine, HUBBARD (Dem.) is defeated for Governor by the people, lacking about 4000 votes. The vote for CHANDLER, the Anti-Maine Law candidate, will probably reach 20,000. Three Whig and three Democratic members of Congress are elected. The Senate and House are Democratic by slight majorities. The Maine Law question entered very largely into the contest.

The Committee appointed by the Georgia Southern Rights Convention, made a report, nominating GEORGE M. TROUPE for President, and Gen. QUITMAN for Vice-President. After some little debate, the nominations were ratified with enthusiasm. Electors were appointed, and the Convention adjourned.

The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States, met at Odd Fellows' Hall, in Baltimore, Sept. 21st, Grand Sire MOORE presiding. Very little business of public interest was transacted. Grand Sire MOORE and Grand Secretary RIDGELY made their annual statements, showing the order to be in a highly prosperous condition all over the country. During the year Lodges have been opened in California, Oregon, New Mexico, and Panama. Among the important questions to come before the Grand Lodge, are several touching the authority of the several State Grand Lodges, and various reforms in the constitution, some of which are very radical, tending greatly to simplify the government of the Order. WILMOT G. DESAUSSEURE, of South Carolina, was elected Grand Sire; and the following additional officers were elected:—*Deputy Grand Sire*—HORACE A. MANCHESTER, of Rhode Island. *Grand Secretary*—JAMES L. RIDGELY, of Maryland. *Grand Treasurer*—JOSHUA VAN SANT, of Maryland.

General SCOTT having been called to the West on official business connected with the interests of the Army, received a most enthusiastic welcome along the route. Public receptions were accorded him at Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Columbus, Maysville, Ky., and Lexington; and in reply to numerous addresses, the General made brief responses. During his stay at Lexington, Gen. SCOTT visited Ashland, and had a long and affecting interview with the bereaved widow of the late Hon. HENRY CLAY. Gen. SCOTT was received at Louisville on the 1st of October with a speech by Gov. CRITENDEN.—The Hon. THOMAS BARING, M.P., is now on a visit to this country; and on the 22d September was tendered the compliment of a public dinner by some two hundred of the leading citizens of Boston. At the banquet, Hon. SAMUEL A. ELIOT presided; and among the guests was the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT. In his speech in reply to a complimentary toast, Mr. BARING made a happy allusion to the diplomatic services of Mr. EVERETT, and adverted to the threatened causes of difficulty between the United States and Great Britain; which, however, he thought would be speedily and satisfactorily adjusted.—A recent letter from the Hon. WM. A. GRAHAM, Whig nominee for the Vice Presidency, takes occasion to advert to the agitation at the South of questions growing out of the institution of Slavery. Mr. GRAHAM says: "I can perceive neither necessity nor utility, on the part of the South, for a discussion of the extreme cases of apprehended injury comprised in your interrogatories, as among the practical questions of the times. Such was the unanimous opinion of those patriotic citizens of the South who were delegated to the Convention by which I was nominated, and who required only an acquiescence in the Compromise as a security for their rights in the present juncture; and in that opinion I concur."

Hon. THOMAS H. BENTON has addressed to his constituents a letter in reference to enforcing the Mexican grant of a route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; his opposition to which is grounded upon the argument that the enterprise comes into direct conflict with works of internal improvement, especially with the projected Pacific Railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco. Mr. Benton reviews the history of the GARAY grant, impeaches its validity, and opposes any interference by the Government of the United States in the questions involved in the original grant on its transfer to American citizens. The Mexican side of the case is presented in the Memorial addressed by the Mexican Government to

"the Friendly Nations of the Earth," setting forth the reasons why that government dares not recognize the validity of the grant to GARAY. This document declares that the grant is defunct upon its own limitations, and is so declared by the Mexican Congress; that it can only be transferable so far as regards the colonization part, and that a transfer could only be made to foreigners upon the condition of abjuring their nationality. These and similar objections are sustained by vouchers, which are deemed by Mr. Benton sufficient to prove the historical accuracy of the facts relied upon by the Government of Mexico. Having considered the question in this light, Mr. Benton takes up the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate of the United States, and proceeds to a refutation of the pervading errors which, he declares, have characterized that document. It sets out, he observes, with a total non-observance of the double character of the grant—one part transferable, and the other not; and of the provision that foreigners could only come in possession of it through the ceremony of naturalization as Mexicans. The Reports invests SANTA ANNA with supreme power at the time of the ratification of the original grant to GARAY—an assertion which Mr. Benton disproves, showing the Government to have been Provisional only. A legitimate claim of transfer for GARAY, through the British subjects, Messrs. MANNING and MACKINTOSH, down to the New Orleans claimants, is made out by the committee, but is denied by Mr. Benton, who claims that the most conspicuous of the English companies to whom the grant was assigned has been left out of the calculation—viz., Messrs. John Schneider and Co., of the city of London. Mr. Benton further states, that, under advantageous circumstances, he could wish the Tehuantepec route to be opened, fairly and honorably, under the competition of bidders. But he desires no war, nor the complicity of our Government in the enforcement of what he terms "a fraudulent and defunct grant." The ex-Senator contends that the policy which supports this grant is similar to that which would have kept California out of the Union, and left the three Territories without governments. "In the mean time," he adds, "and while nothing can be obtained for the inland American route, and while war is threatened for the foreign Mexican route, millions are lavished upon ocean-steam-lines, in which neither the Union nor the people have any interest." A denunciation of this policy and a comparison between the advantages of a home and a foreign route to the Pacific, conclude the letter.

Mr. Consul RICE has published a full statement of the nature of his difficulties at Acapulco. He avers that in the course of his official business, he could not have avoided making enemies, and inculpates the Mexican Government for connivance at the misdeeds of its agents.

Hon. ABBOTT LAWRENCE in a recent letter, declares that no communications relative to the Lobos Islands have been made by him to the British Government. He has expressed no opinion in relation to the matters in dispute. The new Minister to England, superseding Mr. Lawrence, who is recalled at his own request, is the Hon. J. R. INGERSOLL of Pennsylvania. Mr. Ingersoll has sailed for England.

Another Anti-Rent outrage occurred at Berlin, Rensselaer County, in this State, on the 4th September. Several persons, disguised as Indians, went to the house of a Mr. Shaw, ordering him to show himself, which he refused to do, and was then threat-

ened with the burning of his premises. He replied to the threat by firing at the disguised assailants, killing one and wounding two others.—The long-pending India rubber controversy, between GOODYEAR and DAY, was finally decided in the United States Circuit Court at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 28th September; Judges Grier and Dickinson presiding. Each of the judges gave a written opinion, and a perpetual injunction was granted against the defendant, Day. The case was argued in the United States Circuit Court at Trenton, in March last, by JAMES T. BRADY and Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER for plaintiff, and RUFUS CHOATE and FRANCIS B. CUTTING for defendant. The Court decides that Hayward and Goodyear each was the original inventor of what he claimed, and the proof to the point was so conclusive that no verdict of a jury would change the Court's opinion. Such a trial was therefore refused. It was also ruled that neither Hayward nor Goodyear had abandoned his invention to the public; that the Goodyear re-issued patent of 1849 was valid; Day had by covenants, and by consenting to a verdict against him, acknowledged both Hayward's and Goodyear's patents to be valid; that the first was properly brought in Goodyear's name, and that he was entitled to a perpetual injunction against Day, and an account for the damages for infringing, Day having in his answer repudiated the covenants under which, by Goodyear's permission, he used the patent in making certain goods.—Agricultural Fairs were held during the month of September in Vermont, Ohio, and New York. The exhibition on each occasion was excellent, and appropriate addresses were delivered.—The number of victims by the explosion of the Steamer *Reindeer* on the Hudson River, has reached thirty-seven; several persons having since died from the injuries they received. The captain and engineer of the vessel have been arrested in New York by the United States Marshal, and held to bail in the sum of \$10,000 each. In the case of the *Henry Clay*, the authorities of Westchester County, within whose jurisdiction the melancholy disaster to that vessel occurred, have taken the investigation of the catastrophe into their own hands. The inculpated parties are therefore under double supervision.—Orders have been issued for the removal of the Menominee Indians to their new location in Wisconsin.—An embassy from the Seminoles, headed by their celebrated chieftain, known as BILLY BOWLEGS, paid a visit to the President in September on business connected with the interests of the tribe, and on their return took this city in their way. They were accompanied by General BLAKE, and were treated with considerable distinction, testifying great pleasure at the nature of their reception.—The Secretary of War has assigned the charge of the river and harbor works upon the Atlantic coast to a corps of engineers commanded by General TOTEN. The improvements upon the lake harbors and Western rivers have been assigned to a corps of topographical engineers, of which Colonel ABERT is the chief.—The renowned Madame SONTAG, Countess Rossi, has arrived upon the American shores, and has given a series of brilliant concerts in this city. A strong rivalry exists between the new celebrity, and Madame ALBONI, who arrived some weeks previously. The concerts of both artists have been very largely attended.—The sixty-ninth Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York met in this city on the 29th September, and after two days of unsuccessful balloting, elected the Rev. JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT,

D. D., to the office of Provisional Bishop. This result settles a long and embarrassing controversy. The office was last year tendered to the Rev. WILLIAM CREIGHTON, D. D. of Westchester, but was declined.—Some time during the last year a decision was obtained in the United States Circuit Court, establishing the right of the Methodist Episcopal church South to an equitable portion of the Book Concern, which had been common property up to the division of the church. Upon this decision the case was referred to Mr. J. W. Nelson, the clerk, to examine the assets of the Book Concern, and report to the Court in view of a division. In this report Mr. Nelson, the referee, says that the aggregate value of the property of the Church, previous to the division, was \$562,235 76. The profits from that period (1845) have been over \$255,000. The value of the Book Concern on the 1st January, 1852, was \$608,413 54—constituted as follows: Real Estate, \$131,277 38; Cash account, \$43,316 21; Periodicals, \$10,000; Merchandise, \$179,531 72; Printing apparatus, \$109,635 04; Notes and book accounts, \$154,061. The increase in the value of the Book Concern since 1845, is \$46,171 78. The Referee reviews with care the merits of the controversy, and arrives at the conclusion that "Trustees are only, as a general rule, to be charged with reasonable care and diligence, together with perfect good faith; that mere errors of judgment, in the honest administration of their trust, are not to entail upon them the consequences of a fraud. That the trustees in this case have violated their trust, in denying to the Southern beneficiaries a participation in the fund, is settled by the decree of the Court. But that it was done fraudulently or from dishonest motives, nowhere appears, either in the decree or in the proofs. On the contrary, it appears, that doing as they did in a case of extraordinary embarrassment and difficulty, they supposed they were acting as faithful guardians of the trust, and preventing its being wasted upon persons who had voluntarily thrown themselves beyond the pale of the charity. They erred in point of law; but I do not think they should be charged as misconducting trustees, when they were honestly, though mistakenly endeavoring to conduct themselves as faithful conservators of the fund."—The Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Rhode Island, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Bishop Henshaw. Dr. Hawks at the time of this election, was Rector of Calvary Church in New York.—The Right Rev. PHILANDER CHASE, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Illinois, died on the 20th September, from the effect of injuries received by a fall from his carriage, a short time since. He was in the 78th year of his age. By this event, Right Rev. Dr. BROWNELL becomes the Senior Bishop of that Church.—JOHN VANDERLYN, the celebrated American Artist, died suddenly at Kingston, N. Y., on the 23d of September.—The Rev. Dr. JOSEPH MCGUIRE, for many years connected with St. Mary's College, Baltimore, also died in September.—OLE BULL has declared his intention of becoming an American citizen. The ceremony took place recently at Independence Hall, Philadelphia. His Norwegian colony in Northern Pennsylvania is flourishing. Several hundreds are already there, opening roads and clearing land.

From California, we have advices to the 1st September. The intelligence from the mines continues to be as encouraging as heretofore, and the receipts of gold at the port of New York are quite large, averaging a million and a half of dollars by each

semi-monthly steamer.—Hon. EDWARD GILBERT, Member of Congress from California, had been killed at San Francisco, in a duel with General DENVER.—The question of the independence of Lower California, is again in agitation, and it is said that a large and effective body has been organized, under the lead of Don MANUEL CASTRO, to effect this object.—The Chinese are still flocking into the settled districts, especially in Calaveras County, to which they seem to be partial. The condition of this class is improving, and they are looked upon with favor. A number of wealthy Chinese residents have determined to import a dramatic troupe from China, and establish a theatre of their own in San Francisco.—A destructive conflagration had swept over a large portion of Mariposa County, consuming the forests and large quantities of grain.—The condition of the country remains tranquil; and it is hoped that the era of popular disturbance has gone by.

From the BRITISH PROVINCES, we have later intelligence respecting the treatment of the American fishing-vessels: The Prince Edward Island *Gazette* contains a letter from Capt. CAMPBELL, of the British steam sloop-of-war *Devastation*, to the Governor of the Island, dated Sept. 16th, in which he states that the American fishing-vessels, driven from other ports more easily protected, are now flocking in vast numbers, to the shores of that island, no less than 110 having been seen off the North Point, on the previous Thursday. He therefore says that it will require the utmost exertion to keep the intruders in check, and proposes to leave boats at different points, and asks the Government to provide places of refuge. He further states that the waters of the shore teem with mackerel, in fine condition, which will be a mine of wealth to the English, if the foreigners can be kept off. The Governor, in reply, thanks the captain for his zealous services, and agrees to provide places of refuge.—The Canadian Ministers have brought in a resolution to make the Legislative Council elective, in place of the appointment by the Crown.—Hon. JEAN CHABOT has been inducted into the office of Chief Commissioner of Public Works in Canada, in place of Hon. JOHN YOUNG, who resigned in consequence of the adoption, by the Provincial Government, of a retaliatory policy toward the commerce of the United States. It has been decided to levy upon American vessels passing through the Welland Canal, higher duties than are paid by Canadian vessels, and also to discriminate in favor of commerce entering the province by way of Quebec. The change encounters strong opposition in Canada.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The state of affairs in the *Argentine Republic* is more pacific. The provinces have given in their assent to the principles which are to serve as the basis of the approaching National Organization; and the representatives were to assemble at the capital on the 20th August, to effect the formation of a General Constituent Congress. General URQUIZA, as Provisional Dictator, has recognized the independence of the republic of *Paraguay*, and a treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation has been concluded, by which the free navigation of the rivers Paraguay and Parana is secured to the republic of La Plata and the empire of Brazil. This treaty is regarded as an event of great importance. Hon. Robert C. Schenck, U. S. Minister at the court of Brazil, who was sent on a special mission to Buenos Ayres, in conjunction with the Hon. Mr. Pendleton, chargé at Buenos Ayres, was presented to Urquiza at the close of July, when suitable manifestations of mutual regard and good-will between the two countries were

exchanged. —Accounts from *Montevideo* state, that the Oriental government having sent a commissioner to the mouth of the river La Plata, to ascertain the most suitable place for the establishment of a light-house for the benefit of vessels coming from sea, he had returned, having designated the island of Lobos as the point best adapted for the object. —We learn from *Brazil* that the yellow fever had occurred with much virulence in the neighborhood of Para. A French war-steamer had arrived at Para from the French colony of Cayenne, in search of provisions, the inhabitants of that settlement being in a starving condition. —In *New Granada* the progress of the Flores expedition was still the current theme. General Flores had left Payta with the remnant of his forces, neither disheartened nor discouraged, it is said, by those who conversed with him. Nothing is yet known of his future movements. —The Council of State of the Peruvian Government has authorized the President to levy an army of 10,000 men, and equip an efficient navy of not less than six war steamers, and the same number of sailing vessels, to be employed, not in waging war against any other friendly power, but in protecting the Peruvian flag, and the commercial interests of the country, from any indignity or encroachment which may be offered to them.

MEXICO.

This unfortunate country is still wrapped in confusion. Indian depredations upon the borders, and troubles at home and abroad, give the Government ample employment. The Mexican papers publish at length the decree of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Ramirez, giving the condition on which proposals to open inter-oceanic communication across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec will be received by the Mexican Government. The decree is dated the 29th July. The Mexican papers make no comment on it. —The official organ in the city of Mexico, the *Constitucional*, declares that the rumor is totally false, that the Government had opened negotiations with the American Minister, the object of which was to release the United States, on payment of \$6,000,000, from the obligations entailed on them by the eleventh article of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to protect the Mexican frontiers from Indian invasion. —Several riots have recently occurred at the mine of Mineral del Monte, where nearly a thousand miners from that and the adjoining mines had committed excessive disorders, and even threatened to burn the houses and machinery belonging to the Company. Some troops had left the city of Mexico to quell the disturbance. No cause is assigned for the outbreak. —The excitement in Matamoras regarding Cardenas's usurpation continues. The National Guards have declared in favor of Prieto, and encamped on the American side of the Rio Grande. General Avalos has issued a proclamation, which seems to be in favor of Cardenas. The principal cities of Tamaulipas are opposed to Cardenas. —The insurgent Rebollo was completely powerless. He was sequestered in the mountains, but had addressed a letter to the Government, offering to surrender, provided safety was guaranteed to himself and companions. The Legislature had refused to entertain any proposition short of an unconditional surrender. An armed force had been sent in pursuit of him. —The difficulties at Guadalaraja were still unsettled. Commissioners had been sent with instructions not to recognize either of the claimants to the governorship, but to install Mr. Ignacio Herrera in that office. Nothing had been accomplished at last accounts. —Great discontent prevailed in Oajaca. The Legislature of that State had called upon the Government

to convoke Congress, in order that the finances may be arranged, the Tehuantepec question settled, and provision made for the defense of the frontier. —The Indians continue their depredations. Having ravaged Durango, they have now passed into Zacatecas, where they have committed a thousand atrocities. In Coahuila and Nuevo Leon, they attacked villages, murdered many of the inhabitants, and carried off women and children.

CUBA.

Great excitement continues to exist in Havana. Numerous arrests are made daily among all classes of the population, on the most trivial excuses, or without explanation. All American papers are sedulously excluded from the island, with a single exception, and a rigid surveillance is exercised over all correspondence to or from the United States. Confiscation of property is a common occurrence. —During a late voyage of the United States steamship *Crescent City* from New York to New Orleans, she touched at Havana, but the Captain-General had become incensed at paragraphs in New York papers relative to Cuban affairs, which were charged to have been furnished by Mr. William Smith, Purser of that vessel. A notice was accordingly sent to Lieutenant Porter that the Purser must not attempt to land at Havana. Lieutenant P. replied that he knew of nothing which would render Mr. Smith's presence on shore necessary; but that if he had duties which called him into the city, he should leave to the authorities the responsibility of preventing his landing. The Purser did not go ashore, and the *Crescent City* proceeded to New Orleans. On her return, letters were sent on board the vessel, as also on board the *Black Warrior*, warning the officers that Mr. Smith could not land. Police officers were also sent on board the *Crescent City*, evidently to watch Mr. Smith's movements, and prevent his landing. Lieutenant Porter at once informed these parties that if they were on board to arrest any one who was answerable to Spanish authority, or to prevent the embarkation of any person or persons belonging to Havana, the ship was open to them; but if they were there to watch the ship's officers, it could not be permitted, and they must go on shore. They accordingly left. Anticipating further trouble he addressed a letter to the Cuban authorities, warning them against offering any indignity to the American flag; —he was suffered to depart unmolested. Upon her return trip, however, the *Crescent City* was not permitted to touch at Havana, or to have any communication with the shore.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Great Duke of WELLINGTON is no more. The last intelligence from England brings tidings of his decease at Walmer Castle, on Tuesday, September 14, at the ripe age of 83. ARTHUR WELLESLEY, afterward the conqueror of NAPOLEON, was born at Dungan Castle, County of Meath, Ireland, on the 1st of May, 1769. Receiving his early education at Eton, he proceeded to the Military College of Angiers in France, then directed by PIQUEROL. On the 7th of March, 1787, then in his eighteenth year, he made his entrance upon the military career which subsequent events have made so honorable and brilliant. Promotion followed promotion rapidly, until, in May, 1796, Wellesley received the commission of Colonel of the 33d, and departed for Sinné, in India, where his successive triumphs in upholding the authority of the British, under the Governor-Generalship of his brother, the Marquis WELLESLEY, placed his name high in the roll of the military heroes of the time. Knighthood and a General's commission were fol-

lowed by the hearty congratulations which awaited him on his return to England in the summer of 1805. On April 9, 1806, Sir Arthur was married to Catharine, third daughter of the second Earl of Longford, and in April, 1807, he accepted the Irish Secretaryship. In taking office, Sir Arthur had stipulated that his Ministerial duties should not interfere with his professional; and, accordingly, in the summer of 1807, he was once more employed on active service, and arrived at Corunna, in Spain, on the 20th July, 1808, whence he left for the Tagus, and was there joined by Gen. Spencer, their united forces amounting to 20,000 men. The war in the Peninsula is historical. The battle of Talavera, and the passage of the Douro, procured for Sir Arthur the title of Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington, with a vote of thanks from Parliament, and a pension of £2000 a year. The winter of 1809-10 was spent in forming plans for the defense of Portugal against an overwhelming force. Lord Wellington discerned a mode in which the object could be attained, and he planned the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras. In 1811, Wellington received the thanks of the Crown and Parliament, for having driven the French out of Portugal. In the same year, the terrible battles of Fuentes d'Onor and Albuera were fought, where Wellington was victorious. On the 12th August following (1813), the British general made his triumphal entry into Madrid, and was immediately appointed Generalissimo of the Spanish armies. On the 18th of the same month, he was created Marquis of Wellington, by the Prince Regent.

On the 28th of June, 1814, the Duke took his seat in the House of Lords, for the first time. On May 10, the Prince Regent had sent to the House a message, recommending them to grant the Duke such an annuity as might support the high dignity of the title conferred, and prove a lasting memorial of the nation's gratitude and munificence. On the 12th, the Speaker moved that the sum of £10,000 be annually paid out of the consolidated fund, for the use of the Duke of Wellington, to be at any time commuted for the sum of £300,000, to be laid out in the purchase of an estate. At the suggestion of Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Canning, the proposed sum was unanimously increased to £100,000, making in all half a million sterling. Suitable pensions were also bestowed on the Duke's newly-enobled lieutenants. On July 1, he personally thanked the Commons for their bounty. On the 30th, the Peace of Paris was concluded.

Wellington was at Vienna when the return of Napoleon from Elba called him to Belgium to take the command of the Anglo-Batavian army. After the drawn battle of Quatre-Bras, on June 16, between the Anglo-Batavian and a part of the French army, under Ney, Wellington, learning the defeat of Blücher, at Ligny, retreated on Brussels, and, on the evening of the 17th, took a position in front of the village of Mont St. Jean. Paris capitulated to Wellington and Blücher on July 3, 1815. The English Field-Marshal was appointed to command the allied army of observation; and, on the final evacuation of France, November 1, 1818, he returned to England. Another £200,000 was granted by Parliament in 1815. The remainder of his career belongs to civil history. On his return to England, he entered Lord Liverpool's Cabinet as Master-General of the Ordnance. In 1826 he went to St. Petersburg, on a special embassy. In 1827, the Duke was busily engaged in Parliament, the principal subject which occupied his attention being the granting of aid to the King of Portugal against Spanish aggressions,

to assist in opposing which a force of 5000 men was sent over. He was also appointed, with Sir Robert Peel, and other leading members of Parliament, one of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs. The Duke of York dying on January 5, the Duke of Wellington was appointed, on the 24th, his successor as Commander-in-chief, and Colonel of the First Grenadier Guards. On March 10, he was installed in the office of High Constable of the Tower, with a salary of £1000 per annum. At the same time, he was appointed *custos rotulorum* of the Tower Hamlets, with a much greater salary. Lord Liverpool having died on February 17, the King, on April 10, nominated Mr. Canning as his successor. Upon this, the Duke of Wellington and six others of the principal members of the old Cabinet retired. He resigned the command of the army on the 30th. Lord Goderich soon resigned office, and the Duke of Wellington was instructed to frame a Cabinet. The passing of the Reform Bill may be said to have formed the termination of his active political life, although his name is more or less heard in every political crisis. The Queen has signified her wish that the remains of the Duke should be interred, with appropriate ceremonies at the public expense, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Nelson. The details of the arrangement are submitted to Parliament, which will probably meet on the 11th of November.

The decease of the Duke has left vacant a large number of places of public trust and importance. Britain never tired of voting rewards to her greatest commander of modern days, and lavished upon him power and income in proportion. Lord Hardinge succeeds to the command of the army; Prince Albert is Colonel of the Grenadier Guards; Prince George of Cambridge of the Fusilier Guards. The Earl of Derby is made Warden of the Cinque Ports.

The Twenty-second Annual Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was held at Belfast, from the 1st to the 8th of September. The proceedings of the body were, as usual, highly interesting and important. The presiding officer of the year was Col. SABINE, whose inaugural address gave a comprehensive and lucid view of the progress of scientific research since the previous meeting of the Association, and pointed out the best modes for obtaining future successes. The address alluded particularly to the remarkable discovery by Professor STOKES of the change which, under certain circumstances, is effected in the refrangibility of light. These researches took their origin from an unexplained phenomenon, discovered by HERSCHELL, in 1845, who found that a solution of quinine viewed by transmitted light, appeared quite colorless, but if viewed by reflected light, exhibited a vivid blue color, which was proved by him to result from the action of the strata which the light first penetrates on entering the solution; and the dispersion of light producing it he termed, "Epipolic dispersion," from the circumstance that it takes place near the surface by which the light enters. In speculating upon the possible nature of "epipolized light," Professor STOKES was led to conclude, that it could only be light which had been deprived of certain invisible rays, which, in the process of dispersion, had changed their refrangibility, and had thereby become visible.—In the departments of mathematics, chemistry, geology, zoology, geography and ethnology, statistics, and mechanical science, the results of recent investigation were communicated.

The attention of the English press is still occupied, to some extent, in discussions of the Fishery Questions and the Lobos difficulties. It is announced that

the Peruvian Government has dispatched two ships of war to the scene of the troubles, and will station a permanent military force at the islands. No vessels but those under contract with the Government, will be allowed to anchor, under penalty of confiscation.—A British Government Commission has reported in favor of a new trans-Atlantic packet-station in Ireland.—A Spanish war-steamer, for the defense of Cuba, has been launched in the Thames.

THE CONTINENT.

The Continental advices are pacific. LOUIS NAPOLEON has made his promised tour through the South and West of France, and the character of his reception was quite enthusiastic. The most important political demonstration of his tour took place at Lyons on the 22d of September, where the President made an address upon the inauguration of an equestrian statue of Napoleon. After referring to the devotion of Lyons to the cause of the Emperor while living, and to his memory since his death, the President said that in his public career he should have but one object—that of reconstituting in France a peace, founded on conciliation of persons, on the inflexibility of the principles of authority, morality, and affection for the laboring and suffering classes, and of national dignity. With regard to the future, he said it was still difficult for him to know under what name he could render the greatest services: "If the humble title of President could facilitate the mission confided to me," he added, "and before which I did not recede, I should not from personal interest desire to exchange that title for the title of Emperor." This declaration is justly regarded as of great significance, in regard to his intentions for the future.—In Paris, a petition to the Senate is circulating among the poorer classes, purporting to be the memorial of fathers of families, and laborers, for the re-establishment of the Empire in the person and family of Bonaparte.—During the past year, the trade of France with the United States has been: imports, 110,000,000 francs; exports, 145,000,000 francs.—The "Constitutionnel" has an article on the present state of the French steam navy, in which it assumes the possibility of a successful invasion of England.—As a matter of curiosity, it is worthy of note, that the Paris "Patrie," and "Presse," in announcing the death of the Duke of Wellington, indulge in remarks deprecatory of the deceased. The "Debats" gives his biography, without comment. The "Constitutionnel" praises him. The "Pays" takes a middle course; and the "Union," "Assemblée," "National," and other journals, merely announce his death.

In GERMANY, the aspect of political affairs is better. No schemes appear to attract remarkable degrees of attention, and it may be presumed that the country is in no immediate danger of violent explosions.—On the 31st August, Prussia presented a declaration on the Zollverein question, on which Hanover, Brunswick, Oldenburg, and the Thorngau States have given in their adhesion. The declaration must be conditional with the negotiation of a commercial treaty with Austria. Prussia being willing, as soon as the Zollverein shall have been requested to open negotiations with Austria, from which, however, a Customs Union is to be expressly excluded. A reconstruction of the Zollverein for a term under twelve years, will be rejected.—The cholera was pursuing its march westward, through Europe, and prevails in several parts of Prussia. The accounts of the spread of the disease are more and more unfavorable.—The *New Gazette of the Oder* mentions, that during the Emperor of Austria's recent journey

in Hungary, he promised the most liberal rewards to any one who should find the crown of St. STEPHEN, which disappeared in the revolution. His Majesty has promised a million of florins to three magnates, who are suspected of being in correspondence with KOSSUTH, if they should succeed in discovering the crown. The clergy have called on their flocks to give all the information in their power on the subject.

In HOLLAND, the session of the States General was opened on the 20th by the king, whose speech contained an allusion to the proposed expedition of the United States to Japan. He said that having been invited by a powerful friendly State, and following the precedent of 1844, he had promised his good offices in favor of an attempt to obtain a modification of the exclusive system hitherto maintained by the Japanese empire.

In SPAIN, a postal convention has been concluded with Austria.

In PORTUGAL, the government has made several reductions in the customs-tariff.

In ITALY, a special envoy of the British Government has arrived at Rome, to convey to the Papal power the assurances of the friendly feelings of England. The communication was very cordially received.—A conspiracy had been discovered in Sicily. The conspirators were in communication with HUGGIERS SILTINO, chief of the ex-Government, now a refugee at Malta. The centre of operations was at Castro Giovani, and the conspirators had succeeded in tampering with some of the troops.—Mount Ætna became suddenly convulsed on the night of the 26th August, and a magnificent eruption took place, which has not been surpassed by any within the past forty years. It was feared several villages would be destroyed by the streams of lava.

From RUSSIA, we learn by accounts from St. Petersburg that the Russian College of Ischlokagem had burned three Circassian villages to ashes as a chastisement.

From GREECE, interesting advices have been received. A letter from Malta, of the 17th of August, says: "The American Minister has arrived at Athens, and the *Cumberland* frigate, with the broad pennant of Commodore Stringham, arrived in our port yesterday."—We have meagre accounts of the manner in which the affair of Rev. Mr. King was settled. Mr. MARSH, having examined the official papers relative to the matter, found that Mr. King had been tried by the laws of Greece, which he was bound to respect, and that the ambassador appeared satisfied that he had not been unjustly dealt with. From the withdrawal of the fleet from the Piræus, it is believed that this account of the affair is correct.

From TURKEY and EGYPT, later intelligence has reached us. The text of the Imperial firman settling the difficulties with Egypt has just been published, under date "last days of the lunar month of the Ramazan, 1268" (July, 1852). This important document extends to Egypt the provisions of the "tanzimat" (charter) guaranteeing the security of life, property, and honor to all subjects of the empire, of whatever class or religion; charges ABBAS PASHA with its administration, and commits to him, for seven years, the power of life and death in criminal cases where the heirs of the victim demand the execution of a capital sentence, but all other cases to be reported to the Sultan; and, further, abolishes the death penalty for political offenses.—Hon. C. A. MURRAY, the British Consul General in Egypt, has resigned his post, and is on the eve of leaving that country for America.

Editor's Table.

VICTIMS OF PROGRESS—Martyrs of an ever-advancing, never-finished civilization,—they die that steamboats may be better built, that railroads may be better laid, that the speed of traveling, by land and sea, may be accelerated in a ratio which never becomes constant, and toward a maximum which is never to be attained. Thoughts like these force themselves upon us, whenever the ear is pained, and the heart sickened by the thick-coming reports of such startling accidents as have lately taken place on our most-thronged and inviting thoroughfares. They are, in fact, the only consolation presented by the most modern philosophy, and, may we not say it, by some of the most modern forms of what calls itself religion. Those who suffer are martyrs to the Spirit of the Age. There may, indeed, have been individual crime, or a selfish recklessness of human life, presenting, in some of its aspects, a more revolting moral spectacle than vindictive malice itself, but these are only partial incidents of the ever-moving drama. They are only the smaller wheels of the great machinery. When they break, or get out of order, it may be thought necessary to pour upon them some of the essential oil of popular indignation; but this indignation is itself only another law of our nature, a part of the same apparatus of progress, tending to the same result with every other part, and valuable only in its relations to them. It must, therefore, soon subside, in view of what is inevitable, and then every thing goes on as before. For what, after all, are a few score lives, or a few hundred, or even a few thousand lives to the great cause of human advance! What is the individual, or any number of individuals, to the improvement of the race? and what is any amount of present or passing pain, to the triumph of ideas?

Again—these sufferers by fire, and flood, and steam, furnish the occasion of advancing our knowledge of the physical laws—and there is much consolation surely in this. From such appalling events we learn that fire will burn us, or that the force of gravitation will crush us, if we unscientifically expose ourselves to its influence. At the cheap price of a hundred lives, we purchase the most useful knowledge that the elasticity, or expansive power of steam may exceed the cohesion of ill-wrought iron, or that the collision of hard bodies can not take place without a risk of most serious damage. And men will deliver lectures, and even write books on these precious discoveries. They will lament over the darkness of past ages, in this respect, and tell us how all the miseries of mankind have come from the neglect of the “physical laws,” and mistaken notions about Providence, and idle fancies respecting a moral government regarded as any thing else than a system of natural consequences. Study the “physical laws”—obey the “physical laws.” This is the grand lesson which 6000 years have been slowly teaching our suffering race. This is emphatically the revelation—this is reason—this is morality—this is religion. This is the chief end of man, to glorify nature, and enjoy her forever. “Christianity,” says one of the seers of the age, “is but scientific development.” And yet, if we would give heed to it, no experience is more common, or more certain, than that this new Gospel ever reveals its perils faster than it can apply its remedies, ever creates wants with more rapidity than it can satisfy them—and thus, instead of dimin-

ishing, must inevitably add to the unrest of our fallen humanity.

Could we, indeed, regard the present age as a transition period to some higher and permanent development, such a thought would abate much from the gloom with which we can not help contemplating the mighty sacrifice it seems to demand. But the view which makes science and nature the ultimate of human destiny, and finds relief in a physical fatalism from the ideas of moral decrees and a moral providence, can furnish no such relieving prospect to its interminable landscape. It is all transition—movement evermore. Steam brings us no nearer the consummation than oars and sails. Newspapers, and railroads, and magnetic telegraphs hold out no better prospect of a resting-place, than the discovery of the alphabet, or the first invention of the art of printing.

But this train of thought may be charged, perhaps, with undervaluing the highest glory of our age. Be there conceded, then, all the good the most sanguine advocate of human progress has ever ventured to predict; still, it may be well, in a moral sense—it may even be conducive to that progress in its best physical aspect—to keep ever before our minds the many evils which would seem to be almost inseparable from it. We are called upon to do this for the sake of justice and humanity themselves, that we may not rashly charge upon the mere proximate agents the blame justly attaching to the age, and to the movements that are constantly growing out of its impatient restlessness. If we will have progress, democracy, “manifest destiny,” individualism, private judgment, undiscouraged freedom of thought, unrestricted freedom of trade, unlimited liberty of speech and action, the most rapid facilities of conveyance, and the instantaneous transmission of intelligence—without regard to end, or character, or motive,—if we must have all these—then must we pay their prices, and take them with all the mischiefs that follow in their train. Then, too, must he be regarded as the best friend of a true and rational progress, who most faithfully points out these attending evils, and teaches us in a spirit of justice and magnanimity, to assign them to their legitimate causes.

The steamboat captains who traverse the Atlantic in nine days, are complimented in the public prints, by highly gratified passengers; they are treated to public dinners, they are rewarded by flattering votes of thanks, and rich presents of golden pitchers. Their zealous emulation of the spirit of the age is recompensed by more substantial tokens still, from the treasuries of two most powerful and rival nations. Now, if a nine days' race across the Atlantic, attended, of course, by nine-fold peril, is only a proud manifestation of national superiority, why should not a nine hours' race on the Hudson call forth a proportionate applause? In fact, it is so, whenever success crowns the effort. Before the fatal destruction of the Henry Clay, the newspapers of our city had repeatedly chronicled the shortness of its trips, and thereby commended the exertions of its owners to compete, as far as “physical laws” would permit, with the more rapid speed of the railroad on the bank. Private competition may have been the *proximate* cause in this as in other cases, but justice demands the admission that the main spring of all lay farther back

—in a desire to go beyond others in gratifying the well-known public expectation. It was only on the passage before the terrific disaster, that a flattering vote of thanks had been presented to the "gentlemanly and attentive captain" who is now under an indictment for manslaughter; and had that ill-fated trip been successfully accomplished in seven or eight hours, the event would doubtless have been announced in the morning papers with every expression of satisfaction at a result evincing so laudable a "public spirit," and so generous a desire to promote the public convenience. Perhaps, too, some of the very passengers whose voices were loudest in the indignation meeting, might have displayed their oratory in advocating a resolution of thanks, or a recommendation of the boat and its most "worthy commander" to all travelers who would prize the union of elegance and comfort with the maximum of velocity and the minimum of time.

We have no desire to excuse or even to palliate the individual criminality; but we feel compelled to protest strongly against the injustice that would hold the immediate agents as alone accountable. They are but the representatives of the public feeling, which is ever stimulated and stimulating to demand a higher and still higher rate of speed, at whatever risk it may be attained. The inevitable result is a competition, which is lauded instead of being blamed, until a succession of terrible events arouses the public indignation, to vent itself upon the proximate instead of the remote, yet real causes.

Two hundred victims in less than a month! Terrible indeed is the lesson; but what rational prospect is there of effectual prevention? The immediate offenders have been indicted: the initiatory steps have been taken to procure the enactment of laws, with severer penalties and greater securities for their faithful execution. But have not similar means been tried again and again, and ever with the same want of success? The case of the *Swallow* is almost forgotten; yet how vehement at the time the popular wrath! Two or three years elapsed before the trial took place, and the whole affair slumbered among events that had ceased to interest or excite. We well remember being drawn by curiosity to the court-room in which the prosecution was conducted. A languid trial, in the presence of a few dozen spectators, and devoid of all public interest, was followed by an acquittal, barely chronicled in the smallest type of the ensuing morning papers. And this was the finale of an event which had called forth as mighty torrents of indignation as the late burning of the *Clay*, or the sinking of the *Atlantic*, or the explosion of the *Reindeer*—to say nothing of those frequent catastrophes on our western waters, which have made danger the rule and safety the exception. New subjects of interest had, in the mean time, taken possession of the public mind. New singing men and singing women had arrived from abroad. New political contests had absorbed every thought. New inventions for greater speed had drawn away the popular attention from disasters occasioned by the mismanagement of the old.

But what is gained, it may be said, by showing that the fault is in the age? If special legislation fails, how are we to reach that insensible thing, the universal conscience? Something, however, is gained, at least to the cause of truth, by getting at the real sources of the evil. We shall, at all events, learn the injustice of visiting upon a few what is really the guilt of the many. It is something to see clearly that there are moral causes lying back of the physical, and that unless they are removed, all this babble about the

physical laws will only quicken the naturalizing tendencies from which the mischief mainly flows. It may lead us to reflect that in such removal each man has some degree of personal responsibility. It may revive the thought of a moral Providence having regard to special ends, although carried on through the agency of general laws. It may teach us—and no lesson could be more profitable if thoroughly learned—that events like these we have been contemplating are really benevolent admonitions, intended to arouse us from that false state in which the purest moral and religious ideas are in danger of being buried in a secularity of thought and feeling inseparable from the doctrine of a scientific distinction from a moral progress.

We have no respect for that owlish conservatism which would deem it the highest wisdom to be ever railing against the physical improvements of the age. It is, indeed, a most pleasant and desirable thing to be carried smoothly and safely 150 miles in four hours. No rational man will call in question the value of an invention by which intelligence may be transmitted thousands of miles in a few minutes. And yet it requires no profound wisdom to see that if, through such improvements, the natural is made to triumph over the moral, and an all-pervading secularity becomes the predominant characteristic of our civilization—if science usurps the homage which is only due to religion, and what is called business leaves no place for the more spiritual emotions—if, in short, by such influences the world of sense, "the things seen and temporal," are every where thrusting into the background the contemplation of "the things unseen and eternal," then may it indeed become a grave question whether such a physical advance is, on the whole, a true progress of our humanity,—a progress tending *upward*, instead of horizontally and interminably *onward*. But in such a state of things, there is ever danger of a downward direction. The secular feeling, or secular interest, alone can not sustain the highest science. History has more than once shown that an extreme civilization may be only the forerunner of an Epicurean animality, that turns out in the end, the deadliest foe, not only of what is most spiritual in human nature, but also of that very secular refinement from which it derived its birth. With all rational gratitude, then, for the improvements of the age, we may still, in view of such a possible result, entertain the question whether, after all, the old stage-coach, and the three months' voyage to Europe, and the weekly gazette, with its news a month old, have been profitably exchanged for the railroad car, the ocean steamer, and the magnetic telegraph.

The only true relief from such a view is in the supposition in which we have already indulged. We may comfort ourselves with the thought that we are in a transition state, and that when the excitement shall have subsided, and invention fulfilled for a time its mission, and machinery, instead of depressing labor, shall have turned it into new and better channels, then may come again for the world a breathing time, a Sabbath of serious thought, of spiritual contemplation—a period in which it may be found that science and civilization have aided our secular prosperity without the moral risk, and thus actually lifted us to a position whence there is afforded a higher and wider range for taking the horoscope of our spiritual destiny. While every devout soul should pray for such a consummation, the best security for its fulfillment must be found in a watchful fear of that opposite result which history and a Bible-taught knowledge of human nature give us so much reason to apprehend.

No one can deny that the present is an age of intense excitement, and no thinking man can avoid the conclusion that such a state of things must have in it the seeds of most alarming evils. Life must be impaired, physically as well as morally, when we crowd into days what formerly occupied weeks and months. We are evidently living at an amazingly rapid rate. Such intensity of action is utterly inconsistent with that calmness and depth of thought which is essential to the proper development of the soul; and hence with all our boast of independence and free inquiry, there is actually, among the masses, far less of what may be truly called thinking than in ages of greatly inferior pretension. We fancy we are performing this necessary work, when nothing can be more true than that it is constantly and mainly done for us through certain conventional machinery. The great difference between us and former ages is, that while they acknowledged their dependence on leading minds, the present masses are duped into the mischievous belief that it is their own thoughts they are thinking, and that the paragraphist and the lecturer are but giving back a reflection from their own souls.

Another consequence of these physical improvements is the complete amalgamation they are every where producing in society. We are not only living immensely fast, but living all together. City and country are becoming one. Those peculiar traits which once characterized rural life are rapidly vanishing away. Local habits, local associations, are disappearing before those influences which the railroad and the telegraph are bringing to bear upon all our country towns. The seclusion which once formed the charm, and guarded the virtue of many a country village, is beginning in all directions to be broken up. The news-boy, the Sunday newspaper, the railroad novel, the mountebank lecturers, are every where. City influences—the worst city influences—are pouring into every nook and corner of the land; and we are fast becoming, as far as moral and social effects are concerned, one immense town, with all its vices, and follies, and wild excitements, vibrating from one extremity of our country to the other. The foreign world, too, is daily and almost hourly brought to our doors. Far out in the ocean the signal is given; the electric fires are sent in all directions, and minutes hardly elapse before the thrilling accounts of revolution, and despotic cruelty, and social anarchy, and turbulent elections, are agitating the most remote departments, and turning all minds from those home thoughts and home feelings, which constitute the truest nurture of our scanty human virtues.

On the other hand, the attractions from the country to the city are becoming immensely and unnaturally multiplied. Young men are drawn in crowds from their farms and rural employments to avocations directly or indirectly connected with the business of the metropolis. In this way rusticity may be departing, but along with it are also disappearing that sober thought and that sound judgment, which belong most naturally to a state of partial seclusion, and which, however homely in appearance, are of far more value than the metropolitan *smartness*, or general information for which they are so often despised.

A life such as once was realized in some of our country towns, seems to be that which Heaven and Nature intended for the best moral as well as physical health of man. The seclusion of the family for the most part, occasional intercourse with other inhabitants of the same retired neighborhood, such as is furnished by the social visit, the weekly assemblies

for religious worship, the sympathetic gatherings called out on occasions of joy and sorrow, the wedding, the funeral so touching in all the soul-mellowing associations of its rural solemnity, the rare recurring festive holiday, the meetings for the transaction of the common local business of a small civic community; these, together with now and then a brief gaze upon the busy world beyond, would seem to form the genial circumstances in which the good in our nature might be most favorably developed, and its inveterate evils most effectually cured.

But no one need be told that the very reverse of this is every where becoming true. Retirement, solitude, domesticity, form the exception; public intercourse either by direct contiguity, or through some diffusing channels, is becoming the common and almost uninterrupted rule of life. The consequences are beginning rapidly to develop themselves. Experience has painfully taught that the feeling of personal responsibility generally diminishes in proportion to gathered numbers, especially under the power of common excitements, and that nowhere is it less than in a crowded and agitated mass. Now all this effect may be produced, and is produced, without the close actual contact which has heretofore been associated with the town. Under influences now at command, the whole community may be converted into a vast mob. Whenever great numbers of men, although locally severed, are made the subjects of common and simultaneous excitements, there must be the same sinking of the private conscience, as well as of the private consciousness, into the irresponsible public feeling. In proportion as each man becomes, or fancies himself, a representative of this public *sentiment*, he refuses, and with some justice too, we think, to bear alone that blame which he may well feel attaches to the community as well as to himself. He was only faithfully, and, like a good public servant, keeping up the steam to the point demanded by the public temperature. He was only the agent, he might say, the index, the medium of an irresistible, all-controlling, all-pervading power.

But the moral deterioration although the main, is not the only aspect of the evil. This diminished sense of accountability is beginning to manifest itself most decidedly in its bearing upon the secular interest. It tends to depreciate, not only our humanity—or that prime article the *genus homo*—but also all the products of the main branches of mechanical operation—thus becoming a leading cause of those deplorable events we are so much inclined to charge upon the mere proximate agents. Skill in invention is in higher demand than security or soundness of workmanship. The man who discovers some new method of applying steam, or invents some new fashion of a steam-boiler, stands higher with us than the faithful mechanic, who labors most conscientiously in the humble department of making strong and secure what has been already invented. The new machine, too, has not time to be thus perfected before it is cast away for some more recent product of inventive genius, to be tested with the same, or, perhaps, a still greater amount of peril. Thus fidelity of execution is undervalued. A diminished sense of accountability, inferior workmanship, and frauds of every kind, and in every department of labor, are the inevitable consequences—producing, more than any other cause, the diminution of wages, and outweighing, by the mischiefs they occasion, all the supposed benefits arising from the continued progress of invention. One of our late steamboat disasters furnishes a melancholy illustration of the truth to which we would here call the public mind. In the

case referred to it is quite clear that the captain, pilot, engineer, and crew are to be absolved from all blame. We must go back many stages,—away beyond the builders of the boat, and even the contracting fabricators of its machinery. The fatal defect is to be traced to the man who hammered the iron. All that was required of him was strength of arm, and fidelity of execution—and these he did not feel himself called upon by any strict personal responsibility to bestow. He knew not the destination of the product on which he was laboring. He only knew, that in some way he wrought for the public; but what did that public care for him? He felt that it prized far more the skill of the inventor than the fidelity of his eye or hand; and why should he take great pains with that for which he received the scantiest praise, and the lowest wages to which capital and poverty could depress him?

Now the great thing we need for our security is a higher morality in this matter. It is one of the especial wants of the age; and, unless supplied, there is danger that all other physical progress will be in vain. There is a leak in the hold, which will surely bring the vessel down, with all its pride of sails and machinery. Under some of the old, and now obsolete institutions of society—such as those systems of regulated trades and apprenticeships, that appear to us so inconsistent with what is called “the liberty of the citizen”—there grew up a feeling which, if not morality, was near of kin to it, and the next best substitute for it. It was the habit of the trade, the *esprit de corps*, the conventional feeling which demanded excellence of workmanship in every department, as a good, and right, and honorable thing in itself, independent of any particular destination of the article thus produced. It led each workman, whether high or low, to regard himself as intrusted with the honor of the whole class. In the course of progress this has been, in a great measure, lost. Laws regulative of trades, and requiring a rigid oversight of all workmanship, would now be regarded as interfering with that individual “liberty of the citizen,” which a modern legislator of some renown has not hesitated to declare to be “more sacred than life, and to involve a principle beyond any claims on the score of humanity.”

Whatever, then, may be the termination of our transition period, it is obvious, that right here is required that higher moral principle, without which every other apparent improvement is only fraught with the greater peril. It is simply this, that every man *who does any thing*, should feel the obligation of conscience to do it in the best possible manner, irrespective of any destined uses, whether known or unknown;—in other words, to do good work for the sake of good workmanship, as a good and right thing in itself, and demanded by conscience on the ground of its own intrinsic excellence. It should be regarded as a sin to do bad work, as an offense against the Great Builder of the heavens and the earth, and that, too, even though we might be assured that no one would ever suffer loss or injury from our neglect. Every man who makes a shoe, or a shoe-string, should feel the same moral obligation to do it well, whether he makes it for the trade, as it is called, or for the most exacting customer; we mean, of course, good and strong in respect to work and materials,—the degree of elegance or beauty being determined by expected price or other considerations. Every journeyman who lays a brick wall, and even he who mixes the mortar, should regard himself as under a responsibility the same in kind, if not in degree, with that of the architect who builds a cathedral. And

thus, too, the man who hammers the iron, should do it in the light and power of conscience, and so apply his strength and skill to every blow as if he entertained the reasonable apprehension that its rupture (as in the late lamentable event) might occasion the painful death of more than thirty human beings. We can not express our thought better, than in the beautiful language, and still more beautiful ethics of the wise son of Sirach—“So is it with every carpenter and workman that laboreth night and day; so is it with the potter as he turneth about the wheel with his feet, and maketh all his work by number; so is it with the smith as he considereth the iron work, while the vapor of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace: the noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears, and *his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh*; he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly.”

Any system of legislation, any ethical reform that would bring about such a fidelity in workmanship as an accompaniment of progressive skill in invention, would furnish the grand security for a rational progress—a progress that would not be ever in danger of destroying itself by the vehemence and rashness of its own movement.

Under the power of such a reform, and such a morality, labor would be both enhanced in price and elevated in dignity. It would do more than all social arrangements, which do not embrace the principle, to relieve the present deep depression of the laboring classes. Conscientiousness in every work is the true equalizing principle, the true ground of all fraternity that deserves the name. It is the real leveler, or rather the elevator which brings all departments of industry, however marked by external differences, to the same moral rank. The man who, with a conscience in his work, faithfully converts vile rags into good paper, is a higher being than he who prints or writes a book without it. It would impart, too, to the humblest workmen a political importance to which they would never attain by listening to the demagogue, or reading the Sunday newspaper. It would give them a proud station in the body politic, and make true, in the most honorable and republican sense, what our ancient preacher seems to have expressed in its more aristocratic or conservative aspect—“By these is the system of the world maintained; they make firm the building of the age; and without them a city could not be inhabited.”

Editor's Easy Chair.

SINCE our last look at the *Causerie* of the town, the whole atmosphere has changed. Not only have the gauzes of summer given place to the ripeness of the autumn costume, and the green leaves dropped their spring dress for the crimson and the gold which mature under a harvest moon, but the streets and houses have changed. The solitary broker, or merchant, who has halved his summer between his desk, and the riotous house-maids of a deserted mansion, has welcomed again his wife; and the exiled coachman has come back; and the parlors are divested of their linen spectre-like coverings; and the sidewalks are thronged; and familiar faces are greeting us from carriage windows; and the old gossip of matches and broken engagements—of concerts and plays—of popular preachers and autumn hats—of private parlors and Alexander's gloves, has come like a deluge upon our plodding loneliness.

But, besides that the old *regime* of talk and show is coming in, we have to note certain changes in the color of the talk. And first, there is no promise of Opera. In view of this, we commiserate deeply those numerous and worthy persons to whom the Opera has not only been a most nutritious provocative of conversation, but has also furnished a capital vehicle for riding up into clear *lorgnette* view of the pink of fashionable society. It is painful to think what Mrs. Blank, and the Misses So-and-so will do, now that the Opera is abandoned! The concerts are here, however, for the relief of those who had a real relish for music; and it would be not a little curious to investigate the causes which have produced this change in town tactics, and which, while smothering the Opera, has given us a deluge of songstresses, pianists, fiddlers, infant prodigies, *et id omne genus*.

We shrewdly suspect that the "taking" singers have found out the weak points of our people; and having gained full assurance that a large body of money-spenders must be fashionably "tapped" periodically—and that it is a better speculation to "tap" them through the well-directed efforts of one voice, than by the labored execution of a troupe, they have taken the matter in their own hands—have abjured the immoralities of the stage, and are educating us to the extravagance of concerts. In brief, our singers make more money in Metropolitan Hall than at the Opera House; and as singers and musicians guide our tastes, we yield, and are content.

Again, we are not sure, but the advent of two such rival stars as Alboni and Sontag at nearly the same time, is a happy idea; it forms a nucleus for amiable antagonism; it revives a kind of fashionable Guelph and Gibelline contest—like that about Soto and Pougaud; it quickens musical criticism; it relieves the dead level of salon conversation; it chimes with the political divisions of the hour; and it fills the pockets of the *artistes*, and the mouths of the admirers.

As for the great singers, we hardly dare to talk of them in print, as men talk with each other; the critics (Heaven save them!) have introduced such an extraordinary strain of mingled Italian and nonsense—of magniloquence and fervor, that a homespun English story about their voices, or their manner, will seem like an old-fashioned joint of butcher's meat, beside the curries, and the *ragouts*, which they serve at our new hotels.

Madame Alboni is a stout lady (the critics would say—"slightly *embonpoint*") with a reservoir of melody somewhere in her lungs that gurgles and gushes out, like the mystic gales out of Æolian caverns. Musical utterance, in the shape of song, seems more native to her, than to any singer it has been our fortune to hear; not that her excess of spirituality craves the angelic mode of speech; but she seems rather a kind of orphan Naiad (or Bacchante), whose life lies—like the nightingale—in melodious trills, that break forth spontaneously, and with easiest effort warp every healthful respiration into harmony. Italian warmth and languor is in her face, and the same is in her voice; and she has won such praises from those who judge with more science than ourselves, as she may be proud to carry to her home with her, and to cherish as highly, as her abundant guerdon of gold.

As for the Countess Rossi, people—democratic people—were curious to see how he who had borne herself so gayly and successfully in the noble circles of our most noble cousin-Germans, would wear her titles upon a plebeian stage; and we will venture

that one half of the eager hearers of her songs, have been quite as eager in the scanning of her manner and dress, as in the scanning of her Italian strophes.

There is something quite new, and not uninteresting, in the fact, that a member (however humble) of that great feudal brotherhood, which has so long gripped and wrung the entrails of central Europe for its sustenance, should now come singing songs to our healthful young democracy—for money! We mean no shadow of reproach, no shadow of disrespect. The Muses forbid! We only note the curious fact, as an indication that social disease is yonder, beyond the seas; and that princely luxury is decrepit, and must come hitherward for sustenance.

Madame Sontag is a gentlewoman, not in station only, but in manner; and, they say also, that she is a gentlewoman in character. We use the word as covering all that is best in womanhood, and as meaning more than—Countess. Her song is artful and rich; not so exuberant and pulse-full as that of Alboni, but fuller perhaps of that pliancy and redundancy of expression, which a fine taste and careful study will graft upon a voice naturally unimpassioned.

Little Paul Jullien—a wonder-working boy upon the violin—has carried off, from even the Countess, a great many of our autumn bouquets; and it would be curious to anticipate the probable phases of a life which has caught public attention so early, and in so dangerously charming way as his. A violin, at the best, seems an insecure thing to promote manliness; but when, as in this case, it makes a man of a boy, all the manliness it can give is already won.

We have ventured upon these topics only because, at the date of our writing, they are at the top of that accumulation of subject-matter which the winter talks will remove.

NEXT, we must spend a word upon the hotels of the town. Where is this all to end? Are we to have no privacy? Will all our homesteads be built up three stories more, and the basements metamorphosed into reading-rooms; and some French landlord sandwich us at dinner with a German Jew, and a German baron in a wig? Are we running stark mad? Is there no hope of quietude left? Must our bridal chambers be described in the newspapers, and must all our wants in this life be answered by the tick of a "Jackson's patent Annunciator?"

The fever is really growing serious. Our own wife (our bachelor friends must not be jealous) is instant for a private parlor in the third floor of the St. Denis, or the Metropolitan, or the Clarendon, or the Union, or the Manhattan, or the Grammercy, or the ——— knows what!

On inquiry, we find it will cost us—for room, thirty dollars a week; for board (three persons), fifteen more; for fires, lights, and servants' fees, some ten more; and, as it would never do to have such a parlor without wines, and concert tickets, and a hack, we may put down the total at eighty dollars a week. Eighty multiplied by fifty-two, makes four thousand one hundred and sixty dollars, which sum (if we were not already married) would make a dividend, of which we *alone* would be the divisor, and our little green purse the quotient, until the end of our days!

Seriously, matters are getting severe. This California influx, and this concert furor, and this hotel mania, will drive us penniless to our graves! We would recommend in all sincerity to the benevolently disposed, the establishment of a society for the promotion of small rents, and general domestic economy. We are convinced that it would promote marriages, happiness, and quiet rest.

NEXT to the hotels, we have to make a short note in respect of crowded streets; specially of Broadway. How does it happen that no other city of the world, of whatever magnitude, is so hampered with the plethora of street-goers, as ours? If we are not misinformed, a foot-passenger has a reasonable chance of picking his way across the London Strand, or Oxford street, or Thread-and-Needle-street, without any serious risk of life or limb; but surely, the same can not be said of the lower half of Broadway. In Paris, where the omnibuses will transport a man from one corner to another, in any and all directions, there is nowhere such crush and jam as belongs to our terrible Broadway.

One reason of this difference will at once suggest itself; viz., the fact that Broadway is more peculiarly the great thoroughfare of our Island City, than is any one street of any other city of the world—not even excepting the Corso of Rome. It is the spinal marrow, to which all other streets are but the vertebrae. But besides this, another reason may be found, in the foul *haste* which pervades every thing like business, or travel; that undue haste which shatters our boilers, and makes our rivers race-courses, drives the very carmen to infuriate speed upon our highways, and infests every Irish cab-driver. We are even now plotting a railway to take us from our breakfast into Wall-street, and we shall soon have a railway to Greenwood! We live and die by steam!

European travelers all remark that our streets are full of men "in a hurry." There is no place for quiet walkers; they are hustled off the trottoir; they are knocked down by sharp hand-cart-men; they are jostled by the women; we are all in a state of nervous tremor; we all need the cure of quietude.

But *quietude works best by system; and system is the best medium of real force and progress.* On this text we should like to preach.

As a beginning of system, why may not all those heavy materials, which cumber so much the street in their passage from the North River docks to the old wards upon the southeast of the town, be denied the passage by Broadway, and be transported by the parallel avenues? What is to forbid a healthful municipal enactment, forbidding cars of merchandise to appear on Broadway, except they are for the delivery of freight at some store-house immediately upon the street? What is to prevent the entire exclusion of enormous timber, and boilers, which day after day choke up the thoroughfare, and which only take the transit by Broadway to humor the caprice of some indolent driver, who solaces his loitering habit with a sight of the shop-windows and the equipages? What lies in the way of street-cleaning, whether by shovel or broom, at an hour of the morning when the street current will meet no check, and when no passers-by will be choked with dust, save the lack of that energetic system which we beg leave to propose?

Must it always be, that our town should remain a by-word and a reproach, for its slack municipal management, and its want of all the healthier regimen of an advanced civilization? We make no apology for talking in this strain even to our country readers; those who have been beleaguered upon the street for a half-hour together, will join in our petition for reform; and we have no doubt that easy transit through our thoroughfares, is as new to the wish of our country visitors as to our own.

Among the odd schemes which have been bruited for the "relief of Broadway," one deserves record for its novelty, if not for its magnificence. It proposes the establishment of a huge longitudinal cav-

ern, traversing the island, beneath Broadway—beneath water, and gas, and sewer—and lit up by floods of artificial light—made airy by artificial gales, and communicating with the upper world by brilliantly decorated pits. We do not learn that there has been, as yet, any large subscription to the stock.

THE American World's Fair is just now growing into the stature of a town-topic; and if the building which the projectors intend, be equal to the drawing on paper, and the enthusiasm of the town population be one half as great as the enthusiasm of the President and Directors, the Fair will prove every way equal to its aim—a grand speculation. There is a thought, with many cod-headed persons, that the times are not ripe enough in this country for so sudden challenge of the monster show of London; and that a few more years of healthful growth would push our arts and manufactures into a state of happier comparison with the last year's "Fair of the World." But, be the result how it may, we wish well to the project; and only regret that the sounding title of World's Exhibition should be assumed for so limited a show as must inevitably belong to the Greek Cross by the Reservoir.

POLITICS, of which we must talk in our Easy Chair only in most guarded way, do not seem to make such stir in general talk as has usually belonged to kindred epochs of our history. We argue well from this. It shows, if we be not greatly mistaken, a degree of confidence and of trust in our Constitution, and in our administrative machinery, which cannot be shaken, or greatly disturbed, by the elect of any party whatever. Such happy continuity of order and of law as Heaven has blessed us with during the twenty years past, has bred a confidence in all our government functions, which slackens the zeal of party: and the most impassioned enthusiast, whether Whig or Democrat, seems to regard the operations of our Legislative and Executive authorities, like the well oiled cog-work of an old family clock: which will tell off the hours very punctually, and very roundly, whether wound up by the master or by the mistress.

We rejoice (in our editorial chair) that it is so and much as Senator Soulé may talk against Whig influence; and much as Mr. Hoffman may toss our poor Pierce upon the point of his golden spear, we settle ourselves back upon the leathern cushions of our office chair, with a tranquil conviction that the years will roll round harmoniously, whoever may wield the *bâton*; and that the Providence which has thus far guided and guarded us, will guard us still—whether we honor the great conqueror of Mexico, or the quiet gentleman of Concord. When we retire from our present position of the Easy Chair, we shall very likely be desirous of some pleasant office chair, either in the Customs or in Diplomacy; and shall, in consequence, become the strenuous advocates of either one party or the other; but, just at present, having no favors to ask, and basking in our October sun, as kindly and indolently as the flies upon the wall, we abjure all partisanship, and bid a hearty God-speed to PIERCE and to SCOTT!

THE EDITOR OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE, TO R. P.—, ESQ
(THE OLD GENTLEMAN.)

DEAR SIR—I am extremely obliged by your various communications. The public, I find, have been greatly entertained by your anecdotes, and are somewhat curious as to your identity. Various inquiries have been made regarding the author of "The Bride

of Landeck," and the tale, if I can so call it, has been ascribed to several of our most distinguished citizens. According to your injunctions, however, I have refused all information; and I only now write to inform you, that considerable impatience has been expressed for the conclusion of the story, which, like that of the Bear and Fiddle, always "begins, but breaks off in the middle."

If you could but bring yourself to get a few steps beyond the situation of the town of Landeck, and its geology, you would greatly oblige me, and the public with me; for, although Horace advises to *begin* "in medias res," I am quite sure he never intended that one should *end* there.

I know I speak the general sentiment when I add, that if you will continue to favor us, in some other form, with the numerous little anecdotes and sketches which you have accumulated during a long life and very distant wanderings, your communications will be always received with the attention they deserve, both by the public in general, and

Yours, faithfully,

THE EDITOR.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S LETTER.

THE STORY OF "THE BRIDE OF LANDECK."

DEAR SIR—I feel extremely obliged by your communication, which I shall briefly notice before I proceed with my tale, though I am as anxious, believe me, as you can be, to get to the end of the story of The Bride of Landeck, if such a thing be possible. Indeed, I know not how it happens that I have not finished it long ago. It puts me in mind of the African superstition of a man riding *Jumbie-back*, as it is called, during which process his bewitched horse gallops hard night and day, and never gets on any farther. Nor is this sort of progression altogether without a parallel in this and in other countries. I remember when I once returned to my home, after a long absence, a worthy old friend—a Colonel who had seen some service—coming to dine with me, and staying somewhat late. His house was about two miles distant from mine, and the lights of each neighborly window could be seen from the window of the other. I had some good wine in the house, and a respectable portion of it appeared upon, and disappeared from the table. Colonel S—— was by no means a drunkard, but he was of a convivial disposition, and exceedingly rejoiced to see me again; and the bottle was not treated with any disrespect. At about half-past eleven his horse was summoned from the stable, and I confess I observed nothing very peculiar in his manner, except a certain indistinctness of speech, a little more than military roll of gait, and a sentimentality of affectionate regard, which slightly smacked of Bacchus. Though there are some brooks and ravines in the neighborhood, I felt no doubt as to his getting safe home. The road was clear and open, though not very straight, and a regular, well-formed horse-path went quite round the house, at an equal distance within the fences and thickets, in a circle of about a mile and a half in circumference. From every part of this path his house and mine were both visible by day-light, and in mine, at least, a lamp burned all night. The Colonel mounted, settled himself in the saddle, and set out. I retired to bed immediately; but the next morning when my overseer rose, as is customary with him, a little before daybreak, to his consternation he found a man on horseback riding round, and round, and round in an everlasting circle about the house, along the path I have mentioned, always seeing the light in my dwell-

ing, and fancying that it came from his own windows, toward which he believed his course accurately directed. Archy, who knew him well, and had a sense of his infirmity, took his horse by the bridle and set him on his right road, the Colonel remarking, with an unextinguished hiccup, "Hang it, Archy, I did not know it was such a very long way." I fear the Colonel had got upon *Jumbie-back*.

But to return to your letter. You mention that some of your friends are curious to know who is the author of the story of The Bride of Landeck. I can not conceive any justification for such curiosity. I have lampooned no one. I have satirized no one. I have told a plain story in a plain, straightforward manner—that is to say, I intend to tell it so, when I once get thoroughly warm in the subject. But even had I satirized any one, I should still be quite justified in requesting you to maintain your reserve, upon a principle announced by Dean Swift. That worthy dignitary had once handled rather severely a certain stout and bellicose Major in Ireland, who, with a sturdy stick in hand, walked up to the Dean in the midst of a large company, and asked, in a domineering tone, if he had written the squib in question?

"My good sir," replied the Dean, "I remember, and have always acted upon the advice of a very prudent and experienced friend, who said to me when I was very young, 'If you should ever have occasion, as I have no doubt you will have, to lampoon a quarrelsome and impertinent fool; and if the impertinent fool should come and ask you, if you wrote the lampoon, my advice is that you should answer distinctly—I did not.' I think this advice was good; and, accordingly, in answer to your present question, I say—I did not."

A roar of laughter from the assembled company drove the man of war from the field; and I beg you also, if any one asks whether Mr. A., or Mr. B., or Mr. C. wrote the story of The Bride of Landeck, to say boldly, he did not.

As to your gentle hint of my wandering a little from time to time from the subject-matter with which I set out, I must, blushing, with Mrs. Malaprop, "own the soft impeachment." "I am your Delia." But, my dear sir, there is some excuse for a man of my age. You are, comparatively, a mere youth. Your aspect is onward. Your steps are hastening forward from fruition to fruition. I, on the contrary, look back, and am fond of dallying with Memory, rather than Hope. The difference between the ascent and the descent of the mountain is very great. On the one side, every act done is a step upward. On the other, every tale told is a step downward. Depend upon it, the pillar and the cloud change their places as we march on in life.

Let me now go on, however, with the story of The Bride of Landeck. I have mentioned the situation of the town, the old castle and its rocky eminence the mountains which surround it, and the humble, but neat and picturesque dwelling at the foot of the castle rock. I am by no means a good scene-painter, as some of your great novelists are, or I would give you such a picture of the little town of Landeck as would warm you with the same sort of poetical feelings which have inspired so many who have seen it, and myself among the rest.

It was a bright, warm, sunny day when I arrived there coming from Innsbruck. We dashed over a little bridge, if I remember right, and entered a sunny street, with wooden houses, all like children's toys around us, and blue mountains (contrasting strongly with those frail buildings) rising up beyond.

while the old stone castle seemed to connect the stern works of nature with the light constructions of man, and the present with the past. I stopped at the inn, and was so much pleased with the scene, that though I had determined to go on farther that day, I changed my resolution, and resolved to spend the evening there. I used to be fond of fishing in those days. I found there was excellent sport in the neighborhood, and I lingered on. As I spoke German but imperfectly, the landlord and the priest naturally took me for one of the world-wandering English, and related to me a little tale concerning a young gentleman of that nation, the conclusion of which I was destined to witness myself.

Some three years before, they said, a young English or Scotch gentleman, I forget which, of the name of Rogerson, had been making a tour—a geological tour, it seemed—all through the valley of the Inn. He was evidently not rich; for he traveled on foot. But he was a very learned man, the priest said, and a very good young man, the landlord said—which I suppose meant that he spoke Latin and paid his bill. He found some great attraction in the town of Landeck, and wandered about it for some time, till at length, in descending the rocks from the old castle, he slipped, dislocated his ankle, and was carried by two of the peasants, who found him lying helpless, to the small but pretty house which I have mentioned as sheltering the remnant of the Landeck family. That family consisted now only of a mother and a daughter, and they were very poor. Hospitality, however, is a Tyrolese virtue. The young lady seemed to have seen the stranger before—at least the color fluttered in her cheek when he was brought in, with a glow of recognition. The mother was all compassion for his sufferings, and they both prepared to do the best for him they could. In those mountainous countries, bone-setters being very frequently needed, are numerous and practically skillful. The dislocation of his ankle was soon reduced; but still he suffered great pain, and did not attempt to conceal it. From the great simplicity of the house, and the fare within it, it was evident that the family could not afford to maintain him without remuneration, and the only choice which his delicacy left, was to return to the inn, or induce Madame Von Landeck to allow him to pay for his board. He was successful in the latter, and his convalescence perhaps was not quite as rapid as it might have been had there not been such a lovely pair of dark Tyrolese eyes, such exquisite inviting lips, such glossy gold-gleamed tresses, and a form so full of grace and beauty in the house with him.

I really forget how love-making comes about; and, therefore, I can not enter into all the details of what happened. Certain it is, however, that ere a month was over, young Charles Rogerson and Carolina Von Landeck were deep in love with each other. He was a tall, fine-looking, active, graceful young man, with a frank impetuosity of nature, which is very apt in one little part of creation, called woman's heart, to carry all before it. Strange to say, old Madame Von Landeck was soon nearly as much in love with him as her daughter, but in a different manner. It needs to know those good people of the Tyrol—the simplicity of their manners, and eagerness of their enthusiasms—to comprehend clearly, how, why, and wherefore, in the space of one short month, the good lady had learned to look upon the young guest quite as a son, and to long for nothing so much as his union with her daughter. Very little was said upon the subject, indeed: young Rogerson made no formal declaration: they grew into the knowledge

that they loved each other; and though, after a while, they told each other, over and over again, how very much they did love, they both knew it long before any thing was said.

I do not know why, but lameness seems in a certain degree akin to love; for, though the god of the passion is only represented blind, his attendant demon is always represented as lame. At all events, when six weeks had passed, Charles Rogerson was seen limping about at the side of Carolina Von Landeck, through the meadows, by the stream—sometimes even part of the way up the mountain—and often along the steep path to the old castle. There they would sit by the hour, dreaming of things that might be. Oh, how those two young hearts would dream! They did not waste all their time in dreaming, however, or in kissing either, though I do not deny that in stray corners and quiet places the latter was sometimes performed, much to their mutual contentment—more so than the dreaming, perhaps; for in dreams there are often dark shadows cast by the rising sun of love, and throwing a dim twilight over the path of the future. True, Charles Rogerson was of a hopeful heart—knew himself to be possessed of energies and talents which might do much, and gave way to very extravagant expectations. He would long to acquire fortune and distinction, and ornament the fair brows of his love with the wreath of his own glory and success. He would long to restore the castle of her ancestors to its pristine splendor, and to lead her through its halls, the honored and beloved of all—and longings became hopes, and hopes became expectations, and expectations became pictures for his mind and for hers. I have said that they did not pass all their time in dreaming; and then, as usual, have wandered away from the point. The only occupation they had, however, besides dreaming and kissing occasionally, and wandering about the country, was that of teaching and being taught. Charles Rogerson spoke German as well as his native tongue, and Fräulein Von Landeck spoke French as well as German; but not a word of English did she know till she fell in love. Then how rapidly she learned it, and how prettily she syllabled its words. But it would not do to go on thus forever, though he felt that he could have remained by her side and taught her English, and smothered the half-spoken sentences on her lips till they were both white-headed. To be all in all to each other, however, was needful to the happiness of both, and he explained to his dear little sweetheart and her mother, how he was situated, and what he intended to do. He was the only child of the younger brother of a good English family. His father was dead; but he had two uncles still living; one possessing good hereditary estates, with a gay, dashing, young officer in the Guards for a son: the other, a wealthy merchant in London, with two sons and three daughters. As neither of these two sons loved their father's pursuits, the old gentleman had offered to take his nephew into his house as a clerk, with a prospect of soon giving him a share therein. But Charles had preferred to wander for a time, and without absolutely declining the offer for the future, had rambled, on his own very small means, through Germany, part of Italy, and the Tyrol. He now proposed to write to his uncle, and accept the offer, and he settled it quite pleasantly in his own mind, that with love for his incitement and guide, he would make himself so very useful to his uncle, that he would give him a share of his business in a year, and then he would come back and marry Carolina Von Landeck. Wonderful what catching diseases Hope and Fear are. Madame Von Landeck and her

daughter both believed that it would be exactly as Charles anticipated. The letter was written, telling his uncle of the dislocation of his ankle, proposing to return and begin business at once; but not saying one word of Carolina Von Landeck.

The uncle was a man of business, and of his word—even liberal in his way—and a letter soon arrived, not only agreeing to receive his nephew, but sending him a small sum of money, to enable him to travel more commodiously.

Then came the parting. Oh, it was very sad!—all partings are; for every plant on earth has some filaments that bind it closely to the things next to it. Mademoiselle Von Landeck wept bitterly, and Charles's heart seemed as if it would break. However, go he must; and he went. It was their only chance; for almost all the small property which Madame Von Landeck had was held only for her life, otherwise, perhaps, they might have married at once, and loved in a cottage.

When I arrived at Landeck, Charles Rogerson had been gone two years—two whole years. He had written constantly, tenderly, passionately; but for the three last months only one letter had come, and it exceedingly brief. Good-natured people—there are good-natured people in every part of the world—began to compassionate Mademoiselle Von Landeck, and anticipate that she would have to wear the willow. There were others who really did compassionate her in their hearts, and who shared the same fears, but said nothing about it; and well indeed they might compassionate her. One of those who loved her best, and felt for her most, was the good old parish priest, and as he and I had soon struck up an intimacy, I heard all the circumstances from him. No one could know them better; for a sad change had come upon the fortunes of Mademoiselle Von Landeck. Her mother had died some seven months after young Rogerson's departure. For a year, the daughter could hold the little property; but at the end of that time she had to quit the house where she was born, to break away from all its old and sweet memories, to seek another home, to do something for her own support. She was not, indeed, penniless, but nearly so; and Charles Rogerson, who knew her situation, did not come. The old priest's sister was a widow lady living in the village, so like him that, as they both wore petticoats of one kind or another, you could hardly tell the one from the other, except by his head being shaved at the top, and hers not. She was like him in heart, too; and when the hour for Carolina's removal from her home came near, she went to her and said, "Come to me, my dear; and make my house your home. As long as I live, you shall share it with me."

"But I must do something for my own support," said Carolina, sadly.

"Well, then, you shall knit stockings for the Pfarrer," answered the old lady; and Carolina went to live with her. There I saw her three or four times, and certainly she was very lovely; but she seemed to me extremely melancholy. There was many a young gentleman in the neighborhood of moderate means, and one old nobleman living near St. Antoine, who would each have been glad to make the beauty of Landeck his bride. But she never seemed to dream of any thing of the kind, and with a blessed confidence—which it were well that men had in one another, and still better if they had in God—it never seemed to enter into her mind that he who had loved her would or could abandon her. She was puzzled, sad, solitary, desponding; but she was not at all suspicious. There are people who love to

force unpleasant convictions upon unwilling minds, and others who do it from a sense of duty. Two or three gave very broad, unmistakable hints to Carolina von Landeck, that she had lost her lover, and had better look about for a new one. But she only smiled sadly, and shook her head.

The time for my own departure was approaching. When one day, just as the sun was making a golden setting, I was returning toward the inn, with my fishing-rod in my hand, and the good old priest walking gravely by my side. We were talking of poor Carolina von Landeck, and pitying her much, when, suddenly, down from the side of Bregenz, came dashing a heavy English carriage, with great sprawling arms on the sides, and four Tyrolese horses drawing it. Away it rattled past us, right to the cottage at the foot of the old castle. There was no courier with it, and only one person in the inside; but before I could see who got out, the old priest exclaimed, with a look of great joy, "I know that face—I know that face!" and ran off with a degree of activity which I had not thought his antique limbs could display. A moment after, I saw him kissing a tall, handsome young man in black, on both sides of the face, and the next instant he was leading him away by the hand to the house of his sister, the widow.

I went on to the inn, and settled it all in my own mind. That evening, however, I had a visit from Mr. Charles Rogerson, who came to ask me to go with him to the municipality, and to the church on the following Monday, and see him well married. He was brief, frank, almost bluff in his manner; but a very fine young man, notwithstanding.

I ventured to hint that much anxiety had been felt on his account. "Ah, poor dear girl!" he cried; "well might she and every one else feel anxious. The fact is, Mr. P——, my last letter was written when I was just setting out to attend the death-bed of my poor uncle in the country. His son, Henry, had been killed in a duel, and the old man sunk under it. As his heir, he sent for me. For three weeks I never quitted his bed-side; and then, I was ill myself for nearly as long—unable to write, or even speak. When I recovered, I found myself possessed of a good fortune, and fancied I should get here as soon as the post, bringing happy tidings with me. Every day I was to set out; but every day something fresh occurred to detain me, till whole weeks went by in tiresome business. At length, however, I started, and here I am.—Will you come on Monday?"

"Yes, I will," I replied; and, thanking me briefly, he went away.

The contract was signed early in the morning; the church was filled to the doors with people; the bride looked as lovely as ever I saw bride yet; but was even more agitated than is usual on such occasions. There were sad memories in her heart, as well as bright hopes. All the people, down to the very lowest, felt a deep interest in the young pair, as there they stood before the altar. Each took the vow, however, in a clear, firm voice; and the priest's benediction was said.

Then, as if no conventional shackles could bind him for a moment longer, young Charles Rogerson, before all the people, threw his arms round the Bride of Landeck, and gave her a warm kiss.

There was a loud shout of gratulation: and now I have brought a simple little story to an end, which, notwithstanding its simplicity, I really did think, at one time, would never be ended at all, by

Your faithful servant,

P.

Editor's Drawer.

NOT a little *yellow-plushy* is the following extraordinary letter, purporting to have been found in a bottle, on a voyage from San Francisco to New York. It is the last communication from a fond lover at sea to his *inamorata* at home:

"MY DARLIN' JULIA—We air goin' down! At leest, so the fust mait informs me, very soon; and that kind gen'lman advises me to do up my Little choars before the Fatal stroak ends my kareer on yearth. I feel very quear, having et no brexfast, and mi supper having gone the rong wa. The waves is rollin' mountains hi, and our dyin' stuard advises pork and molasses tied to a string; no—a string tied to the molasses, and the pork poard on; no—a stooard tied to a pork—well, never mind. I feel very sad. I should like to take mi hat and go ashoar. The capting is very kind-harted, and I am so soft-shell stummick'd that he is always ordering me below, and I feel constantly like coming up. O! if I was ashore, I'd never come to sea again—never, never, NEVER!

"Jist to plage me, they've been and salted orl the water. This mornin' I were sik to my stummick, and undertook to get a drink. O! you've no idear how salt it was. I arsked the mait wot the corse wos, and he said, that it were on account of all the pork-barrels having leaked.

"There, *now* we're agoin'! I heerd the capting say to a large colored gen'lman: 'You'd better light the lamps before you go down'—and I can feel it, two! The ship is pitching, and the salors is a-doink up the sales to take 'em ashore; they can swim—what can I do? I ain't used to the Klimate, and the worter is so damp that it came into my Bunk last night. All you 'll ever know about me will be this ere Bottel, and that you can't rely upon ever gitting very sartain, the whales is so thick in this longitude.

"* * * There! we're going down!—Now I must seal the bot * * *

The rest was illegible.

THE two paragraphs which ensue appear unaccredited in a late English periodical. They are both of American origin, having appeared several years ago in one of our popular periodicals. They are deemed well worthy of preservation in the "Drawer." No doubt the reader has often seen just such a person as "Mr. Trepid," and been bored almost to extinction by just such a philosopher as the sage Eastern professor:

"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel, Mr. Trepid?" "A great deal worse than I was, thank you; most dead, I'm obliged to you; I am always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better; and for the future you may always know I am worse, without asking any questions, for questions will make me worse, if nothing else does." "Why, Mr. Trepid, what is the matter with you?" "Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal is the matter with me in general; but that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people when they don't know it; that's killing me. My grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know—they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I am bad enough—so there's no help. I am going off some of these days, right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of every thing in general. That's what finishes our folks."

"In a class in an Eastern college, there was a member noted for his waggery. One day the professor of logic was endeavoring to substantiate that a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts. Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling, at length held up his jack-knife, inquiring, 'Suppose that I should lose the blade of my knife, and should get another inserted in its place—would it be the same knife as it was before?' 'To be sure,' replied the professor. 'Well, then,' the wag continued, 'suppose I should then lose the handle and get another, would it be the same still?' 'Of course,' replied the professor. 'But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?' We never heard the professor's answer!

FOOTE has left his verdict against medical mysteries, in his whimsical definition of a physician, whom he describes as "a grave, formal animal, who picks our pockets by talking unintelligible stuff in a sick man's chamber, till nature cures, or medicines kills him. Howbeit, blessing and honor, say we, be upon the head of the *true* physician, of whatever creed, for his is ever a work of mercy and love. As Lamb says, "There is healing in the very creak of his shoes, as he comes up the stair." There be those, however, in every community, who, in circulating their quack nostrums, care little whether they make the well sick, or the sick sicker.

"Do you eat well?" asked one of our modern pill-venders, who was in the process of manufacturing a patient.

"Yes, very well."

"Do you *sleep* well?"

"Yes."

"Eh?—you *do*, eh? That's not exactly the thing for one in your condition! I'll do away all *that* for you. Take four of these every morning, and four after dinner. You'll soon see a change!"

Now that the season of *Thanksgivings* are at hand, perhaps the contrasted "experience" of a "down east" Yankee, will not be without interest to the readers of "The Drawer." "Thanksgiving 'ain't what it used to was," when we were a little shaver, sprouting up out of our boots among the green hills of Vermont—not by a long chalk. *Then* we used to get up early, wash our face, eat our baked potatoes, mount a clean apron, bedeck our neck with a snow-white ruffle, cock the brim of our new felt hat up behind, encase our hands in a nice pair of speckled woolen mittens, take our skates and locomote away to a strong patch of smooth ice, and there amuse ourself till hunger drove us home; sure to do it always in time, and in first-rate condition to partake largely of the old-fashioned dinner, that the very thought of *now* makes us wish that we could turn back and grow the other way; grow down, grow young, till we became a boy again in brown satinets, with two rows of bright buttons over each shoulder, and one down our back; seated, with our boots dangling round the chair-legs, at the same old table, stuffing our jacket with the good things that used to was; just what we can't now, and it is so long ago that we can hardly recollect what they were; but we *can* recollect that toward the last we used to let go the middle buttons on our jacket; delightful sensation to think of now, when we can't get a decent meal without forking over the equivalent in good hardware currency. Even after we had grown out of our boyish suits, and had shoved our spindle shanks into manly habili-

ments, far away from our 'boyhood's home,' we had kind friends that used to send us parcels of thanksgiving good things; but that has all passed. Well do we recollect the last present of holiday luxuries; a sugar-box packed full, by a fair hand too, and transmitted many scores of miles; the eatables were all spoiled, but we were not the less grateful: in the box, too, was a smooth sheet of foolscap covered with kind words and wishes; holiday greetings, such as we have not forgotten, and never can forget, so long as we have a thanksgiving dinner to eat, or a proclamation to read. How stands the account now? No dinner to eat at home—no home to eat a dinner at; no friends to send us a portion of their dinners; they've all stepped out, or forgotten us. Well, who cares? We get up a thanksgiving dinner on our own hook every year; if the governor fails to issue a proclamation, we do it ourself, and do it well."

A WESTERN friend, who has both said and written many a good thing in his day, thus discourses in a late familiar letter to a city correspondent:

"There is nothing new or startling since you left. The only event of much importance is, that my old brown hen has, after an elaborate sitting, hatched out exactly one brown chickey, of which the amiable mother seems duly proud. I feel pretty well convinced, however, that hens, like women, are happy in proportion to the number of young ones they have to cluck over. A man and woman with just about a score of children, are at least ten times as happy as another couple, whose calamity it is to rejoice only over one son and heir, or 'sole daughter of their house and heart.' So, my dear friend, take my advice, and have as many children as possible. The great object of existence is happiness. So say the philosophers of all ages. Some of them place happiness in one attainment, and others in others. They have all missed the mark, by a considerable distance. The only true definition of happiness is that which good old PRIAM would probably have given had he enjoyed the honor of my acquaintance, namely, seventeen sons, and daughters to match. Solomon, of whom you have probably heard, was a very wise man. The reason why he was the wisest of men was, that he had more children than any body else had. Of course, a happy man and a wise man are human synonyms. If you aspire to wisdom and happiness, follow the lustrous examples of the good old gentlemen whom I have called up for your edification, and pick up as many little ones in your cabbage-bed as possible. I can fancy you sitting in your easy-chair, on a coolish winter night, alongside of your shovel and tongs, and holding forth to a semicircle of boys and girls, of various ages and sizes, in the most eloquent of harangues, in which you will touch seriatim on the moral law, whisky-punch, the Jewish theocracy, oysters, oxygen gas, the potato-disease, the reason why the tail of each individual pig is garnished with a kink, the chemical affinities of hogs and hominy; why a boy who wears gray breeches, always has a black patch on his seat of honor; the phosphorescence of the ocean; why comets haven't all got two tails; the virtues of "old Bourbon;" why the flower-end of an apple, is sweeter than the stem-end; the practicability of bridging the Atlantic; why a pretty mouth is more kissable than an ugly one, &c., &c."

THERE is a sheriff now residing in the State of Illinois who was rather "taken in and done for" on one occasion. He made it a prominent part of his

business to ferret out and punish peddlers for traveling through the State without a license; but one morning "he met his match"—a genuine Yankee peddler.

"What have you got to sell? Any thing?" asked the sheriff.

"Yaas, sartin'; what would you like to hev? Got razors—fust rate: that's an article that you want, tew, Square, I should say, by the look o' your baird. Got good blackin'; 't'll make them old cow-hide boots o' yourn shine so't you can shave into 'em e'enamost: Balm o' Klumby, tew; only a dollar a bottle; good for the ha'r, and 'assistin' poor human natur', as the poet says."

And so he rattled on: at length the sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted any thing else, that functionary said he *did*—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty as high-sheriff of the State.

The peddler showed him a document, "fixed up good and strong," in black and white.

The sheriff looked at it, and pronounced it "all right." Then handing back the bottle to the peddler, he said:

"I don't know, now that I've *bought* this stuff, that I shall ever want it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you again. What will you give for it?"

"Oh, I don't know that the darned stuff is any use to *me*, but seein' it's *you*, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it, ef you raly *don't* want it."

The sheriff handed over the bottle, at the six shillings' discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

"Now," said the peddler, "I got a question or tew to ask *you* now. Hev *you* got a peddler's license about your trowses any where?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article *myself*," replied the sheriff.

"Haint, eh?" Wal, I guess we'll *see* about that pooty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, it's a clear case that you've been tradin' with me—hawk-in' and peddlin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you—darn'd if I *don't* now!"

The Yankee was as good as his word. When he reached the next village, he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight dollars for selling without a license.

He was heard afterward to say, that "you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee!"

Who is the author of these "*Reflections of a Tailor*?" It is one of the best things of the kind we ever saw. Nothing can be more happy than the manner in which all the chief implements and materials of "the craft" are introduced:

"Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet moss,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe:
The twin-leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like the rustling satin
As the light breezes smooth their downy lap.
Ha! what is this that rises to my touch
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is, the deeply-injured flower,
Which boys do flout with; but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout;
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of the spicv air;

But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau
Strip of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober clothes.

'Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh no! it is that other gentle bird
Which is the patron of our noble calling
I well remember, in my boyhood's time,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose:
I have a scar upon my thimble-finger
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my great grandsire: all of them were tailors.
They had an ancient goose; it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
I am not certain, but I think 'twas he
Who through misfortune was unfortunate.
No matter; 'tis a joy to straighten out
One's limbs, and leap elastic from the counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit.'

A MAN falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident—perhaps, and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously. Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort. But the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are a hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel. Watering-places might with equal propriety be called fishing-places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey—the elder for their daughters, and the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport, for the fair piscatrix is not more likely to catch a prize than she is to be caught by a shark. As for "courting ladies," we rather affect the proposition of a waggish writer in FRASER'S London Magazine: "Let us widowers and bachelors form an association to declare, for the next hundred years, that we will make love no longer. Let the young women come and make love to us; let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of tea, and help us off with our cloaks at the hall-hoor, and if they are eligible, we may perhaps be induced to yield, and say; 'La! Miss HOPKINS!—I really never—I am so agitated!—ask papa!'"

THAT is a capital story which is told of CATO, an old negro in Kentucky, noted for his peculiar kind of cunning. He succeeded, the story runs, on one occasion in making his fellow-servants in the neighborhood believe that *banking* was a very profitable business; inasmuch that they concluded to throw all their change into a common fund, and start a bank. Old Cato, however, took good care to have himself constituted as *The Bank*, to whom all the sixpences and shillings of the darkies were to be paid over.

"And now," said Cato, "whenever nigga borrow sixpence out o' dis bank to buy 'bacey, he got to come back in t'ree weeks and pay in *two* sixpence, and in dis way you see ebry sixpence bring *anoder* sixpence, till af'er a while all de niggah get rich."

Upon this principle, the "bank" went into operation, old CATO always taking care that every darkey should "fork over" according to "bank-rules." But

in the course of time some of the stockholders thought they "smelt a rat," and called on Cato to withdraw their capital from the bank, when the following conversation took place between Cato and Jack:

JACK.—"Well, Cato, we want to draw our money from de bank, and quit dis banking business."

CATO.—"Did you hear de news?"

JACK.—"No; what news dat, Cato?"

CATO.—"W'y de bank done—broke las' night."

JACK.—"Who care what de bank do? I tell you I want my shar' ob de money."

CATO.—"Wall, but I tell you de bank am *broke*."

JACK.—"I not talkin' about dat. I say whar's *de* money?"

CATO.—"Why you fool, don't you know dat w'en de bank break, de money all gone, sartin?"

JACK.—"Well, but *whar* de money gone to?"

CATO.—"Dat's more 'an dis niggah know. All he know 'bout it is, dat when white folks' bank break de money always lost, and niggah bank no better dan de white folks'!"

JACK.—"Wall, whenever dis niggah 'gage in banking again, he hope de cholera git him fust!"

CATO.—"Berry sorry de bank broke—*berry* sorry; but it can't be helped *now* niggah!"

And here the reporter left the bankers in conclave.

POOR Tom Hood once had his bust taken by a celebrated English "bu'ster," and afterward gave a description of the *modus operandi*, which is exceedingly graphic. He was installed, he tells us, in an elbow-chair, surrounded by an assemblage of heads, hard and soft, some of them unfinished models of what Beau BRUMMELL would have called "damp strangers," tied up in wet cloths, from which every moment he expected to hear a sneeze; and he adds: "The artist, after setting up before me what seemed a small mountain of putty, with a bold scoop of his thumbs marked out my eyes; next, taking a good pinch of clay (an operation I seemed to feel by sympathy) from between my shoulders, clapped me on a rough nose, and then struck the surplus material in a large wart on my chest. In short, by similar proceedings, scraping, smoothing, dabbing on and taking off, at the end of the first sitting, sculptor had made the upper half of a mud-doll, the size of life, looking very like "the *idol* of his own circle" in the Cannibal Islands. At subsequent sittings this heathen figure became more and more like the original, until finally it put on that striking resemblance which as it were introduces a man to himself. This will "come home" to any one who has ever sat to a sculptor.

ACCORDING to a modern traveler in Germany, they have a very singular custom in that somewhat singular country. During service at church on the Sabbath, they have a general *Concentration of Coughing and Nose-blowing!* The clergyman pauses at different periods of his discourse, steps back from the pulpit, and stands and blows his nose. The entire congregation at once imitate his example; coughing, sneezing, and practicing on the nasal organ then, but disturbing the congregation at no other time! It strikes us that this is a good arrangement; for in influenza seasons, or times of a general "cold," the diversified entertainments of this kind are a sad drawback to both preacher and congregation.

THERE is something extremely touching in this passage from a speech delivered some months since by Hon. THOMAS H. BENTON at St. Louis:

"I have gone through a contest for which I had no

heart. What is a seat in Congress to me? I have sat thirty years in the highest branch of Congress; have made a name to which I can expect to add nothing; and I should only be anxious to save what has been gained. I have domestic affections sorely lacerated in these latter times; a wife whom I have never neglected, and who needs my attention now more than ever; children, some separated from me by the wide expanse of oceans and continents, others by the slender bounds which separate time from eternity. I touch the age which the Psalmist assigns for the limit of manly life; and must be thoughtless indeed if I do not think of something beyond the fleeting and shadowy pursuits of this life, of all which I have seen the vanity.

"What is my occupation? Ask the undertaker, that good Mr. LYNCH, whose face, present on so many mournful occasions, has become pleasant to me. He knows what occupies my thoughts and cares: gathering the bones of the dead; a mother—a sister two sons—a grandchild; planting the cypress over assembled graves, and marking the spot where I and those who are dear to me are soon to be laid: all on the sun-set side of the Father of Floods; the towering city of St. Louis on one hand, the rolling stream of the Missouri on the other; and where a cemetery of large dimensions is to be the future necropolis of unnumbered generations. These are my thoughts and cares, and the undertaker knows them!"

WHEN old MEG MURDOCKSON sought in a Scottish criminal court for her daughter "MADGE WILDFIRE," who had been privately arrested and imprisoned, the judge, hearing her in high windy clamor among the officers outside the bar, put on his spectacles, and looking down from the Bench with dignified gravity upon the scene of tumult, said:

"What does that old woman want here? Can't she tell her business, or go away?"

"It's my bairn I'm wantin'!" answered the bel-dame, screaming at the highest pitch of her cracked and mistuned voice; "haven't I been a tellin' ye so this half-hour? And if ye're deaf, what need ye sit cockit up there, and keep folk screeching to ye this gate? Gie me my bairn—an honest woman's bairn!"

"An honest woman's bairn?" answered the magistrate, smiling, and shaking his head, with an ironical emphasis on the adjective, and a calmness calculated to provoke to madness the furious old shrew.

"If I'm no honest now, I was honest once," she replied; "and that's more than *you* can say, ye born and bred thief, that never kenned ither folk's gear fra' your own since the day ye was hatched! '*Honest*,' say ye?—ye picked your mother's pouch o' twal' pennies when ye were five years auld, just as she was taking leave o' your father at the foot of the gallows!"

She "had him there," as was well remarked at the time.

WE have heard it said, and have no doubt of the fact, that the following beautiful passage by Bishop HEBER suggested to the lamented COLE his series of pictures entitled "The Voyage of Life:"

"Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy borders: the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we rejoice in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us: but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are alike in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us: we may be shipwrecked, but we can not anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but can not be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and the Eternal!"

WE have just been reveling in a renewed enjoyment of LEMUEL GULLIVER's experiences in Lilliput, and we would commend a like gratification to the reader. Even a "*thrice-told tale*," by GULLIVER can never prove tedious. His *negative* grounds of comparison, how ludicrous they are! With what solemnity does he talk of the stately trees in the king's park at Lilliput, the tops of some of which he could hardly reach with his clenched fist! How becoming is the admiration with which he celebrates the prodigious leap of one of the imperial huntsmen over his foot, shoe and all! "The mutton of the Lilliputians," says he, "yields to the English; but their beef is excellent. *I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare!*" A distinguished Lilliputian functionary took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, "from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him," says Gulliver, "that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court; and I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four), and place them on my table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, *of five inches high, to prevent accidents*; and I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face toward them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*."

ON Dr. JOHNSON's return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scottish gentleman, at an evening party in London, how he liked Scotland.

"Scotland, Sir?" replied Johnson, "Scotland? Scotland, Sir, is a miserable country—a contemptible country, Sir!"

"You can not do the Almighty the great wrong to say *that*, Sir," answered the other, deeply nettled at this harsh judgment; "God made Scotland, Sir!"

"Yes, Sir," was the cutting rejoinder, "it is true, God *did* make Scotland; but you should remember, Sir, that *he made it for Scotchmen!* God made *hell*, Sir!" This corollary put an end to the conversation.

SIDNEY SMITH, in latter days, seems to have imbibed JOHNSON'S prejudice, as well as his style. Nothing could be more characteristic of both, than the following:

"With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney runs away to his flinty hills, sings his psalm out of tune his own way, and listens to his sermon, of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles!"

A STAID and demure Quaker lady entered a dry goods establishment, with the intention of making purchases. The salesman commenced praising his own goods, at the expense of his neighbors', stating, at the same time, what great saving in expense she would make by purchasing of him. She heard him silently, for a time, and finished the conversation by quietly saying: "Friend C., what a pity it is that it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary in thy business!"

NEAR Newport is situated the Island of Conanicut; the inhabitants of which are in the habit of taking their produce to the market of the former place, taking back, in return, such commodities as their necessities demand. Some years since, there lived an honest family on this island, who had a son, whose long shaggy, uncombed hair, gave him an uncommonly boorish appearance, even in that then primitive place. The father was in the habit of visiting Newport, according to the custom of his neighbors. On one occasion, he took home with him, packed at the top of the chest in which he transported his goods, a small mirror—the first ever possessed by the family. The chest was brought home, and placed in the centre of the room, as usual, for the purpose of being discharged of its contents, when this uncouth son ran, as usual, and raised the lid, to see what father had brought from town. On this occasion, he gave but one brief look, dropped the lid, and with terror depicted in every feature, cried out: "Oh, mother! mother! father has brought home a cub! he has brought home a cub! I seed him—a young bear!"

THERE is a world of good advice in this passage from a letter of CHARLES LAMB to BERNARD BARTON, the English Quaker poet:

"You are too much apprehensive about your complaint. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before GALEN—of the entire inner constructions of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of HARVEY'S; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, *once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humors.* Those medical gentry choose each his favorite part; one takes the lungs, another the liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss." He goes on to counsel his friend, "*above all, to use*

exercise; keep a good conscience; avoid tamperings with hard terms of art, 'viscosity,' 'scirrhoty,' and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors; think how long the Lord Chancellor sits; think of the brooding hen."

ISN'T it positively astonishing to read of the delusions which prevailed in this country

"In good old Colony times,
When we lived under the King?"

Just read this fragment, illustrative of a singular delusion which possessed the best and wisest of our ancestors, toward the close of the seventeenth century:

Such was the infatuation, that a little girl about four or five years old was committed to prison, charged with biting some bewitched persons, who showed the print of small teeth on their arms. Another poor child was brought before the magistrates, and asked, "How long hast thou been a witch?"

"Ever since I was six years old."

"How old are you now?"

"Brother Richard says I shall be eight years old next November."

"You said you saw a black cat once; what did it say to you?"

"It said it would tear me to pieces, if I did not sign my name to a book."

"How did you afflict folks?"

"I pinched them. My mother carried me to afflict them."

"How could your mother carry you, when she was in prison?"

"She came like a black cat."

"How did you know it was your mother?"

"The cat told me she was my mother."

It seems unaccountable that such testimony as this was gravely listened to, and believed by the magistrates; and that, too, in cases where human life was at stake; but the very nature of the supposed crime did not admit of any other than absurd evidence. The delusion prevailed to such a dreadful degree, that every woman feared her neighbor; and when she lay down to sleep, knew not but the next night would find her in prison.

"My hearers," said an old elder, down east, one day, addressing a small audience in a school-house, on the importance of having a knowledge of the Bible, "this is a subject of tremendous importance, and I wish I could make you think so. It is the *last* which makes the shape of your shoe, and which you may peg and sew over, but it never wears out. As I wish to impress this truth more strongly, I make use of the following illustration: You see the beautiful sunlight stealing through that window and resting upon the benches. How clearly it shows you the notches the boys have cut, the heads of nails that have been driven in, and the spots of ink that have been spilt; just so," and his gimlet eye shone with a more piercing brightness as he spoke, "just so a knowledge of the Bible will show you the notches, the nail-heads, and the ink-spots on your soul."

"THERE never was a public hanging," says an advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, "that was productive of any thing but evil." There is an anecdote recorded of WHITFIELD, however, which seems to refute this position, in at least one instance,

This eloquent divine, while at Edinburgh, attended a public execution. His appearance upon the ground drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day, being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women, and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you will say that my moments would have been better employed in praying with the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree, and that perhaps curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion: but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake. I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on that occasion, and I was highly pleased with it. It has given me a very favorable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenances, and reflected the greatest honor on your hearts: particularly when the moment arrived in which your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world forever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was it when the SAVIOUR of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they gave him to drink. Not one of them all that witnessed his pains, turned the head aside even in the last pang. Yes, there was one; that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his bright face, and sailed on in tenfold night!"

This is eloquence! Would that we could have seen the beaming features, the "melting eye, turned toward heaven," which indelibly impressed these words upon the heart of every hearer!

It is not a little amusing sometimes to watch the manners of a dare-devil guest from our boundless "back country" at a public hotel. A friend of ours mentions one of this description, who was sitting by a gentleman at dinner, who sent for a bottle of champagne, giving to the waiter "Ninety-five" as the number of his room. No sooner had he turned out a glass, than the stranger-guest did the same. "That's first-rate drink!" said he. "Here, boy, bring me a bottle of *Ninety-five*, too!" The next morning he was seen fuming about the hall in his slippers, calling out, "Where the deuce are my boots? They've left me nothing but these flat-footed, no-heeled shoes!" "Boots?" asked the servant; "what is your number?" "Number twelve—largest size—pegged heels; bring 'em quick—I want 'em!" It was *rather* supposed, by those who overheard this dialogue, that the servant desired to know the number of the unfortunate stranger's room rather than that of his cow-hide boots!

"DRESS always and *act* to please your partner for life, as you would fain to do before the nuptial-knot was tied." This is an old maxim, and here is "a commentator upon it." A newly-married lady is suddenly surprised by a visit from a newly-married man, when she straightway begins to apologize: "She is horribly chagrined, and out of countenance, to be caught in such a dishabille; she did not mind how her clothes were huddled on, not expecting any company, there being nobody at home but *her husband!*"

The husband meanwhile shakes the visitor's hand, and says, "I am heartily glad to see you, JACK: I don't know how it was, I was almost asleep; for as there was nobody at home but *my wife*, I did not know what to do with myself!"

It is related of the celebrated clergyman, JOHN MASON, that sitting at a steamboat table on one occasion, just as the passengers were "falling to" in the customary manner, he suddenly rapped vehemently upon the board with the end of his knife, and exclaimed, "Captain! is this boat out of the jurisdiction of God Almighty? If not, let us at least thank Him for his continued goodness;" and he proceeded to pronounce "grace" amidst the most reverent stillness. It is to be hoped, however, that his "grace" was not like the few set words handed down from father to son, mumbled without emotion, and dispatched with indecent haste, which one sometimes hears repeated over country repasts. "Bless this portion of food now in readiness for us; give it to us in thy love; let us eat and drink in thy fear—for—*Lorenzo, my son, take your fingers out of that plate!*" was a grace once said in our hearing, but evidently not in that of the spoilt boy, "growing and always hungry," who could not wait to be served. We should prefer to such insensible flippancy the practice of an old divine in New England, who, in asking a blessing upon his meals, was wont to name each separate dish. Sitting down one day to a dinner, which consisted partly of clams, bear-steak, &c., he was forced in a measure to forego his usual custom of furnishing a "bill of particulars." "Bless to our use," said he, "these treasures hid in the sand; bless this—" But the bear's meat puzzled him, and he concluded with, "Oh, Lord! *thou only knowest what it is!*"

OLD BACHELORS! you are growing old, and your personal attractions are taking wing! Be warned in time! There was a "*Bachelor's Thermometer*" once faithfully kept by the author of *Grimm's Ghost*," to portions of which "we now proceed to invite the serious attention" of the bachelor readers of "The Drawer." At thirty-six, he discovers his hair to be growing thin. He buys a bottle of "Tricosian Fluid," but finds it a "flattering unction." Thinness of hair increases, awakening serious thoughts of a wig. He meets an old college friend with a "thatch" that makes him look "like the devil in a bush," who mystifies him with the remark that he "*wears well*." About this time he gives up cricket-playing. The air about the grounds is so bad that he "can't run in it, without being out of breath!" He finds some solace for his mortified vanity in the sight of eighteen bald heads in the pit at the opera. "So much the better; the more the merrier." By this time, too, he is growing fat: "Tried on an old great-coat, and found it an old little-one. How cloth shrinks! Red face putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle for using one; but was then young and foolish." A year after, he records: "Several gray hairs in whiskers; all owing to carelessness in manufacture of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six." The following year he gives up country-dancing: "Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick! Wondered how sober mistresses of families could allow their carpets to be beaten by quadrilles. Met two school-fellows; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of *my age*: what lies boys tell!" A year elapses: "Goyt again! That disease certainly attacks young

people more than formerly!" The next entry is: "Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men nowadays much too small in the waist. Read in the *Times* an advertisement of 'pills to prevent corpulency: 'bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker." A growing dislike to the company of young men, all of whom "talk too much or too little," succeeds; until, at the age of forty-nine, with "top of head bald," he resolves "never to marry for any thing but money or rank." A year after, "the age of wisdom," he marries his cook.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

WE were very much amused by an incident which happened to ourselves last summer, and we think that the reader would be equally amused by its relation, were he acquainted with our *personality*, instead of knowing us only as an editorial *myth*. We had been spending some time near the literary EGERIA of New England, in one of those delightful villages which dot the valleys and crest the hills of Berkshire, when circumstances required our presence for a few days at New Haven. Upon our return, we spent part of a day at Bridgeport, more particularly for the purpose of visiting the Indio-Chinese-Arabic Pagoda of the immortal Barnum. When we had accomplished this, we found that several hours must intervene before the next train, *upward-bound*, came along. There was nothing for us to do in the interval, but to wander through the streets and admire (in the Latin sense) the architectural nightmares which Connecticut ambition had created in the way of cottages, Gothic, Elizabethan, Tuscan, &c.

Strolling through the main street, the rear of the buildings on which are but a few feet removed from the Housatonic, we came upon a firm of oyster-merchants who, judging from appearances, "*drove a pretty smart trade*." Now we confess to a weakness for down-east oysters. The abominations which we are in the habit of swallowing crude in this metropolis, in our opinion (we know that we are in a decided minority), are unworthy of a moment's comparison with the small, juicy, salt natives of New Haven Bay and the neighborhood. We, therefore, determined to enter the shop where the inviting bivalves were exposed, and to order a barrel to be sent to us to our abiding place, on the line of the Housatonic rail-road. But one of the partners, a Mr. Hotchkiss, or Doolittle, or some such favorite name, was in, and of him we made our purchase, and to him gave the necessary directions and paid the bill. But as we were leaving, the other partner made his appearance, and excited by the laudable curiosity, so common in that part of the world, accosted us. We had to tell him what we had come for, how many oysters we had ordered, and, lastly, what we had paid for them. When we had imparted this last piece of information by showing him the receipt, he inquired, to our infinite astonishment, if it was *our intention to retail those oysters when we got them home*. Mentally asking ourselves if we looked like an itinerant dealer in shell-fish, we quietly replied in the negative; and our questioner rejoined, "Want to know! I thought as how you might be going to peddle them, and in that case, we always make a discount!" Not being able to suppress our laughter, we hastily took leave, and proceeded on our way up the street.

The next establishment which attracted our eye was a toy-shop, and we at once thought of the little

ones at home. The task of making choice of play-things for children, we take to be one of the most difficult in the world. Mamma at Stewart's or Beck's, is not half so puzzled in selecting a silk from a counter-full, as papa is at Werckmeister's, when he endeavors to choose something to amuse the children from among the thousands of instruments, agricultural, mechanical, musical, martial, geographical, &c., which surround him. In the present instance, after a great deal of reflection and comparison, we settled down upon a cedar-pail or bucket for the elder of two boys, and a miniature hoe for the younger, whose gardening propensities had prematurely exhibited themselves in the middle of the high-road of the village. The obliging shop-keeper wrapped up our purchases in brown paper, placing the hoe in the pail, of which he left the handle uncovered, for greater facility in carrying. Armed with our pail, we turned our steps toward the hotel, having first ascertained by reference to our watch that we had still sufficient time left to dine. When we arrived at the door of the principal establishment in the town for furnishing "entertainment for man and beast," we were met by the smiling landlord, to whom we at once communicated our desire to eat something before the train came along. Boniface was as civil as possible, and as he led us to the public-room, he evidently thought that it was incumbent upon him to do us the delicate attention of asking a question or two—thereby showing that interest in our movements and welfare which is frequently so delightfully manifested in some parts of our common country. He began, by inquiring, how far we were going. We informed him. Then he wanted to know, "if we came from those parts." We gave the desired information. And, lastly, looking askance at our pail and hoe, he *asserted, interrogatively*, "I guess you are in the house-painting business?" This was really too much; although, to a certain extent, the muffled instruments in our hand justified his suspicion. To be taken for both an oyster-peddler and a house-painter, in one day! We do not mean to reflect upon either of these very respectable callings—but there was an absurdity in such conjectures in reference to ourselves, which argued a most profound naiveté on the part of our two accusers. We rushed to the cars, and have never been to Bridgeport since.

WE read the other day an amatory dialogue, the parties to which were a sentimental young lady and a youth in a music-shop. The damsel asked for various songs with interrogatory titles, referring to the state of some beloved one's affections—past, present, or future; and the swain managed to drag into his answers other titles, affirmative of constancy, devotion, and all the lover-like virtues—so that a very pretty and significant conversation was kept up under the mask of business. This dialogue reminded us of a circumstance which we find penciled down in an old diary of an excursion from Buffalo to Quebec, which we made some fifteen years ago.

There existed at that time a great rivalry between the American and Canadian boats on Lake Ontario. There was more especially a controversy in reference to the comparative speed of two vessels—the United States and the William IV. Upon the former our party took passage for Ogdensburg. When we arrived at Oswego, we found that the William had come down for a race. She was lying a mile or two from the town, waiting until we should effect our landing and come up abreast, to make a fair start for the championship. Now, it happened that our people, not anticipating a contest, had made no preparations for it. That such was not the case with our

adversaries, was evident, from the huge volume of black smoke which was rolling from the Canadian's smoke-pipe. Moreover we ascertained, as soon as we approached near enough, that she was provided with a very good brass band, to blow defiance and proclaim victory—when obtained. We unfortunately could make no corresponding demonstration in the way of music. Two old negroes armed with ponderous French horns, constituted our entire force. But notwithstanding its inequality, it never entered into our minds to decline the contest so courteously tendered to us. Our national pride had an additional stimulus in the fact that the owner of the William IV. was among our passengers, expecting to enjoy the triumph of his friends in the camp of his enemies. The moment that the race commenced three tremendous cheers were given from each boat. Then the brass band of our rival struck up in full blast, "God save the King." When they had concluded, our two patriotic Ethiopians responded by "Yankee Doodle," performed in the most dolorous manner that it is possible to conceive. The reply to this was an energetic version of "Rule Britannia;" which we again answered by an asthmatic attempt at "Hail Columbia." All this time the two boats had been dashing on "neck and neck," or "wing and wing," according as the reader may prefer the dialect of the turf or of the ocean. But before the last of our martial notes had died away, we had begun to gain something upon our adversary. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, we gained more and more. First, it was evident that we had the advantage of two or three feet—then we were half a length—and then a full length ahead. When this last result was accomplished, it was proclaimed on our part by a most ambitious attempt at "The Girl I left behind me." The distance between the two vessels continued constantly to increase, until, when we came opposite to Prescott, the Canadian port, the William was at least two miles in the rear. A good part of the population of the town was collected upon the pier to welcome their triumphant champion. What their feelings must have been we can not presume to tell, when we ran in, playing "See the Conquering Hero comes." After this salute, we proudly turned toward the American shore, the cheers of the townspeople as we glided up to the dock almost drowning the most melancholy imitation of "Home, Sweet Home," that ever greeted civilized ears.

SOME years ago—a decade or so—Union College numbered among its students a young gentleman of the name of Thomas Day. Mr. Day was rather a sentimental youth, by no means given to any excess of jovialty. Upon one occasion he was called upon by the Professor of Latin to scan and construe the following stanza of the thirty-fifth ode of the first book of Horace :

"Te Dacus asper, te profugi Sythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni."

Not feeling very sure of the correctness of his scanning, he had proceeded very deliberately as far as—

"Te Da-cus as—" when he was interrupted by a unanimous peal of laughter from the assembled students, in which the dignified Professor found it impossible not to join.

The involuntary provoker of the mirth was, during the remainder of his collegiate career, known only as T. Day.

THE following anecdotes, for the perfect authenti-

city of which we can vouch, were related by Mrs. Stuart, widow of the Primate of Ireland, and previously the Honorable Miss Penn, favorite Maid of Honor to Queen Charlotte. They have never appeared in print before, the narrator having insisted that they should in no way be made public until after her own death, which occurred a year or two since :

Miss Penn was constantly with her Majesty at the commencement of the lamentable illness of George the Third. The King's private apartments were in the lower story of the palace. The first floor was unoccupied, and the one immediately above that, called the Nursery-floor, was inhabited by the Queen and Royal Family. One evening, while the young people were amusing themselves, her Majesty walked about for some time, knitting, but silent, and evidently in deep thought. At length, stopping abruptly before Mrs. Stuart—then Miss Penn—she asked her, "Would you be afraid to go down stairs, to the garden door, in the dark, Tinny?" The Maid of Honor replied, "Not in the least—she would go if her Majesty desired it." "Well, then, go," said the Queen; "and when you come to the garden-door, if you find any one there, ask him what he wants. If he says that he wants to speak to the Queen herself, bring him up."

Miss Penn accordingly felt her way down the back staircase—(the front staircase was interdicted during the King's illness, as it passed too near his apartments). As she went, she grew so nervous that when she came to the door she could hardly listen to any thing else for the beating of her own heart, and the night was as black as pitch. At length, however, she heard some one breathing thick, and asked if any one were there.

"Yes," was the answer.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to speak with the Queen herself," replied a man's voice.

"Then come with me," she said.

"But there is no light," replied he.

"Give me your hand," she said, "and I will lead you."

A hand as cold as death grasped hers, but she kept up her courage, and led him on till he could guide himself by the bannisters, and thus she conducted him to the apartments of the Queen, and found, to her very great surprise, she had been leading the celebrated William Pitt, then Prime Minister. The object of the Queen in thus admitting him to a secret audience, was to give him the fullest personal assurance that the health of the King was materially improved; and the suspension of a proposed bill respecting the government of the country, was the consequence of this conference.

One time Miss Penn wished to learn German, and spoke to Queen Charlotte about it, when her Majesty said that she thought she knew somebody who might do for a master, and would order him to be sent for. This person was named the Herr Baron Von Verdion. He was a character of the time, well known to caricaturists: a little man, wearing a long, broad-tailed, Charles-the-Twelfth coat, a small wig, with a row of curls on each side, and a little black bag, like a thumbstall, behind. Black breeches, hardly reaching the knee, and stockings rolled at the top, completed the invariable dress. The one suit seemed to last forever; but his linen was always remarkably clean. Mrs. Stuart took lessons of the Baron for more than two years, at two guineas for twelve lessons. On one occasion, Hannah More wrote to Mrs. Stuart, to ask if it were possible to ascertain whether a woman,

who had obtained some celebrity by living a long time under a haystack were the famous Mademoiselle Falkenstein, who being suspected of political intrigues, had fled from the court of Prussia, to avoid being shut up for life. Miss Penn accordingly applied to her friend the Baron, saying that she would give any thing to discover if the haystack woman were really Mademoiselle Falkenstein. He exclaimed, with a look of surprise at her eagerness, "Why, you would not betray her, would you?" Mrs. Stuart answered, that, on the contrary, she would give her life to protect and defend her; whereupon the Baron respectfully kissed her hand. A year or two after, she saw the death of the Baron mentioned in the papers, with the addition, that it had been discovered, for the first time, that the person taking that name was a woman, and that no money but six shillings was found in her poor lodging in Holborn. Mrs. Stuart went immediately to tell Queen Charlotte, who replied, "I knew that many years ago. The Baron Von Verdion was Mademoiselle Falkenstein, and through my hands has passed the small

pension secretly given to her by the Prussian government."

One of the events which most distressed the mind of George the Third, was the death of one of his children, Prince A——, an exceedingly promising boy. The Queen and the King attended him during the first part of his illness with the greatest possible care, till the case became utterly hopeless, and it was evident that a few hours, or a few minutes, would see the child expire. His Majesty then whispered a few words to one of the attendants, and led the Queen from the room to an apartment where Mrs. Stuart was seated with many members of the Royal Family. The King's first act, after the door was closed, was to place a Bible on the table; but he then began to walk up and down the room in great agitation. The Queen remained seated, with her hands covering her eyes. At the end of twenty minutes or half an hour a slight tap was heard at the door. Every one comprehended that it was a signal that the Prince was dead, and George the Third advanced to the table, knelt down, and said, "Let us pray."

Literary Notices.

Select British Eloquence, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers). In this carefully prepared volume, we have an important contribution to rhetorical literature. Containing the speeches of the great British orators which are regarded as the master-pieces of their respective authors—a memoir of each orator, showing the leading events of his public life, and the distinctive characteristics of his oratory—an historical introduction to each of the speeches, explaining the circumstances of the case, the state of parties and the exact point at issue—an analysis of the longer speeches in side-notes—and a large body of critical and explanatory notes, together with translations of the passages quoted from foreign languages—it leaves nothing to be desired as a text book of the political and forensic eloquence of Great Britain. The copious and valuable memoirs and notices by the editor, make this less a compilation than an original work. The manner in which he has performed his task is a model of accurate and thorough editorship. He has omitted nothing which the most exacting student could demand for the elucidation of the subject in hand, without ever being tempted to indulge in superfluous details. A great mass of attractive information is thus presented, and in a style of singular clearness, strength, and elegance. It is rarely that so much profound scholarship, sound judgment, refined taste and vigorous expression, are devoted to the critical preparation for the press of the standard productions of other writers.

Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life, by JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, (published by Ticknor, Reed, and Field). The name of the estimable author of this work, who is now employing a green old age in the collection of personal and professional reminiscences, is intimately connected with the history of journalism in the Metropolis of New England. Like many of the most able and distinguished editors in this country, he commenced the pursuits of active life as a practical printer. Struggling from the earliest age with poverty and its attendant hardships, he was deprived of even the usual advantages of education, and was compelled to lay the foundation of his subsequent distinction under

the stern discipline of adversity. But he never yielded to the depressing circumstances in which he was placed. Exhibiting from the first, a spirit of sturdy independence, an unfailing self-reliance, and a healthy mental activity, he manfully fought his way through difficulties, under which a less vigorous nature would have succumbed, and succeeded in ultimately winning a position of influence and honor, which has been surpassed by few of his professional brethren in this country. After devoting himself for several years to the mechanical business of his craft, not without literary aspirations and efforts, in the summer of 1817, Mr. Buckingham started the "New England Galaxy," a weekly journal, in Boston, which soon attracted the attention of the public, by the boldness of its criticisms, the raciness and energy of its style, and the variety and brilliancy of its literary contributions. The appearance of such a print was a new feature amidst the dignified reserve and quiet elegance, which at that time characterized the periodical literature of Boston. It created a universal sensation, making warm friends and bitter enemies. In addition to the pungent editorials by Mr. Buckingham, the Galaxy was constantly enriched with articles from a large corps of contributors, many of whom have since attained the very highest eminence, both in American literature and politics. In 1828, after an editorial career of more than eleven years, Mr. Buckingham dissolved his connection with the Galaxy, in order to devote his undivided attention to "The Courier," a daily paper, which he had established about four years previously. This journal was intended to be the especial advocate of the "American System"—an expression applied by the editor to the views and purposes of those who wished to obtain from Congress the enactment of a protective tariff. Devoted to measures tending, as it was claimed, to develop the natural resources of the country and to support the operations of American labor, ingenuity, and industry, "The Courier" took an independent ground in relation to each of the great parties, into which the country was then divided. In its support of the protective policy, it stood almost entirely alone. Not a single journal in Massachusetts, and not more than three or four in

the United States, then appeared in behalf of this course of legislation. In conducting "The Courier," no one (whatever views he may entertain on the subjects under discussion), will be disposed to deny, that the editor displayed the same moral courage, integrity of purpose, and persistence in the support of his convictions, which marked the character of the "Galaxy." For twenty-four years Mr. Buckingham devoted himself to this journal, with an assiduity, independence, and energy rarely equaled, when, in 1848, on account of his strong repugnance to General Taylor as a candidate for the Presidency, he found it expedient to surrender its management to other hands. Since that time, he has held a prominent rank in the politics of Massachusetts, as a member of the State Senate, employing his leisure in the preparation of these volumes, and the "Specimens of the Newspaper Press," heretofore published and noticed in a former Number of our Magazine.

The present work is equally creditable to the head and the heart of the author. It is filled with evidences of an uncommonly vigorous intellect, and a sterling honesty of purpose. The narrative of his early life is singularly touching in its delineations of the sufferings of an unfortunate household. It contains passages, which for simple beauty and pathos, are seldom rivaled in tales of fictitious sorrow. The incidental notices scattered throughout the volumes, of contemporaries and fellow-workers, are admirably drawn up, and to the natives of New England especially, will soon have a rich antiquarian interest. We sincerely congratulate the venerable author on the appropriate memorial which he has here recorded of his life and times—extending over a most eventful period of American history—while we can not but express the hope, that the future tributes which friendship may be called to pay to his memory, may date from a still distant day.

Corneille and His Times, by M. GUIZOT. An edition of this valuable monograph on a splendid period in the literary history of France, has been issued by Harper and Brothers. Distinguished by the weight of thought, temperance of expression, and various learning, characteristic of the historical productions of M. Guizot, this volume will be found an indispensable aid in the study of French literature. The merits of the great dramatist and his leading contemporaries, are discussed with rare critical discrimination and winning felicity of language.

Anglo-American Literature and Manners, from the French of PHILARETE CHASLES. (Published by Charles Scribner). A decidedly French tone of thought and expression pervades this volume. M. Chasles regards the phenomena of American literature from a Parisian point of view; nor is this feature of his work alleviated by the taste of the translator, who seems to have an antipathy to our mother English, and has crowded his pages with Gallicisms to an extent that is perfectly astonishing. Such recklessness in the indulgence of foreign idioms, should be treated with unrelenting severity by all the lovers of purity of language. Among the American authors who are criticised by M. Chasles, we find the names of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Herman Melville, Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Longfellow, Emerson, and several others. His strictures are often acute—more acute than profound or convincing—not unfriendly to American genius, and usually expressed with characteristic vivacity. The author is evidently at home in the English language—has taken pains to dip into the most important productions of American writers, and, though often falling into ludicrous blunders, in the main, shows considerable knowledge of his sub-

ject. His work will not take a permanent rank as a literary history—its pretensions are of a much lower order—but as a rapid, brilliant commentary on familiar books and authors of the present day, it is well worth reading.

Philosophers and Actresses, by ARSENE HOUSSAYE. (Published by Redfield.) This is another work altogether too French, in its composition and its morality, to suit a sturdy, masculine Puritanic taste. It is made up of bits of sprightly gossip about several French celebrities of the last century and the preceding one—Voltaire, Madame de Maintenon, and a crowd of other more obscure personages, whom no one should wish to rescue from oblivion. As an illustration of the frivolity and corruption of a social state, in which the audacity of despotism trampled on the interests of the people, this book is not without value; but, as a literary production, its superficial, heartless, and affected character, deprives it of any strong claims on the attention of the American public.

Life of Franklin Pierce, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Field.) Apart from the interest of the subject, this volume can not fail to awaken a general curiosity, as a specimen of the author's skill in a different line of composition from that in which he is known to most readers. The mental habits of a writer of romance, however successful, do not necessarily qualify him to be a good biographer. The admirers of Mr. Hawthorne will turn with eagerness to this new production of his vigorous pen. Nor will they find it unworthy of their favorite author. It is written with simplicity, freshness, and sufficient animation. The style is well adapted to the purposes of biography. In the use of language, Mr. Hawthorne always shows a consummate mastery. There is no want of it in the execution of the present work.

A new edition of *Sicily; A Pilgrimage*, by H. T. TUCKERMAN, has been issued by G. P. Putnam. This is an instructive volume of travels, pervaded by an under-plot of romantic adventure, which makes it very agreeable reading.

D. Appleton & Co. have published a new *Greek Grammar*, by J. T. CHAMPLIN, of Waterville College. Its chief features are simplicity, clearness, and brevity; and this is no small praise for a manual of education.—The same house have issued a revised edition of the elaborate *Greek Grammar* by KUEHNER, translated from the German by Professors B. B. EDWARDS and S. H. TAYLOR. This is one of the most copious and thorough Greek Grammars now extant.

A Life of Vicissitudes, is the title of a new novel by G. P. R. JAMES (published by Harper and Brothers). It has all the vivacity of movement, and brilliancy of delineation, which we find in the former productions of the indefatigable writer.

H. Long and Brother have published *The Ladies' New Book of Cookery*, by SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, who has laid under obligations to her patient research and inventive genius in the science of gastronomy, all the good citizens who believe in the time-honored institution of dining, as well as the notable housewife, who wishes to make the table the central attraction of home. Mrs. Hale sets forth the philosophy of dietetics in this volume, shows its relation to health, and its bearing on society, besides giving a complete encyclopedia of instructions with regard to the practical management of the cuisine. She speaks with the authority of an experienced housekeeper. She has also called in the aid of numerous friends, who have tested the savory and enticing receipts here given, in their own families. Her system of cooking

is not exclusive, but eclectic. She thus keeps up with the spirit of the age. She describes the most dainty processes in the domestic economy of the different nations of the Old World, so that emigrants from the Old Country will find in her book the methods of preparing their favorite dishes. The most prominent features, are, however, American, and the directions are given in such a manner, as to enable plain, honest republicans, as well as foreign connoisseurs, to make an eligible dinner, without being poisoned by bad viands and worse cookery. The young married housekeeper will find this book prove a treasure. It will save them from many a slough of despond, after the honeymoon is past. Consulting its learned pages, they never need be at a loss in regard to any of the mysteries of the table, from Indian slap-jacks and pumpkin pies, to woodcock à la Péregueux, and meringues à la crème.

Institutes of Algebra, by GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This excellent elementary manual, by the Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy, is the fruit of thorough scientific culture, and long experience as a practical teacher. The author is so familiar with the methods and formulas of analytic investigation, that he is able to explain their principles with rigorous accuracy; while his appreciation of the difficulties of the beginner suggests a lucid mode of illustration, which we must admit is rare in most scientific treatises, intended for primary study. His use of language is precise, without being formal; he presents the outlines of the science in a clear and attractive light; every principle is elucidated by a multitude of apposite examples; and in this manner the student is led on by an imperceptible and pleasant ascent, until he finds himself master of the elements of the science, which at first wore a forbidding aspect. The volume embraces all that is necessary for a collegiate course, and furnishes the pupil with such a solid ground-work, that he may pursue more extensive researches on the subject, without the aid of an instructor. This end has been reached by remarkable condensation. At the same time, the desire for brevity has not forced the author into hardness of statement or obscurity of thought. On this account, we can safely recommend his treatise, both to those who wish to gain an acquaintance with Algebra for the first time, and those whose leisure permits them to review their early studies.

A convenient portable *Pronouncing German Dictionary*, by G. C. OEHLISCHLAGER, has been issued by Weick and Wiek, Philadelphia. It forms a valuable addition to the abundant resources now enjoyed for learning the most richly-freighted of the modern European languages.

The School for Fathers, by T. GWYNNE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This is a story of English life in the last century, recalling the days of swords and hair-powder, fox-hunting and ale-drinking. A bluff, jovial country squire—his brother, a made-up specimen of city gentility, in the last stages of personal dilapidation—a son, who, having passed his youth in the roughest field-sports as an outrider to his uncle, is now to be metamorphosed into a man of fashion by his father—and a rural beauty, with whom the boy Jack had fallen desperately in love—are the chief personages in the plot. These are so managed as to present a perpetual contrast, and usually, though with some exaggeration, with striking effect. The style of the book is a model of descriptive composition, and we rarely meet, in these days, with more natural and racy dialogue. A vein of lurking humor finely alternates with frequent touches of

pathos, which, with the lively pictures of rustic enjoyments and city affectations, give this novel a perfectly readable character.

Charles Scribner has issued a new edition of *The Indications of the Creator*, by GEORGE TAYLOR, a collection of learned and able original essays on Natural Theology; and of *Reminiscences of Congress*, by CHARLES W. MARCH, the title being changed to the more appropriate one of *Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries*, as the central figure in the work, to which all others are subordinate, is the illustrious Massachusetts statesman. The volume abounds in interesting biographical, political, and literary anecdotes, and claims much more than a merely ephemeral importance. As an illustration of the public career of Mr. Webster, without pretending to be a complete biography, it must long be valuable to all classes of American readers.

Harper and Brothers have published a new edition of *David Copperfield*, by DICKENS, with pictorial illustrations, and uniform with the duodecimo edition of *Dombey and Son*, recently issued. This is one of the neatest and most convenient editions of these favorite works that could be desired by the fastidious book fancier.

A new edition of *The School Geography*, by SIDNEY E. MORSE, is issued by Harper and Brothers, bringing the subject down to the present time. Almost seventy years ago, the first Geography ever issued in America, was prepared by the late Rev. Dr. Morse, the father of the present author, and published in New Haven. In 1820, Mr. Sidney Morse was associated with his father in publishing the twenty-second edition of the School Geography, which formed the basis of this work. After a long interval, this Geography was thoroughly revised, adapted to the recent discoveries in the science, and published in 1844. Since that time, its merits have been too well known to need comment. In this edition very considerable improvements have been introduced. Several of the maps have been newly engraved. Corrections have been made in the statements of the population in the chief towns of Great Britain and France, according to the latest census; and, in connection with a new map of the United States, a table is given of the population of nearly one hundred of the chief cities and towns of the Union, according to the census of 1830, 1840, and 1850. A tabular view of the increase of population in several of the chief towns in the United States, exhibits some curious and astonishing facts. We give a few examples. The population of Cleveland, O., in 1830, was 1076; in 1850, 17,833; rate of increase, 1483 per cent. Williamsburg, N. Y., in 1830, 1117; in 1850, 30,780; increase, 2655 per cent. Manchester, N. H., in 1830, 877; in 1850, 13,932; increase, 1430 per cent. Oswego, N. Y., in 1830, 2703; in 1850, 12,205; 351 per cent. Washington, D. C., in 1830, 18,826; in 1850, 40,001; 112 per cent. Richmond, Va., in 1830, 6055; in 1850, 27,482; 354 per cent. Cincinnati, O., in 1830, 24,831; in 1850, 115,436; 360 per cent. Detroit, Mich., in 1830, 2222; in 1850, 21,019; 850 per cent. St. Louis, Mo., in 1830, 4977; in 1850, 77,860; 1466 per cent. On account of its compact form, lucid arrangement, and general and comparative views on various subjects of geography, this work is no less suitable for a convenient manual of reference, than for use in common school instruction.

Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of *Cornelius Nepos*, with historical and critical notes by Professor CHARLES ANTHON. In preparing this edition, Professor Anthon has taken great pains to

correct the discrepancies and mis-statements of the original, in regard to many important points of history, chronology, and geography. The work is executed with the editor's usual accuracy and taste.

Mr. JOHN SMITH, bookseller, has announced a new Quarterly Journal in London to be called *The Retrospective Review*.—"Upwards of thirty years ago," he says, "a Retrospective Review was established, which had for some time great success. Since it was discontinued, the want of a publication of this kind has been much felt and often complained of, and these complaints partly have led to the present attempt. If, indeed, the passing literature of the day can furnish materials for so many Reviews as are now established, one surely may be dedicated to the vast field of the literature of the Past. It is our design to select from this field subjects which are most likely to interest modern readers: we shall lay before them, from time to time, Essays on various branches of the literature of former days, English or foreign; we shall give accounts of rare and curious books; point out and bring forward beauties from forgotten writers; and tell the knowledge and the opinions of other days. It is, in fact, intended to comprise copious Critical Analyses of whatever old books seem to possess sufficient interest under any of these heads (the works of living authors will be excluded). In addition to these, one division of each Part will be devoted to the printing (*for the first time*) of short manuscripts in Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Early English, preserved in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and other public libraries; and another division will be open to correspondence on literary subjects."

A London edition of WEBSTER's *Dictionary of the English Language* is thus described by a critical journal of that city, "The excellences discovered in Dr. WEBSTER's Dictionary on its first issue, were, that it contained 12,000 words and 40,000 definitions not to be found in any other work; that the derivation of every word was given; that the correct pronunciation was carefully indicated, though not overburdened by marks as in some other orthoëpists whose labors have resulted in perplexing rather than aiding the inquirer; that a list of words, regarding the pronunciation of which orthoëpists differ, was given, showing the pronunciation adopted by each of six authorities besides WEBSTER; that WALKER's key to the pronunciation of classical and scriptural names was carefully revised and added; that a careful but compact synopsis of Dr. WEBSTER's orthography is prefixed to the volume; that its definitions give a clear, full, and accurate exhibition of all the various shades of meaning which belong by established usage to the words of the language; and that in every case authorities were named. The improvements of Webster upon the older and less elaborate dictionaries have been faithfully and skillfully carried out by the present editor, and Webster's Dictionary therefore stands the completest, the most accurate, and the safest and most useful dictionary of our own and the American language."

Mr. MOXON has issued, as a volume of his series of modern poets, a new edition of *The Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, edited by DERWENT COLERIDGE. This is the first time the dramatic works of Coleridge have been presented as a separate whole, and the volume before us therefore contains the translation of "Wallenstein." The editor's preface contains an historical account of each

drama, detailing its mishaps or successes among managers and theatrical patrons, as well as the motives, feelings, and struggles of Coleridge in connection with each production. In this sketch, there is no fact but may be found in the biographies of the poet; but, as condensed and reproduced here, it is valuable, and to some extent illustrative. This volume will be embraced in the uniform and complete edition of Coleridge's works, shortly to be published by Harper and Brothers.

WE find, in the recent English journals, the following sonnet, by the late HARTLEY COLERIDGE. It is said not to have been previously published:

"TO JOSEPH TURNER, ESQ., DERWENT HILL, NEAR KESWICK.

"Oh! there is a joy and glory in the sky,
As if there was an holiday in Heaven:
And so there is; the blest eternal seven
Bright living lamps shoot forth their spires on high.
But is there joy in Heaven when good men die?
There is, when captives die out of their chains,
When suffering Christians die out of their pains,
And when the stricken soul gets leave to fly.
God hath received him, and he sits beside
His long beloved, his everlasting bride;
And their sweet babes are playing at their feet;
But they and all look upward evermore,
Adoring love, and loving must adore
The Father, Son, and realizing Paraclete."

A NEW poet, JULIAN FANE, who has just published a volume, is thus announced by *The Leader*. "There is a certain undefinable something—an accent, it may be, giving hints of undeveloped melody—in the pages of this modest little volume, which makes us pause in delivering a verdict. That Mr. Julian Fane is a singer, we will not say; neither will we say that he may not develop into one. He is the author of a Prize Poem—which, considered as an isolated fact, is somewhat damnable; and many pages of this volume bear on them the traces of what may be called the 'Prize-poem state of mind,' namely, ripe, *deliberate* mediocrity. On the other hand, it may be said Tennyson himself is the author of a Prize Poem; nay more, he wrote in early life poems both mediocre and trivial. If, therefore, Mr. Julian Fane exhibits the versifier's easy acquiescence in commonplace imagery, and indolently chooses to repeat echoes, instead of creating them, if he does not always obey the first law of poetry, and utter in *sincerity*, both of thought and expression, what is in his mind, we—remembering the accent occasionally heard—will content ourselves with calling his attention to these suspicious facts, and turn to those pages where he holds out better promises. Of the two great divisions of poetical expression—viz., the giving musical form to internal experience, and to the varied aspects of nature, he is successful only in the former. He has known sorrow, and he can sing of it in accents of his own; but when he tries to paint Nature, he borrows the pallet which has become common property. It is, however, something to find a man giving voice to that which really does move within him, and it is this something which animates with poetic life a few of the verses in this volume."

Of the controversy between Lord MAHON and Mr. SPARKS, in regard to the alleged alterations in Washington's Letters, the London *Athenæum* thus speaks:

"A paper war is raging between Lord Mahon and Mr. Jared Sparks, the American editor of the twelve-volume edition of the writings of Washington. In the last published volume of his 'History of England,'

the English writer accused the American editor of having tampered with the integrity of his texts. Mr. Sparks replied—and Lord Mahon has answered the reply. From the two published letters, it is possible to obtain a clear perception of the cause and state of the controversy—which, in a few words, we will lay before our readers. Lord Mahon's accusation—an accusation, let us say, not made for the first time by him—was threefold: it charged Mr. Sparks with having *omitted* certain passages from the letters of Washington—with having *altered* others—and with having *added* some. Mr. Sparks admits the first and second charges, and justifies his practice. Having to condense into twelve volumes as much matter as would have filled fifty, it was necessary to omit a good deal—and in some of the rejected passages it is easy, he allows, to find notices of events or traits of character which a neutral person shall consider of public interest. With respect to *alteration*, Mr. Sparks contends that he has only corrected obvious slips of the pen, bad spelling, false grammar, and so forth. Had he done no more, there would have been little occasion to complain; but we are of opinion that the examples of change and suppression adduced by Lord Mahon go a long way toward proving that the system of the American editor was based on a desire rather to please certain States and families in the Union, by the omission of passages, than to preserve the integrity of historical truth. The most serious charge—that of *adding* to the text—Lord Mahon has seen good cause to withdraw as not sustainable; and he has done this with so much frankness and unreserve as in some measure to atone for the haste and rashness with which it was originally made."

The same journal gives its view of the law of editing as follows:

"The truth is, we repeat, that there is but one safe rule for an editor to adopt. If he is editing original papers—and publishing them as originals—he must reproduce them textually and literally. A low word often involves a trait of character. A mis-spelling or a slip in the grammar, if habitual, is a part of the writer's story—if not, is a comment on the text, which may serve, like the blot of a tear, to explain the circumstances under which it was written. The historian, of course, is not fettered by the same laws as the editor. He is bound to produce the substance of his documents, but in his own form, and according to his own interpretation. He may translate and paraphrase—the editor must be exact and literal."

A new metaphysical work is in the press, by Professor FERRIER, of St. Andrew's, entitled, *The Theory of Knowing and Being*. Mr. Ferrier's papers many years ago in "Blackwood's Magazine" first attracted attention to the author, as one of the deepest thinkers and most lively writers of the day. The present work is intended as a systematic treatise on the Institutes of Metaphysics, and will doubtless prove a valuable contribution from the Scottish school of mental philosophy. The Chevalier BUNSEN's work on church history, *Hippolytus and his Age*, is promised in a few days. A new edition of Dr. Lang's *Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales*, three-fourths of the work being entirely new, will be a valuable acquisition at the present time. A tale, entitled *Annette*, by WILLIAM F. DEACON, is being edited, with a memoir of the author, by Sir T. N. TALEFOURD. Another volume, the fifth, of MERLE D'AUBIGNE's *History of the Reformation*, is to be soon brought out at Edinburgh.

Statues of BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE and CASIMIR DELAVIGNE, recently erected at Havre, have been inaugurated with a good deal of pomp. All the local authorities in grand costume, all the judges in ermined robes, the great military dignitaries, many eminent men in different walks of life, deputations from a dozen adjacent towns and a dozen academies, took part in the ceremony, and the whole of the townspeople considered the day a *fête*. Yet the two men to whom all this honor was done were simple authors—neither of the highest rank. How different is this way of esteeming the literary merit of the dead to what is seen in England! There, Shakspeare and Miltons, and others greater far than any France can boast of, are left statueless; their worthy countrymen evidently thinking that, as Horace said, their works are more durable than brass, and that it is well to economize the cost of bronze or marble.

The Council of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, have added the names of the following cultivators of Science who attended at the Ipswich meeting to the list of corresponding members of the British Association: M. BABINET, Paris; Mr. P. G. BOND; Professor ASA GRAY, Cambridge, U. S.; M. DUFRENOY, Paris; M. CONSTANT PREVOST, Paris; M. PIERRE TEHIHACHEFF, Paris; Dr. V. VERDENSCHILD, Finland.

On the 15th inst., died at Bad-Weilbach, on the Rhine, Dr. HERBERT MAYO, F.R.S., formerly Senior Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, and Professor of Physiology at King's College. He was a man of much professional ability, and of varied accomplishments. His published works are numerous, the earlier ones chiefly on practical subjects, and on physiology, which was the department of medical science most congenial to him, and pursued with greatest success. As a lecturer, first in private schools of medicine, and afterward in King's College, he was more popular with the students than he was with his colleagues and professional brethren. For some years past he had retired from this country, and on the banks of the Rhine, at Boppard, conducted a hydropathic establishment, the principles of which method of cure he had zealously embraced in England. The latest of his works, and those most interesting to the general reader, were "Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions," and "On the Philosophy of Living." In the former of these works he traces with much ingenuity the physiological causes of various illusions, admitting a real foundation for many of these popular beliefs. The other work contains precepts on diet, exercise, bathing, regimen, and other points of the philosophy of living, in language adapted for popular use.

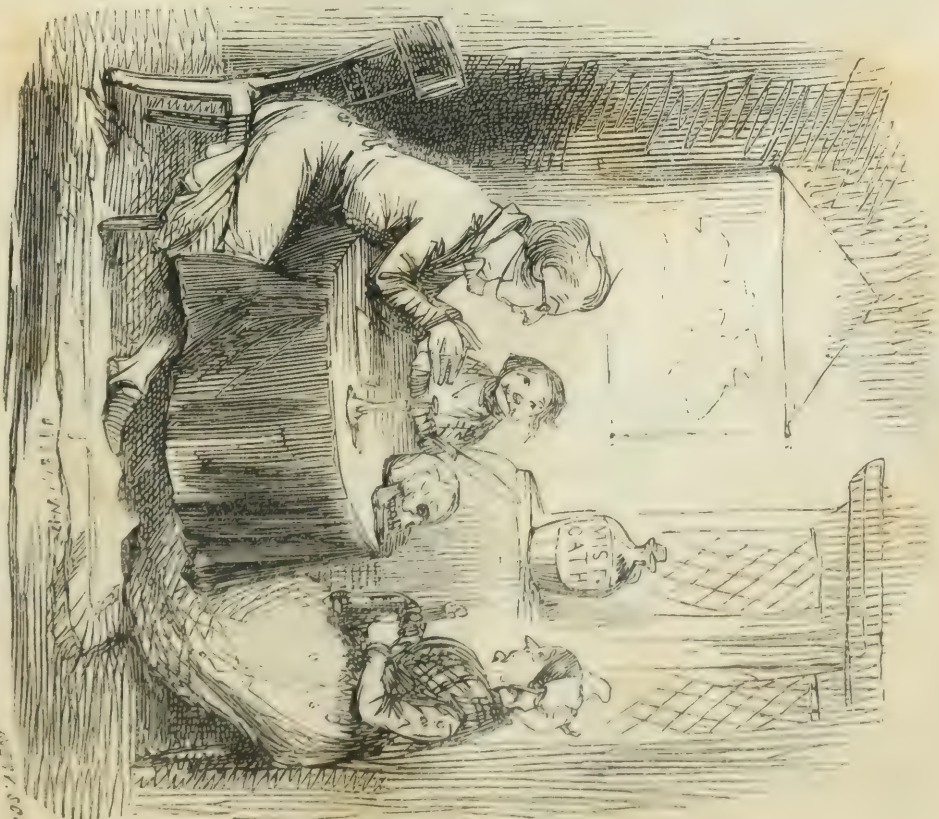
The Edinburgh papers announce the death of Dr. WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, Professor of Natural History, and Lecturer on Botany, in Marischal College and University, Aberdeen.—NAPOLEON LANDATS, a French lexicographer and grammarian of some note, died a few weeks ago.—Science has two losses to deplore on the Continent: in Paris, in the person of the eminent chemist, M. DIZE—in Hamburg, in that of the learned meteorologist, Dr. STIEFFEL.—Italian journals report the death, at Milan, of Count POMPEO LITTA, author of the "History of the Celebrated Families of Italy."

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



“SOME PUNKINS.”

COCKNEY.—I 'ope you don't call them large Hupples! They haint 'alf so large as we 'ave 'em in Hold Hengland!
MARKET WOMAN—Apples! Them aint Apples! Them's only Huckleberries



ADVICE TO THE POOR GRATIS.

YOUNG DOCTOR.—There, my Good Woman, take that Mixture, and if it don't operate, come to-morrow, and my Pupil will put a Seton in your Neck



PROPER PRUDENCE.

Miss PRUDENCE (*emphatically*).—Miss President, I repeat it No conscientious Woman will ever marry until she is in a condition to support her Husband and Children in a suitable manner



A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

Miss LUCY (*blushing extensively*).—Miss President and Ladies, It is my painful duty to resign my office as Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Rights Association—for I am to be married to-morrow

Fashions for November.



FIGURE 1.—EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.

THE cool and bracing atmosphere of our later Autumn, especially if the glories of the "Indian Summer" are superadded to its proper autumnal beauties, render equestrian exercises peculiarly appropriate. And even when the season puts on its most churlish aspect, there are always days when out-of-door recreations are practicable, and are enjoyed with a zest all the keener from their greater rarity. For the benefit of those of our fair readers inclined to adopt this graceful and healthful recreation—and may their name be legion—we present one of the most elegant patterns for a riding costume which has made its appearance.

FIGURE 1.—Felt hat, with rolled brim bound with a broad silk binding. Bow and strings of taffeta, feather felt color, and elastic chin-band. Vest and skirt of cashmere cloth with moire bands. The vest high behind, rounded in front and sloped off at bottom to form a little square basquine with a double plait in the middle, at the bottom of the back. The moire band of the lapel has piping along the edge. Pagoda sleeve edged with moire and having an oblique opening with three buttons to close it. Skirt plaited very small at the waist, and closed at the side by a band of moire with piping, and buttoned at four places in the length by three buttons two inches

apart, in a space of six inches. High waistcoat, of quilting. Collar of plain cambric, hollowed in a point before and rounded behind. Sleeves of cambric, puffed and fastened round the waist. Cravat of watered ribbon. Gloves, beaver, with varnished leather cuffs, open at the side, and fastened by two buttons held together by a small steel chain.

WALKING TOILET.—Rice-straw bonnet. Inside blonde and tufts of field flowers. Wide plaid ribbon as a fanchon, bordered on the lower edge with a deep blonde. Curtain of plaid ribbon. Barege dress with flounces *à disposition*. Body high, straight way of the stuff. Waist round. Sides broad and plain. The gathers begin about an inch from the neck and are formed for a length of five inches in the shoulder seam, then fastened down very tight, whence they are continued sheaf-shape to meet all in the middle under the waistband, in a width of two inches and a half. The sleeves, cut slantwise of the stuff, are wide, straight and cut off sloping at bottom, that is, the forepart is shorter than the back part by at least six inches. The seam of the sleeve is straight. At the side is seen within, as a transparent, an under dress of white taffeta with a plain and very low body, the sleeves of which are short and tight; the edges of the body and sleeves are embroidered and trim-

med with a narrow valenciennes. The skirt, composed of five widths, is trimmed with three flounces each 12 inches deep, printed with a special pattern. Each flounce has six widths, so that they are not much fuller than the skirt. The edges of the sleeves and the top of the first flounce are trimmed with a plaited Pompadour ribbon, No. 4. The ribbon waistband is fastened by a buckle. A stand-up row of lace forms the collar. The tulle under-sleeves are not very wide and are confined at the wrist by an insertion.



FIGURE 2.—WALKING TOILET.

Among the novelties in autumnal costume are :

A WALKING DRESS of figured poplin; the skirt is extremely full. Manteau of green satin, trimmed with narrow velvet and very broad Chantilly lace; that round the neck of the manteau forming a cape or pelerine: this is a very elegant cloak for autumn wear, as it may be lined with silk and even slightly wadded, without destroying the beauty of its folds. The bonnet is a mixture of silk and tulle; the crown has a fanchon of silk falling over it edged with tulle; the curtain is the same: a full spotted feather droops from the right side the crown.

A very elegant YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME is a high silk frock, with full body and pagoda sleeves. The skirt is very full, and has two rows of plaid silk, cut on the cross, and set on as tucks, imitating the dresses *à disposition*; the sleeves are finished to correspond. Paletot of crimson velvet; it is trimmed entirely round with a silk guimpe. Bonnet of silk, with a fulling of tulle at the edge: the *bavolet* or curtain is very full; the trimming is composed of loops of ribbon falling on each side to the top of curtain.

A tasteful EVENING COSTUME, for home is composed of a dress of white organdie muslin; the skirt has three deep flounces with narrow pink stripes

woven at the edge: the body *à basquine* is plain and open in the front, with *revers*; it is finished at the termination of the *revers* and at the waist with a *nœud* of pink satin ribbon: large pagoda sleeves with two frills, which are striped with pink, as are also the *revers*, fronts of the body, and edge of *basquine*: a rich lace stands up round the neck.

FIGURE 3.—CAP.—The cap is composed of muslin, with insertions and bouillonnés. It is trimmed with narrow lace and ribbons.



FIGURE 3.—CAP.

The general style of costume adopted at the present time is truly beautiful, and extremely becoming. There is a bewitching simplicity in addition to abundant grace in all the varied requirements of the toilet. The author of an agreeable work, recently published, describes the prevailing costume as one, "in which the ladies can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully, and perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance."

Dresses are still being worn with flounces woven *à disposition*: an additional novelty is, that in silks the edges of the flounces are finished by a narrow fringe: if the flounces are striped, the fringe is the color of the stripes; if otherwise figured, the fringes, are of the colors of the flowers. In dark silks the flounces will be either woven with six or seven narrow black stripes at the edge, or embroidered with black; we may remark that black is becoming very fashionable for trimmings.

Black lace and velvet are very fashionable as trimmings for bonnets; narrow black velvet intermixed with flowers is much used for interior trimming. Many caps are trimmed with very broad satin or gauze ribbon: some are made entirely of ribbon edged with blonde. Lace with deep vandyked edges is the most fashionable for sleeves and caps.



